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1879.

LONDON:
BRADBURY, AGNEW, & CO., PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS.



THERE was nothing else for it, they said at the F. O. and the C. O.

It had been SIR GARNET'S last wish, as he stepped on board the transport at Portsmouth, to have *me* at his elbow.

I had promised him to think about it. I *had* thought about it. I had handed over the charge of the Office to TOBY—transferred the Editorial Chair to the oldest Contributor—kissed JUDY and embraced our child—bought a solar topee and a Kharkee jacket—detached from the trophy, of which it forms the central ray, "*le sabre, le sabre, le sabre de mon père*,"—and, to cut a long story short, I was there!

"Push on to the front," said SIR G.; "and see if *you* can't set things straight with CETEWAYO."

To hear was to obey. I am not particular about Commissariat or personal comforts. My habit is not to make difficulties, but to overcome them. I waive the tale of my inspannings and outspannings, my struggles over *spruits* and *drifts* and *dongas*, my weary *veld*-marches, my breakneck *kopje*-climbs, my gauntlet-running of Zulu ambuscades, my defiance of all imps of darkness, and *impis* of deeper darkness still. Enough that I was there, at last—in the black presence—front to front with the formidable son of PANDA. I will not say that my interview had not been facilitated by a letter of my friend and CETEWAYO'S, worthy BISHOP C-L-NSO.

"Let me introduce my old friend PUNCH," he wrote, concisely. "If anybody can make things straight between you and the English Government, *he* will. Only listen to what he tells you, and *do* it."

I have no very distinct recollection of *how* I came into the Royal presence. My recollection on this point is, I own, confused. It could not have been the Caffre beer. I had kept it up late, I know, with the chief poet and head witch-finder, but they assured me there was not a head-ache in a hundred calabashes; and I was cool, quite cool—in fact, in something like a cold chill—when I was told by a black Chamberlain in cow-tail garters, and a court-dress of a bead-belt and head-ring, that CETEWAYO would be glad to hear anything I had to say to him; that I was his father; and that he hoped I would adopt him as my son, and teach him, now that he had washed his spears, how to dry them.

To my astonishment the Zulu monarch was not alone when I reached the presence. He was surrounded with representatives of all the Powers England has been at odds with during the last twelvemonth. No wonder the kraal of audience was crowded. As I stood there—my topee on my head—I had notified to the Chamberlain that I would no more stoop to take off my hat before the Royalty of Ulundi than our Burmese Envoy his shoes before that of Mandalay—the sabre of my father under my arm, "in act to speak, . . . and graceful waved my hand," I was enabled to identify, on the other side of the *estrade* which divided me from my auditors, types of Afghan and Burman, Slav and Bulgar, Egyptian and Greek, Turk and Skipetar and Montenegrin—representatives of almost as many races and bloods as there are divisions of opinion in the Irish Home-Rule party.

"And these are the races we have been fighting—or at least quarrelling with when we were not fighting!" I thought with pride. "What an illustration of that 'peace' which we have, at last, learnt to reconcile with 'honour'!"

My self-congratulations were interrupted by CETEWAYO springing nimbly to the front, and clashing his assegai against his shield by way of enforcing attention.

"Speak, oh PUNCH!" exclaimed the sable monarch. "What should CETEWAYO do?"

"CETEWAYO should listen to the Missionaries England has sent him."

"England is very kind. But why send all to CETEWAYO? Why not keep some at home?"

"We have not left ourselves altogether without reverend counsellors of the same cloth," I replied, "if not the same name."

"But if you have Missionaries left at home, why do they not teach you the same things they teach me? They tell me I must not invade Englishman's country. Englishman invade mine. They forbid me to wash my spears in Boers' blood. Englishman wash his bayonets in Zulus'. They teach me I must not keep up my army of young men. Englishman keep up his army of younger men than mine. They say I must not kill Zulu. Englishman kill Zulu. I must not take your cattle. You take mine. I must not settle on Englishman's or Boer's land. Englishmen and Boers settle on my young men's."

"Hear! hear!" rang loud from the delighted Representatives of hostile or aggrieved Nationalities, who had hung on the thick lips of the sable Sovereign.

"Ditto to CETEWAYO!" they cried, as with one voice. "Do as you would be done by, and you will *not* do as you have done."

I found it harder to answer the naked Savage's argument than I had expected; and felt that to go into a detailed reply would be hopeless. But I at once saw my way to a short cut—like our own High Commissioner.

"You will find my answer *there*!" I answered, pitching

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right in the face of the Zulu Monarch. It took him unawares; broke down the feeble guard of his cowhide shield, and laid him on his back, prostrate and helpless.

Seizing my opportunity, I leapt on the Volume, and executing a wild war-dance, strove, with emphatic *entrechats*, to drive its contents into the prostrate Zulu. In the violence of this exertion, I awoke—and lo! *it was a dream!* And the sound I had heard was the clamour of the Printer's Boy craving "copy" for the Preface of





THE CALENDAR · 1879 ·

January xxxi Days.		February xxviii Days.		March xxxi Days.		April xxx Days.		May xxxi Days.		June xxx Days.	
1 T. a. 4. 30. 17m.	12 F. Francis & Lysons d.	14 S. 4. 4. 30. 17m.	15 S. 4. 4. 30. 17m.	14 S. 4. 4. 30. 17m.	15 S. 4. 4. 30. 17m.	14 S. 4. 4. 30. 17m.	15 S. 4. 4. 30. 17m.	14 S. 4. 4. 30. 17m.	15 S. 4. 4. 30. 17m.	14 S. 4. 4. 30. 17m.	15 S. 4. 4. 30. 17m.
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EDISON'S ANTI-GRAVITATION UNDER-CLOTHING.

ENABLES THE WEARERS THEREOF TO SUSPEND AT WILL THE FORCE OF GRAVITY, SO THAT THEY CAN FAN THEMSELVES GRACEFULLY ABOUT THE ROOM.



EDISON'S ANTI-GRAVITATION UNDER-CLOTHING—(continued).

Tommy. "OH! DON'T WIND US IN YET, MAMMA! IT'S SO JOLLY UP HERE, AND NOT A BIT COLD!"



EDISON'S ANTI-GRAVITATION UNDER-CLOTHING—(continued).

Cissy. "BLOW HARDER, HARDER, PAPA! BLOW ME UP TO THE CEILING!"

UNDER THE NEW REPUBLIC.

Ten Years of it. From Young ARISTOCRAT'S Peace Primer.
(Paris Edition—in the Press.)

1888. General pacific movement of the Federation of the Peoples. Flag of the New Republic first hoisted, amidst universal rejoicings, over the entrance of St. George's Hall.

1889. Equitable division of Bank of England Stock among working men on Clerkenwell Green. Woolwich, Portsmouth, and the Hyde Park Magazines blown up, and the use of gunpowder, except for pacific purposes, declared illegal.

1890. Fraternal massacre of patriots of all nations.

1891. "Rule, Britannia!" burnt by the hang-man at the Crystal Palace. Caffres, Cannibals, Chinese, and trained Gorillas admitted into the House of Commons.

1892. First appearance of real live Emperors in the bear-pit of the Regent's Park Zoological Gardens.

1893. Grand "Gala Year" in honour of universal pacification. Policemen abolished. Olive branches carried in the Park. Perfect strangers obliged to kiss each other by Act of Parliament.

1894. Slight European difficulty about the price of Sugar-Sticks.

1895. Further complication of the Sugar-Stick difficulty.

1896. Failure of Arbitration to settle the Sugar-Stick difficulty. Dynamite worn at evening parties.

1897. Ominous resolution of the various branches of the federated peoples. Levy en masse.

1898. The Ninety Years' War commences. First battle of the New Republic. Killed, 180,000; wounded, 370. Sugar-Stick difficulty still unsettled.

OUR AQUARIUM.

AN "Allegory from the banks of the Nile."

Some splendid specimens of the Cook-roach.

Crocodiles' Tears (in bottle).

Crabs caught in the Thames.

The Frog returned from wooing, accompanied by his mother.

A pike (now becoming scarce).

A bunch of Seals.

A *feme sole*.

Toad with a valuable "jewel in his head."

Trout tickled by a joke.

A Triton surrounded by Minnows.

A pair of turtles.

Something very like a Whale.

An assortment of Toad-eaters and Marine Store Dealers.

THE CHRISTIAN JINGOES' MOTTO.—War and Illwill to men!

How does a tumbler display his humility? going without his T.

GOOD FOR THE VOICE.—Tonic Sol-fa.

PHYSIOLOGICAL NURSERY RHYME.

PAT a cross baby, not on his top,
The faster you pat him the sooner he'll stop;
When the pat ceases poor baby mayn't squall,
But his brain is concussed, and that's about all.

ARGUMENT FOR THE GREAT AGE OF THE EARTH.—Its whiteness about the Pole.

THE "HOUSE" IN THE CITY AND THE "HOME" IN THE SUBURBS.

(From Mr. Punch's Special Wire.)

10 A.M.—Breakfast flat. Strong demand for the Times. Bearish inquiries about Household Expenditure. Nothing doing in the Costume Market in spite of prices having fallen 25 per cent. on the close of the Season. Imprecations rising.

10.10.—Departure of Paterfamilias to the City. Omnibuses heavy.

10.30.—Business easier in Bayswater consequent upon Paterfamilias's departure. Some speculations in dresses for the Fall.

11.—Slight rise in Cook—from the kitchen to the dining-room. Operations for the rise in Dinners active. Family Butchers and Contract Fishmongers in strong demand.

11.30.—Business in Co-operative Stores lively.

12.—City Tempers dull. Stocks (in Haberdashers' shops) deferred until the Money Market is easier.

12.15.—Sherries (6d. per glass) in some demand. Biscuits dull.

12.30.—Paris Bourse flat. City Tempers rising.

1 P.M.—Foreign Stocks at their lowest. City Tempers at their highest.

1.30.—Paterfamilias returned into Bank Villa. Omnibuses leave off easier.

2. Some demand for Luncheons. Recriminations strong. Paterfamilias quoted as flat. Domestic Rows lively. Great rise of Juniors from dining-room to second storeys. Heavy fall in tears.

2.30.—Domestic Market easier. Little doing, but opinions unaltered.

3.—Rise in Telegrams from hall to study. Tempers buoyant. Opinions decidedly better. Some business in Jokes. Juniors looking up.

3.30.—Money in great demand. Cheques payable to bearer rising. Spirits at their best. City Flutters at 6 to 7 premium.

4.—Quotations of Past Opinions at a discount. Prospects steady. Paterfamilias Preference Stock freely bought in return for a large consignment of Slightly Deferred Bonnets. The Market closes with renewed Confidence in weak Bulls and vacillating Bears.

IN SEARCH OF A SCIENTIFIC FRONTIER.—Going to the Dentist to buy a set of teeth.

HOW TO ANGLE IN THE DOG-DAYS.—Swim about the hook, and get the Dog to hold the rod for you.

BETWEEN THE METALS.—Silver: the more chaste. Gold: the more run after.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.—Strikes and Trades Unions.

THE GREAT DOG PAINTER.—SPANIELETTO.



"WAGES!"

First Flunkey. "WELL, I HEAR YOUR YOUNG GOV'NOUR'S MADE A MATCH WITH MISS DERONDA?"

Second Flunkey. "YAB, HE'S DONE AND DONE IT!"

First Flunkey. "COME NOW—WHAT'S THE FIGURE? ANY IDEA?"

Second Flunkey. "WELL, TAKING EVERYTHING INTO ACCOUNT, I CALCULATE HIS PLACE'LL BE WORTH ABOUT EIGHT 'UNDER A MONTH!"

THE FIVE STAGES OF BRANDY AND WATER.

- 1st. BRANDY and water.
- 2nd. Brandy and warrer.
- 3rd. Brm warr.
- 4th. Brwaorr.
- 5th. Collapse!

THE LAST THING OUT.—My bed-cand'le.



EDISON'S TELEPHONOSCOPE (TRANSMITS LIGHT AS WELL AS SOUND).

(Every evening, before going to bed, Pater- and Materfamilias set up an electric camera-obscura over their bedroom mantel-piece, and gladden their eyes with the sight of their Children at Antipodes, and converse gaily with them through the wire.)

Paterfamilias (in Wilton Place). "BEATRICE, COME CLOSER, I WANT TO WHISPER." Beatrice (from Ceylon). "YES, PAPA DEAR."

Paterfamilias. "WHO IS THAT CHARMING YOUNG LADY PLAYING ON CHARLIE'S SIDE?" Beatrice. "SHE'S JUST COME OVER FROM ENGLAND, PAPA. I'LL INTRODUCE YOU TO HER AS SOON AS THE GAME'S OVER?"



A TRAGEDY IN REAL LIFE.

HE THOUGHT IT WAS A VAGANT CHAIR * * *

SHE AROSE SUDDENLY FROM HER KNEES * * *

A HINT TO LADIES WHO WILL WEAR OUTSIDE POCKETS—Have your purses made up to look like Prayer-books.

OBJECTION TO CAPITAL PUNISHMENT (By an Anti-Gallows Advocate).—Its Newgate-tory character.

HOW TO MAKE TIME FLY.—Accept a bill of £100 at three months, and you will find yourself at the end of the quarter in no time.

IN THE LIGHT OF THE FUTURE.

Or, How we shall have to Talk.

As you find the light of 3784 candles, concentrated in one point, a little trying to your eyes, shall we sit out the next valse in the dark?

With pleasure. But can you tell me the name of that old gentleman who is groping about for assistance in the actinic halo under the chandelier?

No, I fear I cannot, for I have been here quite a quarter of an hour, and everything appears to me upside down, and of a light pinkish colour fretted with chocolate spots.

Indeed? That is most strange, for, to me, your hair, face, shirt-front, and boots all seem a deep ditch green.

Really? Under those circumstances, then shall we seek the gaslit refreshment room; that is, if the last couples, suffering from partial paralysis, have been already removed?

Certainly; if you will be kind enough to carry my blue calico head-protector, ether-flask, bouquet, and pebble spectacles.

This contrast is very agreeable. I can feel the ices and tea-cups distinctly when I sweep the table for a spoon.

Thanks; we will now find Mamma, if possible. You will know her by her yellow satin umbrella, cork helmet, and I think I should recognise her groans.

Yes, that is our carriage, I think. But I'm so glad you fancy catherine-wheels and rockets are going off in both your eyes every five seconds, for that, I believe, is a sign you are not permanently injured.

And now give me something that feels like my hat, and lead me to my brougham, and tell the man to drive at once to the nearest oculist.

GENERAL PREDICTIONS.

(By our own private Astrologer—specially engaged.)

Summer Quarter.—There will be great complaints of the stuffiness of our Police and Law Courts. Good time for sea-side lodging-house keepers. Bad time for fathers of families. Good time for the families. Several benefits at various theatres.

A YOUNG HUSBAND'S LAMENT.

OH, I am weary, weary,
Of that pretty pinky face,
Of the blank of its no meaning,
The gush of its grimace.

And I am weary, weary,
Of her silly, simpering ways,
Bugles, buckles, buttons, spangles,
Tight tiebacks, tighter stays.

And I am weary, weary,
Of that hollow little laugh,
Of the slang that stands for
humour,
Of the chatter and the chaff.

Sick of the inch-deep feeling
Of that hollow little heart,
Its "too lovely" latest fashions,
Its "too exquisite" high Art.

Its Church high, higher, highest,
Their Curates and their clothes,
Their intonings, genuflections,
Masqueradings, mops and mows.

But I must curb my temper,
Grumbling helps not wedlock's
ills.

Fashion, High Church, or Æsthetics,
Let me grin and pay the Bills!

MOORE MODERNISED.

AIR:—"The young May moon."

THE young May moon 's not beaming, love,
The glow-worm's lamp 's not gleaming, love,
Yet we may rove

Through the garden grove,
When the drowsy world is dreaming, love!
Then awake, the world looks bright, my dear,
Though 'tis twelve o'clock at night, my dear,
For the best of all ways
To lengthen our days

Is to use the Electric Light, my dear.

True all the world is sleeping, love,
But a glow the garden 's steeping, love,

That is brighter far
Than the brightest star,
From the blue at midnight peeping, love.
Then awake! Don't wait for the sun, my dear,
His garish glare we'll shun, my dear,
The Electric Light
Makes the hours of night
The best season for love and fun, my dear!

THE EFFECT OF DRINK.—XANTIPPE, the wife of SOCRATES, was a virago and a shrew. An extreme Teetotaler attributes her ill-temper to intemperance. XANTIPPE should have been called Xantipsy.

MOTTO FOR THE CHAMPIONS OF THE ELECTRIC LIGHT.—"Divide et impera!"

CARMEN, by BIZET. English version by PICKFORD & CO.

TITLE FOR A PARVENU.—Lord NEWGENT.

THE RACE FOR WEALTH.—The Jews.

HINTS FOR A CERTAIN CLASS OF TRAVELLERS.

(To be hung up in the Halls of Alpine Hotels.)

BE pleased not to yell at the top of your voice between the hours of twelve midnight, and 1 o'clock in the morning.

On ascending to your bed-room, *an quatri* in the small hours, carry your hob-nailed boot your hands, to avoid manslaughter of your inv fellow-travellers.

Songs (even of a comic character) are not heard to advantage between the hours of two three A.M.

Rough horse-play was not a part of the treatment recommended to patients by their doctor when they were sent to the Engadin, and of mountainous places, for the sake of their health.

If you wish to be considered a Gentleman at home, behave like one abroad.

AT A CERTAIN MUSIC.

(By a High-Art Singer who prefers his own singing, to other people's.)

PEACE, peace at last, if it can really be! Yea, all unchecked, the swelling soul explores Each cranny of the silence timidly, As summer tides well up rock-pillared shores. Green mead of peace! The huddled sense expands In soundless bliss of restful vacancy;

Bruised buds of Fancy spread their feeble hands While Quiet tends them in a soft embrace, And kisses motherly each drooping face, And bids the pallid blades of Thought rejoice

For EMILY her music doth forego,
Whose bass was most promiscuous, and her voice
Throughout, some fifth part of a tone too low

CELESTIAL INFLUENCE FOR 1879.

(Applicable to every Month in the Year.)

1st. Avoid giving presents. Receive as many as possible.

5th. Avoid granting favours. Ask them.

10th. Capital day for travelling first-class with a third-class ticket and getting out before the end of the journey,—unless discovered before you can leave the train when if you have no valid excuse, it is a bad day for doing so.

21st. First-rate day for calling on a friend who has just come with a lot of money, and borrowing a hundred pounds of him.

29th. Bad day for lending money, or an umbrella, to any one on the point of leaving England.

OCCURRENCES ON THE FIRST OF APRIL.

THERE can no longer be doubt about the existence of marine ophidian hitherto regarded by the majority of naturalists as fabulous. This day the Sea Serpent comes up the Thames, stretches the whole of Chelsea Reach, and heads to tail.

A Gunpowder Plant is discovered in the Island of Cyprus. It bears fruit in the form of cartridges containing seeds which explode when ignited. This plant has no affinity whatever to the Chinese smoking yielding Gunpowder Tea. Its fruit ripens in the beginning of November, and may be gathered on Fawkes's Day.

The Sheikh-ul-Islam is converted by missionaries.





PROMETHEUS UNBOUND



SWAIN & Co

R, SCIENCE IN OLYMPUS.

CRUCIAL QUESTIONS.

For both sexes at various ages.

AT FIVE.

She. Will my new doll open and shut her eyes?
He. Off to a party! Will they have mince-pies?

AT TEN.

She. Will pretty Master SMITH be there this time?
He. Will Uncle take me to the pantomime?
She. Will Mamma let me wear my hair in curl?
He. I say, how many l's are there in "girl"?

AT FIFTEEN.

She. Will he give me or FAN the first round dance?
He. Will our chaps at the wickets have a chance?
She. Will my next dress be made with longer skirts?
He. Hoisted? O crikey! Wonder if it hurts?
She. Did that sly FANNY hear him call me "dear"?
He. I wonder if this "weed" will turn me queer?

AT TWENTY.

She. Will Papa think dear Percy's "screw" too small?
He. Does this moustache mean to come on at all?
She. Was it my eyes with which he seemed so struck?
He. Is it a "pass," I wonder, or a "pluck"?
She. I wonder whether *He* will "pop" to-night?
He. I wonder whether *She* will answer right?

AT TWENTY-FIVE.

She. Shall I, oh shall I, have a chance this season?
He. A stiffish total! Will there be a breeze on?
She. Quite pale! Shall I put on the *tinest* touch?
He. Most brilliant! Wonder if she rouges much?
She. Not a bad figure! Has he any tin?
He. Backed "Slowboy" for a pot! D'ye think he'll win?

She. Long dress bill! Shall I get into hot water?
He. Can I stave off old Snip another quarter?

AT THIRTY.

She. Will the new Curate be engaged or not?
He. Close thing! Shall I have nerve to make the shot?
She. Is flirting *really* now a sort of sinning?
He. Is my neat middle parting *really* thinning?
She. Now shall I get a partner for this dance?
He. Old BOODLES leaving! Shall I have a chance?
She. Engaged at last! Now will he keep a carriage?
He. That's done! How shall I like the yoke of marriage?

AT FORTY.

She. When will the Major come up to the scratch?
He. Fat, plain and forty! Shall I risk the match?
She. Is that a tinge of red about my nose?
He. Does the grey show—unless one looks too close?
She. Could I get on those "sixes"—at a pinch?
He. Must I allow the vest another inch?
She. Did Lady LINDA mean that as a snub?
He. Will they blackball me at the Buffers' Club?
She. Is the dear fellow right about Confession?
He. How stands my chance if they dissolve this Session?

AT FIFTY.

She. Will FLORA hook the wealthy cotton-spinner?
He. Must I drop drinking port wine after dinner?
She. Not meet! Great Heavens! am I getting stout?
He. By Jingo, was that twinge a touch of gout?
She. Did he mean anything by that warm glance?
He. Shall I have "go" to get through this round dance?
She. Will it be Brighton or the Continent?
He. My dear, can that last cheque be wholly spent?

AT SIXTY.

She. Will Lady JANE before those JONES's bow?
He. Shall I, I wonder, get my knighthood now?
She. Doctor, dear doctor, what *does* ail my back?
He. Will Lord FITZ-FADDLE give that berth to JACK?
She. Is NELLY really sweet on that young BROWN?
He. Are Costa Ricas going up or down?
She. He seemed so sparkish! Is it quite too late?
He. Dull, this! Am I too old a bird to mate?

FASHION.

GIVEN a legion of visages various,
Different powers and instincts gregarious,
How to sway all by some dominant passion?
Set up a something and make it the Fashion,
And make every person find joy in *exceelsis*
In being precisely as every one else is,
Why should Fashion's follies excite us to passion?
Were Fashion not foolish it could not be Fashion.

MUFFS AND MARQUISATES.

LORD M's a muff; but shrewd Mammals determine
Muffs have a value when they're trimmed with ermine!

"A CONSUMMATION," &c.—Much is said and written about the "Consolidation of the Statutes;" but when shall we hear of a "Consolidation of the Statues," by which all the bronze horrors in our streets shall be melted down into one shapeless mass?

Q. What's the difference between a fraudulent Bank Direction and a Servant's Registry Office?
A. The former cooks books, the latter books cooks.

"PRECIOUS hard lines"—as the Locomotive said to the Railway.

CELESTIAL INFLUENCES FOR 1879.

(Applicable to every Month in the Year.)

- 3rd. Avoid marrying to-day.—if you have already a wife alive in any part of the world.
- 4th. Sign contracts which are immediately beneficial to your pocket, and which do not bind you to anything.
- 18th. Travel. Avoid creditors.
- 19th. Travel further. Avoid more creditors.
- 20th. Travel further still. Avoid all creditors.
- 21st. Stay where you are. Receive no letters or telegrams. Don't come back.
- 23th. Good day to tell old stories to deaf persons.
- 28th. Go into the City. Borrow money without giving security, at one per cent. Lend it at ten, taking property worth three times the amount, as security.

THE TABLES TURNED.—The complaint about schools nowadays is that instead of being a case of "Dotheboys" it is one of "Dotheparents."

KEATS (for Smokers' Wires).—"One kiss brings honey-dew from buried days."—*Endymion*, Book II.

THE SUBLIME.—The fashions of this season. THE RIDICULOUS.—The fashions of last season.

THE BEST FRENCH EXERCISES FOR GIRLS.—A series of studies in cookery & housework.



der M. M. M.

NEVER JUDGE PEOPLE BY EXTERNALS.

Boy (with Game). "Is this SQUIRE BROWN?"
Boy. "ARE YOU SQUIRE BROWN'S BUTLER?"

Squire Brown. "It is!"
Squire Brown. "I AM NOT!"

GENERAL PREDICTIONS.

(By our own private Astrologer—especially engaged.)

Autumn Quarter. — Good time to stay with friends at their country-houses. Bad time to go out shooting with anyone who has never had a gun in his hands before. Bad time for persons going out hunting for the first time in their lives on young untrained horses.

APPROPRIATE QUOTATIONS.

"ALL's Swell that ends swell," as 'ARRY remarked when he purchased a pair of "misfits."

"Pleasant it is when the woods are green," as Paterfamilias observed when all the doors in his new villa took to warping.

"For this re-leaf much thanks," as the trees said at the coming of Spring.

LIGHT WEIGHTS.—Formerly the "fancy" name of a small class of pugilists, now the real name for the means of plunder employed by a large class of small tradesmen.

HOW TO SUPPLY A COMMON DEFICIENCY.—"If you haven't an idea"—borrow one of somebody who has.

CONSISTENCY.—A gentleman attracted by a beautiful foot, seeks the owner's hand.

MEM. FOR YOUNG HOUSEWIVES.—To make both ends

A little help's worth a great deal of pity

*Dear
Ethel tells her
Dress and Captain
Fitzbrowne is not so
long trying to get
The piece
off
for her*

*Charles flower
will not
keep in his button hole
and so &c &c*

*Lady Alice's shoe
persists in
slipping
off
and so &c &c*

Dorothy's sonnet

May 27

LADY AND GENTLEMEN HELPS.



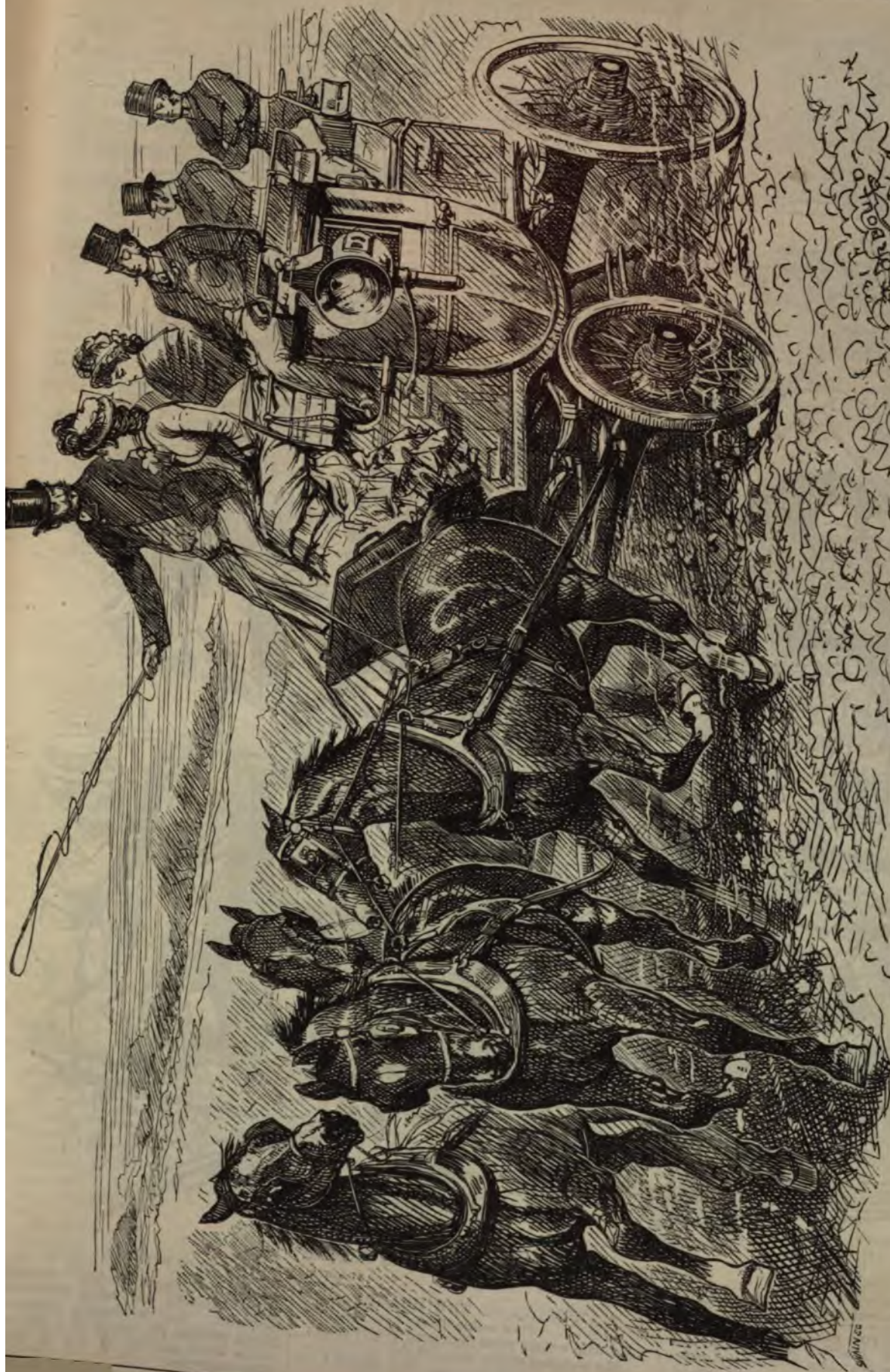
WEDDING GIFTS.

Bride. "Oh, Mamma!—SEE WHAT'S JUST COME!" Mamma. "CHARMING!—HOW KIND OF THEM! WHO SENT IT!" Bride. "Oh, I DIDN'T LOOK. BUT IT MAKES NO. 248!"
 Sister (who is writing out the list of presents). "249, DARLING; 248 CAME JUST AFTER LUNCH!"



JUST IN TIME.

Edmond Plover. "HECH! BUT YON'S A MUCKLE FISH LOUPIN' AHINT ME!" — (It was lucky he looked round!—his Friend from London had preferred Skating on the Banks, And disabled over a Boulder, and "Gone a Header" into a deep hole. He was gaffed at his last kick!)



THE SWEETS OF THE MORNING.

She (enthusiastic), "Oh, I call this quite too exquisitely lovely! So delightful to see the little early birds! They seem so happy." He (hard-up), "Yes; with their bills all over dew, too! Lively little beggars!"

SPORTS FOR THE SEASON.
ON eaves and twigs hang icicles,
With frost the mud is dried.
So now put by your bicycles,
And skate, brave boys, and slide.

PER.—A journal is projected to con-
vey of complaints, grievances and
It is to be called *The Ventilator*.
AND WATER.—A Teetotal charity

PERFECT RECOGNITION OF THE RIGHTS OF
WOMAN.—Production of a pantomime with a
Lady in the part of Clown.
CHRISTMAS CURIOSITIES.—A naval Yule Log,
accompanied with a Table of Yule Logarithms.

HOW TO SPEND A HAPPY DAY.—Go to Rosher-
ville. Take notice. No admission except on
pleasure.
THE BEST PUBLISHER'S CIRCULAR.—His
dinner-table.



END OF COOK'S VOYAGES.

INFURIATED AND OVERWROUGHT TOURISTS "FINISH OFF" THEIR CONDUCTOR, ON ONCE MORE THANKFULLY PUTTING FOOT ON THEIR NATIVE SHORE.

SMALL CHANGE FOR SILENCE.—The Foreign Office does not, in practice, acknowledge the maxim that "silence is golden." To copy diplomatic records of the most momentous State secrets, it employs writers at tenpence an hour. At this rate, silence is copper.

HOMAGE OF THE HEART.

(To a wealthy Wife.)

My wife weighs more than good twelve score;
She weighed scarce seven of old.
She has now grown fat—but what of that?
She is worth her weight in gold.

POLICE.—A South London Tradesman is pulled up at Lambeth for using false weights and measures. The Magistrate commits him to prison without the option of a fine, where he is set to learn prosody, by way of correcting his false quantities.



THE COMMISSARIAT.

Squire (to new Butler). "I HAVE THREE OR FOUR CLERGYMEN COMING TO DINE WITH ME TO-MORROW, PRODGERS, AND—"

Mr. Prodgers. "IGH OR LOW, SIR?"

Squire. "WELL—I HARDLY— BUT WHY DO YOU ASK, PRODGERS?"

Mr. Prodgers. "WELL, YOU SEE, SIR, THE 'IGH' DRINKS MOST WINE, AND THE 'LOW' EATS MOST VITTLES, AND I MUST PERWIDE ACCORDIN'!!"

SCIENTIFIC ANNOUNCEMENT.

LECTURES will shortly be delivered on the following subjects:—

Natural Selection.—As instanced in the choice of eligible bachelors. By Miss Honeycrab Husbandhunter, M.C. (Matrimonial Candidate).

On Organic Development.—From the days of BAB- BAGE to the present time. By a Confirmed Barrelor- ganophobist.

The Struggle for Existence.—As illustrated in the lives of poor City Clerks. By One of Them.

The Survival of the Fittest.—As exemplified in the longevity of donkeys and Delusions. By Iconoclast.

FOOD AND PHYSIC.—

According to *Mistress Quickly*, prawns were "ill for a green wound," but modern science has discovered them to be a sovereign remedy for indigestion, eaten whole. Their shells, consisting principally of carbonate of lime, or chalk, absorbent and antacid, are an infallible antidote to acidity in the stomach.

NOTHING like "cheek" provided you do not pro- ke a slap on it.



INTERNATIONAL COMPARISONS.

Henri Dubois (who can speak English) to his friend 'Arry Smith (who can't). "PARDON ME, MON AMI! YOU ARE VERY PRETTY BOY, YOU DRESS IN ZE MOST PERFECT 'CHIC'; BUT VY DO YOU SPEAK YOUR OWN LANGUAGE SO UNGRAMMATICALLY?"

'Arry. "WHY DO I SPEAK MY BOWN LANGWIDGE SO HUNGGRAMMATICAL? 'ANG IT, YER DOWN'T SUP- POWSE AS I WERE HEDGERKITED AT HETON OR 'ARROW LIKE A BLOOMIN' SWELL, DO YER?"

Henri. "VOYEZ DONC CA! NOW IN FRANCE ZERE IS NO ETON, NO HARROW: ALL ZE PUBLIC SCHOOLS ARE ZE SAME, AND ZE BUTCHER AND BAKER'S LITTLE BOYS GO ZERE, AND ZE LITTLE CANDLESTICK-MAKERS, AND ZE LITTLE BOYS OF ZE MERCHANTS OF CHEESE LIKE YOU AND ME!"

'Arry. "COME, I S'Y, WALKER, YER KNOW! AND WHERE DO THEIR CUSTOMERS' LITTLE BOYS GO?"

Henri. "PARRIEU! ZEY GO ZERE TOO!!"

['Arry, suddenly conscious of his deficiencies, feels bitterly towards his country.

CELESTIAL PHENO- MENA FOR 1879.

THERE will be a disap- pearance of Mars in the early part of the year. Pars will go after her. The result will probably be a suit before Mr. Justice HANNEN.

Saturn's rings will dis- appear about the end of March. From information received at Scotland Yard, the Police will take the case in hand. The case, however, will be empty.

During the bathing-sea- son there will be strict regulations issued along the coast about observing the transit of Venus with the naked eye.

During the summer months there will be several "superior conjunc- tions" by special licence. There will be a larger number of "inferior conjunc- tions" by ordinary banns.

TO PERSONS ABOUT TO MARRY.—What is enough for one, is half enough for two, short commons for three, and starvation for half a dozen.

MUSICAL MULTIPLICA- TION.—In writing one op- the composer always- duces a score.

Hold Hard Charlie, or they
will ride over us!

DIANA IN 1879

You need not have
waited dinner. I only want
a Cutlet & cigarette



OR
WE ARE COMING



Pleasures of a Chaparron

"Come on Uncle Tom. Let's have
these Rails before Some Duffer
breaks the Top one!"



Never mind me Sir! My sister
has caught my horse!

Yes, I am my horse, borrowed a
coat and got it left home? E. WAIN

CRITICAL PHILOSOPHY.—Never call a cab
a can hail a 'bus.

QUERY FOR POLITICAL ECONOMISTS.—The
influence of earthquakes on ground-rents!

ECONOMICAL COOKERY.—To prepare a dinner
from a pair of old boots.—Fry the soles.



A YEAR'S GOOD WORK.

PEOPLE may grumble about the management of Charities, doubt the good of Soup-Kitchens and Asylums for the houseless, or even venture a query whether the great good of Hospitals is not diminished by serious physical and economical drawbacks which might be lessened by wiser management; but there is one institution whose work, and whose way of doing it, nobody, so far as *Punch* knows, ever questions, and that is the National Lifeboat Institution. Its battle with the sea and the storm is never-ending. But if the ocean can score to its side an awful list of casualties,—dead, wounded, and missing,—the gallant Institution whose head-quarters are at 14, John Street, Adelphi, can boast its victories, too, and reckon up the lives saved by its gallant navy of life-saving craft, and their life-risking not life-destroying crews.

Its roll of brave deeds bravely done in 1878, shows—

"A total of 471 lives rescued by the Society's Lifeboats, in addition to 17 vessels saved from destruction. In the same period the Lifeboat Institution voted rewards for saving 145 lives by fishing and other boats, making a grand total of 616 lives saved last year, mainly through its instrumentality. Altogether, since its formation, the Society has contributed to the saving of 26,051 shipwrecked persons, for which services it has granted 980 Gold and Silver Medals, besides pecuniary awards to the amount of £56,850. The character of these noble Lifeboat services has varied much, some having been performed during the darkness of the night, others in the daytime; but nearly all have been rendered during stormy weather, which would have prevented any ordinary open boat from accomplishing the rescue. Again, it is most satisfactory to know that, notwithstanding the peril and exposure incurred by the gallant crews, not a single life was lost last year from the 269 Lifeboats of the Society, although about 12,000 men were out in them on all occasions."

And all this saving of life, with not one life lost in the act of salvage, terrible as were the enemies in whose teeth all these victories were won!

It is something to be proud of—better—something to be thankful for,—and in no way can our gratitude to the gallant salvors, and the heads that station and equip them for their warfare, be shown, than,—as they respond to the cry "Man the Lifeboat!"—by responding to the cry "Money the Lifeboat!" for even the saving of life costs money, though incalculably less than the destroying it.

Then let *Punch*, too, send round his cap and bells, in aid of the work and wants of the National Lifeboat Institution!

NEW YEAR'S WISHES.

(By a Poor Relation.)

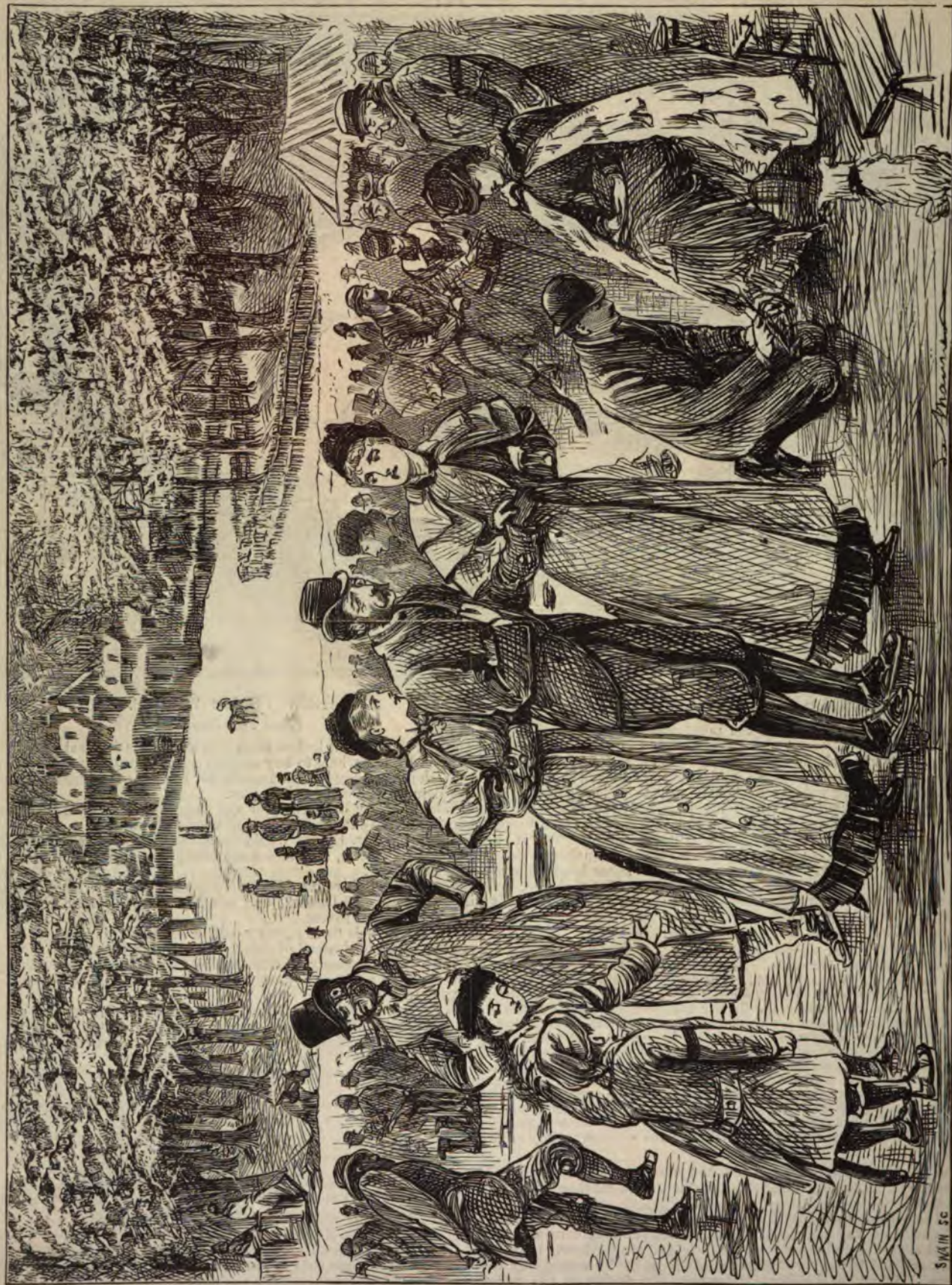
- Wish my old Hat looked as new as it did this day last year.
- Wish I knew where to buy another without paying for it.
- Wish my Sunday Trousers would not bag so at the knees, although I seldom kneel down on them now.
- Wish that my Umbrella had not caught that awkward knack of turning inside out when a whiff of wind gets under it.
- Wish that Mr. EDISON would invent some indestructible clothing for small children, and also some cheap and filling substitute for butchers' meat.
- Wish some rich young fellow of a generous disposition would fall in love with our JEMIMA, and ask my leave to settle something handsome on her parents.
- Wish old Uncle SKYNFLYNT would finish that Marsala, which he always passes off instead of Sherry when I dine with him.
- Wish that somebody or other would take a fancy to AUGUSTUS, who really is a clever boy, and I am sure would prove a credit—to anyone who would trust him.
- Wish that something would turn up, in the mining way, or otherwise, which would enable me to snap my fingers at my creditors.
- Wish I could afford to take the children to the Pantomime, and give myself the treat of an oyster-supper after it.
- Wish that somebody would die, and leave me something worth living for.
- Wish I had the chance of getting something under Government.
- Wish profoundly I may get it.

Another Bogey!

"In the impending revision of the import-scale, our own interests must be our only guide."—Prince BISMARCK.

PRESTIGE, that re-vamped Bogey, so admired,
Calls up Reaction, for companion spectre;
Retrograde folly with wild hope is fired,
Now BISMARCK is Protection's sworn protector.
Since Interests become our only guide,
Bland Selfishness, to fools, displays fresh beauties,
Their faith in *Duty* having laid aside,
They mean henceforth to put their trust in *Duties*.

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—JANUARY 11, 1879.



A VENIAL IMPOSTURE.

BETWEEN THE YEARS.



TIME's river flows without a break or bridge,
The moments run to days, the days to years:
Strange how we pause on the dividing ridge,
Which 'twixt Old Year and New our fancy rears!

There, with divided mind, see England stand,
Between the chill of fear, the flush of hope,
Scanning the cloud that lies about the land,
For any rift that way to light may ope.

With backward survey o'er the dark "has been,"
With forward gaze into the dark "to be:"
Summing the good and ill that we have seen,
As if God's purposes stood plain to see—

As if 'twere man's to reach Heaven's far-off ends;
To reckon up Time's harvest in the seed;
To write off gains of good and ill's amends—
The balance of their books as traders read.

As thick a fold between us and the past,
As e'er between us and the future, lies:

The ills we grieve for may work good at last:
Out of our seeming good what ills may rise!

Only one thing we know, that over all
A wise and loving Power holds sovereign sway:
This knowing, let us stand between the years,
Bent but to do the duty of the day;

Speaking the truth and holding to the right,
As we the truth can reach, the right can read:
Trusting the hand that steers, through dark and light,
By *His* lode-star, not *ours*, to ends decreed.

Between our larger and our lesser worlds,
Of self, home, city, state or continent,
There is no variance of far or near,
Of great or small, in that Guide's measurement,

Twixt strokes of policy that hit or miss,
And sleights of skill that make or mar a cause.
Then, grateful, take his gifts, his strokes, his miss,
And look to Man for rule, to Heaven for Laws.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

(Practical and Post-Classic Period.)

OXFORD.



THE Meehi Professor of Steam-ploughing will commence his mid-winter course of lectures as usual on Port Meadow on the first day of the coming term. Members of the University wishing to attend are requested to call, with their machines, gearings, stokers, coke, and farmers' certificates, on the Professor at Christ Church, not later than Wednesday next.

The subjects selected for the examination in the final school (*Litère Domestice*), are as follows:—

Catalogues of the Civil Service Co-operative Society (Limited), Lloyd's List, 1848-78, the British Postal Guide, Bradshaw, and one or more standard works on Pastry, Drainage, the Cheese Trade, Coat Building, or Glazier's Bill, and Ironmongery, at the option of the Candidate.

CAMBRIDGE.

The subject for the Yorke Prize is "The Rise and Fall of Hair-cutting as a Fine Art." Candidates, who must be members of the University, and have taken the degree of "Bachelor of Dancing," will be expected to send, together with their composition, two or more life-sized barber's busts in a sealed packet marked with a trade motto, by which their names may be subsequently recognised. The Regius Professor of Haberdashery will continue his course of lectures on the "Striped Stockings of Western Europe," immediately after the commencement of the approaching Term.

At a congregation held yesterday, the *ad eundem* degree of D.B.P.M. (Doctor of Prime Butcher's Meat) was conferred on Mr. WILLIAM SILVERSIDE, of Smithfield University.

The Examination for the Tiger Hunting Tripos will commence on the First of April next.

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

(He visits the Alhambra to see "*La Poule aux Œufs d'Or*," and Covent Garden for "*Jack and the Beanstalk*.")

SIR,

La Poule aux Œufs d'Or—why not an English title?—belongs to the class of piece which, in my humble opinion, ought, not only at Christmas time, but throughout the year, to find its home at the Alhambra. This sort of Show is suited to this place, *pas autres Shows*. It is this kind of fairy spectacular entertainment which should be the Alhambra's *spécialité*, and if only sufficient care and consideration are given to the details of the production, if ample time be allowed in every department, if the preparations are made well ahead, then, with the varied resources at their command, the Directors of the Alhambra Company, without having recourse to Paris for a ready-made piece, having, like Immortals, commanded success, would shower down on their devout worshippers, the Shareholders, the great and unspeakable benefits of twenty-five per cent. profit, half-yearly, while the name of the Alhambra itself would be to the amusement-seeking public a synonym for all that is artistic in design, sumptuous in accessories, brilliant in effect, harmonious in combination, melodious in musical utterance, and entertaining in performance—an extravaganza unique and original. The present piece has not, of course, all these qualifications, but it is a considerable step—not a stride (*the Stride is at the Box-Office, Drury Lane—quite another affair*)—by the Directors, in the right direction.

La Poule aux Œufs d'Or lasts from about 7.45 to 11.30, and it never once flags, although one Ballet Scene, "The Union of the Nations," is a case of "flags" from beginning to end, the stage being crowded with the banners, the standard-bearers, and the attendants, in costumes of all the principal nationalities.

But, experienced and invaluable M. JACOB, the music for the hornpipe should invariably be our well-known old friend the

"*Sailors' Hornpipe*," which everybody in the house can hum or whistle, and to which everybody in the house feels, individually, inclined to get up and dance. The good old-fashioned hornpipe, thoroughly well danced—for the English public is most exacting on this point, as every one in the audience flatters himself that, however ignorant he may be on other matters, he does at least know something about a hornpipe—I say, the old national hornpipe, perfectly executed by girls in sailors' dresses, is just the one thing of which an *encore* may be safely predicted. But dance your old hornpipe never so well to a new tune and its success is a risk, because the public is puzzled. No, M. JACOB, you are, for once, in error,—*on ne badine pas avec le Hornpipe*.

For combination of colour, for grouping, and for the figures of the ballet, there is not a more effective show in London than the Union of the Nations, and the Bird-Ballet in the Second Act of *La Poule aux Œufs d'Or*.

It is a pity the libretto should have been printed before the "cuts" were made. The Book at sixpence gives you not only plenty for your money, but a great deal too much, and occasionally something too little, as, for instance, in the omission of the French song and duet, and the capital medley sung by Miss LOSEBY and Mr. RIGHTON, which was three times *encored*, and would have been *encored* three times more if the Music-Hall airs, of which it is most cleverly composed, had been brought down to the very latest vogue. This duet is a fair example, of the style of comic music exactly suited to the Alhambra audience. Other specimens may be selected, such as the duet in French, between Mlle. RIVIERE, who admirably executes a *jodel* after the *Café Chantant* receipt, and M. BRUET, and also Urbain's song, "*'Tis not in Wealth*," a very taking air, composed by M. JACOB, and well sung by Mr. KNIGHT ASTON.

Miss SOLDENE is the dashing *Princess Fanfreluche*, but in this piece she has not the chances which *Geneviève de Brabant* afforded her. Miss LOSEBY sings charmingly. So perfect is her "trill" that I'm afraid Mrs. GIRLING will swoop down on the Alhambra one of these days, and claim her as a thorough "shaker." "She shakes—like a jelly," observed a *bon-vivant* among the audience, rather at a loss for an appropriate musical comparison.

The magical and amusing changes of scene, from a grotto to a boudoir, from boudoir to a garden, from garden back again to boudoir, are excellently managed; while the arbour that gradually rises until it becomes a sort of tower of three storeys, with a lover in each compartment anxiously waiting for the Princess, who ascends from the ground floor to the attic, receiving the attentions, *en passant*, of all three, is a specimen of such practical fun as is thoroughly to the taste of the audience. All the transformation tricks are good, and as, in their opening Scenes, the Pantomimes of Drury Lane and Covent Garden seem to have discarded these mechanical devices—without which a pantomime loses half its charm—it is quite a treat to meet with them in full force in *La Poule aux Œufs d'Or*.

The marvellous GIRARDS ought to have been made part and parcel of the *diablerie* business of the last Act, instead of having an interpolated scene all to themselves, which begins to weary the spectator by reason of its utter want of point and the absence of all connection with the story. The GIRARDS are as amusing as a set of children who get up an impromptu pantomime in the back drawing-room. *Ars est celare artem* is perfectly true of them, as all their actions appear to be inspired by some absurdly mischievous inspiration of the moment. This seems to me to be the distinguishing characteristic of the entertainment. They are naughty, cruel, malicious, tricky sprites let loose for a frolic, and their "humours" would have exactly suited the Grand Scene of Act III., representing the Realms of Pluto.

On the whole, the Alhambra has now got an entertainment, which, in many respects, can scarcely be equalled, and certainly not surpassed, by anything of the kind this Christmas time.

Messrs. GATTI are now the managers of Covent Garden. Good. Should any one be surprised at this announcement he can adapt for the occasion the well-known tragic question of Mrs. SIDONS,—who, when informed of the death of a certain French Minister "in his bureau," exclaimed, "In his bureau! how *gat* he there?"—and ask "In Covent Garden! How! GATTI there!" and the person who does this *once* will have performed more than his duty at a seasonable festivity.

Certainly in giving Mr. ALFRED THOMPSON *carte blanche* to design the costumes for *King Pepin's Court* in the Pantomime of *Jack and the Bean Stalk*, the management has done well and wisely. For numbers, for variety of designs, and for brilliancy of effect, the like of this scene has rarely been seen on the Covent Garden stage, except the review in *Blue Beard*, and the Amazonian troop in *Babil and Bijou*, when Miss HELEN BARRY cut so distinguished a figure. But having got together all this unexampled splendour scarcely anything is made of it. There is a glittering crowd, but that is all. As much may be said of the Pantomime. It is funny, as far as it goes, with its big heads and fairy opening (charming effect that clock, by the way), but it doesn't go far enough, except in the case of Messrs. MACDERMOTT and CAMPBELL—two comic vocalists from

the Music Halls, where they are the right men in the right places—who in a certain topical song most decidedly go too far for ears polite, forgetting that at Christmas time their audience consists chiefly of children, as ignorant of "political and social hits," as of slang phrases. Their songs might be less numerous and more humorous, and the sooner the Messrs. GATTI insist on that couplet about SHEER ALI being cut out altogether, the better for the Pantomime, whose success, after all, must be in Mr. ALF THOMPSON'S Great Show at King Pepin's Court, and also, for a wonder, in the Harlequinade, where the comic scenes, arranged by Mr. HARRY PAYNE—son of the inimitable Pantomimist lately, alas! deceased—are worthy of being styled comic. In fact the real fun of the Pantomime does not commence until Mr. H. PAYNE appears as *Clown*, and I should imagine that he is now the best *Clown* on the stage. Under his supervision the palmy days of Pantomime might return. If Mr. PAYNE, during the present year, will but study "the humours" of the streets, of the Law Courts, Railway Stations, Markets, City, &c., &c., the result would be comic business so entirely "new and original," as would astonish the oldest playgoers, delight the youngest, and be a subject of congratulation from his very truly,

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

SEASONING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.



11 A.M. From Editor to Contributor (per wire).

PLEASE write seasonable article. You know the sort of thing—holly, snow, mistletoe.

Contributor to Editor.

All right. The article is in hand. Coming out well, I think.

12 Noon. Editor to Contributor.

Very sorry. But there is a thaw. Change tone to suit weather.

Contributor to Editor.

All right. Will fit in beautifully. Just what I like.

1 P.M. Editor to Contributor.

Much distressed. Another change. November fog. Must keep the article up to date. Thaw your frost, and melt your snow.

Contributor to Editor.

All right. Altered to order. Thaw works in well. But how about working in fog without damping climax?

Will this Do? (By Book Post.)

Christmas! Yule-tide extending well into the New Year! What memories rise before us! Father Christmas—the dear old snowy-bearded man, with his evergreen sceptre, redolent of the green buds of the coming spring, and wrapped in his mantle of Scotch mist.—Father Christmas lingers with us for many a week after the children have returned to school. Cheery, beery, sneezy, snowy, blowy old Father Christmas! In this glad some, merrie England of ours he loves to hold his Court. He may pay a flying visit to Germany or Canada, but England is the land of his adoption. His children are worthy of their father. Let us watch them as they keep his memory green.

The snow is falling so thickly that the little village spire is scarcely seen, even though a sun like that of summer may be pouring its rays upon the weather-cock behind the snow veil. Merrily sing the birds, rejoicing in the crisp morning air, on one side of a ditch, regardless of the bleating of the sheep, who are calling to the shepherd from out of the dense fog which has invaded the field on the other. Here are happy school-boys skating on the pond, whilst their seniors linger in the shade. All should be called home by their respective grand-parents, for the ice is thin, and vows made in the gloaming are easily broken. But no, the young people are safe from interference! Grandpapa is no match for a Scotch mist, and Grandmamma is kept at home by the fog. Oh, Christmas, Christ-

mas of ice and snow, season of mists and mellow fruitfulness—apples and oranges, nuts and bills of the play! How we all love thee! How we drink thy health, in the shadow of thy tree, as the wheels of the weather revolves, in bumpers of steaming punch, and tankards of cooling cup!

(Have reserved climax till I know how weather stands last thing before going to press.)

SYMPATHY WITH SMALL BIRDS.

MR. PUNCH,

PLEASE, Sir, don't you call this a jolly case—the jolliest of all the late cases—of benevolence to little birds? I copy it from a letter in the *Times*, signed "E. C. T."—

"The bad weather may return, and hints are valuable. A Lady in Hammersmith has, during the recent severe weather, left open the door of her greenhouse, and every night twenty birds—thrushes and blackbirds—have come in and roosted in the vine inside."

I only wish during the next cold weather I could persuade the Governor to leave open the door of his greenhouse and let the birds in to roost—and be roasted, or made a pudding of, twenty or "five-and-twenty thrushes and blackbirds baked in a pie." But don't I wish I may catch him at it. I can't understand that old Lady at Hammersmith being so green as to leave her greenhouse door open in the cold, unmindful of the plants and the vine inside, for I don't suppose she did it to catch the thrushes and blackbirds; but if so, no doubt her idea of a trap beats everything of that kind in the *Boy's Own Book*, or anywhere else within the knowledge of your admiring youthful reader,

GILBERT WHITE, JUN.

P.S. How pleasing to see the cock-sparrows collected in the elder-bush, outside the back-door, waiting till breakfast is over, and CHARLOTTE takes out the table-cloth, and shakes down the crumbs, whilst I load my catapult, and get ready to have a shy at them by the time she comes back, and they are all comfortably settled, and pitching in.

G. W.

USEFUL INFORMATION.

FOR those who give quiet little dinners, the following rule of precedence, from the "Answers" in the *Queen*, will be found eminently useful:—

"PRECEDENCE.—The host must take the Marchioness; the Bishop the Earl's daughter; the Earl's younger son, the Dean's wife (daughter of Viscount); the Privy Councillor, the General's wife (daughter of Baron); the K.C.B., the wife of K.C.M.G.; the K.C.M.G., the Baronet's daughter; the Dean, the Bishop's wife; the General, the Privy Councillor's wife; the Marquis, the hostess. There seems no lady provided for the Colonel; if there is a daughter of the house, he would take her.—YOUNG MATRON."

All young Matrons should study this. Any one of them may find herself in just such a trying position. It makes one shudder to think what the consequences would be if the Colonel took down the Marchioness, the Marquis the Privy Councillor's wife, the General the Earl's daughter; and if by any dire mischance the Dean's wife (daughter to a Viscount) and the General's wife (daughter to a Baron) fell to the K.C.B. and the K.C.G.M.! Or if it was the Bishop instead of the gallant Colonel that was left single-handed to bring up the rear. This is really quite too awful to contemplate; yet if the young Matron lost her head, in such trying circumstances, it might so happen.

Pity a Poor Roof.

(A Cry From St. Alban's.)

HELP me! some are hot to stone me.
Others with a view to "tone" me—
Want to lead or copper-plate me;
Others at less cost would slate me.
Is't odd, 'twixt stone, slate, copper, lead—
That I should still be off my head?

THE FORCE OF A GREAT EXAMPLE.

AMONG the notices given in the House of Commons the first night of the Session, was one "To introduce a Bill for the improvement of Spirits in bond." Does this point to further "rectification"?

ONE OF THE EFFECTS OF OUR INDIAN POLICY.—To convert Sheer Alis into sheer enemies.

PROPER DECORATION FOR A "BLOCKED" LAW COURT.—Bar-relief.



PARADOXICAL.

Ethel. "IT WAS A MOST WONDERFUL PERFORMANCE, AUNT TABITHA! FIRST, SHE WAS SHOT OUT OF A CANNON'S MOUTH ON TO A TRAPEZE FIFTEEN YARDS ABOVE THE ORCHESTRA, AND THEN SHE SWUNG HERSELF UP TILL SHE STOOD ON A ROPE ON ONE LEG AT LEAST A HUNDRED AND TWENTY FEET ABOVE OUR HEADS!"

Aunt Tabitha. "AH! I ALWAYS THINK A WOMAN LOWERS HERSELF WHEN SHE DOES THAT!"

NEW YEAR'S GIFTS.

Benjamin (hugging his casket). Call that a New Year's Gift? Just look at mine!

William (feeling the edge of his axe). Oh, you were always caught by show and shine.

The simple and substantial suit my taste.

Benjamin. You've no imagination!

William. Yours you waste
On flashing, fleeting figments.

Benjamin. Don't be tart;
But own that this most gorgeous Work of Art
Evokes your envy. You are vastly clever;
But you'll admit that Eldorado never
Stirred at your voice, or offered at your shrine.

William. Tribute from Midas is no wish of mine.
I only filled the Empire's money-bags.
You empty them, and so the "glittering crags
And golden rivers" greet you—'tis most fit.

Benjamin. Such sorry irony you take for wit,
And think you're brilliant when you're only bitter.

William. In gibes that gleam and epigrams that glitter,
I humbly own I'm not a match for you.
My axe is no stiletto.

Benjamin. *Roderick Dhu*
Trusted to ponderous strength 'gainst supple skill:
You recollect the issue, my dear WILL?

William. Quite. But good sword-play's not all trick, and then
You're scarcely a *Fitz-James*, my dodgy BEN.

Benjamin. My dodges, though, have brought you many a cropper.
I'll back my sleight against your silver chopper,
Gift of a small scratch *Caucus*, whom to know
Argues oneself unknown. It is no go!

You're too parochial. Greatness is a scorner
Of the foregatherings of Hole-cum-Corner.
But you—have you not strength your ears to shut
E'en to the peddling praise of Lilliput?

William. Its small revilings I can scorn, and do,
Even when echoed by a wit like you.

Benjamin. But do look at this casket, and admit
The People's WILLIAM might be proud of it.

William. Perhaps; did conscience tell him that the cause
In which 'twas earned was worthy of applause.

Benjamin. Oh, when you come to conscience, that, of course,
Is your monopoly. With deep remorse
I own I'm the Black Bogey which you paint,
And you are a serene and snowy Saint.
Only you see the Saint is scarce the winner;
The wicked world, of course, prefers the Sinner:
Conscience is not much liked when it turns sour.

(WILLIAM is about to expostulate.)

Shut up!—and if you please—my worthy WILL,
Don't perorate. An antibilious pill
Would do you heaps of good. Jaundice, I'm sure,
Distracts you, and demands a drastic cure.
Try exercise, and your new axe. You're good,
They say, at cutting down. I own my mood
Leads more to setting up.

William (grimly). I hold that he
Does better who brings down a rotten tree,
Than he who rears a Dagon.

Benjamin. Chop away!
Your axe bodes no one harm—or, so you say;
At least I'm certain that it won't hurt me.
Ah, WILLIAM, don't you wish I were a tree?
Ha! Ha! Ta! Ta! (aside.) Grim, acid egotist!

William. Farewell! (aside.) A very eel, all slime and twist!

[Exeunt severally, hugging their respective gifts.]



NEW-YEAR'S GIFTS.

MASTER BENJAMIN. "LOOK AT MY BEAUTIFUL GOLD CASKET!"

MASTER GLADSTONE. "AH!—BUT LOOK AT MY BEAUTIFUL SILVER AXE!"

SPORTING FIXTURES.

(The Present Variable Weather Permitting.)



Monday.—An Ice Regatta at Henley. Sledge races on the Thames, to be followed by a skaters' steeplechase: course, from Maidenhead to Monkey Island. At sunset, a snowball by electric light. Mr. Jack Frost will officiate as Master of the Ceremonies.

Tuesday.—North Polo Match upon the lake at the Welsh Harp, which, it is confidently expected, will play on the occasion. Sides, United Arc-tics v. Baltic Bluenoses.

Wednesday.—Meeting of the Drags of the Humane Society, in consequence of the sudden thaw in all the parks, and rapid liquefaction of the ornamental waters.

Thursday.—Grand Cricket Match at Lord's. Oxford and Cambridge Colts against Ojibbeways and Esquimaux. Gate-money to be given to the Umpire's Emigration Fund, for supplying English umpires throughout the States and Colonies.

Friday.—Butterfly Shooting at the Gun Club, and a Grasshopper Hunt at Hornsey. In the evening, Cockney Swimming Contest for the Championship of the Serpentine; to be decided in three heats, provided that the temperature be not below freezing-point.

Saturday.—Ladies' Lawn-tennis Match at Wimbledon: to be followed by a pic-nic on the Common, and *à fresco* Fancy Ball, with comic songs, charades, and archery by moonlight.

HAMLET AT THE LYCEUM.

It is pleasant to see any one who has laboured earnestly, honestly, and in a difficult and honourable career, attain the end for which he has worked. None of Mr. IRVING's public could have sympathised more sincerely than Mr. *Punch* with Mr. IRVING, when, standing before a crowded house, thrilling with enthusiasm, and tumultuous with applause, after more than four hours' close attention to the play that, above all other plays, taxes the mind, he told them, that this was what he had been working for all his life—not meaning the applause, of course, but the opportunity, of producing *Hamlet* in a theatre under his own whole and sole management. It is a worthy ambition for an intellectual Actor, which Mr. IRVING is; and for a Manager bent on turning his opportunities to the best account, which Mr. IRVING now proclaims himself to be. Happy man! He has the opportunity, as well as the will. How ready his public is to give him credit not merely for good, but the best, intentions, was very apparent among the audience of that opening night,—one of the heartiest, most responsive, and readiest to take the will for the deed, that *Punch* ever had the pleasure of figuring among. At the same time, it is neither true, nor fair, in the critics to say, that such a presentation of *Hamlet* has not been seen in our time. "Our time" is an elastic phrase. In *Punch*'s time, there have been at least three productions of the play—by MACREADY, at Drury Lane and Covent Garden, by CHARLES KEAN, at the Princess's, and by PHELPS at Sadler's Wells—not less complete, tasteful, and careful, in scenery, stage-management, and appointments; and as regards the cast, apart from the *Hamlet* and the *Ophelia*—a point, after all, at least as important as scenery, machinery, dresses, and decorations—ininitely better.

It is not fair to forget this so soon. There ought to be hope that a Manager's memory may outlive his life forty years. It is not so long as that since the earliest of these three managements; and yet *Punch* seems to be the solitary critic who has ventured to give one more new rendering of HORACE's pregnant line—"Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona"—"There have been Managers before IRVING."

Mr. IRVING has given good earnest of his good intentions by taking Mr. MARSHALL into council about the text and scenic arrangement of his *Hamlet*.

The mounting of the play at the Lyceum leaves little or nothing to be desired. The giving the *Ghost* the full range of the platform of Elsinore for his martial stalk, in the opening Scene, is a conspicuous improvement, though not a new one. But *Punch* is not yet satisfied that the *Ghost* has any business out of the Castle.

It is no sufficient reason for showing the apparition in the third scene on the "dreadful summit of the cliff," that *Horatio* thinks he may tempt *Hamlet* thither. Ghosts are strictly local institutions. They always haunt particular places; and the Castle of Elsinore is the walk of his late Majesty of Denmark, when he "revisits the glimpses of the moon." But the change gives us an impressive and effective stage-picture, and is an immense improvement on the close glen shut in by mountains which it replaces at the Lyceum.

Punch must still protest in as unqualified terms as ever against the absence of visible pictures in the Closet Scene. "Counterfeit presentment" can by no fair stress of words be made to mean the image of his father and of his uncle which *Hamlet* carries in his mind's eye. The passage is shorn of its best pith and point and effect on the audience when visible pictures are dispensed with. The only recommendation of this novelty, as far as *Punch* can make out, is its singularity. What does Mr. MARSHALL say to it? Another reading of Mr. IRVING's, which seems to *Punch* equally irreconcilable with the text, is *Hamlet*'s sinking down when the *Ghost* disappears, thus making his "sinews grow instant old," at the very moment when he calls upon them not to do so, but "to bear him stiffly up."

Nor can the transfer of the fencing-scene to an open gallery looking on the Palace orchard be reconciled (as Mr. MOY THOMAS has pointed out), with *Hamlet*'s cry—"Ho! let the door be locked." Though, here again, we get a pretty stage-picture, which may well excuse the disregard of *Hamlet*'s words.

The discovery of the Gravediggers at their work instead of letting them walk on, is decidedly a change for the better, even if Mr. IRVING and Mr. MARSHALL have not been the first to make it.

After *Hamlet*, *Ophelia*, and the *Ghost*, the Lyceum Gravedigger's is by many degrees the best acted part in the piece. Mr. S. JOHNSON, whose name is new to *Punch*, played without any of the conventional false emphasis and exaggeration which have crusted over this, like most of the short parts in SHAKESPEARE's plays whose good or bad luck it has been to fall into the hands of leading actors. He spoke with good emphasis and discretion, and went about his business like an honest, "even" gravedigger—losing none of the points, but forcing none, and leaving the perfect conception, presented in the best words, to work its way. The man did not, in this case, jar with his part; as did, with but few exceptions, all the actors of the secondary parts in the Lyceum cast. In plain English, the play was not well cast—and that not measuring excellence by any ideal standard; not by any means as well cast as it might have been with a more judicious choice of available actors; at least if no better were to be had, Mr. IRVING must have been exceptionally unfortunate. Mr. MEAD's *Ghost* is unexceptionable.

It would not be easy to find on the stage a better *Queen* than Miss PAUNCEFORT. Mr. CHIPPENDALE in *Polonius*, so far as his failing strength allowed him to carry out his conception, was grave and dignified as a high Court officer should be, even supposing him to be a "tedious old fool." The *Osric* had the youth, good looks, and self-satisfied air that are wanted for the part, but either lacked the art to give them their full effect, or perhaps Mr. IRVING fails to appreciate, or does not care to develop, the significance of the scene in which he appears.

"The rest is silence."

There is nothing good to be said of the other actors of the secondary parts, and it would be superfluous to say harsh things of them. It was not that they did not do their best, but their best was out of tune with the noble music of SHAKESPEARE.

The *Hamlet* and *Ophelia* are the two pillars of the play. Of the strength and weakness of Mr. IRVING's *Hamlet* it is unnecessary to repeat in detail what *Punch* has said before. The sum of his praise is, that from first to last, the actor is in his part, that his reading of *Hamlet*'s character, moods, and mental states, is consistent with itself, intelligent, and intelligible—a presentment of the part which all thoughtful students of the play may follow with interest and profit, if not always with acquiescence.

In its essentials *Punch* believes Mr. IRVING's performance to be based upon, and true to, the great lines of the Poet's thought. He shows us a mind ticklishly poised on the line between great wit and madness—and so naturally assuming the mask of madness, from under which to shoot his wild and whirling words, the better to prosecute the purpose which he has not strength of will to carry, deliberately, to its issue. Any great shock can send this unstably-poised mind over the boundary between sanity and insanity. Some great shocks—as the revelations of the *Ghost*, the rooting up of his love, and the sudden tidings of *Ophelia*'s death—are sufficient to rouse him to frenzy. The Prince's weakness of will is due partly to the excessive development in him of the reflective element over the active, which makes him so lengthy a soliloquist; so ready to go off into disquisition on the slightest provocation at the most critical moment; glad to talk to anybody who will talk to him, and able to find in everything a text for speculation, and a peg on which to hang disquisition and generalisation.



‘THE PROUD (POLICE-)MAN’S CONTUMELY.’

Constable (to Old Wiggins, who has come down on a piece of Orange-peel and a Slide). “THERE NOW, I ‘OPES YOU’RE SATISFIED!—SERVES YOU JOLLY WELL RIGHT!—IF I CATCHES YOU A SLIDIN’ ON THE PAVEMENT AGAIN, I’LL RUN YOU IN—SHARP!”

All this Mr. IRVING shows us in his *Hamlet*, but—to borrow *Hamlet*’s own words to the Players—a rather cruel but just Nemesis—in such a fashion, “that you would think some of Nature’s journeymen had made a man, and not made him well—he imitates humanity so abominably.”

It would, in short, be difficult to find a better *Hamlet*, in conception, or a worse, in execution, so far as that depends—and how far does it not depend—on elocution or action. Surely these glaring faults of elocution and action cannot be beyond cure in a man evidently so earnest and so intelligent as Mr. IRVING. If one thought them so, it would be as cruel as useless to dwell upon them. But they *must* be curable. It cannot be necessary that a man should go on with this heartless vivisection of lines and sentences, cutting off verbs from their nouns, substantives from their adjectives, antecedents from their relatives, and prepositions from the words they govern; that he should make “God” rhyme to “mad,” or “poor” to “bore,” with a host of other tricks of pronunciation just as outrageous. If these things can be cured, they ought not to be endured; and that they can be cured *Punch* does most potently believe. It is with tricks of movement as of speech. Are there not drill-sergeants and dancing-masters for the one, as well as professors of phonetics for the other?

There is so much thought and meaning, such sincerity of self-abandonment to the passions of his parts, and such evidently high aims in Mr. IRVING—which are the matter and marrow of the Actor’s business—that it is intolerable to find the words through which this must be conveyed set to such marred music of utterance and movement—which are but the manner and mask of it, but a manner that cannot be dispensed with, and a mask that cannot be laid aside.

It is quite excusable in the young enthusiasts who are indebted to Mr. IRVING for a keener and deeper insight into certain great parts, and a fuller realisation of some great creations than the stage of their time has afforded them, to overlook, and even to admire and imitate his tricks and eccentricities, awkwardnesses and mannerisms. One sees and hears young actors by the dozen doing so.

This is one bad effect of these tricks, besides their greater mischief of making intellectual stage-work—so rare in England—unpalat-

able by faults which are capable of correction, if the Actor were made sensible of them.

In speaking of the *Ophelia* of this memorable night, there needs no such qualification. In ELLEN TERRY’S hands the execution of the part—but for the fright that on the first night almost strangled her singing in both mad scenes, and weakened the effect of the second—was as consummate, as its conception was subtle and complete. It was an ideally beautiful presentment jarring in no point of look, movement, or speech with the ideal called up by SHAKESPEARE’S exquisite creation.

A propos of this very performance, *Punch* lately read the very sapient criticism, that “*Ophelia* is a part into which it is impossible to put much fresh significance.” He especially admires this wise saw, when he thinks of the entirely fresh significance put by ELLEN TERRY into the great scene of the Third Act, in which *Hamlet* does his best to wrench the love of her out of his heart, and breaks hers in the effort;—when he retraces the delicate shades by which this admirable actress distinguished the pangs of despised love from the worse pangs which follow the discovery that the noble mind she has so worshipped is overthrown—a misery summed up in the exquisite closing lines of the scene, which are the epitaph, not of her lost love, but of *Hamlet*’s shattered reason.

If anything more intellectually conceived or more exquisitely wrought out has been seen on the English stage in this generation, it has not been within *Punch*’s memory.

When Miss TERRY conquers her fright enough to be mistress of her voice and herself, her mad scenes will, no doubt, be as pathetically, if not as passionately beautiful as her scene of heart-break. And if, on the first night, her “sweet bells were jangled out of tune,” they were never harsh, and their muffled music but gave, perhaps, the more appropriate voice to her piteous sorrow, and more piteous mirth.

Mr. IRVING’S *Hamlet*, with its beauties and its blemishes, its great merits of conception, and its grievous sins of execution, we knew already. ELLEN TERRY’S *Ophelia* we did not know. That is the revelation for which we have to thank the new management of the Lyceum.



THE ELECTRIC LIGHT—PRO AND CON.

BRILLIANT IMPROVEMENT, OF COURSE; BUT, IF YOU TURN NIGHT INTO DAY, HOWEVER WILL THE POOR BIRDS KNOW WHEN TO GO TO "BYE-BYE"?

Strange Signs of the Times.

WHAT are we coming to, Mr. Punch? The question which controversialists in the *Times* are now raising, I understand to be whether the language to be excluded from University Education at Oxford or Cambridge shall be Latin or Greek? Are we all going mad, Sir?

A BEWILDERED COUNTRY GENTLEMAN.

Worse than Worsted.

As investments, except for the lower extremities, old stockings have, until lately, been discarded, even by grandmothers, for new Stocks. But recent calamities may have suggested a partial return to the anile system of banking. Yet in the case of Stockings as well as Stocks, it is quite possible to put both your money and your foot in it at the same time.

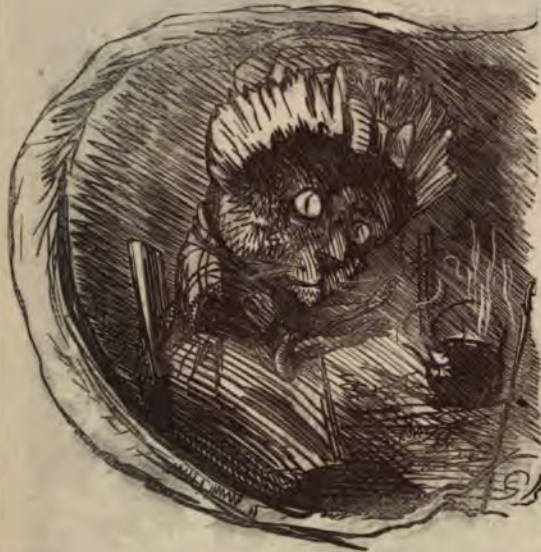
MEDICAL EQUIVALENTS.—*Bon vivant*—bad Liver.

ANY COOK TO ANY POLICEMAN.—"*Robert, toi que j'aime!*"

FRIENDS AT A DISTANCE.

Being a Brief Record of a few Winter-seasonable Visits to certain Country Houses.

VISIT THE FIRST.—CHAPTER IX.



CONTINUATION
of Legend
—To our
rooms—
Haunted
Chamber—
—The first
surprise—
A diffi-
culty.

"BUT," says JOSSLYN DYKE, continuing the story of the Earl, the Countess, and the Lover, as we stand before the weird old clock on the landing, "but they are often seen in the house, on

the stairs, in the rooms, in the passages, the three Earls, the Countess and her Lover, and that's my difficulty in getting any servants to stop. They say they *won't* stay in the same house with Ghosts."

I pretend to smile at this unwillingness on their part, as a vulgar prejudice arising from want of education. Still it is a dilemma for a master, when his servants come to him and say, "Well, Sir, either the Ghosts or ourselves must go. Which is it to be? If the Ghosts stay, we give notice." It is a difficulty.

JOSSLYN shakes his head and simply quotes, "'There are more things in heaven and earth, HORATIO,' I am HORATIO in this instance, 'than are dreamt of in your philosophy.'" I admit the probability implied in this sentiment, and he continues, "How can you explain the stoppage of this clock at this particular hour? the impossibility of altering it? the connection of this time with the dreadful events I've just told you? And, mind, these apparitions are only seen at intervals of eight days, and then invariably at three separate times, eight hours apart, within the twenty-four hours, commencing at 8'25 in the morning, then at 4'25 in the afternoon, then at 12'25 at midnight, and lastly at 8'25 A.M., when their visits cease for another eight days."

I am just about to ask, "Have you seen them lately?" when it occurs to me that this is the title of some music-hall comic song, most inappropriate to the occasion, and quite opposed to my present state of mind, which is, to say the least of it, reverentially respectful towards all Ghosts in general, and the Ghosts at The Mote, Moss End, in particular.

"I don't talk about these things to everybody," observes JOSSLYN, making a move, whereat his familiars look curiously at him, with their heads on one side, as much as to say, "Well, what are you going to do *now*?"

"No, it wouldn't do to tell everybody," I return, taking his remark as highly flattering to myself.

"But," he says, pausing, after taking half a dozen steps down the passage. "But, it is curious that this should be the eighth of the month, and," he adds, taking out his watch, "I very rarely sit up as late as this talking, least of all on such a subject."

"Late!" I exclaim, "surely it's not past twelve." "The time by me," he replies most impressively, "is exactly *twenty-five minutes past twelve*."

I refer to my own watch. Yes, that is the time. At least, by me, it is exactly thirty-five minutes past, but then I always keep my watch ten minutes fast.

I am staggered. I find myself murmuring, "So it is," and I am conscious of the mechanism at work again in my head on the two muffled words "Very strange—Very strange—Very strange!"

JOSSLYN is waiting for me at the end of the passage. Until I, as it were, woke up and saw him I was unconscious of standing still. To say "Go on! I follow," occurs to me; but, like *Macbeth's* answer, it sticks in my throat, for I remember they are *Hamlet's* request to the Ghost. Very strange—Very strange—Very strange!

"Here's your room," says JOSSLYN, throwing open the door.

I had hoped he was coming in to keep me company. No; he only nods at me, and says "Good night." I can't exercise hospitality to my own host, and invite him to "step in and sit down."

I watch his retreating figure, accompanied by his familiars. *Snapp* slouching along as if he'd met a Ghost who had kicked him severely, and *Fiend* with pointed head turning this way and that, and pointed ears pricked up in a nervous state, as if ready to jump out of a Ghost's way at the slightest and shortest notice.

JOSSLYN stops to look round, and say in a low whisper, "Good! will call you in plenty of time. We breakfast at eight twenty-five punctually. Good night."

Then he once more turns on his heel, and presently disappears round a corner, then the light gradually dies away. The passage is in darkness. I shut the door of my room, and—I haven't done such a thing for years—examine the lock.

Then I say to myself, "Pooh! what nonsense!"

Thank goodness, a cheerful fire.

I deposit my candle on the dressing-table. I light the other two. I should like to light fifty, and have them all about the room, which, on the other side, away from the light of fire and candles, is in deepest shadow, though not in utter darkness.

I won't stop to think.

I don't like to brush my hair before the glass, lest I should see a face peering over my shoulder. Nerves.

I'll get into bed rapidly; and I won't look at the grim old picture, three-quarter length, which may be that of the wicked Earl of two hundred years ago. I come to the conclusion that I won't cross the room to put my boots outside. No; Good! will take them in the morning. I wonder if the wicked Earl put his boots outside, on the night when—hang the wicked Earl!

Now for the candles—stay—is the fire blazing—yes—plenty of cheery firelight—so one, two, three! out go the candles! And now, with one jump—

No—something moving between my legs and the bed-post—between me and the post—

Something which leaps on to the bed before I can get there.

I start back, and very nearly fall backwards into the fire-place.

What the . . . ?

The Black Cat, on my bed, walking up and down like a perturbed spirit on the counterpane, rubbing itself against the post, then taking another turn, then looking at me . . . and I at her. A pleasant beginning of the night's rest. Myself and Black Cat *vis à vis*, the cat having far and away the best of it, having its warm fur coat on, and being on my bed, while I have anything but a warm fur coat on, and not even my slippers, and I'm out of bed.

I don't like a strange cat in my room; I don't like any animals in my room; but specially a strange cat, when I'm—when I'm—well, in fact, when I'm going to bed.

I should be afraid of falling asleep while a strange cat was there; though there's not much chance of that, as I have heard well-authenticated stories of a partiality, peculiar to cats, for sucking up the breath of sleeping infants, and so killing them.

I am not an infant, it is true, but this is a cat, and when I'm asleep, and only my head visible on the pillow, *would a cat know whether I was an infant or not?*

If the whole story isn't true, then all I can say now feelingly is, that it's the sort of thing nurses tell children, who never forget it. I haven't forgotten it. It's a very big cat, what they call a fine cat, and it plucks, impatiently, with its fore claws spread out, at the counterpane, in a tigerish way. Then it describes a sort of arch with its back, and erects its tail rigidly, as if some wild idea had entered its cat's head of representing itself, bodily, as a model for a Norman gateway, with a perpendicular tower at the side. No one ever yet heard of a cat having gone mad on the subject of architecture, yet this looks like it. It has a wild look about its eyes too. The longer I regard the creature, the wilder it seems to become, and the more energetically does it claw the counterpane, as though it were something alive that it felt a cruel delight in tearing to pieces. Then it opens its red mouth and "wows,"—savagely, I think.

Years ago I remember being in a kitchen when a cat had fits. It flew madly round the place, smashing plates and soup-tureens (it got its head into one—but backed out of it again furiously), biting and scratching, and was finally knocked on the head by a bell-hanger with a hammer. The awful thing about that mad cat was that, during the entire paroxysm, it never uttered a sound.

If this cat has fits, there is no hammer, and what is worse, no bell-hanger to use it!

MOTTO FOR SPIERS AND POND (*the Australian Caterers*).—A Bar in the Strand is worth two in the Bush.

PROMOTION FOR MR. PARNELL.—To be the Butt of the House of Commons next Session.



MANNERS.

Discontented Pauper (on the Christmas Dinner). "WELL, THIS IS THE WUST CHRIS'MAS DINNER AS EVER WE 'AD SINCE I'VE BEEN IN THE 'OUSE! I THINKS AS WHEN WE 'AS A DINNER PARTY, THE MASTER OUGHT TO AX US WHETHER WE LIKES IT WELL DONE AND WHETHER WE TAKES FAT, AND NOT OUT THE VITTLES AND SHOW IT ON OUR PLATES ANTHOW!"

EDISONIANA.

As an infant, it is now distinctly remembered by his old nurse, and by "his sisters, and his cousins, and his aunts," that lights, whether in the nursery or the parlour, the ship's gloomy cabin or the lonely beacon far away on a ledge of rock in the solitary ocean, had an irresistible attraction for the youthful EDISON; and it is related by his biographers that once when his Mother undertook a long railway expedition in the depth of winter, and took her baby-boy with her, he never once removed his gaze from the lamp in the carriage, and was "good" from the beginning of the journey to the end. The germ of some great discovery in the future may have been latent in that prolonged stare.

As he grew older, his favourite toys were miniature lamps and candlesticks, and little speaking-trumpets, and tiny telescopes, and he was never tired of playing at telegraphs with his brothers and sisters and their young companions.

"The child is father of the man"—so before he was eight, the future inventor of the phonograph, the micro-tasimeter, the megaphone, and the aërophone, had devised considerable improvements in the ordinary pea-shooter, whereby its range was greatly extended and its momentum increased, and had added more than one note to the compass of the Jew's harp.

At the age of fourteen he took out a patent for an ingenious contrivance to enable persons of an obese habit to pick up things from the floor without undergoing the inconvenience of stooping. His instantaneous hat-peg was also widely adopted, and universally appreciated throughout the Western States before he left off jackets.

The Great Wall of China will probably be the scene of Mr. EDISON's first public display of the Electric Light on any extensive scale.

A plan for the illumination of the Great Desert has also been under consideration, but some difficulty having arisen with the Government about the lamp-posts, this project is for the present abandoned.

THE OLD, OLD STORY!

The following has not yet been sent to Mr. Punch from the India Office for publication.

FROM VICEROY, January 18, 1879.

SMITH reports from JONES continuance of harassing attacks. Troops have behaved splendidly. Defences all taken at point of bayonet, and enemy only prevented from being driven over crown of pass through rations for three and a half days not having been given out owing to an oversight.

Accounts from ROBINSON encouraging. Troops sleeping in open without great-coats. Thermometer far below zero. Only 72 per cent. frost-bitten. Spirit excellent. Means to move forward as soon as supply of great-coats, boots, and dhoolies to hand.

BROWN advanced to within sixteen miles of Muckerabad. Waiting for transport. Had to eat artillery elephants and horses of personal staff. Enthusiasm of troops remarkable. 117th and 153rd (Duke's Own) Native Regiments, without any officers at present, owing to casualties. Have directed advertisements in local papers. Native chiefs still respectful.

JENKINS reports issue of following order of day on eve of advance:—

"SOLDIERS,

To-morrow, without baggage-waggon, commissariat, ambulance, doctors, lint, rations, or boots, you will move forward to do the behests of your Viceroy, the mouthpiece of your beloved Empress. Owing to one of those departmental mistakes which are among the fortunes of war, your recent camping-ground has been more cold and damp than was pleasant at the late exceptionally low temperature. Forward, soldiers of the Expeditionary Force! If behind you lurks marsh fever, before you lies the enemy! Remember that whatever England may do herself, she expects every man to do his duty. Think then of Assaye and Netley! Your country looks towards you! Whether charging without shoes and rations, or returning to your native shores laden with honours and bent with rheumatism, England is still proud to own you as her sons! Forward!"

The above, printed in English, Pushtoo, Persian, and Hindustani, was posted in camp yesterday, and produced an excellent effect.

An easy feeling prevails in official circles at Calcutta.

A Submarine Tunnel between Liverpool and New York, as light as day and as warm as summer, is now regarded as an unquestioned certainty, only awaiting Mr. EDISON's leisure to attend to the details.

His ordinary dinner hour is six, but as it is his inflexible rule never to sit down to table until he has produced some new invention or improvement, however small, for the benefit of his contemporaries and the advantage of posterity, it frequently happens that it is midnight before he can partake of the family meal.

Some of the greatest men have set a different estimate on their productions from that entertained by the outside world.—MILTON, for example, it is said, thought more highly of his *Paradise Regained* than his *Paradise Lost*—and in Mr. EDISON's case it is well understood that his most cherished invention, and the one on which he rests his surest claim to fame and fortune and the future Presidency of the United States, is his Electric Pen-wiper.

THOMAS ALVA EDISON is a young man, but little over thirty, and a great future lies before him, in which he may be expected to electrify both the Old and New World with his inventions.

A Hint to the Midland Directors.

THEIR object is to cut down expenses. Suppose, with this laudable object, besides reducing the salaries of guards, porters, and such small deer, they reduce those of directors, managers, station-masters, clerks, and, in short, all their *employés*, high and low, great and small, all round—*pro rata*—on the "sauce for goose sauce for gander" principle.

EXTREMES MEETING.

WHAT a subject for a historical picture! BISMARCK and the POPE contending with the same Hydra, whose heads are free Thought, free Speech, free Press, and free Parliament! *Punch* will have to try his hand at it one of these days.

ATTAINING HER MAJORITY.



John Bull to La République.

BRavo, *ma belle*! You've done right well;
 Accept my warm felicitations!
 This hour should ring reaction's knell,
 And silence faction's fulminations.
 'Twill not, I fear; but you, my dear,
 Have now attained your right majority,
 And to the shouts of hate or fear
 May show a calm superiority.

Calm! Let elation's fiery thrill
 Not stir you from that patient standing
 On simple right with steadfast will,
 Which makes your attitude commanding.

The hope of many struggling days
 Has grown to solid actuality;
 You've silenced fears, extorted praise,
 By moderation and legality.

But fight it out on that same line,
 Be calm and cool as you are clever;
 The olive with your laurels twine,
 And the Red Spectre's laid for ever.
 But there are those amongst your foes
 Who'll seek that Bogey's resurrection,
 And their dark workings to oppose,
 Will need your wariest circumspection.

Pardon this preachment at a time
 When pæans might appear more proper;
 The caution of a cooler clime
 Of sympathy is no estopper.
 Not one true heart throughout our land,
 Without reserve of rank or party,
 But sends by *Punch's* clasp hand,
 Congratulations warm and hearty!

BISMARCK'S NEW DRASTIC TREATMENT FOR
 GERMANY.—Iron v. Blood (suspended *pro*
tem.)



THE PEACOCK TRAIN.

"YOU JUST PULL A STRING, AND THERE YOU ARE!"

THE RAILWAY PASSENGER'S CATECHISM.

(Prepared for use of the Public by the Executive Committee of the United Railway Companies.)

Q. Define a "Railway Traveller."

A. A greatly-favoured person, enabled by the help of the Railway Companies to move from place to place with the least possible comfort at the highest possible charge.

Q. Give your reasons for holding that the Railway Traveller is greatly favoured in being carried from place to place on these conditions.

A. Because this is the opinion of the Railway officials; and the Railway officials are the best judges of such matters.

Q. Do you think it would be better were trains to keep advertised times, ticket-clerks to be more civil, and guards and porters to look less after tips, and more after their duties?

A. Certainly not.

Q. Give your reason for this opinion?

A. Because any reform in Railway management with these objects must cause a great deal of wholly unnecessary trouble.

Q. What is an accident?

A. Something that cannot, as a rule, be avoided.

Q. How do you divide accidents?

A. Into important and unimportant.

Q. What is an unimportant accident?

A. One which causes damage or death to a few employés and third-class passengers.

Q. What is an important accident?

A. One which leads to such large demands for compensation that they affect dividends and lower the price of shares.

Q. Who ought generally to be blamed for accidents?

A. The parties who suffer by them. More particularly, when any servant of the Company is killed, the blame should always be laid on his shoulders. This does him no harm, and averts unpleasant consequences from others.

Q. Whose fault is it when Railway Companies suddenly raise their tariff?

A. The Government's.

Q. Why?

A. Because they have for many years been overtaxing the Railways.

Q. Would this be a valid plea in the case of a tradesman who should suddenly raise the prices of his goods?

A. Certainly not. Railway Companies are not tradesmen.

Q. How do they differ from tradesmen?

A. They are public servants—the holders of special powers and privileges secured by Act of Parliament.

Q. On what consideration were these powers and privileges granted?

A. On that of ministering to the public convenience.

Q. What has become of this condition?

A. It having been found that the public convenience is really identical with that of the Companies, the former consideration, as a separate matter, has been very generally lost sight of.

Q. Have the public any right to complain?

A. Certainly not. Their interests and those of the Companies are in the long run identical.

Q. Can you give any other reason why complaints should not be made of what are called shortcomings in Railway management?

A. Complaints cannot be necessary, as there is no wrong in this country without its legal remedy.

Q. How is this remedy to be pursued?

A. By fighting a wealthy corporation, single-handed, through all the Law Courts up to the House of Lords.

Q. Would not this often entail ruin upon the assailant of the Company?

A. Very often.

Q. Then what do you infer to be the wisest course for those who have to complain of anything in connection with railway management?

A. To grin—and bear it!

OLD WOMEN IN THE CITY.



The Citizen bears the following testimony to the wisdom and discernment of certain of its fellow-citizens, as touching

"FREE TRADE AND RECIPROCITY.—An extremely large number of signatures have already been affixed to the Memorial which is to be presented to the LORD MAYOR urging him to convene a public meeting in the Guildhall with regard to the present depression of trade. The Memorialists desire a Parliamentary Inquiry with the object of modifying, if such should be found advisable, the existing system of Free Trade."

One would imagine that the City men

capable of seriously proposing the revival of Protection as a remedy for the depression of trade, must be as small in number as insignificant in position. But says our Citizen:—

"From inspection of the document itself we are enabled to state that the signatories include many of the largest firms of the City, wholesale warehousemen, bankers, and merchants of the highest standing."

Is it possible? And this when distress prevails all the world over, and most severely in the country where Protection is most thoroughly established. What a hold the Unprotected Female must of late years have been quietly taking on the City! What a number of old Ladies in the largest firms around the abode of the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street! The Protectionist panic of these old Ladies, however, too clearly shows that, whatever progress they may have been making in the commercial world, they have anything but advanced in their knowledge of business.

FRIENDS AT A DISTANCE.

Being a Brief Record of a few Winter-seasonable Visits to certain Country Houses.

VISIT THE FIRST.—CHAPTER X.

Cat on Counterpane—Inducements—Considerations about Cats—Witches—Familiars—Manœuvres—Decision—Away—Disappearance—Retirement—Thoughts on Smiles—In Bed—Practicality—Attempts—My Dream—An Awakener—Inexplicable—Morning—Mystery—Question—Answer—Return—Appointment—Narration—Rude Incredulity—Mem.

THE Black Cat—Griff is its name—still on the bed. It won't come off. There is nothing for it but coaxing. A dog being of a more credulous nature, can be induced to run out of a room on receiving an intimation (false, of course) as to the existence of rats, or cats, outside. But a cat is not to be taken in, or rather is not to be put out, by such simple devices. Were I to open the door, and say, "Mouse! mouse! Hi! In there, good cat!" he wouldn't stir. The mention of a rat would present no attraction; and though a dog would dash off anywhere in expectation of finding a cat, yet the reverse of this is the case with the latter animal.

The part of the room, where the door is, becomes darker and darker, as the fire only throws a warm glow on its own little social circle of fender, fire-irons and hearth-rug. Occasionally, a gleam, shooting up like a signal to the spirits, illumines, for a second, the face of the old Cavalier in the picture. In that brief space, as I, in my bewilderment, am looking up from the cat to the wall, utterly forgetful of the picture, he seems to appear before me like the apparition of the *Flying Dutchman* did to *Senta*; and, by the light of that titful flame his eyes open and close upon me, as though he (whoever he is) were astonished at my hesitation in dealing with a mere cat.

But it isn't a mere cat; it's a Tom Cat, a big Tom Cat, and a Tom is much fiercer than a Tabby. At least, so I have always understood.

I feel I must be asleep before the fire goes out.

I cross into the shadow, and open the door. Silence and gloom in the passage, anything but enticing to most animals, though I fancy cats rather prefer darkness; and to a London cat, a coal-hole offers

unusual advantages for rest and meditation, with occasional diversion,—occasionally, I should imagine, by beetles and mice. But a cockney cat, or Whittingtonian kitchen cat, is quite another being from the sleek drawing-room bred, dining-room fed, black cat, in a country house, which probably disdains the common domestic mouse,—a term that sounds better than the "house-mouse,"—and indulges only in field sports, and the excitement of poaching on various preserves.

I hold the door open. I could not be more polite were I ushering a Duchess into a drawing-room.

"Puss! Puss! Puss! Come Pussy!"

"Mow!" replies *Griff*, still pacing up and down, and lifting up his feet as though the counterpane were a patchwork of hot plates.

It flashes across me how so many fairy stories are associated with cats, and not one with a dog. At least, I do not remember any dog figuring as a hero. The witch's familiar is invariably a black cat. Cats are always associated with something grotesque, weird, or diabolical. I don't so much mind a feminine cat, like, for example, the White Cat; but a black Tom Cat, a monster with glaring eyes, and claws that you can hear as they pluck at the quilt—no!—out he must go. I can't stand shivering at the door any longer. The fire-shovel and poker must be introduced into the scene, when it will become uncommonly like a haunted bed-room in the good old Pantomime times,—only without the music,—and I must take my chance of waking people with the noise.

I steal round to the fire, giving, by my manner, no hint to the cat of the contemplated manoeuvre. Now then! Whoosh! Whirr! Clang! I am executing a sort of white-robed classic Indian wardance on the hearthrug.

The cat has vanished. Into the darkness. Gone. I assure myself of the fact, very carefully, and cautiously. Now, as *Lady Macbeth* says, (why that horrid scene conjured up now?) "To bed! To bed! To bed!"

I expect to see a ghost. Were a ghost to appear now, as I snuggle into the pillow, and insist on tucking me up for the night, it would be nothing more than I had expected. I expect the door to open slowly (in spite of its being locked). I hear the crackling of the last log on the fire. I hear the furniture, and the wood-work, snapping, like overstrained fiddle-strings. But it is warm and comfortable in bed, and if a ghost came now, I feel I should have the best of it. In seeing a ghost, I fancy being in bed, or out of bed, must make all the difference. So it seems to me,—at present. In fact, I begin to wonder about the wicked old Earl, and the picture, and the clock, and then I remember somebody's after-dinner story about the ghost of Cardinal WOLSEY in blue coat and brass buttons, and I actually smile.

I like smiling in bed; it is so cosy. I am convinced that at no time of one's life can one's smile appear so perfectly happy, or be so indicative of a contented mind, at peace with all the world, as a smile in bed.

It is a pretty subject, too, for a picture, "The Smiler in Bed," no matter who the smiler may be. It may be true, and is true to a certain extent, to say "There is no place like Home;" but give me the very kernel of that sentiment, and let me exclaim with enthusiasm, "There is no place like bed!"

With the glass at several degrees below freezing point, with expenses within and expenses without, there is no place like bed. Bed! bed! soft, warm bed! wherever I wander there's no place like bed. And as to ghosts—the bed-posts mark, as it were, the boundaries of the charmed circle, within which no ghosts can penetrate to hurt me. No, here I can think, and blink, and smile at the fire, and be happy.

Then, I argue, that if there are ghosts they won't hurt me; and I have half a mind to utter this sentiment aloud, so that, should there be any ghosts ready to appear, they may be anxious not to lose my good opinion.

My clothes, hanging helplessly over the chair-back, assume a fantastic shape, and I can't help thinking how really fearful it would be, were the double of one's own face gradually to appear out of the looking-glass. I direct my attention with a sort of deferential defiance towards the portrait, half daring it to come out of its frame, and half imploring it not to do anything of the sort.

Then I close my eyes, and try to sleep. Failure.

It occurs to me how foolish it is to indulge in any conversation late at night calculated to excite the imagination. As a remedy, I will close my eyes once more, and be practical. I will arrange what I am going to do to-morrow. Everything in order, beginning with the first thing in the morning—breakfast. I don't intend staying here another day, as JOSSLYN DYKE and his nervous aunt, Mrs. TUPRON, will not be lively company.

This practicality leads to sleep. I do sleep, but I dream an uninteresting stupid dream.

Somehow I am dressed in a Cambridge B.A. gown and hood, which is not exactly a B.A. gown and hood, but only something of the sort; and I am dining with a Lady, who it is I haven't the slightest idea, as I am ignorant of her name, and have never seen her face before,

though she is, somehow, a very old friend of mine, and I am, apparently, on the most intimate terms with her; and there is a thin person at table, who seems to be all shirt-front, and no features. Suddenly there appears before the Lady a dish for her to carve. She and the featureless guest both laugh, and I declare that I cannot eat rat with white sauce. I argue the point with somebody. It is a strange dish; it has a body like a chicken, but smothered in white sauce, with the head and tail of a rat. I am aware (how I don't know) that there is nothing else coming, and immediately afterwards, without, however, ever losing sight of the Lady, or the dish, or the featureless guest with the shirt-front, I go up the steps of a Church, and find myself on a platform, where I pass several eventful years of my life as a soldier, and, for having done something which affects me to tears, I am tried by a court martial in India, and condemned to be shot. I say farewell to a number of people in bright blue coats, and the word is given for the guns to fire. They fire; and I am awoken by the most tremendous thud on the floor. I start up. It is perfectly dark. I can see nothing. I will swear to the thud on the floor, with the force of a sledge-hammer.

I wait anxiously for a repetition of the sound. No; a distant clock—I have not previously noticed the sound of a clock—strikes four. I wish it had been five, or six. The fire is out. I do not know where to find the matches. But the thud? Could it have been the cat? Impossible, or I should hear it scrambling about. A bird down the chimney? No, or it would be fluttering in the room. And to have made such a noise the bird would have had to have been as big as an ostrich and as hard and heavy as a piece of granite. Somebody in a room above, or below? No. Not a sound in the room. Sleep is out of the question. I know what it will be, I shall remain feverishly awake till daylight, then drop off into a sound slumber when I ought to be getting up. No further noise. Clock strikes five.

Before six I am once more asleep, undisturbed by dreams, and am only aroused by a knock at my door, and somebody vainly turning the handle. It is GOOL with the hot water. He reminds me that breakfast is at twenty-five minutes past eight.

When up, I examine the room. Not a sign of anything having fallen. The noise is inexplicable.

I don't mention it to JOSSLYN at breakfast. In fact I do not intend to tell him at all. I think I detect a certain disappointment in his manner, but that may be my fancy. As Mrs. TUFTON does not come down, we are alone. JOSSLYN hopes I slept comfortably. Oh! most comfortably. Did I see any ghosts? "Ghosts! Oh dear no," I reply cheerfully, "ghosts don't bother me." I am sure he is disappointed.

I consult the train-book, and suddenly become impressed with the absolute necessity of my returning to town immediately to keep an appointment, which requires my personal presence, as no substitute will do as well, nor can the matter be arranged by telegraph, or put off, without loss to one of the parties. (An interview with my hairdresser constitutes in reality the appointment in question—he expects me always on a certain day, and at a certain time; and as over his door he writes himself "Hair-dresser by appointment," I always make the appointment, and he keeps it. But I don't let JOSSLYN DYKE into the secret.) And, so, with thanks on my part, for a very pleasant evening and with hopes, on his part, that I will come down whenever I feel inclined, to which I respond heartily, "I will, certainly," I get into the fly, with my wonderful bag, and leave behind me the Phantom Butler, *Fiend, Snap, Griff*, and their gloomy master, JOSSLYN DYKE, of the Old Mote House, Moss End.

Happening to meet my old friend MILBURD, I recount to him my extraordinary experience in the haunted room at the Mote. MILBURD is utterly wanting in reverence. I tell him that I distinctly heard a bang.

"Yes," retorts MILBURD, rudely; "so do I now: and you tell it!" Then he goes off in a roar of laughter, shakes me violently by the elbow, hits me in the ribs, and says, "That won't do here, my boy. It's not the first bang you've heard in your life which you couldn't account for, eh? And not the first you've told, either, eh? Ha! ha! ha!"

Then away he goes in a perfect whirlwind of laughter, taking with him two men, who had been inclined to listen gravely to my story, and to treat me with respect and consideration, but who now have a broad grin on their faces, and who henceforth, when they meet me, will only treat me as a *farceur*, and refer to this story of mine,—this absolutely true narrative of my own experience,—with a wink and a laugh, as a jocular attempt on my part to impose on their credulity with what MILBURD has politely called "a bang."

Mem.—Never tell MILBURD anything serious again.

Happy Thought.—Go and stay with another "Friend at a Distance" on the first opportunity.

THE RIGHT WORD IN THE RIGHT PLACE.

In Prince BISMARCK'S "Parliamentary Discipline" Bill, the word "discipline" appears to be used in the old monastic sense of "a scourge."

MUTINY AND MODERATION.



Offence.

Conduct unbecoming a Commanding Officer and a gentleman in requesting the General in charge of district "to be hanged, and not to bother C. O. with any more of his idiotic circulars."

Conduct unbecoming a Major and a gentleman in calling his Colonel "a muff, who does not know the difference between a rifle and a pike-staff."

Conduct unbecoming a Captain and a gentleman for declaring his opinion that his Major does not know his right hand from his left.

Conduct unbecoming a Subaltern and a gentleman in spreading injurious reports relative to the appearance of his Captain's lower limbs in leggings.

Conduct detrimental to discipline in calling on the men under him at a district muster to give three groans for Mr. GLADSTONE, or Lord BEACONSFIELD, as the case may be.

Conduct subversive of discipline in sending out a circular suggesting that the Corps should go *en masse* (in mufti) to break an offending neighbour's windows.

Sentence.

The Coachman of the C. O. to be deprived of his cockade for seven, fourteen, or twenty-one days, according to the gravity of the offence.

To be deprived of his spurs for a couple of inspections.

Not to be allowed to print his rank on his visiting cards for six weeks.

To be deprived of the privilege of wearing the uniform of his regiment at two consecutive Fancy Balls.

To have his speech published at full length in the *Volunteer Service Gazette*—as an advertisement.

Removal of the letters "P.S." from after the officer's name in the *Army List* for three months.

A JUDGE, AND A GOOD JUDGE, TOO.

SCOTT sung, in the *Lady of the Lake*,—

"And Snowden's knight is JAMES FITZJAMES."

And now *Punch* is glad to echo, with variations,—

And CLEASBY'S vice is JAMES FITZJAMES!

A more honourable man, more thoughtful and able lawyer, and more far-sighted critic of the law, than Sir JAMES FITZJAMES STEPHEN, most distinguished of the distinguished sons of a distinguished father, never crowned a successful and honourable professional career at the Bar with the dignity of the Bench. Only one thing is to be regretted—that the Codifier of the Law of Evidence in India should be taken from the work of abridging and amending the law to that of administering it. May he find time and opportunity in his new position for both these good and urgent works.

QUIS CUSTODIET CUSTODES?—If only the "trip" system on the Midland don't "trip" up the Directors, or the Public!

THE WORST USE WORKMEN'S CLUBS CAN BE PUT TO.—To strike.



A FASHIONABLE COMPLAINT.

Mamma. "PAPA DEAR, THE CHILDREN HAVE BEEN ASKED TO THE WILLUGHBY ROBINSONS' ON THE ELEVENTH, THE HOWARD JONES'S ON THE FIFTEENTH, AND THE TALBOT BROWNES' ON THE TWENTY-FIRST. THEY'LL BE DREADFULLY DISAPPOINTED IF YOU DON'T LET THEM GO! MAY I WRITE AND ACCEPT, DEAR PAPA?"

Dear Papa (savagely). "OH, JUST AS YOU PLEASE! BUT, AS JUVENILE PARTIES SHOULD ALWAYS BE TAKEN IN TIME, YOU HAD BETTER WRITE TO DR. SQUILLS TOO, AND TELL HIM TO CALL ON THE TWELFTH, SIXTEENTH, AND TWENTY-SECOND."

"THE WOLF AT THE DOOR."

No time for festal chaunt!
A monster grim and gaunt
Ramps at the threshold of BRITANNIA'S home,
Where she, with straining hands,
The savage thing withstands,
Fiercer than wolves that Tartar snow-wastes roam.

Not Hercules, whose might
Faced strong Death's self in fight,
And pale Alkestis from his clutches rent,
More strenuously strove,
The children of her love
To keep from harm, though weary, faint, forespent.

Will her great strength avail?
Or must the effort fail?
The lank-loined beast has crossed her path before.
But little heedeth she,
Whose only thought must be
This day to keep the terror from her door.

That is the hour's one task.
What boots it now to ask
Whose fault has loosed the wehr-wolf yet again?
She'll talk of that anon,
When the dread beast is gone,
With baffled jaws, thrust back to its foul den.

There's sorrow in the air,
That soon may be despair;
Ask not what heads have erred, while needs so cry!

When Hunger bites, and Cold,
This ill-timed talk withhold
Of Nemesis on Error's heels still nigh.

Help every heart and hand!
The future of the land,
Duty, and Christian love, all make appeal.
Work, brotherly good-will,
These hungry mouths to fill,
And organise the power to help and heal.

Millions should be as one
When fighting must be done
Against a common foe, and one is here
To tax our best defence,
Ere he be driven hence
By help of all who hold our England dear!

Factions and feuds bid cease,
Let parties hold their peace,
While work grows scantier, and distress grows more;
Join hands and purses round,
In strong alliance bound,
To thrust the Wolf of Want from England's door!

A Card.

MR. PUNCH presents his compliments to Mr. WOOLRYCH and begs to congratulate him on the courageous common sense of his decision that a tradesman selling an adulterated article to a public analyst does so "to the prejudice of the purchaser." *Mr. Punch* hopes and trusts that the Superior Courts, if the question is brought before them, will decide it with as much common sense as Mr. WOOLRYCH.



“THE WOLF AT THE DOOR.”

LOTS FROM THE LOTTERY.



CONCERNED, as he must needs be, in the drawing of the Exhibition Lottery now in progress, *Mr. Punch*, with the aid of one of the most trustworthy mediums in the market, publishes (by anticipation) a list of some of the principal prizes, and their winners:—

An Axe (double-edged), warranted to do no harm to anybody but the person that uses it; and a mechanical (twenty-horse power) pen-holder—*Mr. GLADSTONE*.

Pandora's Box, with all the evils warranted out, and hope supposed to be still at the bottom—*LORD BEACONSFIELD*.

The Prophecies of Nostradamus, with references to remarkable fulfillments—*Ditto*.

A Thousand Cases of Fireworks—*Ditto*.

A White Elephant—*LORD LYTON*.

Ten dozen pairs of Stays. *Ditto*, Six dozen pairs of Strong Braces—*SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE*.

A Fortune in Gas Shares—*MR. EDISON*.

A Liqueur Case, a Cask of Sherry, Two Hundred dozens of Bottled Stout, and a gross of false noses (red with grog-blossoms)—*SIR WILFRID LAWSON*.

Fancy Costumes. A Bull-fighter and a Harlequin—*MAJOR O'GORMAN*.

A Life Admission to *Our Boys*—*MR. H. J. BYRON*.

A Case of Golden Opinions (Canadian Manufacture)—*THE MARQUIS OF LORNE*, and the *Princess LOUISE*.

Un-desirable Family Mansion, with immediate possession, in Cabul—*SHEER ALI*.
A Hundred Albums, with Photographic Portraits of a Celebrated Beauty, in all her favourite Attitudes, Dresses, and Decorations—*MR. LANGTRY*.

A Slang Dictionary—*THE LORD CHIEF JUSTICE OF ENGLAND*.

Old Egyptian Bonds (Papyrus from the Tombs of the Kings at Thebes)—*THE KHEDIVE*.

Twenty square miles of Patent Good-Intention Pavement—*THE SULTAN*.

An I. O. U. for a Hundred Millions of Turkish Lire, and a Life-Preserver-Jacket to be worn under the outer clothing—*THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA*.

A Policy in the Accidental Insurance Company—*ZAZEL'S FARINI*.

A 200-Ton Krupp Gun—*MR. JOHN BRIGHT*.

Grand Prize, a new Volume of *Punch*—*THE WHOLE WORLD*.

Following a Good Example.

THE only Member of our House of Commons, whom we have heard requested to address the House in verse, was the late lamented Member for Peterborough, who, when rising to speak, was often called upon to "sing." *M. VICTOR HUGO* is about to take the same course unasked, if it be true as stated in our respectable contemporary the *Athenæum*, that when the French Chambers meet, he intends to bring out an appeal in verse in favour of an amnesty to the Communists.

ALLEGORICAL AND APT.

MR. FORSTER is about to have his portrait painted for presentation to him by his admirers. Don't let him be painted in coat and trousers, but as Prometheus, declining to be bound to the Caucasus.

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

(At the Gaiety—*Mlle. Aenea the Bounding Sister*—A few remarks on a Professor.)

SIR,

THE most graceful thing I've seen for some time is the performance of *Mlle. Aenea* in the Gaiety Pantomime. This Lady has perfected a system of invisible wires, by which she can fly down from a bridge at the back of the stage, fly up from the boards without the jerk of a catapult, or any thudding noise, and disappear in something over a jiffy (this being the shortest space of time within my experience—there being, I believe, sixty jiffies to a second) in the flies, and all this as gracefully, as easily, as naturally as though she were a delicate Ariel, or an electric Puck. By the way, how well this invention might be applied to such a piece as *The Tempest*, or the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, when *MR. HOLLINGSHEAD* revives these two Shakespearian extravaganzas.

Curiously enough, so perfectly is the mechanism of *Mlle. Aenea's* performance concealed, and so conspicuous by its absence is anything like effort, that at her first appearance, and, indeed, during the greater part of the time she is on the stage, the audience being puzzled and inclined to take all her flying about and general bird-like behaviour as a matter of course, actually let it pass without a hand. She does not startle them like *MR. GEORGE CONQUEST*, who comes up from below with a bang and a whack, and who is always frightening his audience into fits, by appearing suddenly in unexpected corners, and breaking violently out of "star traps" and "vampires." No; *Mlle. Aenea* floats about in an æthereal way, and only elicits vehement applause on her unexpected disappearance by "going aloft," like the better part of poor Tom Bowling, when, for the first time, the audience begin to realise the extent of their loss, and are eager to recall her once more to the glimpses of the moon.

It is a pity that this scene was not somehow worked into the story of the Pantomime itself, as, coming at the end of the comic business,

and not long after clever King COLE the *Ventriloquist* and his jolly companions, *Mlle. Aenea's* peculiar ballet-scene has all the appearance of having been accidentally cut off from the first part of the Pantomime, perhaps by having arrived late, and of having taken the first opportunity of getting in where it could, even after the Dog and Monkey on the tight-rope. I object to a Pantomime that has the appearance of a puzzle gone wrong, with a little bit here, and a little bit there, and scenes intervening which have no connection whatever with the main story. Gymnasts, and extortionists, or contortionists, ought to bear in mind that they run the chance of being considered a nuisance by insisting on a scene all to themselves in the Pantomime, and yet apart from it.

But placed wherever her ballet may be, *Mlle. Aenea's* aerial flight is at this present moment, both as a thing of beauty—which is a joy for ever—and a thing of wonder, the very best show of its kind in Town. In fact, *MR. CONQUEST* must look to his laurels and his catapults, or, to paraphrase that rude remark made by *Laertes* about his sister to the long-suffering ecclesiastic whom he calls "churlish Priest," "A sweet little cherub up in the flies will *Mlle. Aenea* be, when you are unable to rise from the stage without a catapult." There is an old *Arabian-Nights* story—or it is one of the *Tales of the Genii*—where the Good Spirit and the Djin—the Pure Spirit and the Adulterated—engage in a terrific contest. Their transformations continue with surprising rapidity, they fly from one another, they pursue each other, they dive, they rise, they are here, there, and everywhere, while Black Spirits and White, Blue Spirits and Grey, gaze on the scene "in amazement lost." Ultimately the Pure Spirit is too powerful—as a Pure Spirit should be—for the Adulterated Djin, who is reduced to ashes. What a scene this would be for *Mlle. Aenea* and *MR. GEORGE CONQUEST*, together, with the *GIRARDS* to join in occasionally as dancing Deuces.

I will back the Gaiety Giant against any one of the Covent Garden Giants—money down, so much a side, and the stakes to be held by the Editor of the Prize-Ring Memoir Department of the *Licentious Witters' Gazette*. Only, the Gaiety Giant would knock the whole lot at Covent Garden into a cocked hat. Perhaps the un-



DISAPPOINTMENT.

Squire (on Christmas-Eve, to Bachelor Curate of his Parish). "DO YOU DINE AT HOME TO-MORROW, MR. SMALLPAY?"

Curate (in grateful anticipation of an invitation to the Hall). "YES—"

Squire (who is Horticultural). "THEN I'LL TAKE CARE THAT YOUR TABLE IS WELL SUPPLIED WITH CELERY!!"

fortunate Giants at Covent Garden haven't had a fair chance. They've nothing to do; but at the Gaiety, the Giant's Kitchen is good pantomime fun, and the Page, *Temoloso*, is capably played by Mr. W. ELTON. Including those at present playing in *Jack the Giant Killer*, Mr. HOLLINGSHEAD has quite the best burlesque company in London.

One noticeable feature in the Gaiety Pantomime—and among the prettily dressed peasants there are several noticeable features—is the music. In spite of its being only a 'Mime, the music is never common-place; and very often HERR MEYER LUTZ has actually brought in descriptive and dramatic bits to illustrate the actions even of Clown and Pantaloon. In most Pantomimes the music, consisting of what sounds like—*scrape, scrape, scrape, scrape, tiddle-iddley-iddley-iddley* (then lower), *scrape, scrape, scrape, scrape, tiddle, iddley* (running down lower), *iddly, iddly* (then up again), *scrape, scrape, scrape, scrape*, and so on—could be played by the fiddlers fast asleep.

Professor MORLEY has been lecturing on the Stage, as it was, and as it is. He does not seem to know much about it "as it is;" that is, if he pretends to speak as more than an outsider. He appears to be practically unacquainted with the Stage "as it is;" but then, of course, one must remember that as a Professor he only "professes," and does not practise. He is right in reprobating, as strongly as possible, the present fashion of adapting the immoralities of the French Stage to our own. By the way, should the writer of *Pink Dominoes* want a descriptive announcement for a new adaptation of a similar character, instead of a "Farceical Comedy," it might be called, "An Immorality in Three Acts." There used to be "Mysteries," and "Moralities," why not an "Immorality?" There were also "Miracle Plays." It is, evidently, for one of these miracle plays that Professor MORLEY is waiting, in hopes of seeing the revivification of the British Drama.

Another *School for Scandal* would be a "miracle play" with a vengeance. Let anyone whom it concerns read how SHERIDAN worked at this Comedy, how he built it up out of two separate pieces, how "time, labour, and unceasing exertion were necessary for a

work which at first sight appears easy of construction and simple in its development," and then let him point out to me the enterprising Manager, who, with wit enough to produce this wonder, would give such terms as would not only amply remunerate its author, but would encourage him to repeat the operation, and stimulate others to go and do likewise.

When Professor MORLEY, or any other Professor, can indicate such a Manager, perhaps the original work may be forthcoming, and then we shall have a Miracle Play and a Miraculous Manager, and brilliant prospects for real natives, without having recourse to the coarse bivalves, which are dear at any price to the taste of many besides the humble individual, who now signs himself, whether you, Sir, agree with him or not,

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

P.S.—I should like to have written at greater length on this interesting topic, but a Manager has just dropped in with a French Play that he wants me to adapt, and—and—I must get to work at it at once.

Let me add a suggestion for some competent adapter to work at. Let him see *The Two Orphans* at the Olympic. Then let him simply modernise the story, making the two Orphans two silly housemaids, and turning the wicked old woman, and her son, the Bully, into Italian Organ-grinders, living at Brook Green, and the thing is done. It will make a first-rate Transpontine Drama; and for models from the life, the poetic adapter will only have to seek inspiration from "The Mews"—the Alexandra Mews—Brook Green, Hammersmith.

De l'Opposition Politique.

In the shop-window of a trunkmaker in the Strand may be seen the inscription, "Cowhide Gladstone," in conspicuous letters. Such incitements to violence cannot be too severely reprehended. *Rabagas* himself carried his *opposition politique* no further than the throwing of refuse over the wall into the Prince's Garden.



THE REWARD OF MERIT.

Mrs. Lyon Hunter. "How do you do, Mr. Brown? Let me present you to the DUCHESS OF STILTON! YOUR GRACE, PERMIT ME TO PRESENT TO YOU MR. BROWN, THE DISTINGUISHED SCHOLAR!"

Her Grace (affably). "CHARMED TO MAKE YOUR ACQUAINTANCE—ER—MR. BROWN!"

Mr. Brown (with effusion). "YOUR GRACE IS REALLY TOO KIND. THIS IS THE NINTH TIME I'VE ENJOYED THE DISTINCTION OF BEING PRESENTED TO YOUR GRACE WITHIN THE LAST TWELVE MONTHS; BUT IT'S A DISTINCTION I VALUE SO HIGHLY, THAT WITHOUT TRESPASSING TOO MUCH ON YOUR GRACE'S INDULGENCE, I HOPE I MAY BE OCCASIONALLY PERMITTED TO ENJOY IT AGAIN!"

(Bows, and abscquatulates.)

A New Juliet.

THE *début* of a young girl of eighteen, in the part of *Juliet*, on the huge stage of Drury Lane, is not such an event as *Punch* would usually feel called upon to chronicle. But when the *débutante* is the daughter of an old friend and comrade, CHARLES KENNY, disabled by ill-health from fighting his own and his children's battles, and when such a judge of histrionic promise as REGNIER has given the most hopeful and encouraging opinion of the aspirant, the *début* acquires such a special interest for *Punch*, and, he trusts, for the public, as justifies him in hoping that the afternoon of Thursday, the 23rd, will find old Drury crowded with those who, for the father's sake, will look kindly on the child's first essay of an arduous part, and her first step in a difficult career.

AN EASY MARCH.—General ROBERTS, we hear, is marching into the "Khost" country. So, we fear, are the other Generals, as we shall find when the Bills come in.

TENS AND A KNAVE.

LET those who refuse to admit what they cannot account for, deny the fact that a curious fatality is sometimes observable in the sequence of numbers. The *Morning Post* nevertheless relates that at Scarborough Quarter Sessions, on conviction of one EDWIN BELL, alias JOHN WATSON, alias EDWIN RAWSON, for breaking into the house of the Rev. H. BLANE, and stealing therefrom a diamond ring, a gold chain, and many articles of jewellery—

"The RECORDER, in passing sentence, said that at the age of 10 the prisoner was sentenced to 10 days' imprisonment and 10 years in a reformatory. When that sentence expired, prisoner was convicted of assault, and in 1870 he was sentenced at Manchester to 10 years' penal servitude for sacrilege, after which came the crime he was now to be punished for."

With that his Honour sentenced the culprit to another ten years' penal servitude, to be followed by five years' police supervision. It does not seem to have occurred to him, as a happy thought, that he might as well have given him five years' more of the supervision, so as to complete the series of tens which have distinguished his remarkable career. A character who has kept the even tenor of his evil way, in gaol principally, during successive periods represented by the number ten, can hardly be expected to amend his life; and the probability that ten years' police supervision would not be too long for him is, at least, ten to one.

Sir Stafford's Readings.

SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, in a Devonshire public reading, has charmed his audience, first with the scene from the *Vicar of Wakefield* of MOSES and the gross of green spectacles, and then with BROWNING's well-known poem of the "*Pied Piper*."

Factionous opponents might easily draw an offensive parallel between what a certain illustrious pair brought back from Berlin, and the gross of green spectacles, with their copper rims thinly washed with silver, which MOSES brought back from the fair. But it would be still more offensive to find any parallelism between the *Pied Piper* and Sir STAFFORD, who has often had to pipe in such a very pie-bald fashion to bring his notes into tune and time with those of his Leaders.

Different Translations.

M. GAMBETTA, in his last appearance at the Bar on behalf of M. CHALLEMEL-LACOUR, a Senator, grossly libelled in *La France Nouvelle*, quoted as the motto of the Republic, "*Sub lege libertas*," which he and *Punch* would, of course, translate "Liberty under the ægis of law." Prince BISMARCK proposes the same motto for Germany, but with a different translation—"Liberty under the heel of Law."

CLASSICAL COMFORT FOR THE TRAVELLING PUBLIC (*amid the fight of Railway Companies and their Sercants*).—"Quicquid delirant Reges, plectuntur Achivi." "Officials quarrel, travellers are smashed."

A SUM IN DIVISION.

THE one German—Prince BISMARCK.
The other Germans—Seine Leute.

THE NEW CHARITY.

(A Good Hint for a Bad Season.)



OTTIERING over his second, and last, havannah, Mr. Punch, at the close of his day's labours, was conning an article on the prevailing distress, when the door of his sanctum opened.

"What is it now, Toby?" he asked, surveying that faithful janitor across a wreath of pale blue smoke. "A crowned head or two, some dock labourers, a deputation of artists or actors, agriculturists or statesmen?"

"A queer lot of people, who say they're out of work," responded the accurate Toby. "Do you receive?"

"Times are hard. Show them in, whoever they are," was the large-hearted response.

Toby disappeared. In a few seconds, the most remarkable audience chamber in Europe was filled with a motley group. Ladies of rank, swells of the first water, diners-out, distinguished members of leading clubs, young gentlemen from Eton home for the holidays, collectors of expensive china, and charming little representatives

from several West End nurseries, crowded forward in well-bred confusion.

"What is the meaning of this?" inquired Mr. P., a little perplexed, but with his always courteous bow. "I thought I heard something like 'Out of work.' Perhaps there is some mistake?"

He addressed himself to a stately and serene Duchess, whose name was familiarly associated in his mind with published subscription lists, to whom, as he spoke, he gracefully offered a high art chair. She took the hint, and seating herself at once, responded readily for her confrères.

"No, Mr. Punch," she said, "there is no mistake. The fact of the matter is, we all want work, and what is more, want it badly."

"Indeed!" replied Mr. Punch, surveying the comfortable assemblage before him with much sympathy. "I am really afraid that my staff—"

She interrupted him with a pleasant little laugh. "Oh no, it isn't that," she said, "we are not like those people, you know, who get shovels lent them at so much a day. That isn't the kind of work we require."

"Proceed, your Grace," responded Mr. P., a little coldly. She went on.

"We want to do something, don't you know, to help the prevailing distress. We all give to the regular charities, of course, and do any bazaar, or private theatrical, or concert business, that turns up at the proper houses. But they say just now, you know, as things are so bad, we ought to do something more. I'm sure there are a lot of us would be quite too charmed if we only knew what to do: so if you could just suggest something, you are such an awfully clever, old dear—you know—we should really all think you quite too delightful."

There was a murmur of approbation as she finished. Mr. Punch's Olympian face visibly relaxed.

"Toby," he said, "get me a quire of imperial foolscap. What your Grace wants," he continued, turning benevolently to the smiling Duchess, "is a new sort of subscription-list, framed on the principle of personal sacrifice."

"Yes? Connais pas," she answered innocently.

"At the present moment I have myself cut off two havannahs daily, and other little superfluous luxuries which shall be nameless. The saving thus effected is tacked on in my account-book to the item 'General Charity,' which, I can assure you, it swells not inconsiderably. Its moral effect is most bracing. Toby has been in the best of tempers since he has given up game-pie."

There was a brief burst of applause, which was immediately suppressed; but, at its conclusion, a celebrated diner-out had to be removed from the room in tears.

"Thanks, so much," said the Duchess, rising. "I understand—we are all to give up something we like?"

"Your Grace has hit it," replied Mr. P., as he gallantly bowed over her white and taper fingers in his best *vieille cour* style. "We will commence our list at once. What shall we say for a start? 'A Duchess' contributes?'"

"The cost of a couple of receptions, and—let me see—a *parure* of opals, her New Year's gift to herself. Will that do?"

Punch smiled approval, and jotted down the Duchess's friendly lead.

There was quite a rush to the table, and much enthusiasm. It was clear that Mr. Punch's suggestion was a success.

"Put me down for six Club dinners," shouted a young gentleman, fresh from Cambridge. "And, by Jove! I don't care if I give up St. Estèphe for the Club *ordinaire*."

"And I'll manage without that sweet set of sables I was going to coax PLANTAGENET out of," threw in a Mayfair beauty, with a determined toss of her head.

"Put me down for a couple of Pantomimes," lisped a tiny voice scarce up to the level of the table. "I shall be quite satisfied with six this year, when the poor people in the Black Country can't afford any."

"Better and better," responded Mr. P., encouragingly. "We shall soon fill up a dozen pages at this rate."

And three hours later, as Toby appeared with a glass of cold water and a lemon, Mr. P. was totting up a very substantial first instalment of the "New Charity."

TREADING ON THE FAIRIES' TALES.

SIR,

I REJOICE to see that the monstrous absurdity of giving *Cinderella* a glass slipper has at length been energetically and most properly denounced as an exploded myth. At no period of manners known to the research of our antiquarian authorities on costume (see in particular Mr. PLANCHÉ's excellent *Cyclopædia*, now in course of publication) does any shoe or slipper of this material seem to have been worn. One can readily understand the pumpkin changed into a carriage, the rats into footmen, and the other arrangements for the Transformation Scene wrought by *Cinderella's* scientific god-mother, which are evidently a mythic foreshadowing of some of the most recently discovered truths of the great Darwinian Doctrine of Evolution. This is all reasonable enough. But a slipper of glass!—the thing is preposterous! The word was clearly not *verie*, but *vair*, for which see QUICHERAT, and other authorities.

And now, Sir, as scholarly criticism is at length let loose upon the nursery, I would suggest to Mr. Punch's learned and thoughtful correspondents that proof may usefully be called for,—

1. That the fast-growing plant referred to in *Jack and the Beanstalk* must have been one of the *Eucalyptus* family, which may be cultivated in any sheltered aspect of a temperate locality at the present day, with results little less rapid, if not exactly so startling, in the way of development.

2. It may be contended, I think, with much plausibility, that *Cassin* was not brutally cut up by the *Forty Thieves*, but simply quartered on them, in a fashion still common in the East, in the military sense of the word—half as associate, half as *zaptieh*.

3. There is strong ground for the view that the *Yellow Dwarf* was probably suffering from some chronic affection of the liver; and that the apples which figure prominently in the story will be found to refer to some vegetable remedy for the liver complaint, which it might be well worth while to investigate.

4. It is extremely probable, I think, and documentary evidence may yet be forthcoming in the Archives of Brittany, that *Blue Beard* owed the peculiar colour of the hair on his chin to some enterprising hairdresser, who farmed him as an advertisement.

There is a great deal more, Sir, for which I should like to offer or invite proof, if you would give me space. It is high time that gross misstatements, tending to foster nothing but the most childish credulity, should be driven from the nursery by votaries of accurate knowledge, like

Yours, iconoclastically,

SMELFUNGUS DRYADUST.

Rare Chance for a Christian.

THE depression of the times has evidently reached the domestic level, if we may judge from the following Advertisement in the *Daily Chronicle*:—

GENERAL SERVANT.—Wanted an active, decided Christian, between thirty and fifty, without encumbrance; private family; four persons; Christian privileges; great liberty; unfurnished room, kitchen, fire, lights, and 3s. weekly, without board.

It must be a very active and decided Christian indeed who could contrive to feed herself and enjoy her unfurnished room, great liberty, and Christian privileges, on 3s. a week.

A TESTIMONIAL.

MR. IRVING wears a remarkable feather in his *Hamlet's* bonnet, in the Graveyard Scene. We present him with "another feather in his cap," in the form of *Punch's* discriminating praise. Let him plume himself on this.



A BLIND CORNER.

EMILY HAD NO IDEA THAT THIS WAS FRED'S FAVOURITE STILE FOR JUMPING HIS NEW HORSE.

"LET ME WRITE MYSELF DOWN AN ASS!"

A SPECIALIST paper, which, from its name, *The Textile Manufacturer*, seems to be an organ of the industry whose name it bears, has thought fit to fall foul of *Mr. Punch* for falling foul, in an article called "Millers and their Men," of manufacturers who adulterate their calicoes with size, till they become practically China-clay manufacturers rather than cotton-spinners. "The veteran Joker," he is assured by the *Textile Manufacturer*, "blunders woefully": and—"to use language he would not hesitate to employ" (certainly not, in the proper quarter—*Mutato nomine de te*, O *Textile Manufacturer*,—*fabula narratur*)—"has made a stupendous ass of himself." The *T. M.* then goes on to instruct *Mr. Punch* in this graceful fashion:—

"We do not consider it our province to instruct London office-boys in the rudiments of manufacturing; but as this specimen of the species may possibly be some day promoted to the exalted post of *Mr. Punch's* factotum, we will go a little out of our way for his enlightenment, and we hope he will hereafter acknowledge the source of his instruction. The *Pall Mall Gazette* may likewise take a lesson at the same time. The object of sizing is to strengthen the warp, and thereby to facilitate the operation of weaving. The chlorates of zinc and magnesia are never used in size, but the chlorides of zinc and magnesia are; the first as an antiseptic for preventing mildew, and the second with the same object, although it is not an antiseptic according to some authorities. The presence of glue is not objectionable. 'Chemicals,' as such, are not used to give weight and body—they would be too expensive; but China clay is employed for this purpose. The idiotic outcry made about the latter is a conspicuous instance of the want of 'sense and truth' shown by the professed instructors of the public. Suppose affairs were really as black as they are constantly being painted, is it not with a declining trade, the quintessence of folly to publish to the world that we are a set of scoundrels, and that our goods are spurious or adulterated? The poverty-stricken Hindoo prefers to buy the heavily-sized cloths; they are considerably cheaper for him, and, as he does not wash his garments very frequently, they serve as well as the purest articles. If the consumer knows what he is buying (and he does), how can he be damned by the transaction? If the trade is one of pure adulteration, where are the enormous profits, when merchants are flying kites to keep their heads above water, and manufacturers are working at a loss? The truth is, the merchant has to supply these goods, and the manufacturer has to make them, and if they were 'adulterated' to 1,000 per cent. the trade would still be thoroughly legitimate."

FLOUR v. GYPSUM.

THAT most far-sighted of Lord Mayors, the illustrious WHETHAM, seems to be as determined on damping sanitary zeal as over-eager charity. Only in this way can we explain the snubbing he thought fit to administer to Dr. SAUNDERS, Officer of Health and Public Analyst for the City, who had been ill-advised enough to bring before him the case of a cargo of stuff imported as wheat-meal, but so largely adulterated with Plaster of Paris, that Dr. SAUNDERS was able to exhibit a donkey's head moulded from this devil's dust, in practical illustration of the quality of the samples from twenty sacks, armed with which he sought the aid of the LORD MAYOR to have the perilous stuff condemned and seized before it found its way into the trade, the bakers' ovens, and the stomachs of Her Majesty's lieges.

The LORD MAYOR, instead of condemning the villanous mixture, condemned the doctor, telling him he should have prosecuted the man who sold the flour. The usual course of common-place Magistrates acting under the power of the Nuisance Removal Act, applicable in such matters, is to direct seizure of the offending article, and so keep it out of the market. The LORD MAYOR prefers to wait till it gets there.

In the mean time, Dr. SAUNDERS has learnt that a foreign baker in Dean Street, Soho, has made 114 "wheat loaves" from this gypsumised meal, two of which were laid on the table besides the ass's head—the bane beside the symbol of what should have been the antidote.

Probably the foreign baker may think himself warranted in bringing these loaves into the market as "French bread," on the strength of the Plaster of Paris they contain. We should like to see the illustrious WHETHAM condemned to a week of this costive semi-cereal mixture, by which time he would, perhaps, be brought to understand that it is better to keep such a poisonous compound out of the market, than to take your chance of tracing it into so-called bread-stuffs, after it gets there.

PUNCH'S ADVICE TO MADemoiselle LA RÉPUBLIQUE.—Not to put too much pepper in her GRÉVY.

The same number of the *Textile Manufacturer* which contains this "elegant extract," prints on the same page one with the heading, "Stiffened Calicoes," which informs its readers that—

"This stiffening of our calicoes is one, and we may say the chief, cause of their growing unpopularity in both the home and foreign markets, but especially in the former. As the sewing machine is now an adjunct of almost every dwelling, our dealers, merchants, and finishers should adapt their finishes to the altered circumstances, and not blindly throw into the hand of foreign competitors the best and the richest market in the world—the English one."

But not only the English. The article goes on—

"Knowing how white goods are finished, we were not surprised to see the following in an American journal, which we can readily believe to be quite true:—'Mr. JENNINGS, formerly managing editor of the *New York Times*, and now London correspondent of the same journal, writes that "a lady friend of mine was told to-day, on inquiring for some calicoes for children, that the Americans were the best—they could be worked on the sewing-machine more easily than the English." "Why?" "Well, they are softer. The English goods are stiffened up with size, and consequently do not lend themselves very readily to the sewing-machine." Many of the above remarks will apply with equal force to grey calicoes, which are so heavily sized at the mills that no use can be made of them until they have been washed. We think it would pay a manufacturer well to commence making a range of really good cloths, in both grey and white qualities—and protect both by a trade mark—specially designed to meet the requirements of domestic consumption in this country."

And why not, "foreign consumption abroad as well," *Punch* would ask?

"It is, at all events, worth a trial," concludes the *Textile Manufacturer*, with whom *Punch* quite agrees, and thanks him for "bettering the instruction," which he ventured to give in "Millers and their Men."

"To be Said or Sung."

In the recent controversy about Church Music, reference is made to the old direction which preceded the present rubric, that the Lessons "should be sung in a plain tune, after the manner of distinct reading—i.e., monotone." We have certainly got rid of the monotone, but only to substitute for it, too often, monotony.

FIREWORKS AND FIREWORKS.

(Lord B.'s remonstrance to Sir W. V. Harcourt.)



THOUGH fireworks, my dear VERNON HARCOURT,
Are much to my taste, as you know,
Your squibs I would sooner by far court
If they'd rather less in them of "go."

Are you sure you've not mixed, here and there—
As your stock pyrotechnic so large is—
Play-rockets, mere flight, fizz, and glare,
And war-rockets with damaging charges?

Common fireworks go off and go out,
And leave me in calm unconcern;
But yours have *not* helped my gout—
As, I'm sure, you'll be sorry to learn.

Bear in mind, when one's snatching a rest
'Twixt twinges to come and gone by,
One don't thank e'en the friend one likes best
For banging a squib in one's eye.



FINANCING.

Tommy. "OH, GRAN'PA DEAR, I'VE BEEN COUNTING WHAT MY CHRISTMAS PRESENTS WILL COST, AND IT JUST COMES TO TEN SHILLINGS. I'VE SAVED UP ONE AND SEVENPENCE. CAN YOU ADVISE ME WHERE TO GET THE REST?"!

All the more when, like *your* squibs and crackers,
They are *not* the small innocent things
One associates with Guy Fawkes, but whackers
With a loading of hard fact that stings.

Then—rockets, with me, just at present,
Are things that less prompt smile than frown;
For if they've a sky-flight that's pleasant,
They have also a stick that comes down.

And when a man, toe-tied, must stick
To physic and regimen spare,
He's apter to think of the stick,
Than of the rush up through the air!

PLEDGERS AND PLEDGEEES.

NOTHING like pledges, whether in matters Parliamentary or Parochial. Tie up every man who aspires to serve his country or his parish in a public capacity as tight as you can, and you know where you have him. In times like these, when "movements" are rife, and organisations for promoting them are many and active, this is doubly necessary. The principle of pledging is of common application. The great point is that every candidate should be pledged to something—and the more things the better. Only in this way can we be sure that he will represent in the Collective Wisdom an ascertained and prescribed amount of the Dispersed Wisdom of the constituencies. On this principle we should be prepared, at the next General Election, to find that no candidate would have any chance, unless he be prepared to pledge himself (as the case may be)

- (a) To the Radical Five Hundred, to support the movement for the impeachment of Lord BEACONSFIELD as the cause of the recent bank failures, and generally as a traitor to his Country and the Constitution.
- (b) To the Conservative Five Hundred, to support the movement to raise a national monument to the Right Honourable the

Earl of BEACONSFIELD, K.G., in acknowledgment of his high character, higher statesmanship, highest genius, &c., &c.

- (c) To the Strong-minded Seventy-Five, to support the movement for placing the down-trodden women of England in every respect on an equality with their male tyrants—except in liability to serve in the Army, Navy, or Reserve Forces.
- (d) To the Indignant Three Hundred and Eighty-Two, to support the movement for bringing all Civil Servants having any connection with a Co-operative Store under a scheme of nine hours' daily office duty, at ninepence per hour. Grumbling to be followed by instant dismissal.
- (e) To the Virtuous Forty-nine, to support a movement for making the consumption of all alcoholic drinks and fermented liquors penal.
- (f) To the Emerald Seventy-five, to support any Parliamentary movement, constructive or obstructive, leading to the emancipation of Ireland.
- (g) To the Rough Six Hundred, to support any and all movements emanating from Dr. KENEALY.
- (h) To the Nonconformist Hundred-and-ten, to promote the movement for the Disendowment of the Church of England.
- (i) To the High Church Twenty-five, to support the movement for the increase of the Episcopate.

[With liberty to add to their number, as "movements" are set agoing, and pledgees present themselves.]

Fie, for Shame, Sandy!

(A hint to Glasgow Bank Sufferers.)

A HAIR of the dog that bit you: Starting a lottery to pay your losses at Unlimited Loo.

SIGN OF A HARD WINTER.—MR. PARNELL is on a tour of organisation of the English Home-Rule Associations.



UN PIED À TERRE—UR.

(Caution to Young Ladies.)

IT IS WELL TO KEEP YOUR FEET WARM WITH CARRIAGE BOOTS, BUT IT IS BETTER NOT TO FORGET TO KICK OFF THOSE LUXURIOUS MONSTROSITIES BEFORE ALIGHTING!

IN MEMORIAM.

E. M. Ward, R.A.

ENGLISH Art has lost a prominent and distinguished professor in EDWARD MATTHEW WARD, though the loss of him will leave a less sensible gap in our Academic array than it would have left some years ago, before failing health had impaired his keen conception and weakened his vigorous hand. But looking back from the dark foreground of his premature death over the long and large labour of his energetic life, what various and vivid groups, both English and foreign, rise in the mind's eye! With what distinctive form has his powerful pencil filled up the pen-outlines of CLARENDON, and GRAMMONT, PEPPYS and EVELYN, DEFOE, BOSWELL, and GOLDSMITH. And besides his scenes from the history of our own English and Scottish revolutions, how pathetically he has embodied some of the saddest memories of that of France—the troubled sleep of LOUIS, and the watchful labour of his once proud but now piteous Queen, in the Temple prison—the agony of the Royal Mother's loneliness—the sad labours and sadder amusements of her innocent, imprisoned children!

How much emptier would be our Gallery of the Past had this vivid painter not laboured to people it for us. Measuring our debt to him by his best work, it will be acknowledged to be great by all who believe—as most English-speaking people believe—that Art has now no better function than to re-create the life of the Past, and to preserve the life of the Present.

NATURAL RESULT OF CO-OPERATION.—Counter-irritation.

OUR AMERICAN SHIPWRIGHTS.

THE Government has, according to the *Times*, materially augmented the strength of the Navy by the addition of—

“THE HERRISHOFF TORPEDO.—A small torpedo-boat, which has just been constructed by order of the English Board of Admiralty at the well-known Herrishoff Manufactory Works, Bristol, Rhode Island, U.S.”

This vessel is described as, though little, a *multum in parvo*, and a marvel of ingenuity and destructive power. Her acquisition reflects very great credit on Mr. W. H. SMITH and his colleagues; the rather that, like men of business, they have purchased her in the cheapest market. But fancy that market being an establishment at Bristol, Rhode Island, U.S.! When the Government goes to America for a torpedo-vessel, what is likely to become of the British Ship-builder, unless he looks mighty sharp after himself.

A Question to be Very Much Asked.

THERE has been another of those terrible pit-explosions, attended with wholesale loss of life, but too frequent in the mining districts, at Dinas Colliery, in Glamorgan-shire. It is stated that Mr. CHUBB, whose certificate as manager of the pit in which the explosion has taken place was a short time ago suspended for six months by the Inspector of Mines, after careful judicial inquiry, in consequence of gas having been allowed to accumulate in the workings, has still been virtually left in authority, though the management has nominally been changed. This allegation will, of course, be closely inquired into. If it be true, it may be said to be a case not only of a CHUBB's lock, but of a CHUBB's dead-lock, on life-protecting mining legislation!

A Hasty Conclusion.

“JUST what I've been expecting, this ever so long!” roared stout Sir ANTHONY ABSOLUTE, stout High Tory and fine old English Gentleman “all of the olden time,” on hearing that “The American Constitution had gone to Old Harry!” He was much disgusted to learn that it was not a case of that offensive Democratic Government collapsing, but merely of one of her frigates, the *Constitution*, grounding off Swanage, on the *Old Harry* Rock.

GREAT FIRES MADE EASY.

If you have fire-buckets, always hang them too high to be got at, or they may be tampered with by mischievous people.

If your water-pipes are frozen, wait till they thaw, rather than put yourself to the cost and trouble of keeping water ready within reach, which will be useless as soon as the frost (always brief in this country) is over.

If you have an *Extincteur* on the premises, see that it is kept well out of the way, as the sight of it may put the thought of “fire” into nervous people's heads.

Be careful to keep secret the position of your hydrants and fire-plugs, if you would not have them made playthings of by “our boys.”

In the event of your keeping a private engine, do not keep crying “Wolf!” by perpetually practising your people in the use of it.

Be very careful where you keep your engine-house key. If lost, you will have to buy another.

Generally trust to the spur of the moment, and the stimulus of suddenness, for dealing with fire or other danger to which human life and property are liable. Nothing so develops presence of mind and readiness of resource as a sudden demand upon them, and these are invaluable qualities which it is well worth running the risk of an occasional fire to encourage.

Intoning v. Mis-Reading.

In the controversy lately raised concerning Church Music, one very strong argument for intoning was unaccountably omitted. If a Clergyman of a gushing disposition had to intone the Marriage Service, he would not read it in what reporters of a “Marriage in High Life” commonly describe as “an impressive manner”—a manner of exaggerated pathos and affected solemnity. It is perhaps a pity that sermons are not more generally intoned.

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

(Visits the Collection of Old Masters, and reports thereon.)



SIR.—Would I miss the Old Masters when they make an exhibition of themselves? No! not for all the young Missuses in the world. So with a shilling for entrance fee, and another shilling for the Guide-book and pencil, I presented myself in the hall of Burlington House.

One Old Master took my umbrella. This will be a valuable picture. I wish I could get an Old Master to take me, full length, gratis, and let me sell it for my own benefit at Christie's.

In the Catalogue prefatorial explanations are given; for instance—

"The numbers follow from left to right."

Now, when I was there, numbers were not present, and the visitors did not follow from left to right—which zigzagging would have been as puzzling as a kit-cat's cradle—but went straight along.

"The Portraits are described under four sizes: 'bust,' the head and shoulders," &c.

Why doesn't a fishmonger adopt this convenient abbreviation? Instead of "fine Cod's head and shoulders, to-day, Ma'am," why not, "fine Cod's Bust, Ma'am?"

"The following abbreviations are used:—b. Born, m. Married, d. Died, r. Right, l. Left."

This is satisfactory; specially r. for right and l. for left, though, perhaps a little arbitrary.

"In the sizes of the Paintings the height is always placed before the width."

This is the only puzzler. Why should a preference be given by any painter to a tall man over a broad one? Why should height be always placed before width? In a Picture Gallery, or a theatre, nothing is more objectionable than for a giant, full length, to come and place himself before me, who am only a three-quarter figure? No—but as I see on the first page of the Catalogue that it is still "under revision"—which seems to imply that all the information is given "under correction"—I venture to move the alteration of this rule by omitting the word "always;" so that, some allowance being made for exceptions, the breadth may sometimes be placed before the length. This is but fair, and then the rule will be as broad as it's long.

No. 12. *Portrait of Warren Hastings.* JOHANN ZOFFANY, R.A. In such a figured waistcoat! More like a farmer—a rabbit—Warren HASTINGS—than a Governor-General of India. He might indeed have said to ZOFFANY, as OLIVER CROMWELL did to LELY, "Paint me as I am, or I won't give you a shilling," only for a man who was so mixed up with a Begum, this certainly was a most unbeguming dress to be taken in. Perhaps the waistcoat, from this point of view, is symbolic of his innocence. Poor man! he looks dull and serious; and the portrait possesses the merit of being more like a *Hastings* than a *Bright'un*. Pass on, Gentlemen, pass on!

No. 13. *Portrait of Lady Whichcote.* THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH, R.A. Ah! what a dog!—not the Painter, but the animal represented with his paw in my Lady's lap. The Spitz dog shows real panting as well as real painting.

No. 17. *Charles James Fox.* Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS, P.R.A. Quite the *Fox populi*. But it is Fox after dinner. The Fox and the Grape. He has had more than his usual quantum—perhaps a maximum instead of a magnum—and seems to be quite unable to pronounce distinctly "British Constitution," and much less the title of the Bill lying on the table, "For the Better Regulating the Affairs of the East India Company." In this condition, Fox could only have sat for his portrait; to represent him as standing, except for an election, must have been a piece of Sir JOSHUA's flattery.

No. 18. *A Calm.* WILLIAM VAN DE VELDE. The Dutchman has a real appreciation of the sea,—as something which ought not to be passed over, unless it's perfectly quiet.

No. 27. *A Musical Party on the Thames: Portraits of the Family of William Sharp.* JOHANN ZOFFANY, R.A. "Sharp"'s the word? No, flats. Look at 'em.

No. 32. *Portrait of Dr. Arnold.* WILLIAM HOGARTH. Jolly, rubicund, stout, plethoric,—looks as if he had not taken enough of *Arnold's Exercises*.

No. 33. *Portrait of William, Fifth Duke of Devonshire.* WILLIAM HOGARTH. Aristocratic, but weak-eyed. His dress evidently shows him to be the *crème de la (Devonshire) crème*.

No. 34. *Portraits of Garrick and His Wife.* JOHANN ZOFFANY, R.A. DAVID and MARIE VIOLETTE lounging outside the Pagan temple by the river, known as "GARRICK'S Villa," which is guarded by an affected dog, of no particular breed, with an absurdly big head. A pantomime dog; or if intended for a water dog, it must have been a water-on-the-brain dog.

No. 35. *Lady Hamilton as "Euphrosyne."* GEORGE ROMNEY. The description says she "became well known for her friendship with Lord Nelson." Yes, NELSON had a great deal to do with ships, and this friend-ship was certainly his favourite.

No. 39. *The Pink Boy.* THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH, R.A. Marvellous satin, but unhealthy complexion. Compare this with

No. 45. *Prince William Frederick.*—Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS, P.R.A.—who is a salmon-coloured boy. No. 39 is a consumptive boy, but this healthy chap is a consuming boy. But how well these boys are preserved! Not for an age, but for any length of time; which seems to be the case with *Our Boys*.

No. 42. *Portrait of Mrs. Lee Acton.* GEORGE ROMNEY. The second wife of LEE ACTON. Compare this with No. 20, and the motto should be "Second Thoughts are best."

So far, and no farther, at present. I have not as yet got to the Italian Masters, from whom a great treat may be always anticipated, seeing how great they were in oils. Why, their sardines and anchovies, in oils, are, alone, sufficient to have established their reputation. The only Italian Art all Englishmen must detest is that of the *Padroni*, as practised among the organ girls and boys; but this school of Italian Design—the very basest form of Art, whose professors reside at The Mews, Brook Green, Hammersmith (*vide the Daily Telegraph's* full account)—must be dealt with summarily by the Magistrate. The public will be content to leave this School of Italian Design to the Court of Chance.

So, no more to-day, Baker, thank you, from

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

Science Made a Little Easier.

Now modern Geologists, deep under ground,
Have Brachydiastematherium* found;
Let those who for crackjaw names care not a fig,
Rechristen it, "Antediluvian Pig!"

* The name given to a new genus of Pachydermatous mammals, recently found in the lower Eocene beds of Transylvania. (*See Science Gossip for November, 1878.*)

Wants.

THE world knows nothing of its queerest wants, any more than of its greatest men. If we want to learn more of the strange forms taken by the former, we cannot do better than consult the *Bazaar*, in a recent number of which instructive medium for communication between those who have and those who seek, we read—

WANTED, six young common pullets, not laid yet. Exchange for Gentleman. (Blackheath.)

Evidently at Blackheath, Gentlemen must be a drug, or unlaid pullets a rarity.

MOTTO FOR THE CONSERVATIVE CANDIDATE FOR NORTH NORFOLK.

"Tityre, tu patula recubans sub tegmine Fagi."

"BUCOLIC Birkbeck, 'neath big Beech recline,
And 'ditto' swear to all he may opine."

WORSE LUCK!

THE severe season has brought the wolves into the fields in France. England is worse off still. The hard times have brought the Wolf to her door.

PERIODICAL FROM THE WASH.

Mr. SMELFUNGUS has adopted into his wardrobe the title of a popular miscellany. He calls his clean shirt "Once a Week!"



"WHERE IGNORANCE IS BLISS."

SOME ÆSTHETIC PERSON HAS SUGGESTED THAT A FAMILIARITY WITH THE SPLENDOURS OF GREEK ART SHOULD BE FOSTERED IN THE YOUNG, BY MEANS OF PLASTER CASTS FROM THE ANTIQUE, AND SO FORTH.

THIS IS ALL VERY WELL. BUT WHAT IS TO BECOME OF MODERN BURLESQUE AND OPÉRA-BOUFFE, IF THE RISING GENERATION IS TO DERIVE ITS NOTIONS OF FEMALE LOVELINESS FROM THE *VENUS OF MILO*, FOR INSTANCE, OR THE *ELGIN MARBLES*?

AND WHERE IS THE RISING GENERATION (WITH ITS EYE FOR BEAUTY THUS CORRUPTED BY EARLY PRECEPT AND EXAMPLE) TO SPEND ITS EVENINGS WHEN IT REACHES MATURITY AND OLD AGE? WE PROTEST EMPHATICALLY!

"OF ONE MIND." (FOR ONCE!)

At one for once! It seems a curious chance
That finds such constant foes in coalition?
Roundhead and Cavalier in friendly dance
Were a faint parallel of their position.
A fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind,
A common foe creates uncommon friends;
Yet it looks strange to find these two combined,
To seek by divers means a common end.

Fear makes queer Comrades; when the prairies flame
Panther and fawn huddle or fly together.
LEO and OTTO playing the same game
Proclaim approach of storm, and dangerous weather,
So two wayfarers on a winter's day,
When winds and water-spouts combine a pelter,
In any covered alley on their way,
Together find a momentary shelter.

But fear's a brittle bond. The burly Prince
Would keep the door against a dread intruder.
LEO may at his *reiter*-rudeness wince,
Yet deems the common foe might prove still ruder.
OTTO may cry *à l'aide!* in battle's press,
Yet like not his auxiliary; while LEO,
Loving not OTTO more but danger less,
Lifts for his help a quavering *Laus Deo!*

Partnership limited to try, *pro tem.*,
The drastic, or Sangrado style of treating;
While, like twin Partingtons, they strive to stem
A tide whose rise may shake both in their seating.

The twain awhile may hold, or seem to hold,
The door they deem the solidest of porches;
But 'tis not so they'll guard each his own fold,
Or quench the fire of those intrusive torches!

Push Prince, push Pontiff! set your thews on strain
'Gainst Democratic sect and Social schism;
Repression and anathema are vain;
Brute force ne'er put down an insurgent "ism."
The secular and spiritual arm,
Full many a time before have joined their forces.
But despotism and dogma cannot charm
Opinion's tide from its predestined courses.

Encyclical and Muzzle-Measure both,
"Pig-sticking"* laws and Voices Apostolic,
Are impotent to check the ugly growth
That Priests and Princes brand as diabolic.
The plague's root lies beyond your nostrums' reach,
The ill defies the regimen you boast of,
And your joint effort to secure the breach
Is but an effort, weak, if made the most of.

* The gracefully humorous Chancellor so describes his processes of ruthless suppression and expulsion.

The Force of Example.

THE London Phoenix Gas Company, to show what gas can do, have lately been ameliorating the illumination of a stretch of Waterloo Road. Let both Company and Public give thanks to Mr. EDISON, whose essays at dividing the Electric Light are rousing the Gas Companies to discover how much they can do to improve their Lights of other Days.



“OF ONE MIND.” (FOR ONCE!)

The solution to all the evils for which “Socialism seeks a revolutionary remedy,” is reconciliation to the Church, which, by ordaining almsgiving of the rich, corrects the poverty of which Socialism is so impatient, and thus conciles the poor to the wealthy.—*The Pope's Encyclical.*

In Germany no pains are being spared to crush out Socialism. Up to the end of the year the number of injunctions issued for this purpose was 457, applying to 189 clubs and societies, 58 periodicals, and 210 non-periodical publications. In addition, 62 persons have been expelled.—*German Letter.*



SAFE AS A BANK.

(Hints for the Times.)



PUT all your eggs into one basket, and watch it.

If you hold Railway Stock, no matter at what inconvenience, live on the line. To enable you to do this, become General Manager, or Superintendent, or Country Station-Master, or something. Rather than not be on the spot, take a signal-box—anything. Once installed, look personally after your own property. To do this—

(1) Daily count the whole of the rolling stock, and see that it is all there;

(2) Get hold of the Cashier in the evening, get the

average daily receipts out of him, and put them down on your cuffs;

(3) Study several standard works on "Economic Averages," "Wear and Tear," "The Coal Question," "Labour and Capital," "Metallurgy," and "Popular Recreation," and then find out, by Algebra, your chance of a dividend within six months; and

(4) Keep on good terms with your brother Shareholders, by asking them to a blow-out occasionally, as a set-off to any blows-up they may be treated to on the line.

Having done this, or as much of it as you can, you will at least know "where you are" in a crisis, and not be at the mercy of a mere half-yearly cooked Report.

If your property is "in a Mine"—live at the bottom, and never leave it. Examine every shovelful of ore, or anything else that may turn up. Do this in company with two analytical chemists and a practical engineer, and take care that you never, all four of you, go to sleep together at the same time. This is your only chance of safety in a mining investment. When you have got 175 per cent. on your money once or twice, it is better to sell out and end your days in the elegant security of the Three per Cent.

If you have got anything in a South American Republic (guaranteed), go over at once, foment a revolution, and assist at an armed attack on the Treasury; you will then forfeit your capital, but if prompt in your movements, and not shot, you may possibly secure one dividend of three per cent.

Should you have been persuaded to try a Joint Stock Bank at home, do not lose a moment, but marry your daughters, or your sisters, or your nearest female relations, to influential members of the direction. Then, while there is yet time, and they are off their guard, sell your shares and withdraw your deposits. This is the only safe way of investing in a Joint Stock Bank.

Finally, if at a loss, as things are, what to do with your money, bury it in your garden, and sit over it with a loaded revolver.

You will thus be in a position to meet any sudden call without panic.

Squenched.

THE LORD MAYOR has declined to give up Guildhall for the advocates of Protection to proclaim England's deadly distresses, and to preach their own exploded nostrum of tying one hand behind you that you may work and fight the better. No application so fitting for this short-sighted party as the Dampier. For once the voice of the City should say ditto to WHETHAM.

The Prince Chancellor in his Part.

THE Prince of actors on the political stage of Europe is undoubtedly Prince BISMARCK. He may be said to be *facile Princeps*. In sustaining so dignified a part, however, as that of the Chancellor in the Farce of the Federal Diet, we may be allowed to regret that BISMARCK should have taken to "gagging."

A FLOWER ON THE ROADWAY.

THIS is the time of year for practical suggestions connected with locomotion, never more difficult than when alternations of frost and thaw test to the quick the qualities of roads, and aggravate the risk of accidents to horses.

We have all heard the proverb of "Locking the door when the horse is stolen." Its seasonable version is "Roughing the shoe when the horse is down."

But "roughing" is, after all, a rough way of giving Jack Frost the go-by. Screw-pegging is the thing, not pegging away at your screws, but pegging your screws with screws. Germany has shown us the "dodge," and ought ere this to have taught us the practice—if our English grooms were not so much too clever to learn, and masters so much too careless to insist, and farriers so much too knowing to alter the ways they are familiar with, and that bring them in jobs besides.

Yet it does not seem so difficult when your horse is shod to insist that holes for screw-pegs should be made in the shoes, to be kept free from soil by a button-screw when the wearers do not need "screw-pegging" to keep them on their legs, and in seasons of slippery streets, to be filled up with the screw-peg that serves the purpose of roughing with twice the effect, and lasts as long as the shoe. Let every master of horses insist on this being done, and grooms will be forced to see to it, and farriers to do it,—even at the humiliation of taking a hint from the "poor ignorant furriner."

But besides the danger to horseflesh from slippery road-ways, which is confined to the brief and interrupted reigns of Jack Frost, there is another and worse danger, to which we are always subject, from ill-made roads, which wear into hills and hollows, make driving a misery to the driven, horse and man, and increase the pull on rates as much as on horses.

Let any poor soul, whose needs take him on wheels along the Embankment, bear witness to the jolting discomfort due to the irregularities of the road-way. It couldn't be worse, if it had been laid as many years as it has weeks.

For the cause and remedy of this we invoke the testimony of our excellent old friend and counsellor, E. F. FLOWER—the Flower of Stratford-on-Avon, the Flower of Hippophiles, who has done more than any man to deliver our carriage-horses from the cruelty of the gag-bearing-rein. He has been bombarding the dull ear of the town with letters on the disgraceful state of our London road-ways, to the truth of which all who have to drive over them can bear witness:—

"The London streets," he writes to the *Daily News*, "are now repaired with stones of nearly three inches gauge, on which is heaped a large quantity of sand to fill up the interstices; then a heavy coating of gravel is spread, which is crushed down by the steam iron roller, which makes the surface of the road smooth for the moment, but as soon as the traffic begins to wear the road, the sand works up, which is forced to be scraped off and removed in carts; then the pressure of the heavily laden vans upon the larger stones underneath, instead of crushing them, produces the holes and inequalities on the surface."

"Macadamised" these sort of pavements are said to be. But these layers down of three-inch-gauge road-metal take MACADAM'S name in vain:—

"I knew MACADAM well," writes Mr. FLOWER. "His roads were invariably good, and even, and wore well. His gauge for the size of the stones was never more than two inches; but surveyors soon became careless, and allowed the contractors to increase the size of the stones; of course they reap the benefit in the less amount of wages paid for breakage; but the subsequent needless expense and discomfort falls upon the rate-payers and those who use the roads."

The weight of stone recommended by MACADAM, to all sons of ADAM the safest of all guides in the matter of mending their ways, was 6 oz. Now the bits of granite laid down on our roads are often three times as heavy.

Let Mr. FLOWER "keep pegging away" at the subject, till something is done, and Mr. Punch will promise to help him. Two such peggers ought to peg to some purpose; but if *Magna est veritas, major est inertia*—and it takes a mighty deal to get a horse's shoes screwed, or London road-metal broken to the proper size.

To owners of horses, and payers of rates, we recommend the matter. They, if they please, can drive our pegs home.

PAYING A GREAT DEAL TOO DEAR FOR OUR WHISTLER.

IF JOHN RUSKIN'S resignation of the Slade Professorship at Oxford be in any way connected with the verdict in *Whistler v. Ruskin*, then Mr. WHISTLER may boast that he has done a good deal more than a farthing damages to the cause of Art in England.



FAMILY PRIDE.

Street Arab. "THEY COULDN'T TAKE MY FATHER UP LIKE THAT—IT TAKES SIX P'LICEMEN TO RUN 'IM IN!"

DIRECTORS' BALM OF GILEAD.

Great General North-East and Great Western Terminus, London Bridge, Waterloo Road, Bishopsgate Street Without.

CIRCULAR No. 2,037.

THE Directors of the Great G. N. E. and G. W. Railway Company having given full and careful consideration, to the numerous complaints which have reached them, through both public and private channels, of shortcomings in the management of the Lines under their control, as well as the able representations to the same effect of many eminently respectable deputations, feel it their duty to acknowledge that these complaints and representations have very considerable foundation in fact.

They are reluctantly compelled to admit, what it would be idle to deny, that irregularity in the arrival of trains is the rule, and that this irregularity is invariably on the wrong side.

That preventable accidents are frequent, owing largely to overhours and short-handedness on their lines; to deficiency in brake-power and machinery, and objectionable construction of carriage-steps and platforms;

That station and carriage accommodation are in many respects insufficient; and, lastly,

That fares once raised, are never, to the best of the Directors' knowledge, brought down again.

The Directors feel further bound to admit, that season-ticket holders, in particular, have good reason for dissatisfaction with the rise in the price of their tickets;

While, as regards other grounds of complaint, too numerous to particularise, they have no hesitation in allowing that passengers have not been treated with the consideration they might not unreasonably think they had a right to expect for their money.

They trust that these candid admissions will show how ready the Directors are at all times to consider and investigate all reasonable complaints and well-substantiated charges.

Under these circumstances they feel that there is but one course now open to the Directors.

They hasten to take it.

Mere promises of amendment, it is felt by the Directors, would be at once embarrassing and undignified, and would only end in difficulty to the Directors and disappointment to the public.

The Directors have come to the conclusion that the case can be more satisfactorily met by an expression of sympathy on their part. They, therefore, hereby beg leave to express their sincere sympathy with the public under annoyances caused by circumstances over which they, the Directors, like the public, have no control.

(Signed) SMOOTHER, *Secretary.*

"WE SHOULD BE SEVEN."

(Adapted, with apologies to the shade of Wordsworth.)

"The truth is (said the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE) that this Winter Assize has brought the whole of our proceedings into a state of confusion.

"Mr. Serjeant PARRY asked in what way the Court was going to proceed—as to the order of business.

"The LORD CHIEF JUSTICE.—Upon my word, I have not myself the most distant idea.

"Mr. WADDY, Q.C.—May I ask whether there will be any *Nisi Prius* sittings?

"The LORD CHIEF JUSTICE.—That, I may say, is perfectly impossible. My brother HAWKINS has to go to the Central Criminal Court on Monday, and has to leave for circuit on Wednesday. There will then be only two Judges available—my brother POLLOCK and myself—to sit in Court, as my brother FIELD will be at Chambers (Mr. Justice LUSH and the new Judge, Sir FITZJAMES STEPHEN, being occupied on the Criminal Law Commission). Therefore, *Nisi Prius* sittings would be impossible.

"Mr. WADDY said that this, even though it was only negative information, was of some value in the present state of chaos.

"The LORD CHIEF JUSTICE.—Meanwhile I find that the arrears in the Courts are such as to require the constant sitting of the Court *in banc*; but there are only two Judges available, and the *Nisi Prius* sittings must be suspended for six weeks though there are 850 causes entered for trial."—*Sittings in Banc, Queen's Bench Division.*

—A legal Sage,
Who'll blaze up with a breath,
And thinks the Bench is sat upon,
And rides his griefs to death.

I met a Judge, of Judges pearl—
So everybody said—
His wig was thick with many a curl,
That clustered round his head.

He had a testy, reasty * air:
In silk robes he was clad;
His patience spare, and very spare,
Its shortness made me sad.

"You and your brothers, here arrayed,
How many mote you be?"
"How many? Seven, at least," he said,
And fiercely scowled at me.

"How seven? Are two upon the shelf?"
"Seven," said he, "there should be;
Here's Brother POLLOCK and myself,
And Brother FIELD at C.,

And Brother HAWKINS, Circuit-owed,
And Brothers LUSH and STE-
-PHEN tink'ring at the Criminal Code,—
And that's the lot, you see!"

"You are two here, at Chambers one,
At Codifying two;
You sum up seven? It can't be done,
That sum, not e'en by you."

Then did that testy Judge reply—
"Seven. Don't you talk to me;
With less than seven no *Nisi Pri-*
-us sittings shall we see."

"Then how will Courts and Causes fit?"
"Pray what is that to me?
In chaos of arrears I sit,
That cleared at once should be."

* Stubborn. Used of a horse that backs against its load.—
North Country Glossary.

"Nay, should have been—they may be seen"—
That testy Judge replied—
'Behind the door—six sheets and more
Of cause-lists side by side!

My brows before them oft I knit,
With many a pshaw and hem,
And oft feel disposed to sit,
And scold in front of them!

"And often when the sitting's up,
And the Court set all square,
I squeeze the bitter in my cup,
And sip it slowly there.

"There's brother FIELD in Chambers staid,
And better so, say I,
By wild attorneys' clerks though bayed,
That fight all ways but shy.

"Of LUSH's work I should be fain,
And STEPHEN's—it seems play,
Making the Criminal Law again
As good as new, they say.

"HAWKINS on circuit's free to go,
And here let chaos slide;
And brother POLLOCK's temper's slow,
He can arrears abide."

"How many are you, then?" said I,
"If their four hells are heaven
Compared to yours?" He made reply,
"You say five—I say seven."

"You're five, you said—with you for head—
But five—including STEPHEN."
'Twas throwing words away, for still
That testy Judge would have his will,
"Five, but we should be seven!"

Building Up and Keeping Down.

AFTER studying Professor SEELEY's *Life of Stein*—the corner-stone of the Prussian Constitutional edifice—the great Statesman who regenerated Prussia after the First NAPOLEON's attempt to crush out its national life under his heel; and then thinking over what Prince BISMARCK has done, first to consolidate, and now to control, Germany, *Punch* is struck by one thought—that if Germany, in her distress, is asking for bread, Prince BISMARCK, at least, is not the man to give her a "STEIN."

BETTER A WORD THAN A BLOW.

THE German Press is very sore at the English comments on the Bismarck Parliamentary Discipline Bill. Better be sore under the sting of British comments than under the lash of BISMARCK's Discipline.



A SLIGHT MISTAKE.

"WELL, NURSE, DID YOU FIND YOUR WAY ALL RIGHT TO ST. JAMES'S HALL?"

"YES, THANK YOU, SIR."

"AND HOW DID YOU LIKE THE CHRISTY MINSTRELS?"

"WELL, I WAS RATHER DISAPPOINTED, SIR! THERE WAS ONE OF THEM AS PLAYED ON THE VIOLINSHENNER BEAUTIFUL, WHILE THREE OTHERS KEPT ON FIDDLELIN' AS I THOUGHT THEY'D NEVER LEAVE OFF; AND THEN A GENTLEMAN UP AND SANG, AND THEN A LADY PLAYED ON THE PIANER. BUT NONE OF THEIR FACES WAS BLACKED!"

[With Mr. Punch's apologies to Messrs. Joachim, Zerbini, Rles, Piatti, and others.]

EXAMINATION PAPER FOR PARLIAMENTARY CANDIDATES.

(In Preparation for the next General Election.)

1. WHAT is the first preliminary to offering yourself as a candidate for Parliament?
2. Having appointed an agent, define, as summarily as you can, your duties to him, and his to you.
3. Describe the process of organising an "influential deputation" of free and independent electors.
4. State briefly the manner of receiving such a "deputation," applicable to different styles of reception—(a) Modest, (b) Cocky, (c) Serious, (d) Facetious, in answer to the request that you will allow yourself to be brought forward as a Candidate for Parliamentary honours?—(a) Liberal and Anti-Jingo, (b) High Jingo and Imperialist, (c) Neutral and Safe.
5. Draw up an Address to the electors in each of the above three characters enumerated in last question. State (symbolically) the proportions which in each of such addresses local should bear to Imperial questions. Dispose of British Policy at home and abroad in two sentences, of four lines each—(a) From the Right Honourable W. E. GLADSTONE's point of view, (b) from the Right Honourable Earl of BEACONSFIELD's, (c) from your own.
6. What would you consider a reasonable charge per line, for the insertion of such Address in the columns of the local journals?

7. Give, in totals, the expenses of bill-posting per square mile of hoarding? How many dozen board-men, per mile of street, would you consider sufficient for the proper dissemination of your political opinions?

8. How would you conciliate the following interests—(a) the Licensed Victuallers, (b) the "Working Men," (c) the Retail Shopkeepers, (d) the Home-Rulers, (e) the Nonconformists, (f) the Church-Union, (g) the Women's-Rights-men and women?

9. Denounce in effective language for the hustings the Permissive Bill and the Civil Service Stores.

10. Describe in outline the duties and rights of a Committee.

11. In what proportion of public-houses to population are rooms required for the proper performance of these duties, and the proper enjoyment of these rights?

12. Describe the various modes of canvassing. How would you proceed with (a) a leading vestryman; (b) a strong-minded female; and (c) a baby in arms?

13. Give in algebraic symbols the amount of pressure which will render it incumbent on a candidate (a) to shake hands with a chimney-sweep; (b) to partake of five o'clock tea in the back parlour of a leading undertaker.

14. In what proportion should you subscribe to the following local institutions:—The Hospital, the Racecourse, the Regatta, the Town Ball, the Artisans' Toast-and-Water-Mutual-Improvement Society, and the Ladies' Cough-Lozenges-for-the-Indigent-Deserving Fund?

15. How many rooms would you engage in the Party Hotel for the election, and what would you be prepared to pay for them?

16. How would you treat an elector if he called upon you suddenly at your London Club?

17. If returned, how many irrelevant questions would you undertake to ask in the House, and how many superfluous returns to move for in the course of a Session?

18. Express algebraically how disagreeable you are prepared to make yourself to the Government or the Opposition as the case may be.

19. And lastly and most important of all—can you produce a really satisfactory banker's balance, in proof of the soundness of your opinions?

THE CIVILEST KILKENNY CATS.

A Striking Correspondence.

*Peabody Buildings, Block A 1.
December 1, 18—.*

MY DEAR SIR,

HIS comes, asking your pardon for troubling you with a letter upon rather an unpleasant subject; but my duty to my wife, children, and my thousand mates, also in your employment, forces me to break in upon your privacy.

I write to ask, on behalf of myself and mates aforesaid, for a rise to £2 a week all round.

Trusting that you and your esteemed family are in the enjoyment of perfect health, I remain

Yours most respectfully,

(Signed)

A. WORKINGMAN.
M. PLOYER, Esq.

*Swellington Park.
December 3, 18—.*

MY GOOD FRIEND,

THERE was no occasion to apologise to me.

I am always delighted to hear from the good fellows I am happy enough to be able to employ. You do not do yourself justice, when you call the subject of wages an "unpleasant" one.

In reply to your request, and that of your mates conveyed through you, for a rise to £2 a week all round, I can only say that I sincerely wish that you may get the money you seem to desire. At present, however, I regret that I do not see my way to helping you in the way you wish.

Hoping that your wife, your little ones, and all your mates, are well and happy, I remain

Yours most truly,

(Signed) M. PLOYER.

MR. WORKINGMAN.

*Peabody Buildings, Block A 1.
December 10th, 18—.*

MY DEAR SIR,

HAVING taken counsel with my wife, my children, and my thousand mates late in your employment, I am glad to inform you that we have come to the conclusion that it will be advisable to give up work for a short time, until you see your way to give us a rise to £2 a week all round.

Trusting that this will cause you no inconvenience, I remain, with grateful regards and compliments to your esteemed family,

Yours most respectfully,

M. PLOYER, Esq.

(Signed) A. WORKINGMAN.

*Swellington Park,
December, 18th, 18—.*

MY GOOD FRIEND,

MANY thanks for your very courteous letter. I write to tell you that I have consulted with my friends in the same line of business, and that we have decided to look out not only you and your thousand mates, but something like a quarter of a million of you and their mates in the same way of business.

Trusting that this will cause you no inconvenience, and with many kind wishes for all the members of your and your mates' home circles,

Believe me,

MR. WORKINGMAN.

(Signed) M. PLOYER.

*The Workhouse,
Christmas Day, 18—.*

MY DEAR SIR,

I WRITE to tell you that circumstances over which I have no control have forced me to give up my old nicely-furnished rooms. This letter is headed with my new address.

Still I cannot help wishing you a Merry Christmas.

Yours most respectfully,

(Signed) A. WORKINGMAN.

M. PLOYER, Esq.

Back Parlour, 22 Araminta Villas, East.

MY GOOD FRIEND,

January 1st, 18—.

YOU are very kind to think of me in these trying times. As we have been obliged (for reasons of a pecuniary character) to give up Swellington Park, and are in the confusion of moving to our new residence, you must not expect a long letter. Yet let me say a Happy New Year to you and yours.

Yours most sincerely,

MR. WORKINGMAN.

(Signed) M. PLOYER.

FIRE-WORKS AT WOKING.

THE movement not long ago started to substitute "Cremation" for interment appeared to have come to a standstill. But a "Cremation Society" has been established, and is now actually in working order. It is already in course of erecting, under the name of "Crematorium," a regular "Bustum" at Woking. "Bustum" or "Crematorium," which is the preferable term? Which will read the better in advertisements and railway time-tables, "Woking Crematorium," or "Woking Bustum"? The worst of "Bustum" is the disagreeable sound suggestive of "busting up."

Whether destined, however, to be denominated "Crematorium" or "Bustum," the Cremation Works at Woking are indignantly denounced by the Vicar of that parish and by certain of his flock. They appear to look upon Cremation as a burning shame, if not sin. Strange to say, too, the London Necropolis Company has thought it necessary to repudiate all art or part in the matter. The Secretary declares, in the *Times*, that—

"The Necropolis Company in no degree favour such preparations as are now being made in the vicinity of Woking for incinerating the dead. They regard Cremation as the residents of the parish regard it—namely, with abhorrence."

Naturally. In the sight of the Necropolis Company, and a business point of view, one would think there could possibly grow no plant more detestable than a Crematorium or a Bustum on Woking Common; although, for the people in the neighbourhood, instead of a poisonous plant, this would seem to be, on the contrary, distinctly a hygienic one.

It seems superfluous of the Necropolis Company to disavow connection with a Cremation Plant. But that plant happens to be rearing its head on land which was formerly their own. Hence the need to explain that—

"It is true the land now in possession of the Cremation Society of London originally belonged to the Company, but it was purchased from them in the ordinary way, and they never once anticipated that by a second purchase it would pass into the hands of the Cremation Society, to be used for a funeral pyre. Had the Company had the faintest idea that the ground would be conveyed to its present possessors, no inducement would have compelled them to part with it."

But the world is more than wide enough at Woking for both the Crematorium and the Necropolis. Persons looking forward to the freedom of that subterranean City may be gratified by the assurance that—

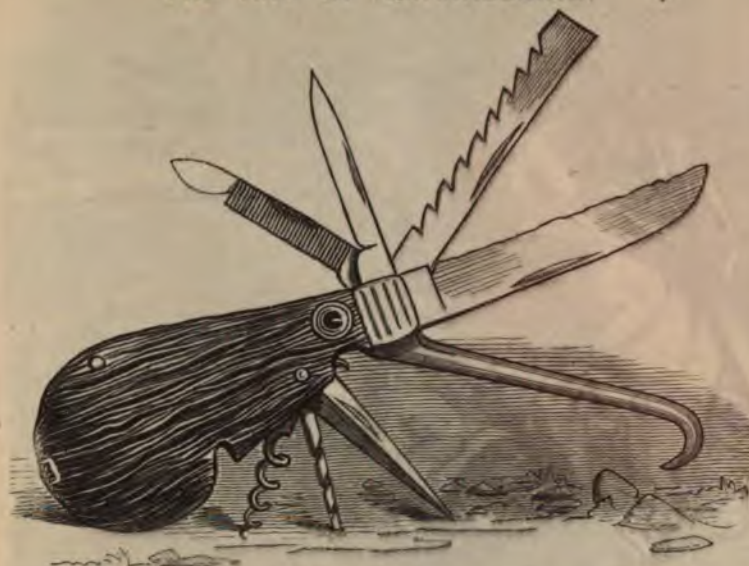
"The mode of interment now widely known as the Earth-to-Earth system, strongly recommended some years since by Mr. SEYMOUR HADEN, in eloquent letters to the *Times*, is that which the London Necropolis Company endeavour to carry out."

As to "Funeral Reform," in fact, the Company's views are Liberal-Conservative. But they protest—

"The Company cannot countenance the disposal of the dead either by burning or by subjection to the action of quick-lime."

No doubt quick-lime is as bad as cremation, and both the one and the other must be equally painful, at least when employed for the decomposition of insensitive organic remains. Quick-lime is only a sort of earth, a little more expeditious in its action than common earth, even under the arrangements proposed by Mr. SEYMOUR HADEN. By the way, dear Mrs. MALAPROP, confounding this eminent Surgeon and excellent etcher, with the partisans of fire as against earth, and giving him credit for something more in the way of the Arts than he is quite entitled to, wishes to know what the Sacred Harmonic Society are likely to perform HADEN's Cremation?

THE ART OF QUARRELLING.



QUARRELLING, *coram populo*, having become one of our recognised fashionable amusements, like billiards or lawn-tennis, some rules for its conduct, *secundum artem*, may not be without their utility. The following general instructions are deduced from a careful consideration of the many conspicuous games with which the public has lately been entertained.

In the first case, as a sort of preliminary training for this pastime, it is essential to divest yourself of all sense of good-feeling, fairness, and self-respect; and get rid of all such fatal weaknesses as courtesy and openness to conviction. The art of disputing with dignity and decorum, if it ever existed, is a lost one.

Secondly, you must set up an opinion. We say *set up* advisedly, because the establishment of an opinion, like the purchase of a carriage, is an act of pure volition, and has no necessary relation to the intellect or conscience. The more arbitrary and irrational this opinion the better for the special purpose in contemplation. The conviction or assumption that you are the greatest, wisest, and best of mankind, is a very promising principle to start with.

You must then discover somebody, of a contentious turn of mind, whose pet opinion is diametrically opposed to your own. You will have no difficulty in doing this.

Your next step is to tell him, with dogmatic directness, that he is wrong, and suggest, with unmistakeable obviousness, that he is an objectionable idiot for not agreeing with you. Unless he be a wise man—an improbable contingency which need hardly be considered—he will certainly retort in kind, and then the game is fairly set going.

You thereupon sit down and carefully elaborate a scornful and uncompromising rejoinder. This is the easiest thing in the world, given time, pen and ink, and a fine freedom from gentlemanly scruples. Your object will, of course, be to say not what is true, but what is telling; not what you honestly think to be pertinent, but what you shrewdly imagine will be painful. Any sense of fairness or of kindly feeling would rob your invective of half its sting. You must be smart and scathing at any cost. Every sentence should be so shaped as to imply your own serene superiority, and your adversary's immeasurable degradation. This, which in ordinary circumstances might seem caddish conceit, is a *sine qua non* in quarrelling, which, like patriotism, covers a multitude of sins. The "yah-hoo" style of derision in favour with street-boys, and the "you're another" fashion of retort, characteristic of silly women on the wrangle, will be found valuable auxiliaries. Comparisons, the more literally "odorous" the better, are also essential. The suggestion, more or less subtly conveyed, that your opponent is of asinine extraction or simious descent is effective, though, from constant repetition, a little stale. Entomological epithets and reptilian analogies, greatly in favour with fervid men of genius, are more offensive, and therefore more eligible, weapons of assault. It has been truly said that there is nothing like hitting a man with a frying-pan; if it does not hurt him, it may dirt him. Abuse suggestive of foul sights and evil smells is sure of some effect, if only upon your opponent's eyes and nose. The sum of your jeremiad may be beside the mark, its epigram may smell at once of the lamp and the gutter, but that does not matter. You will have the sweet consciousness of having concocted a crusher, and may complacently await a reply.

It will come, and will probably be yet more irrelevant in its arguments, laboured in its diction, malodorous in its epithets, than your attack. It is *de règle* on each side to maintain a fine show of indifference to the prick of their adversary's pungencies. The transparent insincerity of the assumption adds greatly to the zest of the squabble.

This sort of thing can be continued until one party or the other gets tired of it, or resolves upon an appeal to the law. In the first case he will simply have wasted a deal of his time, in the second he will probably waste also a considerable amount of his money.

Such are in outline the chief rules and regulations of the new Round Game of Unlimited Shindy. It is a game only fit for noodles and cads, but has attained a considerable, though it may be hoped fleeting, popularity among ill-advised Gentlemen and misguided men of Art and Letters.

SHOPKEEPERS V. STORES.

A DEPUTATION of London Tradesmen waited yesterday on Mr. Punch to solicit his intervention to rescue them from the ruin they believe themselves threatened with by the competition of Co-operative Stores.

The Deputation was headed by Mr. TILKINS, who expressed their fears in prolix and piteous terms.

Mr. Punch said he had himself no dealings with Co-operative Stores. He continued to patronise the tradesmen he had employed all his life. They supplied him with the best of articles on the lowest possible terms; and were content with the honour of serving him, as he never asked credit. As long as they fulfilled these conditions, they would preserve his custom. In what way could he assist the respected gentlemen he saw before him?

Mr. COMPTON said that the Government allowed Co-operative establishments to be carried on under the names of Departments, and entitled Civil Service, Naval, and Military Stores. A word from Mr. Punch, he was sure, would compel the authorities to prohibit this unwarrantable assumption.

Mr. Punch thought such prohibition would do more good than harm to the Co-operative Stores. For his own part he always felt rather prejudiced than otherwise against an establishment with a high-sounding name—which, to him, would rather, if he didn't know better, suggest puffery.

Mr. BILLTON would ask Mr. Punch to request the State authorities to discourage Co-operative Stores connected with public offices, either by materially reducing the salaries of public servants, or increasing their hours of service, so as to leave them no time to practise any employment but what they were paid for with the public money.

Mr. Punch said that nothing could prevent Civil Servants from subscribing to or taking shares in any commercial undertaking, and the more their salaries were cut down, the greater would be the necessity for their buying in the cheapest market.

Mr. FOSTER observed that Free Trade had been weighed in the balance, and found wanting.

Mr. Punch replied, that so had groceries, provisions, and a great many other commodities, and shortness of weight was too often combined with adulteration. Co-operative Stores sold genuine articles by just weights and measures. Co-operative Stores never allowed housekeepers or other servants a commission on bills. If those who started Co-operative Stores were the Shopkeepers' enemies, let the Shopkeepers take lessons in business from their enemies, allow due discount for ready money, avoid long credits and bad debts, and be contented with moderate gains. They had on their side all the advantages of experience; and there was one point of excellence in which they could always compete with the Civil Service, namely, in civility, which was not always kept in stock, he understood, at the Stores; and, talking of civility, as he (Mr. Punch) was just then particularly busy, he would desire them to take up no more of his valuable time, and would wish them a good morning.

With that, Mr. Punch bowed the Deputation out of his office, and Toby courteously saw them down-stairs.

Peace, Peace!

PUNCH begs to implore the mercy of his Correspondents, who keep on ringing the changes on the name of PEACE till Punch is compelled to repeat, what he has often said before, that he won't have PEACE at any price.

REASSURING.

THE "Patent Railway Rack" is not, as might be imagined, a new torment for the long-suffering railway traveller, but an ingenious arrangement for displaying advertisements in railway carriages by aid of mirrors.



"TIENS TOI DONC TRANQUILLE!" (With Apologies to M. DALON.)

Demand and Supply.

THE cadging gangs who have lately been making suburban neighbourhoods vocal with the information that they 've "got no work to do," may hear of something to their advantage by applying to the nearest police-court, where they may be provided with "work to do" in the shape of a few weeks' turn at the crank, with intervals for refreshment in the shape of oakum-picking.

VIRTUES AND VICES.

"TIMES out of joint" indeed! Which reads absurder?
Truth charged with libel, Peace with wilful murder?

Distress without Disturbance.

THE prevalent distress is undeniable; but where are the Riots? We should very soon see, had not Free Trade made the necessities of life as cheap as they well can be for the masses. The renewal of disturbances would pretty soon be effected by the restoration of Protection under the name of Reciprocity.

WHAT MIGHT BE EXPECTED.

WITH a view to re-establish the Imperial Legend in France, the French Imperialists are naturally going in for their familiar policy, *Divide et impera*.



THE COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON.

IT WAS A BRIGHT FROSTY NEW YEAR'S MORNING, WITH A GENTLE EAST WIND!—AND THIS OLD GENTLEMAN HAD TURNED OUT TO CATCH THE EARLY POSTMAN, EXPECTING THE USUAL LETTER FROM HIS SON-IN-LAW ABOUT THE HAMPER FROM TOWN—INSTEAD OF WHICH HE RECEIVES AN APPLICATION FOR A SUBSCRIPTION TO THE CRACKBRAINTREE LUNATIC ASYLUM. NO WONDER HE LOOKS OUT OF TEMPER!

FRIENDS AT A DISTANCE.

Being a Brief Record of a few Winter-seasonable Visits to certain Country Houses.

VISIT THE SECOND.—CHAPTER XI.

Invitation—Surprise—Captain—Regimentals—Hat—Sword—Picture—Probabilities—Peter Dermot—Explanation—An Important Character—The Hutch—Alterations—Spiral Staircase—Chilliness—Preparation.

AN invitation from Mr. and Mrs. FELIX PILTON to visit them at their country house, The Hutch, Halfshire. I had accepted PILTON'S invitation in Town some time ago.

Two things come upon me as a surprise in connection with FELIX PILTON. The first is that he is only "Mister." I always thought, till now, that he was a "Captain." At the Club, the hall porter and the waiters have always spoken of him as "Captain" PILTON; and every one I know has called him Captain. I had not looked in the list to see if that was his title, and it never occurred to me that, for years, people could go on calling a man "Captain" unless he *were* a Captain. Had I been asked by a stranger, who might have seen me walking with PILTON, "Who's your military-looking friend?" I should, with some pride, have answered, "That is Captain PILTON!" Had the inquiry been pressed further, and had I been called upon to mention the Captain's regiment, I should—in the absence of any definite information on the subject—have resented the question, as implying a doubt of my friend's character. When you tell any one that a friend of yours is "Captain So-and-So," you naturally expect to be believed implicitly. To be asked, immediately afterwards, "Captain! what in?" sounds like a sneer, not only at your friend, but at yourself. It's as much as to say, "What! you know a Captain! A pretty sort of Captain he must be! Get out! he's no more a Captain than you are!"—at least, that is the impression that such a question leaves on my mind. Still, I admit that I've never been able to answer it. I have replied in an offhand manner, "Oh—

PILTON?—he's Captain in some Hussar regiment"—as, when in doubt, I always choose "some Hussar regiment" for any friend of mine, as it sounds dashing, and is the sort of regiment I should have joined, had I felt, in earlier days, any inclination in that direction.

My notions about regiments, and, about the Army generally, I admit (I admit to *myself*, not publicly) are more than a trifle vague. My idea of a Hussar uniform for example, is founded upon a full-length picture I saw, years ago, when I was a boy. Where I saw it, I don't know, as I might have confused it with some brilliant sign-board—but I don't think so. It represented a Royal Personage in Hessian boots, with very tight-fitting, cherry-coloured pants, gold spurs, maroon jacket covered with gold embroidery, which, by the way, was spangled about in very conspicuous and unnecessary places, suggesting the idea of the tailor having a job lot of gold braid on hand, and sticking it about wherever there was an opening, in sheer despair of ever getting rid of it,—and a sort of flower-pot hat, with something like a smuggler's red night-cap hanging out of the crown (convenient for bivouacking), some gold cords, resembling cut bell-ropes, fastened to it, and a feather stuck into the front, like a small drawing-room hand dusting-brush, perhaps intended to divert the enemy's aim—and this hat he carried jauntily under his arm, as being a better place for it than on his head, while over his left shoulder hung a jacket, the counterpart of the one he was wearing, which might be of use to him in cold weather, as I fancy it was trimmed with fur, or which he might lend to a friend for a fancy ball,—and then, of course, he had a magnificent sword—more like a Turkish scimitar than an ordinary sword—and his right hand was resting on the holster of a fiery and richly-caparisoned steed, while a half-drawn curtain in the background discovered a fearful scene of carnage going on in the far distance, indicated by flames, and smoke, and a *mêlée* of little figures careering about in a great state of excitement.

Whether the Eminent Person was aware of what was going on when his back was turned, or whether this apparent indifference was intended to impress the spectators with some idea of the



NOT EASY OF DIGESTION.

Eminent Person's coolness in battle—for to be standing, quietly, with your horse, in an attitude, having your portrait painted behind a curtain, while one of the fifteen decisive battles of the world is raging outside, within a few yards of you, does certainly denote a vast amount of coolness both on the part of the model, and the artist,—or whether the whole thing was ideal, and the Eminent Person was not a General at all, any more than my friend PILTON is a real Captain, is only known, I suppose, to the painter. But however this may be, my notions of a Hussar have always been regulated by this picture; and when I am asked, "What PILTON?"—or any friend of mine, who calls himself Captain, "is a Captain in?" I invariably reply, with a touch of profound astonishment at the ignorance of my questioner, "In the Hussars!"

I say to other friends, "I always thought PILTON was a Captain." They return that they had always thought so too. No one had ever taken the trouble to inquire. We had always preferred to think of him as a Captain, and it is a surprise to everyone, when I inform them that he is *not* a Captain. Another surprise—for me, at least—comes out on the occasion of this invitation—and that is that PILTON is a married man.

"Oh yes," says PETER DERMOT, who knows everything about everybody, without anybody knowing anything at all about him, "PILTON's been married for eighteen years, or more. Why, his eldest daughter is quite seventeen."

We ask PETER DERMOT, "What's PILTON a Captain in?"

"Some Yeomanry regiment," replies PETER, readily. "I think it's Lord MELDEW's Royal Duffs. There are about sixty of 'em: Gentlemen farmers, and landowners. They go out about twice a year, and have a dinner, and an annual ball. It's more to encourage the breed of horses in the county than for anything else. But it's a handsome uniform."

We are satisfied. PILTON is a Captain, when he's at home. And he is a Captain in order to encourage the breed of horses.

PETER DERMOT is going down to spend a few days with PILTON. We are to meet there. He wishes he could go for longer than a few days, but he has so much on hand just now. "I can't," he says, with an air of mysterious importance—"I can't spare the time, my boy, just now."

PETER DERMOT is a good man to know. You never hear him spoken of as DERMOT without the PETER, and should somebody who had only met him casually, ask any friend of his "if he knew DERMOT," he would be immediately met with the rejoinder—"DERMOT? You mean PETER DERMOT," and the casual acquaintance will perceive at once that not to know PETER, or to speak of him as DERMOT, argues himself unknown.

PETER is supposed to be an Irishman. On occasion he affects a strong brogue, but no one can fix his county, if Irish, nor can anyone be positive as to his nationality. He is consulted on everything by everybody as an authority, and is presumed to have access to authoritative sources of information on most subjects connected with politics and finance; and as he possesses the art of pretending to conceal his profound knowledge, and at the very crisis of an animated discussion about the Government policy, when appealed to, cajoling,

with, "Come, PETER, you can tell us," will shake his head knowingly and walk away as if silently begging you not to press him, PETER is generally credited with being intrusted with such secrets as might determine the fate of empires, and make the fortune of any speculator in foreign stock.

PILTON considers himself fortunate to have secured PETER DERMOT, who, I have always heard, is full of anecdote, and the very best of company. Clearly a treat is in store.

I go down to the Hutch, Halfshire, and find a considerable party assembled. PETER is anxiously expected.

The Hutch, Halfshire, is a pretty house, in a charming, well-wooded situation, and, like Rome, was evidently not built in a day—by which I mean that the Hutch has been, probably, put together, at different times, by different people with different opinions. The oldest portion is of the early and very plain English farm-house type, with pointed roof, and plenty of waste space for box-rooms and lofts. Then came someone who thought it would be cheaper to add than rebuild, and who had a taste for verandahs. This second owner decided that the first was wrong in putting his front door facing north, and so he commenced alterations by turning the hall into the drawing-room, converting the door into a window, and making the entrance on the east side, under a verandah. This gentleman's successor evidently considered both his predecessors utterly mistaken, and at once decided that the drawing-room must be where the kitchen was, that the hall should take the place of the drawing-room, that the front door, with a carriage drive, should be on the West, that the verandahs should remain, and a garden door should occupy the place of the dining-room window.

Then came PILTON, who took The Hutch because, he said, "He saw what could be done with it"—which, apparently, up to the present time, at least, turns out to be very little—except, that as a commencement, he has employed an architect to draw plans, which are to include a turret, and a spiral staircase *somewhere*. His one idea is the absolute necessity in every house of an iron spiral staircase. It is so convenient, and so inexpensive, and so useful in case of fire, and then he adds, as a recommendation, "It looks so light." The advantage of such an appearance apparently being, that, in the event of some dishonest person being struck by the practicability of feloniously abstracting it, like SAMSON with the gates of Gaza, he would find, to his astonishment, that, though it looked light, it was uncommonly heavy.

Beyond plans, PILTON has done nothing. The last owner had added a wing and a storey, and offices and stable. The wing appears to have been built by someone who had a fancy for variegated tiles, and who thought that the effect of these relieved by Swiss chalet woodwork balconies, and narrow casements, would be in admirable contrast to the architectural notions of the previous builder.

"I object," says PILTON, "to regularity and uniformity in a country-house."

PILTON is inclined to burliness and baldness. He likes putting his hands in his pockets and objecting. Not much ever comes of his objecting, and very little from his not objecting. As a rule he objects, without proposing an amendment. He seldom commits himself to a decided opinion, but usually either represents himself as objecting, or not objecting. Mrs. PILTON is a quiet, thin person, who seems as if she had been shrivelled up by a north-east wind, and was ready for a shiver at any moment.

[Happy Thought (but not for the person whom it most concerns). A constitution knocked all to shivers.]

Mrs. PILTON is always languidly projecting, and PILTON decidedly objecting. The result is, that they stop where they are, at the Hutch.

They don't quarrel. The girls—three of them with ancient Saxon Christian names, indicative of Mrs. PILTON's aristocratic ancestry, for she has rather come down in the family's estimation by marrying PILTON (at least so PETER informs me)—the girls all side with their mother on every question; they all project, and PILTON goes on objecting.

PILTON objected to the family going to London, so Mrs. PILTON projects a party at the Hutch. PILTON objects to too large a party. Mrs. PILTON projects a moderate-sized one. "It's for the girls," says PETER, shrewdly.

I arrive, with PETER, in time for dinner.

PILTON shows me to my room—a bachelor's room—with, so to speak, scratch furniture,—PILTON having objected to unnecessary expense.

"It's not a warm room," says PILTON, standing before the empty grate, with his hands in his pockets; "but I object to a warm room: it's unhealthy."

I say politely that I also object to *too* warm a room; and I glance at the fire-place.

"We tried the fire," says PILTON, "and it smokes horribly; perhaps it's only in this wind, or perhaps the chimney's a bit damp. But I said to my wife that you wouldn't mind, just for once and away, not having a fire."

"Oh, dear no!" I reply, with a serious smile, wishing to goodness he had told me when he invited me that he was going to put me in a small room without a fire, furnished with a small chest of drawers, which has to serve for a toilette-table, and a washing-stand, on which there is no room for a water-bottle or even a bath-sponge.

"You'll find the bed all right," he adds; "it's only a small iron chair-bed." I see that, and hate it: "but," he goes on, "I don't object to a small iron chair-bed myself." No, perhaps not; but then he is not going to sleep on it.

[Happy Thought.—I hope when I do sleep on it, I shall think better of it.]

PILTON, it appears, doesn't object to a small washing-stand, he doesn't object to the top of the chest of drawers serving for a toilette-table, he doesn't object to no fire in the room, nor to one candle to dress by, nor to only a strip of carpet, nor to the blind only coming half-way down, nor to there being no bell, nor to the draught from door to window, nor to my catching cold—in fact, he doesn't appear to object to anything disagreeable that may happen to *Me*. And I suppose he doesn't object to my leaving to-morrow, as I certainly shall, if I'm not more comfortable.

"HOW WE WRITE NOW."

(Adapted from W. S. Gilbert, Esq.)

SCENE—An Enterprising Manager's Sanctum. Enterprising Manager discovered at desk, in a very new hat, smoking a cigarette, and turning over leaves of MICHEL LEVY FRÈRES' latest Catalogue.

Enter W. SHAKESPEARE, Jun.

Enterprising Manager. Ah! how do, my boy? Well, what can I do for you?

Shakespeare, Jun. Give me an answer about those five Acts of mine.

Enterprising Manager (looking towards a shelf loaded with MSS.). Well, it will take its turn with the rest, my boy. I give them all a fair chance;—take six home every night, and read them before I go to bed. (Poking at them with his stick.) By the way, what was it? When did you send it in? I don't remember.

Shakespeare, Jun. You've had the scenario this three months. Suppose we run over it?

Enterprising Manager (rising). Can't just now, my boy. Very sorry, but I've got an appointment at twelve, and it's only a quarter to. Some other day.

Shakespeare, Jun. Really this is rather cool. I've come up all the way from Stratford by train.

Enterprising Manager. Fact is, my boy, scenarios are no good. You write your five Acts and send 'em in (looks at watch), and then we can do business.

Shakespeare, Jun. But is work done no guarantee for work promised? Surely after writing some thirty stock-plays—

Enterprising Manager. Yes, yes, I know. Capital, every one of 'em. But you're just as likely as not to tip us a frost to-morrow. There's no relying on what a man *has* done, or what he's *going* to do. It's what he *does* that fills the house. That's why we go to Paris. A man knows what he's about there.

Shakespeare, Jun. (reddening). Oh! I see.

Enterprising Manager.—Don't you twig? The whole thing's done to your hand—scenery, business, lingo,—everything! It's stealing one's brooms ready made, all but the mere English colour, instead of the French polish, on the handle. But, look here, don't you cut up rough. I'll tell you what I'll do for you. (Takes up book of new French piece.) Here is the last big thing at the Palais Royal. I've secured the English right. Cost me a pot o' money. Put it in your pocket, and run over it, or, better still, run over there and see it yourself, and then do it into English for us. The less talky-talky the better, but work up the comic business,—and make the patter as spicy as you can. I was going to give it to JONES: but you shall have the job, my boy. Your name will make a good line in the bill;—and that's always something to the good—eh?

[Pats him affably on the shoulder. Exit W. S., Jun., with what appetite he may for his adaptation job.]

PROGRESS BY RECIPROCITY.

(From Captain F. Burnaby's *Prophetic Protectionist's Primer*.)



1880. The great principle, that "The community exists only for the benefit of the trader, not the trader for the necessity of the community," universally recognised by all enlightened Statesmen. The abrogation of Commercial Treaties begins.

1881. Saumur Champagne sold at Public Auction, at £25 10s. the dozen. First bottle of British Château Margaux, made at Birmingham, and condemned as "highly dangerous to health" by public analyst. Porter-drinking at Weddings and Evening Parties commences.

1882. "Raw Material, Retaliatory Bill" passed. Importation of wood and leather ceases. Paper Sandals worn at the Opera, and hair-brushes, walking-sticks, drawing-room furniture, and cricket-bats of cast-iron, come into general use.

1883. Tallow supply ceases. Pomade riots in the Burlington Arcade. The General Bristol Country Butter Company goes into liquidation.

1884. Spirited policy of the Government towards America. Importation of foreign corn stopped. The half-quartern loaf sold at Co-operative Stores for 13s. 6d. Bath-buns first made of plaster of Paris.

1885. Serious bread-riots in the dining-room at the Carlton. Rye, oats, and Revalenta Arabica publicly sown in Hyde Park, the London Squares, and Temple Gardens.

1886. "Sugar, spice, and dry food" retaliatory measure carried. Glycerine first taken with tea. The Lord Mayor's Banquet held as usual—the menu consisting of "red herrings, calf's liver, and beet-root dumplings."

1887. "Anti-retaliator" writes to the *Times* newspaper from "Araminta Row, North Kilburn," to complain, that though his family consists of four, and meat is only "seen in the house on one Sunday in six," he finds, with present prices, he spends over £4,000 a year.

1888. Chocolate and Mutton Chop smuggling commences. Extinction of the iron, cotton, hard-ware, and other industries. Universal emigration. Peers have to fetch their own coals from the pit's mouth. The LORD CHANCELLOR takes Drury Lane Theatre for an amateur performance, and reads CAMPBELL'S *Last Man* to an empty house.

1889. Wolves appear in South Kensington. Five-pound Notes sold in the streets at the rate of four-dozen for one walnut. General exodus of everybody. Last performance but six of *Our Boys*.

1890. England ceases to be a recognised portion of the "habitable Globe." Departure of the Beadle of the Burlington Arcade for Monaco.

CLERICAL CANT.

ON behalf of the Rev. Mr. CARTER, Vicar of Clewer, charged with introducing Ritualistic performances into the Church Service, a plea has been founded on the alleged "elasticity" of the Church, which gives full play to its different "schools of thought." As to "elasticity," the question is, how much farther the Church, by Law Established, will stretch without breaking away from the Law, with which its relations have long been strained? The Church had no elasticity in the old days which preceded the modern influx of India Rubber within its pale. Neither did it then comprise any "schools of thought," properly so-called. If it had any "schools," they were not schools of thought, but schools of division and dogma. If the Church of England were really divisible into schools of thought, it would hardly present the present pitiable and painful spectacle of schools in an uproar.

A MAD BULL.—Anybody insane enough to buy for a rise in Turks.



A CHAPTER ON NATURAL HISTORY.

Jack. "JUST LOOK AT THAT SNEAK OF A ROBIN! WOULD'N'T I CATAPULT HIM IF I HAD A CHANCE!"

Clara. "CATAPULT A ROBIN! FOR SHAME, JACK!"

Jack. "OH, IT'S ALL VERY WELL, BUT IF THERE IS A BIRD I HATE MORE THAN ANOTHER, IT'S A ROBIN. THEY COME SNEAKING UP TO YOU IN THE WINTER, WHEN THEY WANT CRUMBS—JUST LIKE THE FELLOWS AT SCHOOL WHEN YOU'VE GOT A HAMPER—AND THEN, IN THE SUMMER, WHEN THEY'VE GOT THEIR HAMPER, THEY WON'T LOOK AT YOU!"

'ARRY ON 'IGH ART.

DEAR CHARLIE,

THE picters you sent me were proper—my style to a touch. I've had 'em hung up in my den, and my pals like the style of 'em much.

That gal in Turk togs is a screamer. Wot eyes! and her figger!—well there!

She's as spiey as them there Swell photos, as set arf the town on the stare.

That's Art, my dear boy, and no gammon; but lots as now goes by that name

Is no better than riddles to me, and I'm blowed if I'm fly to its game.

"Wot of that, festive bloater?" sez you. "'Taint the sort for your kidney, old pal."

Right you are, but I've bin in it lately, wus luck, all along of a gal.

She's a kind of a sort of third cousin of ours, in town on a visit to dad:

So I've had to come the star-walker. She has got the rummiest fad;

Exhibitions and galleries and that is her mark. Just imagine, old man!

Stone images, picters, engravings, and such-like artistic cold scan!

The things that I've seen this last fortnit! I 'ate exhibitions like sin;

Yawn-shops every one; but then Loo has prime eyes, and her Guv'nor has tin.

And so I've bin doing the rounds, and, though I mayn't be much of a judge,

Seems to me, for a chap up to snuff, your 'Igh Art is just out-and-out fudge.

Elevating the masses be blowed! Wot's the good of your blooming AnteeK?

A lot of old scarecrows in blankets, barefooted, and big in the beak. I would rather a jolly long shot see the poses or Madame Two-swords,

And I ventured to say so to Loo, who declared she was shocked at my words.

Stone gals ain't my mark, not a mite; only fit to stiek up in the squares,

Or hold lamps in a Music-'All lobby. The stone-chippers give themselves airs;

But sandals, and swords, and rum togs, all atwist and chucked on anyhow,

Though they might have been nuts to the Greeks, ain't the right sort of thing for us now.

Such togs are a floorer to me. I asked Loo how she'd cotton to wear A rig-out like Venus or Physic, or some sech a name as that 'ere: (Loo rhymes it to Crikey, I fancy. Ain't Sikey a neat sort o' name?) Of course she just sniffed and shut up, but it nailed her, old man, all the same.

I like limbs as is limbs, my dear CHARLIE, and faces as ain't got the chalks;

A fig for your Classical attitoods, wobbles, and slommocking walks!

Slantindicular saints on the goggle, and mooney young women in grey,

With their muslins all twisted tight round 'em don't elevate me, I must say.

Loo says I'm a reglar Philistian; I fancy she means that for chaff. GOLIATH was of the CHANG inches, and I ain't five foot and a half,



HERCULES AND THE WAGGONER.

HERCULES. "PUT YOUR SHOULDER TO THE WHEEL, MY LAD! AND TRY 'CO-OPERATION' YOURSELVES!"—*Old Fable.*

But if he preferred the *Police News* to pictures of gals in a faint, Set me down as a match for GOLIATH in that respect, blowed if I ain't.

When I see them old fogies in marble, I think wot a lark it 'ud be To paint 'em sky-blue, or dab on a moustarch, on the strictest Q. T. You remember the spree we once 'ad, when they 'd showed us some blooming old Greek, 'Ow I waited till no one was looking, and just chipped my name on his cheek!

The masses won't get "elevation" from things as they don't understand.

Wot we want in a pieter is flavour and "fetch," and yours give it me grand.

Loo may talk, but the whole Classic lot ain't worth one of your screamers from *Parry*,

And there's heaps of the same way of thinking as

Yours obligately,
ARRY.

VOICES OF THE DARK.

(From Mr. Punch's Own Ghostly Reporter.)



A MEETING of Commercial Ghosts was held a few nights since on the Thames Embankment, to protest against the Civil Service Stores and to offer shadowy sympathy to the London West End tradesmen. Following the example set by the retail traders of to-day, these unquiet spirits of a bygone time elected to preserve their incognito, and our representative was supplied with no names. Under these circumstances, the report of the proceedings

necessarily assumes a somewhat vague and shadowy character.

The Ghost of a Gentleman with a red nose and a very hoarse voice was called to the Chair. He said that it gave him the greatest possible pleasure to preside at that meeting, as he was a thoroughly English Ghost. As an out-and-out Englishman in the flesh, he had loved sound port and unsound argument. He admitted that he did not know very much about the subject occupying the attention of the assembly. But what of that? He had seen a report of a meeting of some of the opponents of Co-operation; he considered Co-operation an un-English practice, and thought the speeches delivered at that gathering eminently English and simply admirable. ("Hear, hear!") Co-operation was a curse. (Cheers.) Co-operation was a snare. (Renewed cheering.) Co-operation was the favourite instrument of tyrants. (Great cheering.) Co-operation was the invention of slaves. (Immense applause.) He would now pause to take a little breath and some refreshment. In the meantime, he trusted that the discussion would not be allowed to languish for want of speakers as enthusiastic, and, if possible, more argumentative than the humble individual who had been so unworthily called to the Chair. (Applause.)

The Chairman having retired to the Shades, the Ghost of a Hand-loom Weaver addressed the meeting. He said he could but too well understand the tradesmen's objection to Co-operation. About a hundred years ago a Derbyshire barber, called ARKWRIGHT, had ruined his (the speaker's) trade. He and another, by their invention of machinery for spinning cotton-yarns, had completely thrown out of gear every honest hand-loom in the North of England. (Cries of "Shame!") Yes, it was a shame. And what did the Government of the day do? Why, as they now allow the over-paid and under-worked Clerks in the Public Offices to crush the retail tradesman—the very men from whose hard earnings are wrung the splendid salaries they receive for warming themselves at roaring fires, and reading the *Times* for five hours a day—so they then allowed the wood and iron of ARKWRIGHT'S Throstle to paralyse the bone and sinew of a whole country-side, and to silence the whirring

shuttles of a whole region of industrious looms for the benefit of a few monster mills and their bloated owners. (Loud cheers.) They even knighted the man who had done this mischief. ("Hear, hear!") It was then prophesied by all clear-sighted people that the cotton manufacture of the Northern Counties would never recover from the blow thus inflicted upon it. And those who knew the country that languishes under the smoke-clouds of Manchester and the other unwholesome cotton capitals, could say how completely that prediction had been fulfilled. (Enthusiastic cheering.)

The shade of a Stage-Coachman, with a very red face, and wearing a many-caped drab great-coat, then addressed the meeting. He said that there were a great many things he did not believe in. First and foremost, he did not believe in Railways. When he was on the box, he had always said that Railways would be the ruin of the country. And had they not been? Look at the times he remembered, when a traveller would be four days on the road between London and York. Why, he took, say, his eighteen regular meals on the road then, besides snacks and brandies-and-waters! But how was it now? Why, a man could breakfast at the great Midland Hotel, in St. Pancras, and dine at the York Refreshment Room the same day. He heard it said that people ate as many meals as ever. That was very true. But where did they eat 'em? Why, in their own houses, and what good was that to anybody, he would like to know? (Immense cheering.) England would never be Old England again, till Railways were put down by Act of Parliament. As for his own class, they had been clean run off the road long ago. It was heart-breaking! Then look at the coach-horses and the coaching-houses! What had become of them? (Sensation.) No wonder Society was a coming to an end. He had heard of their building up 'busses into barricades in Paris. Serve the swells right if they had done the same with the stage-coaches in London, afore things had come to this pretty pass. ("Hear! hear!")

A Country Innkeeper's Spirit, of the last century, said that it wasn't so much the Railways, as the putting down of the posting business, that had done the mischief. As for them nasty overgrown Railway Station Hotels, he was ashamed of 'em. No landlord could make a decent living out of 'em; and yet every one of 'em mopped up as much custom as would keep twenty proper-sized comfortable, old established houses. It was disgusting! Talk of "Managers"! "Mis-managers" he called 'em. He repeated he was ashamed of them, and Co-operation was a chip of the same block, so no wonder he was ashamed of it too. (Cheers.)

The pale-faced Shade of a Tallow-chandler said the preceding speakers had not thrown so full a light on the subject as was to be desired. They had said nothing of the mischief that had been caused by the introduction of gas, and the disappearance of the good old oil-lamps from the streets. (Cheers.) He understood and believed that the workhouses were full of decayed Chandlers. The Whitby and Hull whaling fleets were no more; and you could not obtain a pint of wholesome, sweet whale-oil for love or money. (Cheers.) So much for their new lights. He for one preferred the light of other days! (Loud and long-continued cheering.)

The Chairman having now resumed the Chair, said that, it having been proved in his absence that Invention was the mother of Starvation, and Progress the road to Ruin (cheers), he would ask the meeting to pronounce, by a firmly-worded Resolution, that the world would be much better off without power-looms, railways, gas, and last, but not least, Co-operation. (Cheers.) England had been brought to the verge of ruin by Free Trade. Millions were now starving because of the influx of cheap corn, grown by the miserable serfs of Russia and the savage tribes of North America. Even so under the curse of Co-operation—

At this point the meeting was interrupted by the crowing of a cock, which, in consequence of the electric light having (as one of the speakers grumbled) turned "night into day," had come upon the spectral throng unexpectedly, and the Ghosts melted not "into thin air," but their more congenial atmosphere—dense fog!

France in a Fever.

THE late crisis in France terminated in a vote of confidence in M. DUBAURE, by a majority of 223 to 121. That is to say, if this last crisis be indeed the last crisis France has experienced, and if that highly critical country has not since gone, or be not now going, through another. So frequent have crises come to be there, if we may trust "Our Own Correspondents," that the case of France seems to be one of continued fever. England had hopes for better things from the "opportunism" of GAMBETTA, which did not come out in the late collision.

Contradiction in Terms.

TWENTY-FIVE Millions Floating Debt, like winking
Run up! A Sinking Fund, beyond aggression!
Let's hope our Floating Debt may soon be sinking,
Our Sinking Fund keep floating through the Session.



PARRIED.

Facetious Parson (to Parishioner, who is not believed to be a rigid Abstinence).
 "AH, MR. BROWN! FOOLS STAND IN SLIPPERY PLACES, I'VE HEARD!"

Mr. Brown (the footpath was in a frightful state). "SO I SEE, SIR; BUT I'M BLEST IF I CAN!"

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

(Drury Lane for a Début—The Court—Coming Operas—A Reminiscence.)

THE appearance of Miss KENNY, daughter of CHARLES LAMB KENNY, at Drury Lane, as *Juliet*, was the event in the theatrical world last week. Miss KENNY, being entirely untaught, has, naturally, much to learn, and to commence her career with *Juliet* was a bold stroke—too bold, perhaps. She speaks distinctly, and with remarkable intelligence, which is more than I can say for young Mr. COMPTON, who seems to have become an Irvingite—I mean as far as the unknown tongue goes.

The best part of Miss KENNY's performance was the balcony-scene, which was girlish, graceful, and natural. The scenes of more violent passion, as was inevitable in the case of so complete a novice, were the least satisfactory. By the time she reached the death-scene, she had lost full command of her voice, and the wonder was that she had kept it so long. Her organ has still to gain the power and variety which practice, guided by intelligence, will give. The want of stage-training was, of course, very apparent in the comparative ineffectiveness of the death-scene. But for one who, as we are assured, never even saw the play acted, and who played the part in that huge theatre without any professional teaching and with very insufficient rehearsals, her self-possession, and the intelligence of her reading and bye-play, were nothing short of wonderful. Still, as yet, this is only promise, though uncommon promise, and for its fulfilment we must wait.

The scenery was funny. The apothecary, apparently, lived in a Palazzo—rents being low—and had spent all his spare cash in façades and architectural embellishments. If there were any people about, a casual passer-by must have been attracted by his conversation with *Romeo*. All secrecy was avoided. *Romeo* seemed to consider that "giving" at the knees was expressive of emotion. The more he was mentally upset, the more he gave at the knees. At the

A FIGURE FOR FARNHAM.

PUNCH. ONE of your evening papers, called the *Echo*, contains the following notice of an honour which some people are said to intend doing to the memory of one of the best, wisest, and greatest men that Farnham, or Surrey, or indeed any place in all England, or the whole world, for the matter of that, ever produced:—

"It is proposed to erect a statue of WILLIAM COBBETT at Farnham, his native town."

Observe, the writer of the above paragraph says "a statue of WILLIAM COBBETT." Not of "the late WILLIAM COBBETT," as some of your leatherheaded penny-a-liners would have stupidly said. No; because he perceived, what a set of boobies could never have discovered, the ridiculous absurdity of calling a man "the late" when that man is acknowledged by all instructed and sensible people to be immortal.

To be sure, the numerous and useful works of that incomparable Author, whose birth has given Farnham celebrity throughout the civilised world, are monument enough for him. But if, besides, the admirers of excellence choose to assign him also a molten or graven image, by all means let them.

Perhaps, in order to further the execution of a work of Art which will reflect the highest credit on all concerned in it, you will, if you can, inform its promoters where an authentic cast of Farnham's illustrious native above-named is to be found. The only thing of the kind I myself can think of is the well-known waxen effigy at Madame TESSARD'S, clothed in the dress he habitually wore, and deliberately rolling its head from side to side by means of ingenious mechanism. A copy of it in bronze or marble, surmounted with an awning to keep the rain out of the works, would serve for a lifelike statue of your disembodied but constant reader,

Botley, Hampshire, Hades.

WILLIAM COBBETT.

END OF AN ADAGE.

A CONTINENTAL telegram announces that American coals are beginning to be sold at Geneva. Perhaps they will soon be on sale at Newcastle.

OUR GREATEST ROAD-CONTRACTORS (IN ANKREDEENSHIRE).—The Snow-storms.

beginning of the play, he had been a very upright young man. Limpness was, at the last, the prevailing impression he left on me.

A more business-like Friar than Mr. RYDER I never remember. Certainly the play lasted till five o'clock, and if Mr. RYDER had to appear as somebody else, somewhere, by seven, there wasn't much time left for dinner, and, therefore, I can quite understand the uncommonly short work Honest JACK RYDER (as the Friar) made of the last scene. Let any one, who does not remember the details, refer to the play, where, in scene last, the "comfortable Friar"—Honest JOHN aforesaid—enters "with lantern, crow, and spade," complaining of having barked his shins by stumbling over the graves. To him, *Balthazar*. They converse: then, gradually, he discovers *Romeo*, then *Paris*—County *Paris* in the churchyard, not the capital of France—and finally wakes up *Juliet*. All these are in "the monument."

But with the dinner-hour, probably, in view, or out of consideration for the feelings of the audience, not wishing to harrow them up too much on such a bitterly cold day, the "comfortable Friar" entered abruptly, saw the state of affairs at a glance, exclaimed, without betraying the slightest surprise or emotion, "What *Romeo* dead, and *Paris* too!"—or words, briefly, to that effect—then aroused *Juliet*, and observing, like the *Pantaloon*, when he gives the alarm to *Clown* who is filching a string of sausages from a shop-window, that "Somebody's coming," he stalked off, without another look at the "Girl he'd left behind him!" It was a fine performance! It showed at what a pitch of self-restraint the ascetic Friar had arrived; how perfectly he could control his feelings; and how, even on such an occasion, he could suppress all outward expression of grief, while preserving the gravity of his demeanour and the majesty of his gait. Bravo, Mr. RYDER! "Many have told of the monks of old!" but commend me for a "Comfortable Friar," and a "Holy Sire," to our old friend honest JOHN. Miss KENNY starts with the best wishes of her friends; and her rare intelligence and pluck are good auguries for her ultimate success.

One of the best Bills in London—the Divine WILLIAM at the



THE WAY THINGS GET ABOUT.

Young Smith. "THEY SAY THE MIDDLESEX AND JERUSALEM BANK HAS SMASHED."

Old Brown. "BOSH! I HAPPEN TO KNOW THE CONTRARY."

Young Smith. "REALLY! THEN IT MUST BE THE MIDDLESEX AND SOMETHING ELSE; BUT I DO THINK THERE SHOULD BE SOME WAY OF PUNISHING THE IDIOTS WHO GO SPREADING THESE REPORTS ABOUT."

Lyceum, of course, excepted—is, for light comedy, to be found just now at the Court. The ingenious play—light comedy is its true description—called the *Scrap of Paper*, is capitally acted. Mr. KENDAL reminds me forcibly in tone and manner of the late Mr. CHARLES MATHEWS, and the scenes between Mr. and Mrs. KENDAL are very amusing, though the last Act is, a trifle too farcical. It "goes," however, tremendously. But the *Quiet Rubber* is my favourite, not as a well-written piece, for the dialogue is not brilliant, but as a charming little comedietta with two very clever sketches of character, which become highly finished miniatures in the hands of Mr. WENMAN as Mr. Sullivan, and—

"Mister HARE
As Lord Kilclare,"

whose only fault is over-elaboration. But the whole performance is well worth going some distance to see, even in this over-elaborated weather.

Ere this appears, Mr. CARL ROSA (is it CARL ROSA, or CHARLES ROSE? What's in a name?) will have started with *Rienzi* and *Piccolini* at Her Majesty's. Good luck to operas in English, and to English operas, if we can get them.

So, to hark back, for a moment, to Mr. KENDAL's resemblance to CHARLES MATHEWS, it reminds me of a "gag" that the latter introduced into his part, when he was playing in his own version of the same piece—and being his own version, "gag" was, I suppose, pardonable. It was, I think, in the last Act; CHARLES MATHEWS was the Colonel and Mr. HOWE the Jealous Husband. The Colonel wanted to conceal the letter, or tell somebody something—I forget what the precise situation was—but at all events the line he had to say was,

THE (DEAD) LETTER OF THE LAW.

GEORGE SMITH, of Coalville, a kindly man, whose heart had been moved for the neglected, ill-cared-for, and too often ill-used wives and children of our barges—that large but little known floating population of our canals and rivers,—mainly by his own exertions in urging the subject on the Home Office and the Collective Wisdom, at last got an Act passed for the registration and inspection of barges. The origin and effect of the registration was to bring the barge-babies within the pale of school-law; and one chief object of the inspection was to see and secure that certain elementary conditions as to living and sleeping-space, ventilation and cleanliness, were complied with. In a word, the law aimed at making the barge-children fit to live, and the barges fit to live in.

Thereupon, *Punch* very much applauded Mr. GEORGE SMITH for what he had done, and sat down, hugging himself in the thought that the worst days of the barge-women and barge-babies were over, and that old father Antic, the Law, had taken these poor outcasts and out-liers under his protection.

But now he learns to his equal amazement and dismay that the Barge Registration and Regulation Act is, in many—if not in most cases—a dead letter; that in one instance a barge-owner has written in vain, more than once, to the Local Authorities of his native town, asking them to have his barges inspected and registered. He has not even got an answer to his letters. "In fact, it almost seems," writes Mr. SMITH to the *Daily News*, "as if those who have the carrying out of this Act—one of the most beneficent Acts of the present Government—are determined to let it quietly die, and then bury it and nobody know."

Another Correspondent of the *Daily News*, Mr. LANGDON, writes:—

"To-day I have walked along the sides of the canal from Hampstead Road wharf to the City Road basin, and visited the wharves in the neighbourhood of Edgware Road and Paddington, and have seen between 130 to 150 canal boats, barges, and flats, and I have not seen one canal boat, barge, &c., which has been registered in accordance with the provisions of the Act."

In the name of those on whose behalf the Act was passed, the women and children, whose lives are lived, and often lost, aboard these floating homes, Mr. *Punch* begs to ask, if the law for their regulation is to be reduced, not merely to the letter, but to the dead letter; and, if not, "when the registering is going to begin?"

Which question, with Mr. *Punch's* compliments, he takes leave to put to all Town Councils, Local Boards, and other Local Authorities charged, but as yet it would seem ineffectually, with the administration of the Barge Registration and Regulation Act.

"Well I must tell her, but how?"—when, at that moment, the Jealous Husband appearing at the door, MATHEWS turned to the audience, and in a very distinct aside *au public*, and with a knowing wink said, "Ah, here's *HOWE!*"—which was received with a shout. Of course the "gag" became stereotyped, but the way he gave it was inimitable.

The Opera and another visit to the Old Masters must next occupy the attention of

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

DRUNK, OR DYING?

ALWAYS practical, and always humane, Mr. *Punch* is glad to ventilate a very simple and much needed remedy for a very painful and often recurring neglect. We are continually reading of inquests on poor folks, who, having been run in as "drunk and incapable," turn out to be dying, and incapable even of saying so. Such cases of incapability are now left to the tender mercies of the police—generally as "incapable" of distinguishing drunk from dying as those they take up—and the comfort of the cell, which, at best, is very cold comfort indeed, and often turns out a very serious "sell" for all concerned—both the moribund run in, and the repentant runner-in, who meant no harm, but whose sphere of duty was narrowed all round, by his ignorance first, and the Station accommodation afterwards.

Mr. J. H. HILL, Surgeon, of Abercorn Place, N.W., stirred by a very sad recent case of this cruel confusion of drink and disease, writes to the *Daily News*, suggesting—

"That at each police-station there should be a suitable room, containing a

few beds, provided for the reception of doubtful cases such as the above, or of persons insensibly drunk. Those on duty at the police-station could attend to them under the direction of the police-surgeon, who ought invariably to be called in to examine cases of danger or doubt, and after a few hours any doubt in a given case would have passed away. Such an arrangement would provide the police with a means of safely detaining many of their cases of 'drunk and incapable' which cannot humanely or without danger be placed in a cell, and which in many instances under the present system are removed to a hospital or workhouse infirmary, where, as I know from long experience, they not only fill up ill-spared beds, but greatly disturb the much-wished-for rest of a large number of sick persons, coming as they often do in the middle of the night."

Punch presents his respectful compliments to Sir E. HENDERSON, and begs earnestly to recommend Mr. HILL's humane suggestion to the Police Commissioners.

MORE "HECKLING" FOR HAWARDEN.



"In response to an invitation from us, Mr. GLADSTONE has answered some questions which it was thought would throw light upon obscure portions of his biography."—*The Biograph*.

REASONS with which it is unnecessary to trouble our readers induce us to believe that all the questions which were proposed to Mr. GLADSTONE have not been published, and we are glad to have the opportunity of supplying the omitted queries. They are as follows:—

Be good enough to give the name of the street and the number of the house in which you were born at Liverpool, and to state on which side of the street the house stood, and whether, to your knowledge, an enamelled tablet has been let into the wall (as it ought to be) to acquaint present and future generations with your exact birth-place.

What was your allowance at Eton, and did you roam about the Playing Fields revolving in your mind the first germ of the Disendowment and Disestablishment of the Irish Church?

Did you drive tandem at Oxford? Who was your "Coach" at that University, and was his tutorial connection with you any advantage to him when you held the reins of office? Were you first led to reflect on Church and State from seeing the Esquire Bedells precede the Vice-Chancellor with their silver pokers along the High?

When you were a Candidate for Newark in 1832, did you select the "Clinton Arms" as your hotel because it bore the family name of the Duke of NEWCASTLE? Were you not pleased with your accommodation in that hostelry, and what did you give the head waiter when you left?

When you were a Lord of the Treasury in Sir ROBERT PEELE's Ministry, did you frequently visit at Drayton Manor, and can you recollect in what room you slept? Do you remember on one occasion lying awake "in the early, early morning," and picturing to yourself the time when you should be Prime Minister?

Before you accepted office as Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies, did you make a little tour through Australia, New Zealand, Mauritius, the Cape of Good Hope, the Bermudas, and Canada?

When President of the Board of Trade, did you make yourself acquainted with all the duty-paying articles then in the British tariff, and did you devise a *Memoria Technica*, and hang it over your shaving-glass, to enable you to fix these articles indelibly in your mind?

You have been Chancellor of the Exchequer two or three times, and you have also been Prime Minister—your opinion therefore as to the comfort and convenience of the official residence in Downing Street will carry great weight. Were the rooms draughty, did the chimneys smoke, and were you ever called upon to remonstrate about the drains?

When you finally separated yourself from the Conservative party, what did you say to them, and did they give you a farewell dinner?

Were you ever solicited to aid a great metropolitan movement for the re-establishment of Greenwich Fair, and can you remember the reasons you adduced (on a post-card) for declining to countenance such an agitation?

Did you discharge a footman in 1873, and for what precise reason

was he dismissed? Is it true that he was (on the maternal side) an Irishman, and had his enforced retirement from your establishment any connection with the rejection of the University Education (Ireland) Bill?

Was Sir ROBERT WALPOLE or Lord LIVERPOOL your model "in the principles, or the administrative art in politics"?

In the event of your remaining in office in 1874, should you have abolished the Income Tax, disestablished the Churches of England, Wales, and Scotland, introduced Universal Suffrage (including the females), repealed the Game Laws, swept away Primogeniture, and bought up all the Railways, Waterworks, Gasworks, and Cemeteries, and converted them into so many subordinate Departments of the State?

Have you any "Moral antipathies"? If so, name (in confidence) your greatest.

Can you give an estimate (in round numbers) of the amount you have contributed to the Post Office revenue during the last five years?

Is it a fact that you can repeat all the words of HOMER by heart backwards, and with the omission of the alternate lines?

ANOTHER PEG IN THE ROADWAY.

OUR Flower has blossomed into a Bouquet. Not content with his own, and *Punch's* solitary "pegging away" at the defective laying of the Paddington roads—would the fault were confined to that eminently respectable parish!—he has enlisted a phalanx of good men and true, dwellers in "the handsome houses," that look down on Hyde Park, to take up his cry, and to memorialise the Tyburnian Vestry in support of it.

The Memorial is a model of temperate but plain speaking, and close keeping to the point. It includes two counts:—

"1. That the granite cubes for some time used in the road repairs are of excessive size and weight.

"2. That, even if the cubes were of proper size, the repairs are done in an unscientific, and, consequently, extravagant manner."

Next comes the evidence in support of the first count:—

"For two months past the ratepayers have been taking active notice of the road repairs in the parish and the materials used, and on various occasions and in various streets granite cubes have been picked up—which can be laid before you, if you require them—of huge size and weight, much larger than the contract size.

"The cubes in question have not been specially selected, but are fair samples of the bulk of the heaps from which they were taken on the roads, whilst some have been taken from the heaps of granite cubes in the Vestry's own stone-yard."

Then follows a statement of palpable facts, in support of count number two:—

"The roads are not repaired after MACADAM'S principle—even putting aside for the moment the size of the cubes.

"Huge layers of granite cubes many inches deep are spread over the road that is under repair, and find their own level, filled in for the time with fine gravel and sand. The gravel in course of time works up into mud, which has to be carted away, and the result is, holes for water to lie in, ridges for horses and foot passengers to trip over, and great danger to springs and wheels."

Witness to this, all ribs, and frames, of drivers and driven, to say nothing of horses and carriages, traversing Tyburnia.

The Memorial winds up with a fair statement of the extent of the grievance, and—crown of all—a plain, practical, and practicable suggestion:—

"The grievance affects all classes of society in the parish, the tradesmen's carts and horses, the rich man's carriages and horses, the omnibus companies, and the foot passengers. We conclude with a practical suggestion, viz.: That the advice of a professional pupil of MACADAM'S should be obtained forthwith by the Vestry, in order that the present bad system may give place to a new and better one."

Punch need not stay to "tot" up the united ratings of the Memorialists. He contents himself, as a frequent traveller in Tyburnia, with echoing both the plaint and the prayer of the Memorial, and recommending the respectable ratepayers—not the carriage people only, but the cab and fly people as well—of other districts intersected with long roadways—as, e.g., Belgravia and the regions abutting on the Embankment—to go and do likewise. If we must pay paving-rates, as we must, let them, at least, be for the most durable and level roads. The more the contractors have to pay for stone-breaking, the less we shall have to pay for bone-breaking, of man and horse alike.

WHEN THE BILL COMES IN ABOUT AFGHANISTAN.

It will be well if the "cost of pacification" can be as easily provided for as the "pacification of Khost," seems to have been thus far.



STAUNCH.

Old Lady (who had been buying Eggs). "DEED, MR. MCTREACLE, BUTCHERS' MEAT'S SAE DEAR NOW-A-DAYS AH'M NO ABLE TO BUY 'T!"

Grocer. "YOU SHOULD TURN A VEGETARIAN——"

Old Lady. "A VEGETARIAN!—NA, NA! AH WAS BORN AN' BROCHT UP I' THE FREE KIRK, AN' A'M NO GAUN TA CHANGE MA RELEGION I' M' AULD DAYS!"

A BURNING SHAME.

THE Anti-Cremationists of Woking have been opening the fiercest of fires on the proposed "Bustum," before the HOME SECRETARY. "Trains," they say, already "run into the heart of the Cemetery," and now here is a "Bustum" about to be run into the hearts of the Cemetery shareholders. Their difficulty is to get hold of somebody to fire at. Failing other offending bodies which may hereafter be brought to the "Bustum," the only offender they can find to pour their vials of wrath over, is a Mr. EASY, a Civil Engineer, who says he has been "instructed to erect the necessary apparatus in a secluded spot."

So, at least, the outrage is not going to be thrust offensively under the eyes and noses of the public. But, admitting this, the Woking Anti-Cremationists still consider that Mr. EASY's proceedings have been much too free and easy.

They can't say he is about to create a nuisance; but they are of opinion that the whole scheme will be not only a damage to Woking Cemetery Shares, but "a monstrous interference with the simple rites of interment;" that "Cremation is a scandal and a disgrace, and is so regarded throughout the breadth of the land." With a great deal more too virulent and offensive for *Punch* to repeat.

If this be so, surely the vigilant guardians of Woking need not fear that Mr. EASY's Cremation Society will be likely to find many customers. *Punch* is glad to offer them this consolation *en attendant mieux*. In the meantime, it is quite right that proper inquiry should be made into what the Cremationists are going to do before they are allowed to do it. And this Mr. CROSS promises. So rest, perturbed spirits of Woking, rest!

A Good Example.

WE observe, in the interesting proceedings at the Caucus, held by the "Southwark Liberal Two Hundred"—whoever they may be—that the Candidates, after being trotted out, are put through the ballot, and retire in succession, the one with fewest votes first, so that the last in wins, as in that other and earlier form of Caucus, a donkey-race.

MIDDLE-AGE MUSINGS.

Suggested by Mr. Caldecott's Charming Illustrations to "John Gilpin" and "The House that Jack Built."

"AH! 'twas not so when I was young."
Those words from many an ancient tongue,
At modern modes and manners flung,
Have fallen, and in fact, I
Whose hair is thin and tinged with grey,
Feel ever strengthening, day by day,
The senile tendency to play
Laudator temporis acti.

But while in pleasant pictured guise
JACK builds, or luckless GILPIN flies,
Those words upon my lips arise
With quite another meaning.
It was *not* so, in very sooth,
Art illustrated in my youth
The nursery legends on whose truth
Young faith delights in leaning.

"Look on this picture and on that!"
My old book's here; I gaze thereat,
The house, the cow, the dog, the rat,—
Coarse daubs and out of drawing.
But, sketched by CALDECOTT, the scene
Is nature; LANDSEER's self I ween
Ne'er drew a cat more sly and keen,
Or naturally clawing.

And then that dog!—but mark his eye,
His ear, his full fatuity
Of crossest self-complacency,
Unwarned of nearing Nemesis!
It tickles one almost to tears,
This touch of nature, which endears
The comedy of hopes and fears,
Played out on JACK's new premises.

That tattered all-a-tiptoe man,
Bucolic yet Bohemian!—
His artful osculatory plan
Success from sorrow snatches.
The maid forlorn, so fair of face,
With such a gentle rustic grace,
Seems so at home in his embrace,
For all his shreds and patches.

'Tis deep philosophy. What kiss
To mourning lips comes much amiss?
The tattered one deserves his bliss
For opportunely daring.
Another time that maid forlorn
Might have repulsed his love with scorn,
But in the suit he pleads this morn
Forgets the suit he's wearing.

And GILPIN! Oh! for time and space,
In daintiest detail to trace,
The mingled traits of fun and grace,
The snatches of sweet scenery:
The luckless Cit's long equine strife;
His buxom, fair, well-favoured wife,
That homely eighteenth century life,
Unmarred by grim machinery.

And beauty lends a grace to joke,—
That charming girl with GILPIN's cloak,
That milkmaid with her pail and yoke,
Are things of joy for ever.
A Flaxman of the fireside here
Hits each home-trait to Britons dear,
With charm spontaneously clear,
As classically clever.

More power to those fingers swift,
That fancy far too full for thrift,
May they yet fashion many a gift
For happy youth to treasure;
Which, nursery-bound, will yet engage
The interest of genial age,
That finds on every pictured page,
Imperishable pleasure.

A VERY NATURAL DESTINATION FOR THE MARSHAL
(after his coup de grâce).—Gone to Grasse. (See Daily Telegraph.)



"J'EN SORS!"

A CHANGE IN THE CAST.

"*Le Roi est mort, Vive le Roi!*" Such was the phrase in which, when kings reigned, a High Court Functionary proclaimed the going down of one crowned head, and the uplifting of another.

Just as short and simple is the process under the Republican régime. Only they do not wait for a king's death and a king-at-arm's proclamation. The new stage-direction is simply, "*exit* President Number One; *enter* President Number Two." Exit and entry were on Thursday got over in the time that it took to read the Marshal's letter of resignation, and to drop 536 tickets into

the Balloting Urn for M. GRÉVY, against 99 for General CHANZY. At half-past Three the letter was read. By a quarter to Seven the tickets had been deposited, counted, and the result declared.

It is even easier to shift a President, than to change a Sovereign. The name of GRÉVY seems to have acted on the mutinous class of Frenchmen like a spell, or as the appearance of VIRGIL's Worth tranquillised the populace in an uproar:—

"*Tum, pietate gravem ac meritis si fortè virum quem
Conspexere, silent, arrectisque auribus astant.*"

May this quiet and regular beginning of the new Presidency be the augury of its quiet and regular continuance.



UNSEEMLY INTERRUPTION.

The New Footman (stentoriously). "MRS. MONTGOMERY JENKINS'S CARRIAGE!"

Mrs. Montgomery Jenkins. "A—TELL THE COACHMAN TO WAIT."

New Footman. "PLEASE, MA'AM, HE SAYS HE CAN'T. HE SAYS HE'S GOT ANOTHER JOB AT TWENTY MINNITS PAST ELEVEN!"

Nothing in the Marshal's official life has become him like the leaving of it. The Marshal was a brave soldier, and an honest, short-sighted man. His successor is as brave, as honest, and less short-sighted. He foresaw the *coup d'état*, and did his best to prevent it. And he has been a consistent Republican as far back as his record runs.

There could not be a better guarantee that he will do his duty in this new state of life to which it has pleased France to call him.

With which, *Mr. Punch* takes off his cap and bells to the new President of the Republic.

BANQUETS FOR BISMARCK.

"SIR," said Dr. JOHNSON, "comparisons are odious. Sir, the Whigs make comparisons." Nevertheless, we may venture on a comparison between two celebrated personages, one of them being Dr. JOHNSON himself, the other Prince BISMARCK. As Dr. JOHNSON had his BOSWELL for a biographer, so has Prince BISMARCK his Dr. BUSCH. Further, Prince BISMARCK is a man of great abilities and strong common-sense, expressed in forcible language. As is BUSCH's hero in these particulars, so was BOSWELL's. Here is a comparison which cannot surely vex Dr. JOHNSON's shade. It is not one of those comparisons which the Whigs are addicted to making; but a comparison after the manner of PLUTARCH rather than the *Edinburgh Review*.

There is another special point of similarity between the Great Lexicographer and the Great Chancellor. The former despised simpletons who affected "a foolish distaste of eating." Glancing down at such noodles, he once roared, "Sir, the man who will not take care of his belly will hardly take care of anything else." He reduced this dogma to practice by continuance in good living generally, and, in particular, by habitually eating lobster-sauce with his plum-pudding.

Prince BISMARCK, also, by the account of Dr. BUSCH, is distinguished by a large and extraordinary appetite. He regaled himself one day, as part only of his repast, on beer, champagne, turtle-soup,

and boar's head, with a mixture of mustard and raspberry jelly. He once ate eleven hard-boiled eggs at a meal. On another occasion he dined off onion-soup with port wine, saddle of wild boar with beer, Irish stew, and turkey and chestnuts. His usual drinks are porter mixed with champagne, hot tea with champagne and sherry, and red wine to any amount besides. Had BISMARCK been JOHNSON's contemporary, he might have been able to put him up to some admixture even more original in its way than plum-pudding and lobster-sauce.

Suppose one were to have the honour of entertaining Prince BISMARCK at dinner, considering what peculiar combinations commend themselves to his guest's palate, one might endeavour still further to gratify it by the invention of a few novelties, and pretty little tiny kickshaws, in which opposites might be combined. As, for example:—Oysters and orange-marmalade; hare-soup, blanc-mange, and tipsy-cake; turbot and trifle, black puddings and custard boiled in bitter ale; fried sausages and sweet omelet; calf's-liver and bacon with caviare and gooseberry-fool; boiled woodcock with veal stuffing; widgeon with parsley-and-butter; tripe with treacle and onions; bubble-and-squeak with guava-jelly and macaroni in brandy-and-oil; olive-pudding and anchovy sauce.

Out of a *menu* such as the above, Prince BISMARCK could possibly contrive to make a dinner. It might conclude with welsh-rabbit—a dainty he once tasted at Hull. It is one of the few good things for which he gives credit to England. Perhaps his Highness might like stewed cheese better, perhaps not, possibly preferring it simply toasted, as being then of a tougher and more coriaceous consistence.

To return to the parallel between two great men and amazing eaters,—JOHNSON was occasionally troubled with indigestion. So is BISMARCK; and so he ought to be, if he goes on at this rate.

Minster v. Minister.

Brave in the canons' mouths! He ventures much,
Onslaught of Dean and Chapter singly stemming!
'Tis pretty clear his courage isn't Dutch,
Although he may be fighting for a Fleming.

DOCK MODELS.



RULY it must be a comfort to those ill-used Glasgow Bank Directors to fall back upon their characters! When *Punch* reads the glowing testimony in favour of these exemplary and most unfortunate men; how Mr.

TAYLOR is "an honest and upright man, incapable of soiling his soul by such a dishonest action as the falsification of a balance-sheet;" how Mr. WRIGHT is "a man of perfect honour and scrupulous integrity;" how Mr. INGLIS is "upright and honourable;" Mr. STRONACH "good, conscientious, upright, kind, and unselfish;" and Mr. SALMOND "eminently honourable and conscientious," he is tempted to exclaim—as he regales nose and eyes with this cluster of virtues which smell sweet and blossom, not in the dust but in the dock—with a little alteration of POPE's trite couplet:—

"It is not that such men are rich and rare,
We wonder how the mischief they got there!"

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

(Reports on a visit to Her Majesty's on the Opening Night of Carl Rosa's Season.)

MR. CARL ROSA made a first-rate start with *Rienzi*, the *Last of the Tribunes*; and Mr. JOHN P. JACKSON is to be congratulated on his English libretto. And most of it, in the mouths of the principal artists, was clear and intelligible to me at least, though during one of the concerted pieces I overheard a remark made by a Lady to her friend, "It's a very clever idea bringing this out at Her Majesty's; for it really seems just like Italian: and it never did, you know, at the Adelphi."

There's a good deal in this reasoning, mind you. The traditions of the Adelphi are to a certain extent unfashionable, and decidedly non-operative; while those of Her Majesty's are connected with the highest fashion, the London Season, great Italian Singers, and Operatic Impresarios. There are numbers who, while they would think twice before going to the Adelphi for any Opera, English or Italian, and then wouldn't go, would readily take stalls at Her Majesty's for an English Opera; because there is an odour of brilliant associations floating about the house, and they can go through all the regular business of the season, ogling through lorgnettes, lounging in fops' alley, chatting in the lobby, &c., at half-price. But the majority, who, patronise the Opera in English, go there out of sheer love of music, and a hearty desire to encourage such an enterprise as that of Mr. CARL ROSA's, which has for its aim and object the gratification of the highest musical taste in the region of Opera at the lowest possible prices.

The Opera is no longer to be an aristocratic luxury, above the heads, or rather above the pockets of the people, nor is it to be a sort of summer vegetable, only in season with strawberries and asparagus,—no; henceforth, if the venture at Her Majesty's succeeds, we may look forward hopefully to the permanent establishment of an English Opera House, that is, a House for the performance of all Operas of all nationalities, translated into our own native tongue, affording great opportunities to native vocal talent,—the Local Vocal—and to the talented native composer and librettist, who would here find for their work a company ready to hand, and an audience educated to listen patiently and appreciate thoroughly.

BULL AND HIS BURDENS.

Who led the way?

"I," cries the Russ.
"All this fight, failure, fuss,
Springs from me,—so they say."

Who followed suit?

"I," yelped the Turk.
"And poor BULL dares not shirk
My dead weight—patient brute!"

Who came behind?

"I," says the Master.
"Strike, and trading-disaster
Bad burdens he'll find."

Who jumped on next?

"I," growls the Man.
"Strikes may lead to cold scan;
But I sticks to my text."

Who's this next him stowed?
"I," shrieks the dark Spectre
Of Glasgow Director;—
For BULL's back a sore load!

And who's this I see?

The Zulu, with a spring,
On the long back doth fling,
Shouting "Just room for me!"

Who bears the lot?

"I," groans the poor BULL.
"But my back's about full.
Stand much more I can not!"

Esculent and Exciting.

A CERTAIN enthusiast has lately been writing letters to the *Times* in advocacy of Vegetarianism, or more correctly, as an etymologist suggests in answer to him, "Cerealism." He more particularly recommends lentils, with an irrational vehemence that suggests, to medical readers at least, the expediency of feeling his pulse, if not of eating it.

Floreat Rosa! may he be not the "last Rose of Summer," deserted by his blooming companions, but a perennial flower, a hardy annual, and so, as the drinking chorus has it—

"Here's to you, John Brown,
Here's to you with all my heart!"

and, once again, *Floreat Rosa!*

Of course there must have been a great rush for the cheap edition of BULWER's *Rienzi* when the Opera was announced. So many people remembered having read it, "years ago, when they read all his others," and, in drawing-rooms, and "places where they sing," the conversation, a few days previous to the production of the Opera, would take this form:—

First Young Musical Amateur (to *Lady Musical Ditto*). Going to hear *Rienzi* with the English Opera Company?

Lady Musical Ditto. At Her Majesty's? Oh, yes (meaning that the locale had decided her).

Second Young Musical Amateur. Oh, of course (enthusiastically). Why, it's WAGNER's.

Lady Musical Amateur (who has not seen it in this light before). Ah! so it is! (Enthusiastically and reproachfully to *First Young Amateur*.) How could you ask me? Of course, I always go to anything of WAGNER's.

First Young Amateur (who has merely thought of it as an English Opera). WAGNER's? (confessing his ignorance). I don't know. I thought it was an old Opera of BULWER's, set by BALFE or somebody.

Second Young Amateur (superciliously). My dear fellow! BULWER and BALFE! Why, it's a German Opera translated into English.

Elderly Gentleman (warmly). I beg your pardon. The German Opera was founded upon BULWER's English novel.

Elderly Lady (who has been a great novel-reader). Of course, I remember it very well. It came out among his first. *The Last Days of Rienzi*. Charming!

Elderly Gentleman. No, no, no. You're thinking of *The Last Days of Pompeii*.

Elderly Lady. Ah! yes. So I am. But he wrote so many. I remember this one—it was called *Rienzi*.

Elderly Gent (thoughtfully). Yes—it was—but what it was I—(puzzled)—let me see. There was something mysterious. S





BURDENS.

body discovers the elixir vite—and there are Ghosts, and an awful “Dweller on the Threshold.”

[*Begins to wander in his mind back to scenes of his childhood, and suddenly thinks confusedly of a hundred other things.*]

Second Young Amateur (*who, with his friends, has been much interested in this conversation, suddenly joins in with a reminiscence*). Oh! I’ve read that one. Was it *Rienzi*? It was a name very like it.

First Young Amateur (*with a similar reminiscence of a cheap re-issue of BULWER*). Yes. You’re right. It was *Belzoni*.

Young Lady (*diffidently*). I thought *BELZONI* was a celebrated traveller or explorer? I’m not certain—but—

Elderly Gent (*pulling himself together with an effort*). Yes, of course he was. *BULWER* never wrote a novel called *Belzoni*—(less confidently, at least not that I’m aware of—but reassured by there being no contradiction) he did write *Rienzi*—and (by a sudden inspiration to First Young Amateur, who had suggested “*Belzoni*,”) You mean *Zanoni*—that’s what you mean.

All (*triumphantly*). Of course! he means *Zanoni*.

First Young Amateur. That was it. You’re quite right, *Zanoni*, or the Last of the Barons.

Elderly Gent (*who remembers it all now*). No—no—no! *Rienzi*, or the Last of the Tribunes. That’s it.

First Amateur. Yes. And *WAGNER* set it to music.

And then they all make a party to go and hear it.

Rienzi is excellently put on the stage, the scenery being remarkably good, and no expense has been spared except in the Armourer’s department. There are so many suits of complete armour, resplendent, brilliant: but after this limited number it seems as if the funds of the People’s William—(beautiful title, *Rienzi Gladstone*: or, *The Last of the People’s Williams*! Opera, in Three Acts, by BEN. BEACONSFIELD)—had not “run to” anything beyond an imitation of the genuine article, made out of the silver-lead paper used for plum-boxes and tobacco-packets. This, and the tendency on the part of the Chorus, representing the Roman plebs, to wear turn-down collars, were the only two blots that even the most observant eye could spot on the exceptionally bright surface of this operatic stage-picture.

Of all the company I liked Miss *GEORGINA BURNS*, far and away the best. She represented “A Messenger of Peace,” and to her is allotted one of the loveliest solos in the Opera. Madame *HELENE CROSMOND* does not seem to identify herself with the part of *Irene*, and she seemed to be indifferent to the sorrows and troubles of everyone about her as long as she herself had not to make any remark. Her dramatic rule of inaction seemed to be, “When my cue comes call me,”—as though she had been instructed for the stage on the excellent nursery advice given to children, “Don’t speak till you are spoken to,—hear, see, say nothing, do nothing.” There is only one thing I would earnestly ask of her, and in this request I am sure Mr. *JOSEPH MAAS* as *Rienzi*, when mounted on horseback, will join, and that is, “please don’t touch the animal.” I know it’s very pretty to see fair *Irene* patting her brother’s steed, when the Tribune is addressing his constituents, but if she only knew how it fidgets the horse, how uncomfortable it makes the brave Tribune himself, and what anxiety it causes among the audience lest the noble steed should suddenly “let out,” sending *Rienzi* over his head, and *Irene* fainting among the crowd! So, Madame *HELENE*, please don’t.

The Colonna and the Orsini, the two ‘Aughty Haristocrats, were capital. I loved them both, specially the Orsini, who ought to have had his Orsini bomb to blow up *Rienzi*, instead of attempting his assassination with a stiletto.

The part of *Raimondo*, the Papal Legate, was well rendered by Mr. *HENRY POPE*; and it is not often in history one sees a Pope disguised as a Papal Legate. It is to be seen at Her Majesty’s.

Tot discrimina rerum prevented my being present at *Piccolino*. But as *Rienzi* is, after all, and before all, the musical event, and was the inauguration of the *CARL ROSA* season, it has proved quite sufficient for, at all events, one notice from

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

University of Southwark.

PASS EXAMINATION IN POLITICAL PRINCIPLES.

Moderators and Examiners—*JOHN BROWN*, *WILLIAM JONES*, *THOMAS ROBINSON*, and 197 others.

First Class: *ROGERS*. Second Class: *WILLIAMS*, *BENNETT*. Third Class: *LEICESTER*.

A Sequitur.

THE deed’s done for which France has looked
Through crooked turns and courses wavy.
Now that the Marshal’s goose is cooked,
‘Tis natural to call for *GRÉVY*.

THE LAST OF THE LOTTERY.



DURING the drawing for the prizes of the Paris Exhibition Lottery strange dreams have been the order of the day, or rather night. Mr. *Punch* has been bothered,—if he should not rather say honoured,—by a number of fair Correspondents holding tickets, applying to him to learn if the visions of their slumbers contain any hidden meaning. Under these circumstances he publishes a few divinations.

If you dream that you are putting a number of well-dressed people to the rack, it means that you will win a grand piano.

If you dream that a North American squaw claims you as a woman and a sister, it means that you will win a box containing every requisite for the toilette.

If you dream that you are walking about on stilts to the disgust of mankind in general, and to the sorrow of your lover in particular, it means that you will win a pair of boots with military heels.

If you dream that your vanity has increased a thousandfold, and that you are hated by all your dear friends and fashionable acquaintances, it means you will win a *parure* of diamonds.

If you dream that through your influence all your crabbed relations will lose their natural acidity, it means that you will win three tons of carbonate of soda.

If you dream that somehow or other you have become the *Venus de Medici*, it means that you will win a Parisian ball-dress.

If you dream that you use slang, wear rouge, and know men without their wives, it means that you will win a cigarette case and a roulette-board.

If you dream that you are going to marry a man who, thanks to you, will be perfectly happy in his home, it means that you will win a latch-key.

If you dream that you are enjoying a trip on the Continent, it means that you will win a light and compendious travelling trunk.

If you dream that you are the toast of husbands and the envy of wives, it means that you will win a book showing you how to dress like a lady for £15 a-year.

THE SONG OF THE STORE.

AIR—“*Hearts of Oak*.”

COME, cheer up, my Swells! ‘tis to saving we steer,
To make both ends meet in this terrible year.
To the Store let us stick, and fight shy of the Shop;
Who supplies us so well as the crowded Co-op?

Ready Money’s our cry: opposition is vain;

So down with the “ready!”

Steady, Swells, steady!

We’ll lick the Retailers again and again!

They’ve charged over-prices for second-rate goods,
And laughed at our grumbings, our “coulds” and our “woulds;”
But they now feel the pinch, and for battle prepare,
And we’re game for the fight, if they’ll only fight fair.

Ready Money’s our cry. They’ve no right to complain:

So down with the “ready!”

Steady, Swells, steady!

We’ll outbuy and outsell them, and pocket the gain!

The Store shall prevail o’er their retail concerns,
Our standard’s “Small Profits!” our word “Quick Returns!”
Then cheer up, brave Swells! Let them bluster and spout,
Now Co-operation long bills has served out!

Ready Money’s our cry. We shall win the campaign.

So down with the “ready!”

Steady, Swells, steady!

Though they offer you credit again and again.

* * All very well, but just you wait for “*The Song of the Shop*,” next week.



"A PLEASANT PROSPECT."

Car-Driver (to New Agent). "BEGORRA, THE WONDHER IS HE WASN'T SHOT LONG BEFORE—BUT, SHURE, THEY SAY, WHAT 'S IVERYBODY'S BUSINESS IS NOBODY'S BUSINESS!"

A COLONIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

MY LORD, *Government House, Black River Settlements.*

It is with regret that I hasten to inform you of the alarming turn that affairs have taken in this Colony since the despatch of my last communication. The hasty action of the Local Legislature has had the result I feared, and our hitherto friendly neighbour, MASHI-WASHI-WHISKI, Chief of the Borroobooloo tribe, breaking off all further negotiations, is now crossing the frontier at five different points, with a picked force of 300,000 warriors. As they are organised on the Prussian system, are supplied with Remington rifles, nine-pounders of our own make, and the best pebble powder, the trade in which has for some years past so gratifyingly stimulated the commerce of these settlements with the Mother Country, and as they took the "sacred emetic" before starting, I hope, rather than expect, that they will retire without giving us serious trouble. We have at present only half a Company of the 97th Buffs ready to take the field. Please send some reinforcements and advise as to what I had better do.

I have the honour to be, &c., &c.

The Right Hon. the Secretary of State for the Colonies, Downing Street.

SIR, *Colonial Office, Downing Street.*

THE simultaneous arrival at this Office of several equally pressing applications from other Colonial Governors obliges me to be brief. I am, however, happy to inform you that Her Majesty's Government have decided to send out at once a force of 10,000 men for the protection of the Black River Settlements. Trusting that this, together with the local Volunteer forces, which no doubt have been already organised, will prove sufficient for the moment,

I am, dear Sir, &c. &c.

His Excellency the Governor of the Black River Settlements.

MY LORD, *Government House, Black River Settlements.*

THE troops have arrived, and it is again with regret that I have to inform you that both their number and quality have occasioned

the most profound disappointment throughout the Black River Settlements. The Local Legislature, representing the Colonists who have hitherto with much firmness declined to take any steps to defend themselves, are of opinion that at least 30,000 men should have been despatched at this critical juncture. Moreover, they feel acutely the absence at such a moment of all arms of the service except the line, as they had expected a selection, at least, of the Household troops. In stating this I am, of course, only the mouthpiece of the Local Legislature. But from what I hear on all sides, it is my duty to point out to your Lordship, that if the connection of this Colony with the Mother Country is to be maintained, the Home Government must show a keener regard than it has hitherto done to the susceptibilities of the small but energetic community among whom I have the honour to represent Her Majesty's Government.

I have the honour to be, &c., &c.

The Right Hon. the Secretary of State for the Colonies, Downing Street.

SIR, *Colonial Office, Downing Street.*

HER MAJESTY'S Government, fully recognising the vast importance of the connection existing between the Black River Settlements and the Mother Country, have determined to despatch to those Settlements another army of 12,000. I regret that this force will not include Cavalry, and that the Household troops will not be represented in it, as at the present moment they are engaged on a similar service in the islands of the South Pacific. A distinguished Staff, however, has been placed at your disposal, and a new class of rockets, superior in calibre to any yet employed on field service, has been put in hand at Woolwich for the Black River Expeditionary Force. I regret that, as they have all hitherto burst in proving, they cannot accompany the present contingent. The despatch of reinforcements, together with the excellent bands of the regiments already on their way, may pacify local irritation, and strengthen those bonds of good feeling which are of such priceless value to the Mother Country. I have the honour to be, &c., &c.

His Excellency the Governor of the Black River Settlements.



CRUEL.

Fair One (during an interval in the Valse). "YOU'RE VERY FOND OF DANCING, AIN'T YOU?"

Brown. "YAAS. I GO IN FOR IT A GOOD DEAL."

Fair One. "I WONDER YOU DON'T LEARN!"

(Confidential.)

MY LORD, *Government House, Black River Settlements.*

I MUST make the best excuses I can to the Local Legislature; but I fear the scanty respect shown to the Colony by the Home Government will defy all my explanations. Can you not at least let a Royal Duke take the chief command? This, and an escort of the Blues, might create a better state of feeling; but I fear it is too late.

I have the honour to be, &c. &c.

The Right Hon. the Secretary of State for the Colonies, Downing Street.

(Confidential.)

DEAR SIR, *Colonial Office, Downing Street.*

THE last Royal Duke we could spare has gone to Fiji. The Blues are up the Congo. We have several Colonial wars on hand, so that I hope the Black River Settlements will take a kindly and considerate view of the situation. As we have Volunteers on guard at Windsor, and are involved in some awkward European complications, we should be very much obliged if you could let us have a few thousand troops back at the Colony's earliest convenience. But don't hurry.

I am, dear Sir, &c., &c.

His Excellency the Governor of the Black River Settlements.

(In Haste.)

MY LORD, *Ship Hotel, Black Town.*

I REGRET to inform you that I have been driven by a howling mob to this place for shelter, the Colony having formally declared its independence yesterday, and the Imperial forces having been pelted through the streets. Thank heaven! I propose to

A SEASONABLE REMINDER.

THERE are a good many degrees of charitable duty at this time between Mr. CHAR-RINGTON'S indiscriminate dole of cocoa and bread and buttoning one's pockets. The Rector of Whitechapel, writing from twelve years' experience among the poor of the East End of London, may help to remind us of the right mean between giving that makes or helps idleness, and giving that eases the pinch of poverty, wishful for work, but unable to find it.

Punch cannot turn his publicity to better account than by reprinting some words of this good Rector's, well worth weighing just now:—

"The able-bodied idlers who bawl out their wants in West-End squares, and then relieve them in the nearest publichouses, are beneath contempt, and should be taken care of by the police; but let us be careful lest the boisterous obtrusiveness of pretended want should cause us to withhold our sympathy and help from the numbers of the patient, uncomplaining, suffering poor who often need our sympathy, but whose wants are never so keenly felt as in hard times like the present."

Coming Down.

THE Electric Lamps in Billingsgate. They "throw a glare on the fish," and are unfavourable to the complexions of the fish-salesmen, who, under this uncompromising illuminating power, might be detected in blushing for the manoeuvres of the fish-ring, and the extortionate retail prices charged by the fishmongers.

Colonial Boredom.

OF all our Colonies the Cape is the most plague and the least profit. The Boers of the Transvaal provoke the Kaffirs to come down upon them, and then expect us to fight their battles. In short, these confounded Boers are about the greatest bores in being. JOHN BULL is very much disposed to swear that he can't and won't stand such a set of bores any longer.

start, with my family, the Colonial Secretary and Treasurer, the Chancellor, and the Colonial Archives for England to-morrow.

I have the honour to be, &c., &c.

The Right Hon. the Secretary for the Colonies, Downing Street.

Amalgamation Extraordinary.

A THEOLOGICAL Miscellany has been lately started under the title of the *Catholic Presbyterian*. The incongruity of this denomination will probably be imitated in dissenting literature by the production of periodicals after the like fashion, entitled the *Independent Wesleyan*, the *Unitarian Baptist*, the *Sandemanian Quaker*, the *Arminian Calvinist*, and the *Moravian Methodist*. To these might be added the *Nonconformist Churchman*; though that would really be a very accurate *alias* for a Ritualist parson. All right; and here's a health to the Ministers of all denominations—not even excepting those of the Party now in office!

A New Name for the New Manager.

"M. HALANZIER has resigned the management of the Opera—an event hailed with satisfaction by all interested in music, for his rule has long contributed to the decline of the Art. He was satisfied with depending for large receipts on the staircase, which being now familiar to everybody, his successor will have to rely, not on marble, but on music."—*Paris Correspondent of the Times.*

CONSIDERING the large part played by the staircase in the first success of the Paris Opera House thus far, why should not that theatre be rechristened by the new *impresario* La Scala?

A VICAR ON STRIKE.



THE Bishop of ROCHESTER has addressed to the Rev. H. A. WALKER, Vicar of St. James's, Hatcham, a fatherly admonition on Mr. WALKER's conduct, in having, because his Churchwarden had removed a cross and two candlesticks from a shelf in the Church on the previous Sunday, refused to perform both morning and evening service. If the Rev. Gentleman stands corrected, good. In that case the Bishop has said enough to him. Otherwise he might have said more.

He might have pointed out to him that in practically placing his parishioners under an interdict, he was making a Mediaeval Pope of himself—an extravagance less in place at

St. James's, Hatcham, than it would be at Colney Hatch.

The Bishop might also have informed Mr. WALKER that, in declining to officiate from mere displeasure with his Churchwarden, he had, in fact, struck work against his flock, and lowered himself to the level of a stupid trades-unionist on strike—one strike resembling the other in mischievous results—the workman's strike causing physical distress, and the Vicar's "spiritual destitution."

WITH MR. PUNCH'S REGRETS.

PUNCH owes an apology to a brother in wit and wisdom, pathos and humour. He could not put in an appearance at BRET HARTE's first lecture in this country on "The Argonauts of '49," thanks to the very inconvenient place and time fixed for it—to say nothing of a seasonable cold in the head which blinded his eyes and plugged his ears. With this apology to the author of "The Luck of Roaring Camp," and "The Heathen Chinese," he joins the hope that his Californian comrade will soon give his friends, Mr. PUNCH at their head, an opportunity of hearing him discourse of the modern Brotherhood of the Golden Fleece, at a more accessible place and available time, when the cold in Mr. P.'s head has forsaken its classic temple—as Mr. N. P. WILLIS wrote to the Hon. Mrs. NORTON—and left Mr. PUNCH with eyes to see and ears to hear. Let Mr. D'OYLY CARTE not put the cart before the horse next time, and PUNCH will be there to hail his *Cor Cordium*.

Weston's Great Walk.

"OUR OWN Correspondent" in the *Evening Standard*, of Jan. 24, writes—

"The fatigue of travelling, with scarcely any rest, in a close omnibus, naturally tells upon those who have undertaken to see WESTON through his arduous task."

It is no doubt a very hard case for WESTON's watchers in the close omnibus, but how about WESTON himself, in the open, with the crowd hustling him, and the north-east wind in his teeth, plodding his miserable two thousand miles through the frost and snow on his poor worn-out ten toes?

A MEETING OF EXTREMES.—The Vegetarian's ideal—*Ce-real-ism*.

"ARCADES AMBO" (IN TWO ARCADIAS).

(With Mr. Punch's Compliments to the Framers of the Bankruptcy Act that is to be.)

Re D'IDDLER.

A MEETING of the Creditors of Mr. J. D'IDDLER was held on Thursday last, to consider how that Gentleman's estate should be dealt with in the interest of his Creditors. It was announced that unsecured Creditors had claims upon the property to the extent of £45,000, and that Messrs. WORRY AND WAGGE (the well-known solicitors), held Bills of Sale upon the insolvent's furniture. The remaining assets were valued at £362 10s. 4½d.

A Creditor wished to know if the Insolvent had been guilty of fraud. Mr. WAGGE (of Messrs. WORRY AND WAGGE), repudiated any such insinuation. Their client was the very soul of honour. Mr. D'IDDLER had been a most energetic and enterprising, if unsuccessful trader. In this great commercial country an unsuccessful trader, he was sorry to say, was not an uncommon occurrence.

The Creditor was not satisfied. Had not Mr. D'IDDLER started without a single penny? Had he not driven about in a hired carriage ordering goods of all who were fools enough to trust him? Had he not sold those goods when supplied at a ruinous loss, and appropriated the proceeds to his own use?

Mr. WAGGE warned the speaker to be careful not to bring himself within the law of libel. It was the pride of his client that he commenced business (like many of our merchant princes) with Threepence in his pocket. It spoke volumes for the confidence he had created in his industry and intelligence, that he now stood in the proud position of owing Fifty Thousand Pounds.

A Creditor observed that his question had not been answered. Was it true that Mr. D'IDDLER had made away, at a ruinous rate, with the goods he had obtained upon credit?

Mr. WAGGE said that his client, acting as an intelligent man of business, on the principle of "small profits and quick returns," had certainly sold his stock at a reduction. But throughout his commercial career he had acted on his (Mr. WAGGE's) advice, and he (the Creditor) might be sure that he (Mr. WAGGE) would keep Mr. D'IDDLER clear of the Central Criminal Court.

A Creditor said that the business of the bankrupt, so called, looked very much like swindling, or in other and perhaps plainer terms, obtaining money on false pretences, an insinuation which was indignantly repudiated by Mr. WAGGE.

Another Creditor wished to know if the Insolvent had not settled on his wife the bulk of the property thus dishonestly realised.

Mr. WAGGE was happy to answer in the affirmative. Mr. D'IDDLER

was a most affectionate husband. He had settled a very considerable sum upon his wife; and it would be found that the deed bore a date which, he believed, would make it perfectly good in law.

A Creditor wished to know if the Insolvent had any arrangement to propose.

Mr. WAGGE said that Mr. D'IDDLER considered that, in his position, it was his business to consider rather than to make suggestions. He might add, however, that he held proxies from Messrs. BROWN, JONES, and ROBINSON, three of the largest creditors, who were prepared to vote for the estate going into liquidation.

A Creditor wished to know who were Messrs. BROWN, JONES, and ROBINSON.

Mr. WAGGE said that they were affectionate relatives of Mr. D'IDDLER—three of his uncles, in fact, who had made large advances in the hope of tiding him over the recent period of commercial pressure to which he had unfortunately succumbed.

A Creditor said he supposed there was nothing to be done?

Mr. WAGGE supposed that was about it. His partner, Mr. WORRY, had been appointed liquidator. He might add that as the expenses of liquidation already exceeded the amount of the assets, the Creditors would be put to no further trouble in the matter.

Mr. D'IDDLER then drove home in his wife's brougham.

JERRY SNEAK AGAIN.

This well-known impostor was once more charged at the Police Court.

It appears that the Prisoner had obtained goods to the amount of £2 5s. 4d. from various tradesmen on the pretence that he would pay for them by drawing upon his account in the Post-Office Savings Bank. Some of the goods were detained at the Pawnbrokers, with whom they had been pledged by the Prisoner's wife.

It was proved that the Prisoner had no account with the Post-Office Savings Bank.

On being asked for his defence, the Prisoner said he was starving. The Magistrate replied that that was no excuse. He had never had before him a clearer case of obtaining money under false pretences. It was a crime that could not be overlooked, and he should therefore send up the case for trial.

Bail having been refused, the Prisoner was removed to the House of Detention in the Police Van.

Impari Passu!

THOUGH DIZZY on resisting York
Sets hard his heavy right foot,
On Durham, buoyant as a cork,
He comes down with a *Lightfoot*.

AN EVERGREEN VEGETARIAN.



WE imagined that our old friend the *Fonetik Nuz* had long ago, as the Reporter said of an elephant in the Zoological Gardens, departed this life. But no. The *Times*, a few days since, published a letter bearing the signature of ELIAK PITMAN, and dated from the "Fonetik Institut," Bath. This communication Mr. PITMAN has written "foneticalli," as he says is his custom. It is mainly a commendation of Vegetarianism and Teetotalism, which he, being now "siksti-feiv yearz of aij," has practised for the last forty years. He testifies that:—

"Theez forti years have been spent in kontineus laiber in konekshon with the invenshon and propagashon ov mei sistem ov fonetik shorthand and fonetik spelling, korrespondenz, and the editorial deutis of mei weekli jurnal."

His "weekli jurnal" is of course the *Fonetik Nuz*, still alive and kicking, as the People say—kicking against etymology and common sense. Its longevity seems even more wonderful than its editor's survival of his "forti yearz" regimen to the "aij" of "siksti feiv." His circulation has been maintained on that regimen, but what can have supported that of his paper?

Spelling Bees have for some time dropped out of vogue, or else a "Fonetik" Spelling Bee might answer Mr. PITMAN's purpose of propagating his peculiar orthography. He would not, of course, be deterred from that expedient by any remark which might possibly be made that he had a Spelling Bee in his bonnet.

A Wail from the Wastepaper-Basket.

PITY poor *Punch*, with PEACE Folly's tongue to set agoing—
AND GERRY to keep Silliness's sauce at flood-tide flowing!
Six wastepaper-baskets loaded—out of those two names alone!
And *Punch* is to keep silence e'en from bad words—and not groan!

THE BEST SECURITY FOR A NEW TURKISH LOAN.—Old Turkish Customs—the oldest not to pay Turkish Debts.

PARI PASSU.

A WEARINESS to the Body—WESTON's Walk.
A weariness to the Mind—The reports of it.

THE LIMITS OF FREE TRADE (according to the Shop).—This side the Stores.

"IN THE NAME OF THE PROPHET—FIGS!"

THE following letter, apparently from one of the speakers at a recent "Anti-Co-operative" meeting, has been sent to 85, Fleet Street, for publication:—

MR. PUNCH,

I CAN scarcely write for indignation! Parliament is to meet and there is to be no Queen's Speech! Sir, it is disgraceful, scandalous! Lord BEACONSFIELD should be turned out of his situation. We, the shopkeepers of England, pay him, Sir, and we have a right to insist upon his giving us money's worth for our money. His salary, and the salaries of all his fellow Civil Servants should be cut down. It is high time we should touch British statesmen in their most sensitive point—their pockets. Cabinet Ministers and Civil Servants should henceforth be placed upon the same footing. Both are dependants of the public, from whose hard earnings they receive their enormous salaries, and both should be equally liable to dismissal for flying in the face of those who pay them; in too many cases for doing nothing, or worse than nothing.

The shopkeepers of this great Metropolis—that great class to whom BRITANNIA owes the sovereignty of the waves, the roast beef of Old England, and the flag that braved for a thousand years the battle and the breeze—expected a Queen's Speech. That expectation is to be disappointed! Again I am forced to pause—I can scarcely write for indignation!

Surely it will not be pretended that there was no subject calling for public remark. Hardly, when the shopkeepers of London—that body of men who form the very marrow and sinews of the nation—are crying trumpet-tongued for justice. And when—unless justice is done them—the sun of the British Empire is in all probability about to set for ever.

But the overpaid Cabinet shall have no excuse. Doubtless Lord BEACONSFIELD and his labour-shirking colleagues are spending the hours they charge to the public in writing novels, reading the papers, or toasting various parts of their persons at roaring office fires, kept up at the expense of the retail tradesmen of the country. We know but too well what goes on in those luxurious resorts of the Civil Service. But they shall have no excuse. As Lord BEACONSFIELD has neglected to prepare a Queen's Speech, I have supplied the omission, and would suggest as appropriate to the present crisis—

"MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

"I FEEL bound to address you upon a matter of the most urgent importance. A gigantic scandal exists in this Metropolis—the Civil Service Stores. I expect that you will immediately suppress this most pernicious, not to say, infamous institution.

"I regret to say that hostilities have broken out between my troops and the Zulus. This untoward event is entirely owing to the Civil Service Stores. Had the *employés* in the Colonial Office devoted more attention to South Africa, and less care to Grocery, the lamentable collision in South Africa might doubtless have been averted.

"The Afghan difficulty is still far from solved. There is no doubt that SHERE ALI elected to throw in his lot with the Czar of RUSSIA, on account of the existence of the Civil Service Stores. The AMEER very naturally felt that the power of England was shaken to its foundation by the existence of an institution which struck at the very existence of the British Retail Traders as a body.

"It is unnecessary to point out that the prevailing distress, the unusually severe winter, the recent failure of several banks, and the many burglaries at Blackheath are largely, if not entirely, owing to the insidious influence of the Civil Service Stores, though time will not allow me to trace the connection at present.

"GENTLEMEN OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS,

"You will be asked to vote an enormous sum for Supplies. The Estimates that will be placed before you would have been far smaller had it not been for the existence of the Civil Service Stores.

"MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

"I MUST request that you will suspend all attempts at Legislation until you have dealt with the all-important subject of the abominable Civil Service Stores. As you know, England is a nation of shopkeepers, and the question thus becomes one of eminently Imperial interest.

"I now dismiss you to your duties. When I address you again at the close of the Session, I hope I shall be able to congratulate you upon the utter stamping out of the plague of Co-operation, that economical Black Death which threatens England with consequences just as fatal as those with which the plague menaces Russia!"

That, Mr. *Punch*, is the sort of Queen's Speech we want. And if we don't have it, let Lord BEACONSFIELD and his colleagues tremble, at the wrath of a

JUSTLY INDIGNANT TRADESMAN.

AUTOMATIC COUPLINGS.—Scotch marriages.



GENTLES! Great Punch and Toby here entwine
For ye a mystic floral Valentine.

Midst flowery emblems hid, the searching eye
Most clear and pregnant meanings may espy.



"AT FIRST HAND."

Country Connoisseur. "Now, you are quite sure those are real 'Chromos'—"

Country Dealer (Draper and Grocer, &c.). "Oh yes, Sir—We always has 'em direct from his studio, Sir!"

TWO QUALITIES OF MERCY.

(UNSTRAINED.)

(For Passing Sentence on a Bank Clerk.)

PRISONER AT THE BAR,

I have not the slightest doubt about the justice of the verdict. You have disgracefully betrayed your trust. You have been found guilty of forgery—a crime which only a few years ago was punishable with death. You forged a document, by which you would have received five pounds had not your deception been detected in the very nick of time. It has been urged that you have a wife and six small children dependent upon you for support. In my eyes, this is an aggravation of your crime. Not only have you brought ruin upon yourself, but upon your family. It has also been urged, that as your crime was detected in its incipient stage, you did not actually receive any profit by the transaction. I

need scarcely observe, that this is quite beside the question. You are punished that others may take warning from your fate, and thus avoid your evil courses. However, as the Jury have rather strangely recommended you to mercy, I will not be harsh. I award you eighteen years—to be passed in penal servitude.

(STRAINED CAREFULLY.)

(For Passing Sentence upon a Body of Bank Directors.)

PRISONERS AT THE BAR,

For thus, painful as it may be to my feelings, I must call you. A Jury of your countrymen, after a long trial, have, with whatever reluctance, found you guilty—a word I use with the greatest possible regret. It is not for me to comment upon the harshness of the language used in the indictment. I sit here as Judge, not as public prosecutor, and I am deeply thankful that the cruel duty of the prosecution has not devolved on me. It is to me a source of deep satisfaction that you have not been proved to have received in your own name, and on your private accounts, any identifiable portion of the large sums obtained by the publication of false balance sheets, and other documents of a misleading character, which you have been found guilty of fabricating and issuing. Had you been distinctly traced in putting into your own pockets, all, or most, of the money obtained by means of these highly coloured publications, I should have considered your conduct (I trust you will pardon me for saying so) decidedly open to severer animadversion than I feel it necessary to apply to it under the actual circumstances of the case. May I be permitted to hint, that it would have been better if you had not paid so many millions into the accounts of firms so closely connected with your own body. I cannot help thinking, that the advocate who has conducted the prosecution, has (no doubt unconsciously) exceeded his duty. He has painted—with a strength of colouring which it might, perhaps, under the circumstances, have shown better taste to have toned down—the ruin flowing from what he calls your misdeeds. You have thus been put to a great deal of, what I must call, superfluous suffering. I do not, for my part, quite see what the wholesale ruin of widows and orphans has to do with the matters at issue in this case. However, I must take the law as I find it; and the law, I am afraid, with its habitual sternness, proclaims you guilty. The verdict of the Jury to that effect has been received with a great deal of unseemly applause, which it was my duty, however reluctantly, to repress. It is my painful task to remind you that you are about to be punished, that others may take warning from your fate, and thus avoid what I trust you will allow me to call your evil courses. Under these circumstances, I feel it my duty to sentence the two most blameable of you to eighteen, the less culpable—and I am happy to add, the most of you—to eight months' imprisonment—of course, without hard labour, in both cases.

EDISON EXTINGUISHED.

THE real modern *Aladdin's* Magician is Mr. SUGG, who, by means of his improved burner, gives us "new lamps for old ones." See the Waterloo Road and Waterloo Place *passim*. "O, si sic omnia"—if all gas-lights were like these, who would ask for Edison and electricity?

SUNDAY CLOSING AND CRIME.



MR. PUNCH, YOUR
HONOUR,

In the course of a speech delivered at the Lord Mayor of Dublin's recent Banquet, the Duke of MARLBOROUGH made these notable observations:—

"He was sorry to say that crime had increased, both in offences against property and person. Drunkenness, he hoped, would be diminished by the recent and useful Act for Sunday closing."

In the meanwhile, Mr. Punch, has drunkenness, in fact, been diminished? If drunkenness is a principal cause of crime, then, Sir, surely increase of crime ought not to have accompanied diminution of drunkenness. Or, to put it the other way, if crime, "both in the offences against property and

person," have really increased, should not drunkenness have increased too? Has it, or hasn't it, Sir?

His Grace was pleased to add that—

"As to agrarian crimes, he trusted that the principle of live and let live would become more the law of the country."

The principle of "live and let live" is as much the law of the country as it can be. Only it isn't quite so generally adopted as it should be by the people of the country. In Ireland, at present, I grieve to say, instead of letting estate agents and landlords live, agrarian criminals seem more in favour of shooting them. For this state of things, Sir, if the Sunday Closing Bill is not to blame, are the Temperance blazers quite sure it's your humble Servant,

POTHEEN?

THE SONG OF THE SHOP.

AIR—"The Leather Bottel."

WHEN I survey the country round,
The myriad shops which do abound,
The goods that are displayed therein
To tempt all buyers possessed of "tin"—
Let you sniggerin' Swells say what they can,
'Tis for wholesale good of Retailing Man.

So I wish him sorrow, where'er he dwell,
Who first discovered the Co-op. Swell!

Now what do you say to these precious Stores?
Oh, they are the biggest and worst of bores.
If they continue to thrive and pay,
The Retail Trade will have had its day.
It's a scurvy trick of the Nobs to go
And combine to ruin Retailers so.

So I wish him sorrow, where'er he dwell,
Who first discovered the Co-op. Swell!

And what shall we say to their Customers fine?
Oh, they shall have no praise of mine,
For they flock to the Stores with their ready cash,
And care not a fig though we go to smash.
But if they are dealing with us, d'ye see,
They want two years' credit, and sometimes three.
So I wish him sorrow, where'er he dwell,
Who first discovered the Co-op. Swell.

Then their Civil Service, as thinks no shame,
To rob the Country, which that's their game:
For they waste half their time scribbling essays and tales,
And reading the papers and trimming their nails.
And when they've done that, and got jolly well paid,
They combine to ruin the Retail Trade.

So I wish him sorrow, where'er he dwell,
Who first discovered the Co-op. Swell.

But we do not intend to be choused like this,
We will meet, and palaver, and howl, and hiss,
And write to the papers about our position,
And Parliament's aid in the matter petition.
And the Member who will not espouse our cause,
Won't win our votes howsoever he jaws.

Oh, I wish him sorrow, where'er he dwell,
Who first discovered the Co-op. Swell!

FRIENDS AT A DISTANCE.

Being a Brief Record of a few Winter-seasonable Visits to certain Country Houses.

VISIT THE SECOND.—CHAPTER XII.

A JOLLY EVENING AT PILTON'S.

The Glass—Pilton's Anticipations—His Objections—Agreement—Arguments—Female Piltons—Description—Lively—Pilton's Ideas—Proposals—Young Fisher—His Refusal—Annoyance—No Amusement—Dermod's Anecdotes—Fisher's Tunes—The Games—Desperation.

THE looking-glass in my room at The Hutch is unique of its kind,—at least I hope so. It is a very small glass, in a thick, heavy, mahogany-coloured frame, supported by two pillars fancifully shaped like the letter "S," the curve at the base of each pillar being fixed into an imitation mahogany stand. The glass itself is about six inches by eight, and the chest of drawers on which it stands being only about three feet from the ground, I have either to bend over the glass, with a candle in one hand and a hair-brush in the other, or to slope the glass towards me, and kneel down before it, at the imminent risk of dropping the wax on my head, and, probably, getting my parting all wrong. In neither case is the result satisfactory, and the effort of trying to get a view of the top of my head gives me a headache. The difficulty, however, is to induce the glass to remain in any fixed position for more than two seconds. There is a screw loose somewhere at the side, but the only remedy, apparently, is by inserting wedges of paper, which process occupies the greater part of my valuable dressing-time. By daylight the glass reproduces my face tinted with a curious sea-green colour, and my hair is reflected as a sort of washed-out whitey brown; the whole picture representing the Portrait of a Gentleman in an advanced stage of biliousness. PILTON says he "doesn't object to this sort of glass;" but then he hasn't to use it. I have.

"We shall have a jolly evening," says PILTON to me before dinner. "PETER DERMOD's capital company. There's FISHER, too—a very amusing fellow—and his sister, one of the best musicians you ever heard."

I am glad of this. According to PILTON's account, the evening promises well.

"I object," says PILTON, in a tone of annoyance, as if I had been contradicting him, or propounding some un congenial theory, "I object to ordinary people in a house. I object"—he will use this formula—"to your namby-pamby Misses, who can only squeak out of tune, and play school exercises on the piano."

I hasten to disabuse him of any idea, which he apparently entertains—for he is talking at me as well as to me—as to my having a predilection for squeaking girls, and unmusical exercises. In fact nothing bores me so much. He takes no notice of my answer, but continues in the same strain, as though I were entirely opposed to him.

"I object," he says, with increasing irritation—he is really making himself angry about nothing—"I object to fellows who can't do anything—who have no conversation, who talk about the weather, and can only come into the drawing-room after dinner, and sit about staring at one another, like stuck pigs."

I warmly protest that no one can object to such proceedings, on anybody's part, whoever they may be, more than I do. The more completely I agree with him, the more emphatic he becomes; so that it really seems as if he wished me to take up the opposite side, for the sake of argument.

"I object to mere tittle-tattle, and gossip," he goes on; "I like some fun after dinner."

I assure him that, I personally, shan't stand in his way, as from his manner he appears to anticipate my turning out a sort of kill-joy.

"I object to doing nothing after dinner," he says, as he leaves the room.

I comfort him with the prospect of our doing something. What does he want us to do? Fireworks? Dance? I suppose I shall find out; but somehow he seems to have aroused within me the very spirit of opposition to amusement to which he "objects" so strongly. If there is one thing I detest above another, it is being forcibly driven into amusing oneself, or other people. If the amuse-

ment arises spontaneously, "then," as I say to PILTON at dessert, "it is safe to be a success."

"Oh!" retorts PILTON, "if we're to wait for everyone to amuse themselves by inspiration, we should have to wait a long time. You must have some one to start it."

The female PILTONS—Mrs. PILTON and three daughters, who are not so much chips of the old block, as dried-up shavings from the parent maternal stock—are about the very last people to do anything amusing, or to appreciate it when done. They are as stiff, as cold, and as highly polished on the surface as new drawing-room pokers; and the expression on their four countenances, which must be taken by courtesy to represent a smile, is what might be produced on most people's faces by the sudden and unexpected swallowing of bad soda-water. When they do laugh, which is quite exceptional, it is as though they were, for the nonce, tolerating something vulgar, in the absence of getting any entertainment of a higher class. They look chilly; and their sentences are frozen up short. They like talking of titled people, and these, I find, are all on Mamma's side, Papa belonging, they in effect intimate, to a lower order of beings.

PILTON, in despite of living in this refrigerating atmosphere, considers himself an essentially jovial fellow. He is always bent on amusement, and must very seldom find his ideas realised. His one great notion of amusement after dinner is "games." He doesn't know any himself, but he expects his guests to have a number of games at their fingers' ends. He can't imagine any greater enjoyment than dressing up and performing a charade.

After dinner he proposes this. It is not jumped at. PETER DERMOT, who likes to sit over a cigar, says, "Ah, capital fun," but excuses himself from any physical exertion on the score of gout in his right foot.

Young FISHER, whom I had expected to find—according to PILTON's description of him—"such an amusing fellow," is evidently very nervous, and on being asked by PILTON if he will join in a charade, replies that "he hasn't done such a thing for an age—and that really—he can't act—indeed he can't—at all."

But PILTON remonstrates, "You can dress up."

"Yes," FISHER, with a timid smile, admits. "Yes,—oh yes,—I can dress up—but," he pleads, more nervously and piteously than ever, "I can't do anything when I am dressed up."

"Pooh," says PILTON, encouragingly, "we'll all help you."

Poor FISHER looks despairingly round to us, as though to appeal against being sacrificed as a victim to his host's idea of amusement. The others at table—there are several to whom I have not been introduced—hope that FISHER will dress up and amuse the company. We don't care what he dresses up as, if he will only settle it with PILTON, and leave us to enjoy ourselves in peace.

"You can't think," says PILTON, looking round to us, and then nodding his head sideways towards FISHER, as indicating the object of his eulogium, "you can't think what a first-rate actor he is. He's splendid!"

A feeble protest from FISHER, who is heard to murmur to his neighbour that "PILTON is mistaken—that he isn't anything of the sort."

"Oh, you are," PILTON asserts, contradicting him positively. "You are, only he's afraid of doing it before you,"—this to me—"and DERMOT."

I declare that no one is more easily pleased than myself (if I'm only let alone and not worried and bothered), and PETER DERMOT bears witness to himself as being the most uncritical man in existence.

"Yes," says PILTON to us, "you fellows who are always seeing the best acting, can make allowance for an amateur,"—this is pleasant for FISHER, though beyond dressing up, I haven't a notion what he is being called upon to do, or in what his peculiar talent lies—"and we'll all join. We'll all dress up, and do something. It will amuse the Ladies."

I, for one, venture my opinion that the Ladies—I am thinking chiefly of the Piltons—do not want to be amused in this way.

"It's so meaningless," I protest.

"It's not more meaningless," PILTON retorts, "than sitting there doing nothing."

This argument appears unanswerable, at all events no one likes to contradict our host, and so an awkward silence ensues, which is broken by PETER DERMOT observing, in an undertone, to young FISHER, that, "he'd better dress up and have done with it."

FISHER replies also in an undertone that "he doesn't see the fun of it when he is dressed up."

"Oh!" exclaims PILTON, evidently disgusted with FISHER's unexpected obstinacy, "of course there's no fun in it, if he won't see any in it. He used to be very different."

We see that the fate of the unhappy FISHER is sealed. He won't be asked again to PILTON's, unless, to quote the old song, "he smiles as he was wont to smile."

PILTON is annoyed. He has looked forward to a rollicking evening,

and we won't rollick. A gloom seems to have fallen on the company, and PILTON passes the wine sulkily, as if he grudged it to a set of people in whom he has been bitterly disappointed. It occurs to me that, living in such a house with only his female wet-blanket society, he must have looked forward immensely to the chance of an amusing evening among a few fresh faces, and hearing some fresh ideas. In fact we had been asked to cheer him up, to amuse him, in his own way, and we have, with ungrateful unanimity, disappointed him in his object, by expressing a decided preference for amusing ourselves in our own quiet way,—our quiet way being a real relief to us who have come from London.

But PILTON is grievously hurt about his guests,—they won't do anything. He had evidently told his neighbours who have come in to dinner, what a jovial evening they were going to have, what capital stories PETER DERMOT would tell, what a song I should sing (I'm sure he has told them this), what marvellous imitations of popular actors young FISHER would give, how charmingly Miss FISHER sings, with various other inducements to "look in during the evening," which had put the neighbours, like JOHN GILPIN's family, "all agog," and on the tip-toe of expectation.

PETER DERMOT's stories are all lost, chiefly because the point of most of his anecdotes, as we now find, depends on his audience knowing the people of whom he is talking. I try to assist him, pretending to remember the chief *dramatis personæ* of his anecdotes, but this helps nobody else, and as the others turn away and talk in undertones among themselves on local matters, PETER DERMOT has no one to whom he can tell his old stories—and they are old—except myself; and, not wanting to be bored, I stop him at the outset with the information that "I've heard it before,"—whatever it is.

THE AGONIES OF 'ATCHAM.

Atcham, Feb. 3, 1879.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

WE ave ad such rows in Our Parish Church wick it's all Walker. Mr. Sanders he tried to restore Peace to us (not the Convic) by removin of the Brazen Images wick the new parson ad put up but it was no go. For in this New Religion you can't get on nohow without Cymbals of Devotion. But praps dear Sir you can recomend us an Old-fashioned parson who can Pray without too Brass Candlesticks and a Golden cross. My Wife she as been to st Albans and she raves about the Copes and the Chasibles and the Surpluses to that extent that I shall not



Wonder if She finds out that She cannot go to Heaven without She says her Prayers in a Sky Blue Pettycoat with Golden Stars on. Wich all their millinery and joolry don't suit my taste and I am Disgusted at their New-Fashioned fakements and am dear Sir

Yours Truly,

AN AGRIEVED PARISHINER.

THE VERY LAST ABOUT THE LOTTERY.

MR. PUNCH, SIR,

POOR ould Ireland is always being insulted in the person of her sons. It is meself that has been insulted this time, mighty bad. Bad cess to thim! French Government!—Sure, it's nothing but a gang of dirty, cheatin' spalpeens that's in it. See here now, Sir. Didn't I put a thirteen out of my own pocket into a ticket for this Exhibition Lottery. And what's come of it? Divil a haporth. Others have tould how they were deceived. But sure it's meself has a bigger grievance than the gentleman who wrote to the *Times* to say the Ninth Series was an unlucky one. When I read that, I said to meself, sure its meself has a chance; for my ticket was in the Tinth Series. And if the Ninth wins nothin, sure the Tinth's safe to win all the more. But all the same, sorra the prize I've got, wid lucky numbers turnin' up all about where my number ought to have been, all along o' me havin' lost my ticket, and disremembered the figgers. And I'll go bail, I wouldn't be allowed a prize if I did remimber the figgers an it ever so, barrin' I showed my ticket. So, now Sir, how could I win? It was a swindle all along.

Yours, indignantly,

BRUCE O'LENN.



CONSEQUENCES OF THE TOWER OF BABEL.

SCENE—A Table d'hôte Abroad.

He. "PARLEZ-VOUS FRANÇAIS, MADEMOISELLE?" She. "No, Sir."—He. "SPRECHEN SIE DEUTSCH, FRAÜLEIN?" She. "No."
 He. "HABLA USTED ESPAÑOL, SEÑORITA?" She. "No."—He. "PARLATE ITALIANO, SIGNORINA?" She. "No!" (Sighs.)
 (Pause.)
 She. "DO YOU SPEAK ENGLISH, SIR?" He. "HÉLAS! NON, MADEMOISELLE!" (Sighs deeply.)

THE LAY OF THE DEMON PLUMBER.

(A Seasonable Pean.)

It's ho! and oho! for the jolly Jack Frost,
 And the pranks he plays up, to my Customers' cost!
 'Tis a precious ill wind as blows nobody good,
 And a nipping North-Easter is most to my mood;
 When it freezes the cisterns, and plugs up the pipes,
 Oh, I laughs till the tears from my hopties I wipes;
 For it's follered in course by the loveliest thaw;
 And then there's such gammocks as never you saw;
 For the men and the survint-maids comes all a-blow,
 From a'most every house in a'most every row:
 Crying, "Come, Mr. PLUMBER—immejtit—you must!
 For the cistern is leaking, the pipes is all bust!
 The water's all spouting, and running to waste;
 We are reglar swomped out—do, for gracious, make haste!"
 They all sing the same song, but I dordles along;
 To expect me to 'urry is coming it strong!
 And when I arrives, oh! the blokes and their wives,
 And the slaves nigh worritted out of their lives!
 Such larks! There's the water all squashin' and squirtin',
 And tricklin', and streamin', and spoutin', and spirtin',
 And everythink dancin', and drenchin', and dirtin',
 Spilin' ceilings, and walls, and the Guvnor's front-shirtin',
 As he tries to stop wents, his white knuckles much 'urtin',
 Which makes him use languidge,—oh, ain't it diwertin':
 Then the mean 'uns, as, bent upon saving a mag,
 Tries botchin' the 'oles up with putty and rag!
 Don't I drench them to rights? Don't I tip it 'em stiff?
 Ain't it scrumptious to watch 'ow they boggle and sniff?
 Oh, I do hate a stingy and meddlin' old messer!
 Then I outs with my tools, with my shaveback and dresser,

My turnpin and egg-iron, solder and soil,
 My taller, and rosin, and whitelead, and oil.
 ('Arf on 'em 's no use, but they make a good show,
 And with green 'uns that 's jest arf the fight, don't yer know.)
 Then I turns up the carpets and ile-cloths all round;
 Tramps up and down stairs with a thunderin' sound;
 And I arks for a fire, and I 'ints for some beer,
 And I kicks up a stink as makes Missis turn queer.
 If they "part," wy I cock my heye knowing and chat;
 If they don't, I turn sulky and swear at the cat—
 Which she always comes sniffing and goes on the scare—
 If they 'urries, I tells 'em to keep on their 'air;
 For a job such as this is a thing as takes time.
 Wy not? Easy does it, and fudgin's no crime.
 Then, when they're well soaked, worried out of their wits,
 And the fire nigh poked out with my irons and bits,
 When the fumes of my solder has got in their eyes,
 When I've sp'iled a few gimeracks with lampblack and size,
 Dropped taller in lumps on the floors here and there,
 And broken the back or the seat of a chair,
 Broke three or four bells, or maybe 'arf-a-dozen,
 When everyone's grubby and cross and 'arf frozen,
 Wy I manages somehow to fake up a jint—
 If they think it's a laster, it may disappoint,
 'Cos we've got to make hay while the sun shines, yer know,
 Leastways, pile the dibs while there's frost, ice, and snow.
 There is lots more a-waiting, I sarves them the same,
 And so, smart and lively, I keeps up the game.
 Other trades may spout strong 'bout the beauties o' summer,
 But a jolly 'ard winter's the time for the Plumber!

HOME-RULERS NOT AT HOME.—In England.



“HOT WATER, SIR!”

AT THE SHRINE OF ST. VALENTINE.



INCE MARCUS
WARD, Messrs.
DE LA RUE,
RIMMEL, and
their innumera-
ble imitators,
have taken to
flood the world
with sweetness
and song, in the

shape of pretty cards, odoriferous sachets, and
graceful little gifts of fans, earrings, brooches,
and so forth, speeded by graceful verses, old and
new, and wreathed with flowers that breathe

ours only less sweet than the living blossoms they imitate, no wonder if Valentines be once
re in full fashion. Punch has no objection, if the Postmen don't mind. But when they
carrying their burdens on the 14th, a few hundred-weight, more or less, matters not much.
Suppose the notion to be developed, and his friends to want hints for the 14th, let them
k and choose among the following Gift-Valentines:—

To Lord Beaconsfield.—A new Box of Conjuring Tricks.

To Mr. Gladstone.—The Heart of Mid Lothian.

To Sir Wilfrid Lawson.—The old game of the Inexhaustible Bottle.

To Professor Edison.—An Extinguisher for the Electric Light.

To the Gas and Coke Company.—The story of Aladdin—or what comes of changing old
ats for new ones.

To the Sultan of Turkey.—A new Loan on old securities.

To the Khédive of Egypt.—A breed of Bears from the London Stock Exchange.

To Prince Bismarck.—A bundle of Spills for pipe-lights (made from torn-up Treaties).

To M. Waddington.—A Suit of couleur de rose (in exchange for the Cambridge "Light
to").

To the French Republic.—Anything but a Grévy Spoon.

And to Mr. Punch.—Seven tons of Voluntary Contributions for the waste-paper basket,
of them ringing the changes on PEACE and GRÉVY.

THE CROWN AND ITS
SERVANTS.

*A Comedy of Real (Co-operative) Life (Ac-
cording to the Middle-Man).*

SCENE—The luxuriously furnished drawing-
room of an aristocratic West-End
mansion. Two Servants of the Crown
discovered lounging on the balcony, and
drinking Chartreuse Verte, from a Co-
operative Store, in tumblers. Time,
half-past two in the afternoon.

FIRST SERVANT. Come, PLANTAGENET, my
boy, another glass, and then we can just
loungue down together, and look in at the
Shop.

Second Servant. As early as this, CHOL-
MONDELEY, old fellow? Why, I never show
at the place before a quarter to four, and
then only for the purpose of writing a few
private letters on Government paper, and
saving the postage. Ha! ha! that is the
way I serve the Crown.

First Servant. Serve it out, you should
say, rather. Excellent! But I wasn't re-
ferring to the Tooth-pick and Collar-button
Office. No, I haven't set my foot in there
for nine months, except to play *carté* with
my Chief. I meant the Shop—the Shop we
swear by and toast. [Drinks.]

Second Servant. Ah, the Stores! Then
I'm your man. Many are the six hours at
a stretch that I have passed there, day
after day, week after week, year after year,
idling the time that I owe to the tax-payer
over the merry invoice and the festive
balance-sheet. Ah, CHOLMONDELEY, it is a
wild and stirring life!

First Servant. Yes, in truth, and enables
us, while we live like Dukes, to do so, if
at some sacrifice of principle, at least at
a moderate cost. Ay, it is a stirring life!
Many a ton of lemon-drops and bird-seed
have I had in without wanting them,
merely to annoy the upstart tradesman,
who would sell them to me at an exorbitant
profit.

Second Servant. Hush! Not so loud!
See, in the street below, another omnibus
—full of respectable shopkeepers—passes
on its way to the Workhouse. That is
the thirteenth I have counted this after-
noon. Ha! ha! we triumph! Did they
think to battle with wealth like ours?

First Servant. You are right, PLANTA-
GENET. Let the dogs bark. It wants some-
thing more than the ruin of the whole
retail trade of England to touch the roy-
stering, reckless, spendthrift Croesuses, who,
like you and me, touch not a penny less of
the public money—

Second Servant. Than £220 a year a-
piece, rising by £5 annual increment to
£300!

[They finish the Chartreuse as the Cur-
tain falls.]

Choice by Caucus.

It may be doubted if the proceedings
of "The General Committee of Two Hun-
dred of the Southwark Liberal Associa-
tion" the other day in Caucus assembled,
and holding a Competitive Examination for
Members of Parliament, are likely to ben-
efit the Liberal interest. Yet they may not,
perhaps, prove to be altogether without
their use. The majority of the respect-
able inhabitants of the Borough may be
so far influenced by the selection of the
Caucus, as to conclude that the man of
their choice is, in all likelihood, the Candi-
date not to vote for.



"ALARUMS, EXCURSIONS."

Perplexed Old Lady (at Scotch Junction in a Fog). "AH HAE MA BUNDLE—AN' AH HAE MA TEECK'T—BUT FA'S THE DEE-SIDE REL-RO'D ! !"

SCIENTIFIC CAUSES AND EFFECTS.

MR. PUNCH,

My ignorant and sluggish mind has been roused to some semblance of activity by certain communications to the Public Press touching "the influence of the Spots on the Sun on the Iron Trade." I rejoice that this theory has been propounded—I hope not ironically—because it seems to point to an explanation of other mysterious influences which have long defied the astronomer, the philosopher, the biologist and the natural historian.

Why (for example) are earthquakes invariably followed by commotions in the South American Republics?

Why within ten days, or at the utmost, a fortnight from an eruption of Vesuvius, is there sure to be an attack of measles in the East-end of London?

Why is a landslip simultaneous with the failure of a bank?

Why are the craters in the moon affected by the depression of trade?

Why are a blazing comet with a long tail and a brilliantly successful novel in three volumes so often coincident in their appearance?

Why is the ebb and flow of the tide connected with the increase and decrease of marriages in the United Kingdom?

Why is a falling star coupled with ALBERT GRANT's failure?

Why does the planet Venus shine with particular brightness on St. George's, Hanover Square?

Why is a parhelion, or mock sun, a link with the Viceroy of IRELAND?

Why is a rainbow in Spring certain to be succeeded by a display of prismatic colours in drapers' windows?

Why do dairy-farmers (as it is believed) secretly worship the moon?

Why was the "Great Bear" looked up to as an authority on the Eastern Question?

How are we to account for the remarkable phenomenon of the rolling-stock of the Great Northern Railway being affected, in the Winter quarter, by the Aurora Borealis or Northern Lights?

When I ponder the connection between the Spots on the Sun and the Iron Trade, I do not despair of finding in due time a solution of these and many similar problems which shall be overwhelmingly convincing even to an

IGNORAMUS.

THE PALACE OF ART.

I BUILT myself a high-art pleasure-house
For my sick soul at peace therein to dwell.
I said, "I have the true æsthetic nous,
And can design it well."

'Twas dull red brick, with gables set galore,
And little light did through the windows pass,
For 'twas shut out by thick lead frames that bore
Quarrels of grey-green glass.

The dadoed walls, in green were stained, no tint
Which common blue and yellow mingled make;
But a green y-wrought—of sepia without stint—
With indigo and lake.

Nor grained panel nor enamelled slate
Was there to jar on my artistic sight;
Plain ebon woodwork framed the open grate,
And over,—blue and white.

Two lovely griffins, made of burnished brass,
I found, to guard the fireplace on each side,
With curling tails (though one was lost, alas!),
And mouths that gaped wide.

All round the rooms were shelves of black-dyed deal,
On which stood pots and plates of every hue;
Whilst far apart two liliéd angels kneel
In Robbia white and blue.

One deep recess, serge-covered, like a lawn,
Held, on a brass-nailed shelf, its seat of state,
Apart from other pots and pans withdrawn,
An ancient kitchen-plate.

"Hence whilst the world runs round and round," I said,
"I will send forth my wits to gather wool;
With task or toil I will not vex my head;
But on that plate feed full."

So day and night upon that plate I gazed,
And strove to fix thereon what thought I had;
Until my sight grew dim, and my sense dazed,
And my digestion bad.

My brain shrunk like a nut adust and dried;
I felt that I was not at all myself,
And longed to lay my dwindled wits beside
That plate upon that shelf.

That ancient plate of willow-pattern blue,
Which so absorbéd had my every thought,
I seemed to live thereon, and slowly grew
Confucian, clear of thought.

One year I gazed upon that much-loved plate,
Till at the last the sight began to pall.
I said, "How know I 'tis of ancient date,
Or China-ware at all?"

So when one year was wholly finishèd,
I put that willow-pattern plate away.
"Now rather bring me Satsuma!" I said,
"Or blue-green Cloisonnée.

"For I am sick of this pervading hue,
Steepèd wherein this landscape, stream, and sky,
To my heart-weary question, 'Is all blue?'
'Yea, all is blue,' reply.

"Yet do not smash the plate I so admired,
When first my high æsthetic house I built;
I may come back to it, of Dresden tired,
And Sèvres gaily gilt."

Beati Possidentes.

It is announced that the Emperors of Germany and Austria have agreed to declare the stipulation of the Treaty of Prague reserving to North Schleswig the right to elect its nationality null and void. Prince BISMARCK, like *Falstaff*, doesn't like paying back. The Great Chancellor never refunds. Considering the messes His Highness has accustomed himself to swallow, the wonder is that he can live *without*.



A "ONER" FOR OUR ARTIST.

Our Artist. "WHAT SORT OF FELLOW'S THE NEW ASSOCIATE, JEAKES?"

His Model. "VERY NICE GENTLEMAN INDEED, SIR."

Our Artist. "GOOD-LOOKING?"

His Model. "OH DEAR NO, SIR! WEARS SPECTACLES!!"

THE COMING LION.

THERE appears to be a treat in store for the British "Population." They have reason to expect the arrival, shortly, of a great Lion—not a Lion imported by Mr. JAMRACH, or destined for the Zoological Gardens. Whenever this Lion goes forth he will afford the Masses the gratification of blocking the streets in their thousands to stare at him. It is a Lion of the Teutonic breed; an European Lion: perhaps as great a Lion as any to be seen at Madame TUSSAUD'S. Newspapers announce that:—

"The rumour is again in circulation that Prince BISMARCK will this year pay his long-deferred visit to England. The Prince, gossip says, will not reside with Lord SALISBURY, nor with any of the statesmen who have offered him hospitality, but take apartments at Brighton or Scarborough, like a common mortal."

Here again, should Prince BISMARCK honour this country with a visit, he will evince another point of resemblance to the late and great Dr. JOHNSON. Quite open to accept a generous private hospitality, JOHNSON nevertheless avowed a decided presence for the accommodation of a well-appointed public-house. "Sir," said he, "in an inn the more trouble you give and the more good things you call for, the more welcome you are,"—you can order anything without scruple—"whereas, Sir, nobody, unless he is a very impudent fellow indeed, can feel himself quite as much at ease in another man's house as he can in his own."

Though modesty may not be the Great Chancellor's most remarkable virtue, yet nobody, perhaps, would go quite so far as to say that he is "a very impudent fellow indeed." His table-talk, as it may well be called, has shown him to entertain peculiar predilections; but he would perhaps hardly have cheek enough to bring his own cook with him to a nobleman's or gentleman's seat, in order to gratify them.

The advent of an epicure as original as distinguished will of course create a sensation amongst philosophers addicted to strange food. For some time past, little has been heard of hippophagy. Should

the Lion BISMARCK come over here, his arrival will perhaps reawaken a dormant enthusiasm; and hippophagists, anxious to ascertain the Lion's opinion of horse, may invite him to dine with them off the Noble Animal. Whether he would care to eat horse-flesh or no, he might like horse-mushrooms well enough to take part in a banquet, season permitting, of those and other varieties of *Pilz und Schwamm*, known to mycologists as esculent fungi;—vulgarily called toadstools.

From England if Prince BISMARCK extend his progress North of the Tweed, of course the Scotch will be extremely anxious to know what his Highness thinks of haggis, Athole brose, cocky-leekie, sour sowans, pease bannocks, singed sheep's head, and rizzared haddies. It may be presumed that, on trial, his estimate will be highly favourable.

The Great Lion of Varzin is an animal whose known peculiarities in respect of prog will naturally create in most minds a special curiosity to see the Lion at his meals. The carnivora in Regent's Park, we know, are restricted to raw meat; he is accustomed to regale himself on a variety of other delicacies. Every Lion to his liking, biped and quadruped alike.

No Trust!

THERE was a prosperous Parsee,
Who earned, by present payment, fame.
An appellation thence took he
By way of prefix to his name.
Co-operative Stores his plan,
Dear friends, invite you to employ,
And save, and thrive, as did that man
Hight READYMONEY MORTIBOY.

THE SCOTCH GAME.—Beggar my Neighbour.

CLAY V. COTTON.

WE recommend to the consideration of our friend *The Textile Manufacturer*, who was so severe on *Punch* for his assault on the adulterators of cotton cloths with China clay, the report of the case of *Provand v. Laughton* lately decided.

The action was for damages sustained by the discoloration of certain packages of grey shirting exported from Manchester to Shanghai.

The Plaintiffs said the discoloration was due to sizing. The Defendants said it was caused by stains from the tarpaulin wrapper of the packages.

The case lasted eight days, and the Plaintiffs got a verdict. The Manufacturer of the cloth himself gave evidence that the sizing consisted of farina, China clay, chloride of magnesium, chloride of zinc, and blue. His son, the manager of the sizing department, admitted that each piece of 37½ yards ought to weigh 8½ lb., that of this there might be about 3 lb. of size; it might be some ounces more; it might be 3 lb. 12 oz. or 4 lb. Thus the weight of the so-called "cloth" being about 8 lbs., one half consists of cotton, the rest of China clay, farina, and chemicals.

Pleasant for the customers of our friends, the "Millers and their Men," at home and abroad.

HARD TO CRACK.

NUCES: Exercises on the Syntax of the Public School Latin Primer. Query, will this book be "nuts" to the youthful readers for whom it is kindly intended?

HOME OF THE HOME-RULERS (in their flurry).—Pat-agony-a.



RELIEVING GUARD.

PASSWORD—"BRITISH INTERESTS."

OUR FASHIONABLE CRIMINAL INTELLIGENCE COLUMN.

(With Mr. Punch's Acknowledgments to his Daily Contemporaries.)

MR. WILLIAM SIKES is paying a round of visits to the Governors of several of Her Majesty's Gaols in the Southern and Western Counties. He has just left Portland for Dartmoor, and may soon be expected at Millbank. MR. SIKES has recently directed his attention to mat-making, and expresses himself much interested in the manufacture.

MR. CHARLES BATES has been gallantly going on with his great oakum wager. On Thursday last he worked up no less than five pounds of the material. This is understood to be a feat rarely outdone.

MRS. SARAH SNOOKS, the well-known Baby-Farmer, has been slightly indisposed. She has been removed to the infirmary, and ordered an improved diet. A relative of this interesting and unfortunate Lady visited her last week, and had a short but earnest conversation with her. MRS. SNOOKS is engaged on her own Memories, which will contain some very curious reminiscences and revelations, both of fashionable, professional, and criminal life, especially from the debateable ground where these three social streams fall in with one another.

MR. JEREMIAH SNEAK has been attending a course of Lectures on "Christian Experiences," by the Rev. JABEZ CHADBAND. It is said that the term of MR. SNEAK's detention is about to be shortened at MR. CHADBAND's recommendation. MR. SNEAK has received a presentation copy of MR. CHADBAND's well-known brochure, "Pies and Piety; or The Pastrycook of Putney."

MR. FAGIN has, we regret to say, lost a week's marks for purchasing from a fellow-prisoner a plug of tobacco, supposed to have been surreptitiously introduced to the B. Gallery by connivance with one of the Assistant Warders. The Authorities are on the qui vive.

Master DODGER made a very successful *début* on the Treadmill on Thursday last. Master DODGER's style is firm and graceful; and with a few weeks' practice he may be expected to take a high rank among the most skilful practitioners in the art of always going up stairs, and never getting to the top.

MR. HOWLER's second entertainment entitled "A Quarter of an

OUR SWEET GIRL-GRADUAT

"EDUCATION OF WOMEN.—There is a Cambridge of building a fresh hall of residence lady students. Girton College is being a time enlarged, and is always full. Newnham is quite full, and so is Norwich House, which has been taken temporarily, although very unsuitable for a permanent establishment. Twenty students have to be accommodated in lodgings besides many who reside with friends here in Cambridge. The number of applications for those intending to enter next October is large. Consequently it is proposed to build a hall close to Newnham Hall of about the size of the present. Very probably lecture-rooms suited for the general work of the Women's Educational Association may be included in the plan. A sum of £3000 is already available for the project, but at least £10,000 will be required."—*Times*.

HERE Girton College is growing,
And Newnham Hall is full—
Girl-graduates bravely showing,
That in Arts their weight they put.

And M.A.'s, their eyes are piping,
As girl-graduates' claims prepare
To the shoes they were proud of wearing,
But soon will be game to wear.

The Diurnal Distress.

FAILURES, Strikes, Explosions, Accidents—Railway, Naval, Military, and of Reports of Bloated Armaments, Torpedo Shells, and in general, Inventions of Apparatus for the Wholesale Destruction of Human Life. "Bring me no more news of the wars!" as *Macbeth* says. Both newspapers! No news is good news.

VALENTINE'S DAY, 1879.—The day VAL. PRINSEP was elected A.R.A.

hour with the Cat o' Nine Tails," is fixed to come off on Friday next. MR. HOWLER will be assisted by two Warders, and the Doctor will be in attendance.

The condemned cell will be tenanted on Monday morning, the present occupant having arranged with the Sheriff to give possession of the apartment on that day at five minutes to twelve o'clock.

We are requested by the late MR. SCROGGINS's Solicitors to state his last breakfast included pork chops, coffee, buttered toast, a couple of fresh eggs, and was supplied from the "Pig Whistle" Restaurant. Their distinguished client expressed himself much pleased with the style and quality of the *déjeuner*.

In Due Succession.

"At a full meeting of the Council of the Zoological Society, on the 5th inst., Professor WILLIAM HENRY FLOWER, F.R.S., Conservator of the Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons, was unanimously elected President of the Society, in succession to the late ARTHUR HAY, Marquis of Tweeddale. The new President is one of the most learned zoologists and anatomists of the present day."—*Times*.

O'er the Animal Kingdom the Vegetable hath power,
Now Birds and Beasts and Fishes are presided o'er by FLOWER.
"Better fresh blossom than dried grass," the Fellows well may say
When they thus set up FLOWER in successorship to HAY.

Food for Fellow Creatures.

THE wise and valuable communications of MR. WARD to *Times*, extolling an exclusively vegetable diet, derive confirmation from a popular saying relative to a certain quadruped which subsists entirely upon vegetable food, and exhibits, somewhat in analogy with MR. WARD's esteem of pulse, a partiality for thistles;—although at times evincing rather a desire to "a bottle of hay," an impression that "good hay, sweet hay, hath no fellow." The quadruped—by the way a strict Teetotaler as well as Vegetarian—is so generically distinguished by longevity, as to have occasioned from time immemorial, the common observation, that nobody ever beheld its defunct remains.



NEVER SPEAK IN A HURRY.

The Hospitable Jones. "YES, WE'RE IN THE SAME OLD PLACE, WHERE YOU DINED WITH US LAST YEAR. BY THE BYE, OLD MAN, I WISH YOU AND YOUR WIFE WOULD COME AND TAKE POT-LUCK WITH US AGAIN ON THE—"

The Impulsive Brown (in the eagerness of his determination never again to take Pot-luck with the Joneses). "MY DEAR FELLOW! SO SORRY! BUT WE'RE ENGAGED ON THE—A—ON THE—ER—ON TH-TH-THAT EVENING!"

Poor Jones (pathetically). "WELL, OLD MAN, YOU MIGHT HAVE GIVEN ME TIME JUST TO NAME THE DAY."

THE BEST POSSIBLE INSTRUCTOR OF THE PERIOD.

HOME AND FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

(By Electric Telegraph and Special Despatch.)

SEVERAL meetings of much importance to the Army, the Navy, and the Legal, the Medical and Commercial classes, were held yesterday, but we regret that the great demand upon our space prevents us from giving any report of these very interesting proceedings.

We hear of further strikes in various parts of the country. The crowded condition of our columns renders the publication of details at present impossible.

We are forced to reduce our Parliamentary Intelligence to-day to a quarter of a column.

Very interesting news reaches us from America, Australia, Africa, and Asia. We are compelled by pressure of matter to defer its publication to a future occasion.

Our Law Reports, Money Market, and University Intelligence are unavoidably crowded out.

WILLIAM SIKES.

(From Our Special Commissioner.)

It is scarcely necessary to say that the proceedings of this extraordinary burglar are still attracting universal attention. All classes of the community

are equally eager to learn the latest news about his movements. The Governor of the gaol in which he is incarcerated spends the whole of his time in answering inquiries, and the business of the prison has come to a standstill. The warders are visited daily by scores of members of the Press, and all "fixtures" for floggings, &c., have had to be postponed. There is no one to attend to the machinery of the treadmill, so for the present the prisoners have had to forego their customary exercise. Oakum-picking, too, is all but suspended.

Yesterday SIKES breakfasted at half-past nine. He complained of the weakness of the tea, and asked for another egg. After an extra spoonful had been put in the pot he became quite cheerful, and joked with the attendant warders. He made several very amusing puns upon his own name and that of the new President of the French Republic.

At eleven o'clock SIKES received a visit from the Governor, with the information that the Authorities had refused the application of his third Cousin once removed for admission to an interview with him. The applicant is considered by the Authorities to have been led to ask for the interview rather by a morbid curiosity than any other and higher motive.

At twelve SIKES was visited by the Doctor, who, we are glad to say, is much pleased with his patient's improvement in weight, stamina, and spirits, under the soothing influences of regular hours, and a carefully-arranged dietary. SIKES remained in conversation with his Medical Adviser for more than an hour, and seemed to be deeply interested in the progress of the Russian Plague. He expressed much satisfaction on learning that there was little chance of the terrible disease reaching England. It appears that the spread of the Plague, and the probability of its visiting our shores, had caused him considerable alarm.

In the course of the afternoon the Prisoner continued his autobiography, one of the Warders acting as his Amanuensis. He also sent the following letter to his wife:—

Her Majesty's Gaol.

MY DEAR WIFE AND CHILDREN,

I DON'T know where you are; but this leaves me well hoping you are the same. Please repent, and do your best to get me off. It is perjury to say I killed six people. I only killed five. I am writing a book of private devotions, which please send to the newspapers for publication. Your affectionate Father and Friend,

WILLIAM SIKES + his mark.

The Warder declares that this was the sense of the letter dictated by him, without the slightest hesitation, if not exactly the words. The communication will be read by all who have watched the career of this wonderful man with the greatest interest. The Governor of the Gaol believes that the autobiographical memoir to which SIKES alludes will be finished by Thursday.

At Two the Chaplain sent in his card, but the Prisoner declined to see him, on the score that he was much fatigued and wished to take a nap. On learning this the Reverend Gentleman apologised and retired.

(The remainder of this interesting article will be found on pages 5, 6, 7, and 8. Further particulars will be published in our later editions.)

However He has Stood It so Long!

SIR HENRY LAYARD is coming home with his nerves shattered, and his patience prostrated. What wonder! Even the Nineveh Bull was no match for the impossible, impassible, imperturbable, and impecunious Turk.

"Gutta cavat lapidem non vi, sed sepe cadendo."

THE BANKING REFORM NEEDED.

To substitute the (comparatively) limited lie-ability of Shareholders, for the positively unlimited lie-ability of Directors. (Vide Glasgow Bank revelations.)

THE REAL KING OF CONNAUGHT.

If Lord B. wants to make Ireland as loyal and as pleasant to Royalty as Scotland, let him shift "Arthur's Seat" to Dublin.



Another link in the chain of years;
 Another St. Stephen's Session begins;
 Another dash at the weary clash
 Twixt hammer and anvil of Outs and Ins.

"For what we have *not* received"—i.e., for no Queen's Speech
 —Punch might be expected to say, "let us be thankful." But two

THURSDAY,
 Feb. 13th,
 1879.

Ministerial explanations are, at least, as bad as one Queen's Speech. A half-hour of Lord BEACONSFIELD, cold-drawn, in the House of Lords; an hour of the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER, diluted ditto to BEACONSFIELD, in the Commons, are hardly an improvement on even the time-honoured *maximum* of words to a *minimum* of meaning put into Her MAJESTY's mouth as the right sort of introduction to her Collective Wisdom.

No, if even Queen's Speech be but silvern, it is not Ministerial speech, but silence, that is golden. And now, more than ever, "only silence seemeth best," to those who sit, sorrowful, in the shadow of a great National disaster; one sad sympathy in all hearts with the mourners



AWFUL CONDITION OF THE UNEMPLOYED
IN CONSEQUENCE OF THE LATE FROST.

in so many homes; one great, common grief over so many of the brave, the loved, and the lost; one common misgiving as to the un-avoidableness of the war in which they have fallen, and the fore-sight of those who should have made provision for its needs at home, and guided its operations in the field.

In the meantime, England's sorrow uttered, and her tribute to the brave dead duly paid, for which she can count on eloquent tongues on both sides of both Houses, her only thought is, how best to retrieve her National honour, and fill up the places of her brave dead with brave avengers.

These thoughts so pre-occupied all in both Houses on Thursday night that the speeches in both fell flat. Vaunt and vituperation, thrust and parry, attack and defence, seemed equally spiritless.

In the *Lords*, Lord BEACONSFIELD blew his trumpet with bated breath. After a few first notes of sorrow over the disaster that lay heavy on all hearts, he set to work cautiously picking such bits of *couleur de rose* as could be extracted from the most roseate view of the past, under its now familiar aspects of the Berlin Treaty, the Anglo-Turkish Convention, the future of Cyprus, and the Afghan War, (which, we are glad to know, has achieved all the Government ever wanted), and then passed to the most promising view of the future in the shape of Bills,—or rather promissory notes,—of the Session, including an amended Mutiny Act, not meant to oust Parliament of its Army-control, Bills for Criminal Law Consolidation, Bankruptcy Amendment, County Boards, and new Valuation in England, Grand Juries in Ireland, and Poor Law Amendment in Scotland.

Lord GRANVILLE did his cavilling as gingerly, as Lord BEACONSFIELD had done his praising and promising gently. The Opposition hammers, he declared, had not smitten with undue heaviness on the Official anvils. He contended, in the teeth of the bolts forged by the Admiralty Mulciber, that he and his friends *had* had a policy on the Eastern Question. Lord BEACONSFIELD was to be congratulated for not having supported the suggestion of the quack medicine of Protection as a panacea for the existing distress; and under the Zulu disaster the Government might count on the aid of the Opposition for the repair of losses and the supply of needs. Still, the sufficiency of the case for the war with CETEWAYO was open to question on the Papers, and it was odd that when Sir BARTLE FRERE so pressed the need of cavalry, the Government had sent none.

Lord CADOGAN said the Government had sent all that Lord CHELMSFORD had asked for. *He* had said nothing about Cavalry.

Lord CARNARVON, from his Colonial Office experience, believed the war to have been both just and inevitable. But we must wait for papers before committing ourselves to an opinion on that point, or many others. Only one thing is certain—we must strike now our hardest and fastest, lest we should increase alike the cost, the danger, and the area of the war.

LORD KIMBERLEY doubted whether the annexation of the Transvaal had not been the determining cause of the war and the disaster. But though we might differ about the policy of the Government, Home or Colonial, there could be no doubt what the honour of the Mother-Country, and the safety of the Colony, demanded in the present emergency.

With which, a dull night's dull talk went out prematurely, at twenty minutes after seven, for sheer want of fuel. Everybody, in fact is out of spirits, and nobody wants a row.

(*Commons*.)—Mr. BLAKE got a laugh—flat as the House was—by asking whether it was right for the Clergy of the Established Church to set up in the grocery and tobacco business?

Who have so good a right to make their sixpences go as far as they can on the way to shillings as the most poorly paid body of men in the kingdom?

The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER delivered himself of a languid and long-winded echo of his Principal in the *Lords*. One bit of information he *did* give. India insists on paying the cost of our war with the AMEER. The utmost it will accept from us is the loan of Two Millions, without interest—to cover loss by depreciation of silver—a little present of about £80,000 a year.

Sir C. DILKE performed the work of vivisection on Sir STAFFORD's very colourless creation with rather more spirit than Lord GRANVILLE had done the same office on Lord BEACONSFIELD's. The Chelsea Pet showed no small skill as a smart hitter, even amid the prevailing dullness of the evening. He particularly pressed for an answer to his awkward questions,—What were the Government going to do in Afghanistan? Where were they going to stop? With whom were they going to treat? By what magic did they propose to leave an "independent and self-governing Afghanistan" behind them, after breaking up the only power that held the

country in political cohesion? Easier asking than answering questions of this nasty sort.

All Sir STAFFORD, or his master, can say, is, that they have made up their minds to get out of the Afghan *galère* as soon, and as cheaply, as possible: and that those who wish to commit the Government to the occupation of Cabul, or even Herat, will find they have a harder task on hand than they expected. They have quite occupation enough on their hands already.

SIR W. HARCOURT delivered an amusing lecture on Cyprus, illustrated by dissolving views *en noir*, as a pendant to the First Lord of the Admiralty's picture of that interesting island *en rose*, lately exhibited to another Westminster audience.

Mr. MITCHELL-HENRY spoke in the voice of indignant and ill-used Ireland—the voice that we have hitherto heard out of a BOTT if not through a bung-hole, and with very much the same hollow ring about it.

The Marquis of HARTINGTON, after languidly turning over the topics of the time—the Afghan War, the Treaty of Berlin, the Anglo-Turkish Convention, and the Zulu Disaster—succumbed submissively to the flatness of the evening.

The FIRST LORD of the ADMIRALTY imparted a momentary flicker to the smouldering embers of the night's talk, by insisting on the beauties of Cyprus, the prospects of profit out of its occupation, and the capacities of the harbour of Famagosta—if it ever came to be made.

This "fit of light, this tongue of flame" was eagerly fanned by Sir GEORGE ELLIOT on one side, and Mr. SAMUELSON on the other. But nothing could keep the night's talk alive; not even a general chorus of Irish discontents, ending in a motion for adjournment, in which Major NOLAN and Sir P. O'BRIEN, Messrs. O'DONNELL, PARNELL, and O'CONNOR POWER, MELDON, GRAY, and O'SHAUGHNESSY, "bore a brave burdoun," crowned by a solemn imprecation upon the Government—in the Major's grandest manner, with folded arms and uplifted voice—of his "utter hatred and contempt."

If this Irish "blend" failed to put spirit into the House, what wonder if the temperate but plaintive wail of Sir G. BALFOUR over the cruel mockery of the long-suffering people of Scotland, as implied in the scurv treatment of *their* grievances in the Government programme, did not awaken any more sympathy than barely sufficed to keep a House for Sir STAFFORD's general reply, and Mr. LOWTHER's protest against Government being bound by anything in the newspapers. It was all very easy to talk about the Irish University Question, but the Government could not be expected to take up Irish hot pokers, only to have the pleasure of burning their fingers, and no thanks for it from either side.

And so, drearily and wearily, the House dispersed, somewhere between twelve and one, with a feeling modified from TITUS'S—"Perdidimus noctem."

Friday (Lords).—Lord GRANVILLE wants to know—as no doubt do a good many other people—how Afghanistan is to be made "strong, self-governing, and independent," by the drastic doctoring of Lord BEACONSFIELD and his Indian assistants. Lord B. disclaims the "strong," but stands up for the "self-governing and independent." Well—certainly the country may fairly be called "self-governing," in the sense of having nobody but itself to govern it; and "independent," as it has, apparently, nothing left to depend upon.

Lord SALISBURY promised papers to show that the policy of the Government had led to the withdrawal of the Russian Emissaries from Cabul. Whether they had, or had not, cleared out before we declared war, will be settled by the papers.

Lord BURY brought forward the Report of the Committee on the Organisation of the Volunteer Force. Small Corps are to be amalgamated. The maximum of the force is to be fixed at 250,000. Encouragement is to be given to engagements to serve for four years. More drills are to be required; and red coats are recommended. No increase of the capitation grant is proposed, but additional allowances will be given under certain conditions.

Summa—The War Office wants to get a little more official red tape round Volunteer legs and arms, and more professional buckram on Volunteer backs; and Lord TRURO, for one, doesn't like it. Probably a good many Volunteer Commanding Officers will agree with him. *Punch* waits to hear the voice of the Volunteer on the subject.

Lord TRURO and Lord CADOGAN had a smart round or two over the still disputed question, whether Lord CHELMSFORD got all he asked for in the way of troops for Zululand. *C. a. v.*

It is satisfactory to know we are going to send a Doctor to look after the plague, if the Russians will let us. The Duke of RICHMOND does not expect England to be favoured by a visit from this grim guest. Unluckily, it is not likely to ask the Duke's leave to come to us, as we have to ask the Czar's leave for our Doctor to go to it.

(Commons.)—Irish diversion. Better now than later. If we are to have a series of Donnybrook nights this Session, the sooner the shillelaghing begins—and ends—the better.

To-night twigs were comparatively tame, tempers comparatively tranquil, and treading on coat-tails comparatively harmless. Such

tame "foightin" as there was, was over Mr. MELDON'S Motion for the establishing of a rating suffrage in Irish Boroughs.

The Marquis of HARTINGTON, Mr. FORSTER, and the advanced Liberals generally, backed the Motion; the Irish Liberals supported the Irish Conservatives, and the Government opposed it. Its rejection was a foregone conclusion; but 187 to 256 was at least a respectable minority, and speaks of success, probably in the not very far-off future. How a lowered franchise would work in Ireland, remains to be seen. How has it worked in England? Does anybody quite know yet?

AN INVITATION OF THE (NOT VERY REMOTE) FUTURE.

Letter from the Hon. Mrs. Swellington to Lady Diana Gadderer.

Marwood Hall, November 5, 1879.

MY DEAREST DI,

Do get your old man to bring you to Marwood for a big shoot next week. It will be great fun. The men will shoot Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, and on Friday we will all drive over to the Assizes, and hear the trial of that quite too awfully interesting creature, SIKES, for the murder of his wife and their three little children. Mr. RANT, Q.C., who is the Counsel for the Crown, says that he cannot possibly get off, and TOM has got the Sheriff to promise us the best seats in the front row of the reserved seats on the Bench, so that we shall have a capital view of the Prisoner's face when he is sentenced. On dit that Mr. Justice DOWNRIGHT (who, I hear, is quite a darling) is going to try the case, and that he is a hanging Judge. We will make a regular day of it, and take luncheon with us, so that we shall not miss anything. With a thousand kisses to your charming chicks, and as many loves to yourself, believe me, my dearest DI,

Yours devotedly,

CHARITY SWELLINGTON.

P.S.—Don't forget to put your Opera-glasses into your travelling-bag.

GERMAN GRAB-VEREIN (UNLIMITED).

ABRIDGED PROSPECTUS.

THIS Association has been formed for the purpose of affording its Shareholders the maximum of profit with the minimum of payment.

As the Directors have secured the services as Manager of a gentleman of large experience in Conveyancing operations of the most skilful and successful character, they confidently anticipate success.

Money obtained on false pretences at all hours of the day and night.

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SIR STAFFORD'S LAST—AND NOT BEST.

SIR STAFFORD got a smart facer from the Chelsea Pet—and deserved it—for connecting the present wide-spread distress with the late severe weather, and being silly enough to express the hope that the barometer of prosperity might go up with the rise of the weather-glass. He will yet have to learn that distress like the present is distress, whether or no.



BETSY PRIG AND THE THUNDERER.

Betsy. Which I'm happy and proud to observe you've come over complete to my side.

Jupiter. Your side, my good woman? You joke!

Betsy. Come now, don't go a tryin' to ride

The 'Igh 'Oss any more, my dear J., 'cos you see we are in the same boat, And I got in it fust, you must own; 'tis but lately you've altered your note; And mere follers shouldn't be uppish. Concernin' that HARTINGTON now, Wy, our lines is percisely agreed. Drat the man! I 'ad 'opes as, somehow, He would cut hisself loose from old GLADSTONE. I give 'im the 'int, pooty straight,

Which I've patted his back all along, and pertended in every debate To perceive that at heart he wos with hus. Sometimes it wos orkurd, my dear, When he 'it out a little bit 'ard, and brought forth a loud Radical cheer. Still I praised him for being so mod'rit, and 'oped as he'd yet toe the line; But I fear he's been got at and nobbled, in spite of your warnings and mine.

Jupiter. Well—ahem! it is truly most vexing. The party is going to pot. The Country will not stand much more, but will certainly shelve the whole lot. I have told them so only to-day.

Betsy. Yes; a-echoin' what I've bin sayin' For months.

Jupiter. Mrs. P., you're offensive! The Thunderer, Jupiter, playing The rôle of an Echo! Absurd!

Betsy. Well, I don't mean the 'a'penny one, Whose voice is that shrill 'tis more suited for Juno a naggin'. My fun!— My dear J., so don't finger them bolts in that fidgety kind of a way; 'Cos you know that damp rockets don't 'urt, and my 'brella's their match any day!

Jupiter (fuming). Impertinent female!

Betsy. There! there! Why should pardners like hus go and quarrel?

The Libs is a wakin' up sharp, and mean fightin', dear J., that's a moral. The Idjuts! We've piped to 'em long, but to dance to our tune they decline; And the consekens surely will be they'll be walloped along the whole line, And be put in the cold lord knows how long. That GLADSTONE has smashed up his party.

I'm afear'd there's no help for 'em now, as my werry last 'ope was in HARTY. And now he's gone wrong, like the rest—which them Liverpool speeches raised cheers;—

But they 'arrowed this patriot buzzum and moved BETSY's hopties to tears. To think as the party I've fought for should round on Old England like so! Turnin' anti-Imperial traitors! I tell you, dear J., it's a blow.

Can you lend me a dry pockethandkercher, Jupiter? Mine is that—

Jupiter. Hush! For Heaven's sake, Madam, dry up, and whatever you do, do not gush. It's such shocking bad form!

Betsy. 'Oity-toity! You're orful stuck-up, I declare! Do you think I ain't learnt elerution, or studied that dear LEMPIERE?

Jupiter. Not at all. But emotion, like trimmin' or making a right-about-face, Needs finish, a delicate blending of subtle gradation and grace; Your sentiment sorely needs toning, your cat-in-pan turns are too swift.— The trick of artistical rattin', you see, is a very rare gift.

Betsy. Jest so; and some say as you've lost it. But there!—no more words. Let us jine

In backin' up BEAKEY like winkin'—leastways till there's rayther more sign Of—*you know*, my dear J. P'raps you'll put it in your own artistical style:

Jupiter. Till the country grows tired of the Ins, and means trying the Outs for awhile.

Betsy. Jest so. Well, ta-ta! for the presink! (*Aside.*) A pompous, uplifted old pump!

Jupiter. I've the honour to wish you good morning. (*Aside.*) A frowsy, vulgarian frump!

A VERY DELICATE SUBJECT.

"Painters are in peculiar relations with purchasers, and, unlike agents or men of business, they, as a rule, cannot at the moment of sale enter without constraint into all the details that would be necessary to protect their interests."—*Memorial of the Royal Academy concerning Artistic Copyright.*

Mr. Punch, ever considerate for highly-strung and sensitive natures, offers the following useful hints to considerate picture-buyers.

Let the intending purchaser never for a moment think of forcing his acquaintance on the Artist with an ulterior design of "doing business." He will do well to manage a meeting with him, say, at not less than three country houses and two dozen dinners in the season, before requesting the honour of an introduction. The foundation being thus laid, a friendly intimacy may be unobtrusively cultivated, care being taken that during its progress no allusion however remote, be ever made to picture-making, picture-buying, or any subject connected with pictures.

A warm friendship having at last been thus established, "painting," as a gentlemanly amusement, not as a profession, may for the first time be casually alluded to.

If, at this point, the Artist give a sort of off-hand hint, that he "has dabbled

a little in Art, quite an amateur," and has "a thing or two," in what, for a freak, he calls his Studio, but which the old Italian Masters used coarsely to call their *bottega*, or "shop," the intending purchaser may venture to look in, and at some time not naturally suggesting business—say, some Sunday after Church.

Having left his carriage round the corner, lest he should look like a patron, he may, without offence, promiscuously ask leave to join the children's dinner; but he should be most careful to make no reference to the real object of his visit. If nothing is said about the picture, all chance of business may be regarded as over between himself and the Artist for the present, if not for ever.

If, however, he can manage to work his way naturally into the Studio and see the work he hankers after, let him remember that the offensive subject of price can only be delicately reached through the channels of allegory, by means of indirect allusions, or by the Artist managing to drop the "figure," as if inadvertently, or pretending to fall into a doze, and talking "shop" in his sleep.

This having been neatly managed, the purchaser should get the picture out of the Studio surreptitiously, for fear of hurting anybody's feelings. Finally, and, above all, he must be on his guard not to breathe the word *copyright*.

The only delicate way of coming to that will open later on, when the purchaser may be able to approach this most ticklish subject through the medium of a lawyer's letter, leading up, perhaps, to a spirited trial in the Queen's Bench Division.

PRISON THOUGHTS OF A PRIG.



THROUGH them New Rules, incarceration, No doubt, is punishment sewere

To prisoners of superior station, Accustomed to enjoy good cheer.

Arter all their lives in featherbeds lyin', To have to sleep on a wooden plank,

In course they finds it uncommon tryin'; As, leastways, one of the Glasgow Bank,

In the 'abit of tuckin' all that's good in,

For breakfast allowanced a pint of gruel, And their dinner—bread, 'taters, and suetty puddin'— Weighed out by the ounce, they must feel it cruel. But the ground's werry often a sojer's bed; And he ain't got no mattress to save his back; And he sometimes may wish he was no wus fed, And slep arf as well on his bivooack.

A Swell offender agin the lawr, In terror of only one month's time, Might make up his mind to cheat no more, And pause in his line of respectable crime. But I never was nust in Luxury's lap; So yer see my feelins ain't quite so fine, And wenever I'm lagged, I takes my nap, As I must, on my plank, wich I don't repine.

Suppose it 'ad been my 'apless lot From honesty's path for to slope astray, Wen to purple and fine linnin used I'd got, 'Avin always fared sumpshus every day. 'Ow unpleasant I likewise should find the Jug, If, in penial servitood sent to dwell, Where now I sleeps comparative snug, On my timber bed, in my tidy cell!



CHEAP!

Landlady. "How shall I make out the bill for this artist in the parlour, John? Shall I call him 'Mr.' or 'Esquire'?"

Landlord. "Oh, you may write him 'Esquire,' and charge him 'alf a sovereign extra!'"

DIRTY WEATHER.

Yes, things look queer, the sky is drear,
The clouds show little signs of breaking.
But what of that? Away with fear!
The good ship's crew 's averse to quaking.
She labours, ay! In such a sea
A bark so laden 's no mere feather.
"But she has threshed through worse," says he,
The Captain stout. "You'll not dash me
With dirty weather!"

"I've had some tastes of such before.
Whilst I've good sea-room, I'll not funk it.
Squalls oft have tried the old ship sore,
But, Lord be praised, have not yet sunk it.
Keep up your hearts! I hold the helm.
Preserve good watch, and pull together;
Nor angry seas shall yet o'erwhelm
The stout old barkey, *British Realm*,
Nor dirty weather!"

"Aye, aye, Sir!" *Punch* replies, "that tone
Than weak eye-piping better fits you.
Hold on that tack, you'll hold your own,
Though o'er the bows a stiff sea hits you.
Queer steering *may* have helped storm's work.
No matter. Taut keep duty's tether,
Let none his share of that dare shirk,
And we'll ride safe through mist and mirk
Of dirty weather."

"We've lost some hands—God rest each soul!
Swept swift to death,—it sorely grieves us.
Their fate which thins our muster-roll,
A bigger share of duty leaves us.
Blow high, blow low, straight on we go,
No halt, no hoisting the white feather!
Keep up your hearts! Aloft, a-low,
What Sailor, in devotion's glow,
Funks dirty weather?"

"TELL THAT TO THE MARINES."

We want sober, steady, strong, and seasoned men, to supply the grievous gap left by defeat and disaster in our line of Southern African defence. The Marines,—2,000 of the best infantry and 800 of the best artillery, in the English service,—are ready and willing to volunteer for this ugly and urgent duty.

"*Per mare, per terras*"—is the motto of the Corps, the most unflinching, unwavering, unconquerable, incorruptible, and unfavoured body of men in the British Army.

"You are wanted at the front." Tell *that* to the Marines, and in the front you will find them.

"You are like to be out-numbered and over-matched." Tell *that* to the Marines, and they will turn a deaf ear; or if they hear, they won't believe you.

We all know the "Sodgers"—their rank and file, steady, sturdy, true to their duty, and faithful to their flag and their officers under all circumstances, and against all provocations: their officers good men and true, gallant soldiers, poor, for the most part, unfashionable, unpetted, and uncomplaining, and known to the Swelldom of the Service as "empty bottles"—well-explained as "good fellows that have done their duty, and are ready to do it again." Here are evidently the men, of all JOHN BULL'S armed sons, to tackle the Zulu, and face the odds and hardships of a wild country and a dangerous service. You have only to "Tell *that* to the Marines," and see if the Marines don't tell *that* to CEREWAYO and his warriors in very unmistakable language.

THE REAL 'ART OF MID-LOTHIAN.—Catching the Constituency.



"DIRTY WEATHER, JOHN!!"

JOHN BULL. "SHE'S THRASHED THROUGH WORSE!!"

FRIENDS AT A DISTANCE.

Being a Brief Record of a few Winter-seasonable Visits to certain Country Houses.

VISIT THE SECOND.—CHAPTER XIII.

A JOLLY EVENING AT PILTON'S (CONTINUED).

Festivities in posse—Rise—Fisher the Talented—Revival—Music—Refusals—The Victim—Victim's Vengeance—Finish—Games—Bilby—His Game—An Awakener—Disappointment—Time—No Cockamaroo—After all—Prospects.



PILTON still fondly clings to the hope that FISHER will do something to amuse us. FISHER, however, carefully avoids all topics tending in this direction.

The conversation flags. We are becoming meditative, and constantly checking the clock on the mantel-piece by our watches. Then, in answer to PILTON'S old-fashioned question, "Shall we join the Ladies?" we rise, and put down our napkins, as if we'd all just finished being shaved, and were much freshened by the operation.

I wonder if anyone was ever so rude as to reply to the question about "joining the Ladies" in the negative? One solitary person in a very bad temper might do it; and, if so, the obstructionist would be "left sitting"—"bloomingly alone," like the last rose of Summer.

PILTON informs us, confidentially, as we leave the dining-room, that "FISHER possesses real dramatic talent, if he'd only dress up," but as the talented Amateur persists in his refusal,—subsequently informing me "that he didn't want to make a fool of himself before a lot of strangers,"—we can only imagine what an intellectual treat we have lost.

We all, more or less morosely, enter the drawing-room. Here most of the party again consult their watches, with reference to the clock in this room, in the hope of finding the time sufficiently advanced to offer a reasonable excuse for getting out of this jovial evening at PILTON'S.

PILTON rouses himself from the depression into which our obstinacy in not amusing one another has thrown him.

He rubs his hands, with as much heartiness as he can assume, and proposes music. He is coming out as a revivalist.

Everybody immediately appears frightened. No one likes to be the first.

Mrs. PILTON appeals to a lank Lady, with a short waist, "Won't she sing?" No, thank you, she would rather not. "Won't she play something?" No, she doesn't play. She would if she could; but she has left her music at home, and doesn't play from memory. "But," she spitefully retaliates, "surely your daughters will?"

Mrs. PILTON'S daughters—looking like three Lot's Wives, in the process of being frozen into salt-pillars—give three little acid simpers, and protest, one after the other, with three little signals of distress, in the way of coughs, that they really can't sing, as since the East wind set in, they've entirely lost their voices.

[*Happy Thought (by the audience much relieved).* It's an ill wind that blows no one any good.]

Miss FISHER, on being requested to favour the company with some musical trifle—which expression sounds as if PILTON had asked her to do anything, no matter what, as long as it's something on the piano just to fill up the time—regrets that she can neither play nor sing, at least not from memory, and she has no music [she's got it all upstairs in a box, but she won't fetch it; I found this out next day], but JAMES, her brother, can—"You know he can, Mr. PILTON!" she says, appealing to her host, with a sweet smile, whereupon our distracted host makes a fresh descent on the unhappy young FISHER,—who looks round, imploringly, as though he were saying to himself, "Why can't they let me alone?"—and reminds him that he can, if

he will, "play anything;" that further, "he has a perfectly wonderful touch; and there's not a thing he can't play from memory."

So the miserable young FISHER is lugged out of his corner, and away from a photograph-book, in which he had buried himself, in the vain hope of escaping unobserved from his tormentor, and is compelled, but always under protest, to sit down to the piano.

He hesitates what to begin with. His sister reminds him of something. He objects that his audience "all know that." Whereupon his audience, who do know it by heart (it is something from *Madame Angot*), go to the extent of perjuring themselves for politeness' sake, and declare they've never heard it before, and would so like to hear it now.

So young FISHER, thus adjured, sets to work to play tunes from *Madame Angot*, which he has picked up by ear, and of which he has not, apparently, succeeded in getting a firm grasp, as only the first seven bars or so are right, and then the air suddenly becomes something totally different. It is a sort of nightmare of *Madame Angot*, and very irritating.

Once at the piano, it is very difficult to remove him. PILTON'S victim is going to be revenged on PILTON in particular, and on the company generally. He seems to have become, suddenly, part and parcel of the music-stool, and, like the ornaments in a Ritualistic Church, he "can't be removed without a faculty." We employ our faculties in trying not to listen to him; but he goes on playing snatches of airs, asking any one who may happen to be near him, "if they recollect this?" or "do they remember this?" and as they generally do, and exhibit no desire to hear it again, or don't recollect it, and don't wish to hear it in a mutilated form, young FISHER'S tunes gradually become less and less coherent, he plays jerkily at short intervals, like a musical-box out of order, and, failing at last in even amusing himself, he finally subsides into private life, in his old corner, with the photograph book.

We only discover that he has ceased playing by the gradual cessation of the conversation. We sit about helplessly, like Lotos-eaters. Once more we all furtively consult our watches, as though we were playing some game of mental arithmetic against time, or anxiously expecting an important visitor. No; time isn't up yet, and we must eke out another half-hour, at least, in some sort of conversation. PILTON, finding his jovial evening becoming intolerably dull, suggests "Games."

"Doesn't anyone know a game?" he asks, in despair.

Once more everyone seems scared. No; no one knows a game. It flashes across me suddenly, that I once was told of a game—I think it was a game—called "Cockamaroo;" but whether it was played by counting up numbers, halving them, and adding ten, or whether it wasn't quite a different sort of thing altogether, and played with sticks and a small bell, the flash of memory is too transient to enlighten me. So I keep "Cockamaroo" to myself, and only shake my head.

PILTON turns to PETER DERMOT. "Surely he knows a game?"

PETER, who has nearly fallen asleep on a chair in a corner, replies that he is acquainted with nothing except leap-frog; and, having smiled amiably on the company all round, he drops off again into a doze, when, from occasional spasmodic movements, we presume that he is probably playing leap-frog in his sleep.

I reply to PILTON, that I'm afraid I don't know any games; and, as he suggests the alternative of a song, I declare emphatically that I never sing.

People seem to be reassured on hearing this positive asseveration from my own lips; but we are no nearer a jolly evening than we were a couple of hours ago, when suddenly a very mild young man—somebody's cousin, I fancy,—[capital name for a novel, *Somebody's Cousin*—N.B. book it]—but I'd never noticed his presence before—in a remote corner of the room, is suddenly observed whispering to a stout Lady near him, who thereupon exclaims, "Oh!" as if she had been pinched, which, attracting our attention, she goes on to inform us that "Mr. BILBY," the mild young man, "has got a game," which sounds as if the individual in question had been suddenly seized with some form of epilepsy.

PILTON sees a forlorn hope in BILBY. BILBY is the mouse who comes to the lion's rescue.

BILBY blushes, and says, "Well, it's not much of a game." Being pressed to go into details, he informs us, bashfully,—as though it were something improper which he would rather not mention in polite society,—that it consists in everyone saying "Hish!" "Hash!" and "Hosh!" all together.

We don't see, at first sight, that this is a very exciting game, nor indeed how it can be a game at all, but PILTON joyfully welcomes it as better than stagnation, and evidently considers it to be, at all events, a move in the right direction.

The elderly Ladies regard Mr. BILBY with interest, as a new discovery, and we are all more or less surprised at his, so to speak, suddenly coming out of his pod, and bursting into life with a game.

"You direct it," says PILTON to BILBY, with an air of importance, and playing off BILBY against young FISHER, who now appears inclined to patronise BILBY, rather officiously.



"WEEDS!"

Thereupon BILBY diffidently apports the "Hishes," the "Hashes," and the "Hoshes," among us. Three are to say "Hish," three to say "Hash," and three to say "Hosh," and so on.

It takes a good deal of arrangement, and some argument and explanation, as to whether the words are to be said simultaneously, or one after the other, and so forth.

These knotty points having been decided, and PETER DERMOT having been aroused to a sense of the importance of the occasion, PILTON wishes BILBY to stand on the hearthrug, in front of us all, and give the signal, which he does. Also, if young FISHER, who has nothing whatever to do with this game, beyond playing it, will kindly get off the hearthrug, and get a seat in a corner, anywhere, PILTON will be much obliged. Snub for young FISHER.

Are we ready? Yes. Then, off!

Whereupon we all say, "Hish, hash, hosh!" together, as one word, and then stare at one another to see the result.

Nothing.

"Is that all?" asks PILTON, much disappointed.

"Yes," answers BILBY, nervously, "that is all."

"But that's not a game!" PILTON protests, with evidently a sense of injury.

Poor BILBY seems to be suddenly convinced of this himself. He only returns, "No, I don't say it's much of a game, but I thought it would amuse you."

After this BILBY retires. Triumph for young FISHER. BILBY has strutted his brief five minutes on the hearthrug, and now "is heard no more"—like the "Poor Player"—which, in my opinion, serves any poor player right.

Everyone is irritated with him and his game. PETER DERMOT, angry at having been woke up, declares that such an amusement is only fit for an idiot asylum.

However, we've eked out the time. The carriages are announced,

the outdoor guests leave, thanking the host and hostess for "a very pleasant evening," and the indoor guests retire for a pipe to the smoking-room, where, after young FISHER has retired, PILTON lays all the blame on his shoulders, "because he can be so amusing if he likes, but he wouldn't; and he wouldn't dress up."

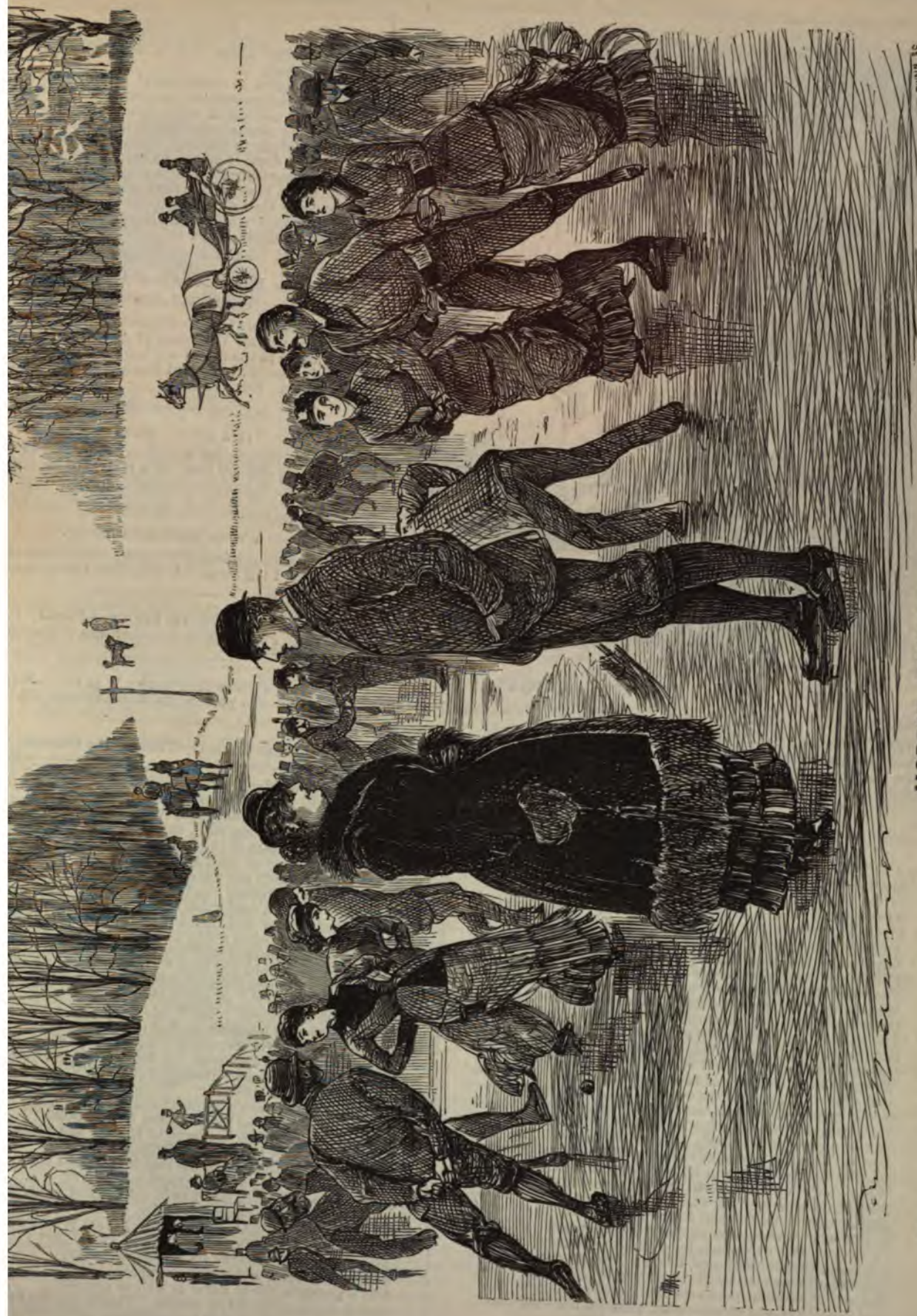
When PETER DERMOT has gone to bed, PILTON remarks that he is not as amusing as he used to be. I apologise for my own shortcomings, and regret my inability to remember "Cockamaroo," which I am sure, from the sort of vague impression I have of it when I last saw it played, would have caused endless amusement. Everybody regrets that I couldn't think of "Cockamaroo" in time. Tomorrow, when I shall have left, PILTON will confide in Mrs. PILTON, and the three young Ladies, how disappointed he is in me, and he is sure to finish by saying—

"I object to people who can do something to amuse, and won't." He will then probably add with a deep sense of injury, "Why, he" (meaning me) "remembered a game called Cockamaroo, only he wouldn't tell it."

"When I want a jolly evening, nothing shall induce me to go to PILTON's," says PETER DERMOT to me next day, on his way back to town.

I have got two or three more friends to visit. This is fortunate as there is something the matter with the roof of our Old House home, where my forefathers, &c., and they are mending and painting. MILBUD, being a good-natured wag, will, of course, say the report that "there's a tile off, chez-lui;" and at all events the present I am roofless. This gives me, as it were, a title to my friends' hospitality.

Happy Thought.—New title, Sir WILLIAM ROOFLESS. Some historical.



MODEST ASSURANCE.

Young Smythe. "WHAT, NOT SKATING, MRS. MARRABLE?"
 Young Smythe. "Too Old? WHAT DO YOU CALL 'TOO OLD,' MRS. MARRABLE?"
 Mrs. Marrable (to fascinating Mrs. Marrable). "DON'T YOU CALL TWENTY-EIGHT TOO OLD, MR. SMYTHE? I DO!"
 Mrs. Marrable (modestly). "No; I'm too old for that sort of thing."



BE IN TIME.

HORSEMONGER Lane Gaol is being sold and carted away piece-meal.

Murdermongers, be on the alert! Here are the stones hallowed by the presence of that sweet couple, the MARNINGS, to say nothing of other interesting inmates, who have left their memories behind them on their Murderers' March from dock to scaffold. After Newgate, in these Peace-loving days, it would be hard to point out to our criminal sensationists a richer mine of relics. What the Catacombs have been to the Christian Church, Horse-monger Lane Gaol should be to that large branch of the Church-Criminal established in Her Majesty's dominions, and its devoted adherents.

Our Little Busy Bees and their Very Busy American Cousins.

THERE has lately been a vehement protest of the British Beekeepers against the influx of American honey. All flying insects in the States we know are called "Bugs." Naturally enough, indignant English Apianians call the Yankee Bees—Hum-bugs.

"IT'S AN ILL WIND," ETC.

OWING to the general and growing distrust of Banks, we may look out, ere long, for a revival of an important branch of the Nottingham trade—Long Stockings.

A VOICE FROM MIDLOTHIAN.

TREE-TELLING my toes class among my brain-maggots: But better, I tell them, fell trees than make faggots.

OPERA (*BISMARCKII*) AT BERLIN.—*Pralia, Prandia, Potationes, Prædationes, Prædicationes, Pessumdatationes.*

"WHAT'S SAUCE FOR THE GOOSE," &c.

Passenger (in Second Class). "I THINK I'VE GOT INTO THE WRONG CARRIAGE."

Ticket Inspector (sternly). "THE DIFFERENCE MUST BE PAID!"

Passenger (triumphantly). "OH, JUST SO! THEN I'LL TROUBLE YOU FOR THREE SHILLINGS—I'VE A FIRST-CLASS TICKET!"

SANDERS'S DIFFICULTY IN THE WAY OF "A SCIENTIFIC FRONTIER."—To prevent the Afghaan gaun aff.

REAL LUNACY.—Trusting the Crescent.

THE PITH OF SMITH.

(A Poetical Précis taken at Westminster Palace Hotel.)

MY LORD DUKE AND GENTLEMEN,

'Tis with surprise

At the curious course of events that I rise;
I'm a plain man of business, and not fond of speaking,
And e'en this occasion is not of my seeking;
But the cry of electors has called me, and, therefore,
I'll tip you four columns—as much as you'll care for.
The voice of the Country—I bar some bar-sinisters,
Who always run cross—backs Her Majesty's Ministers.
Quite right; we have crowned it with honours and glories.
The Rads do deny it,—but then they tell stories.
Sad disaster in Africa? Yes, but, believe it,
Our soldiers, brave fellows! will promptly retrieve it.
We mean to go on, spite of Liberal jeering,
And settle that question for ever. (*Much cheering.*)
Strong statements have issued from Chatsworth and Newnham,
They're mainly smart fudge, and I boldly impugn 'em:
Naughty boys, out of funds, sigh for goodies and toffies,
And Rads, out of power, of course pine for office.
C'est le mot de l'énigme in all squabbles political,
When you're out in the cold you are sure to turn critical.
The condition of Europe, thanks wholly to us,
And in spite of the Liberal fury and fuss,
Is just what it should be—at least, very nearly.
Of Cyprus some quidnuncs have cackled severely;
I've been there myself, and I found it delightful.
The fallacies spouted by HARCOURT were frightful!
It does not harbour fever,—to any extent;
And it will harbour ships,—when some tin has been spent.
Just listen to GARNET! A rather long letter.
But take it for gospel—you could not do better.

It settles the grumblers. Our enemies think
When they call it a pest-house, a desert, a sink,
That of well-deserved *kudos* they've cleverly stript us.
Pooh, pooh! With some cash, and the—hum!—Eucalyptus,
You'll find it, in spite of the fools who find fault, a
Superb combination of Eden and Malta.
And then, as regards our financial affairs,
Mid-Lothian's proximate Candidate dares
To say they are in a deplorable state;
But you'll find they will turn out all right, if you'll wait.
If taxation is swelled to a tidy amount,
We're prepared for each item to render account.
And what more would you have? Bills will run up, you know,
E'en the Birmingham Radicals find how they grow.
In fact, "we all do it," so why make a bother?
So much for one Bogey. Bad Trade is another.
To charge us with bringing on that is a shame,
Over-trading and GLADSTONE are chiefly to blame.
'Twould ne'er have appeared, but for his rash temerity
In raising, and praising, disastrous prosperity.
Still, we are not all starving. We dig lots of coal,
And the working-men's savings expand on the whole;
Our taxes are light (so there's room for increase).
And now dear Lord B. has brought Honour and Peace.
If the workman won't listen to Radical stories,
But stick to his bench, and his best friends, the Tories,
Trade will very soon show a surprising revival,
And Old England will stand as of old without rival,
Strong, proud, inoffensive, imperial, united!
There! I think that's the lot; and I trust you're delighted—
This I fancy's a settler for HARCOURT and HARTY;
Five Columns! Not bad for a taciturn party.
Speech is silvern, and silence is golden, I hold,
But a Smith works in silver as well as in gold;
And I can play the Silver-Smith. Thanks for the hearing,
You've given. And now I'll sit down. (*Prolonged cheering.*)

COSMOPOLITANS AND COOK.



a chef de cuisine. We rejoice to record the magnanimity with which they have rendered that homage to a Chief who was a British Sea Captain—but one who, in serving his country has also served mankind. Could not some of us, by way of return, unite in a similar glorification of some great Frenchman—and who should it be?

"IN LIQUIDATION."

A SCREAMING FARCE.

(As Performed, to the tune of Eighteen Millions a Year, in London and the Provinces.)

SCENE.—A Solicitor's Office—Meeting of Creditors discovered. Enter to them HAWKSLEY, Trustee, and SMOOTH, Solicitor to BUTTERTY'S Liquidation.

Brown (a plethoric large Creditor). We all know what we're here for. I move that Mr. JONES, as Principal Creditor, do take the Chair.

Robinson (another still more full-bodied large Creditor). I beg to second that motion.

Jones (after bowing himself into the Chair). Gentlemen, we are met here to receive the Trustee's statement of the liquidation in that business of BUTTERTY'S. I hope, for all our sakes, that we're in for a substantial dividend. (Applause.) And the sooner we get it the better. (Immense applause.) So I will waste no more words, but call at once on the Trustee for his report.

[HAWKSLEY responds to the summons by settling his double-eyeglass and arranging his papers.]

Hawksley. You are doubtless aware, Gentlemen—practical men of business as you all are—that this has been a most troublesome estate to wind up—the property of the debtor peculiarly difficult to realise—in fact, I may truly call it one of the toughest jobs, though of trifling character as regards assets and liabilities. I have ever taken in hand in all my long and varied experience. The assets, as some of you may remember, were stated at £1500. The liabilities, oddly enough, stood at precisely the same figure—a very rare and gratifying feature in the case. We have been forced to three sales by auction—very troublesome things always. One was of furniture, valued by Mr. BUTTERTY himself at £400. This realised £185. (Movement among Creditors.) The plant and machinery of the concern were sold in one lot for £160. (Renewed sensation.) Mr. B.'s valuation of this, confirmed by our own valuer, was £800—not an extravagant amount, if, as I am informed, it originally cost £3,000—and I shouldn't at all wonder. You know, as men of business, what these forced sales are—ruinous, Gentlemen—simply ruinous. (Lifts up his eyelids and shrugs his shoulders.) Then there was the sale, by auction, of two small freehold-houses. We put them at £200. There was a first mortgage charge on them of £650. They realised £25, after satisfying mortgagee's claims—there was half a year's interest due—£16 5s.—and so left £8 13s. for the benefit of the estate. (Growing depression among Creditors.) The book-debts, which were valued—somewhat sanguinely, perhaps—at £100, we have sold for £10. (Creditors who looked blank before look blanker still.) We don't consider ten per cent. at all bad for book-debts. This, I think, is all the assets. Coming to sum-totals, Gentlemen, (Movement: JONES mopping his forehead, BROWN in a high state of perspiration, ROBINSON breathing hard), we have, all realised, £363 15s. available for dividend (a

smothered groan from JONES) and expenses—or perhaps I should rather say expenses and dividend.

Brown (jumping up after having with difficulty kept his seat thus far). Con-found it, Sir! We were offered ten shillings in the pound guaranteed, at the first meeting; but Mr. SMOOTH here (turning to glare furiously on that Gentleman), he advised liquidation as the best thing for the creditors—and talked about twenty shillings in the pound—he did—and be — to him! (Prolonged sensation.)

Smooth (severely). Take care, Mr. BROWN! (beaming blandly on the rest of the Creditors), I can assure you, Gentlemen, that Mr. HAWKSLEY has been, literally, indefatigable in this case—most careful to do the best for the estate and the creditors. I can answer for it, that he has never taken a step without consulting me.

Jones (malignantly). And you charging us jolly well for it, I'll be bound.

Smooth (warningly). Take care, Mr. JONES! Robinson (who is short-necked and plethoric, and daren't trust himself to express his feelings). What's the dividend?

Jones (who knows his Friend's symptoms). Don't excite yourself, ROBINSON. It's bad for you, you know it is. (To other Creditors who are gradually approaching to boiling-point.) Gentlemen, be patient. It ain't any good getting in a passion. (A lull.)

Hawksley (serenely). Having stated realised assets, we now come to costs of liquidation (looking at Paper through his double eye-glass). First, we have Solicitor's costs—most moderate, I think you will admit—£104 6s.; then Auctioneer's valuations and commissions,—that's always a heavy item,—£36 8s.; and Trustee's costs,—we have kept them down as close as we could, as the estate was a small one,—£222 9s., leaving available for dividend the sum of Eighteen Shillings and Fourpence precisely! (Silence and stupefaction.)

Jones (with a ghastly attempt at humour). How much may that be in the pound?

Hawksley. I have not worked it out yet, but if you'll give me a few minutes—perhaps—

Robinson (with ironical calm). Don't trouble yourself. We've had quite enough of your figures. It cost me eighteen-pence to prove my debt. I should have been better off if I'd made BUTTERTY a present of the money, and had done with it; and now he's cleaned out, and the Creditors have got nothing, and all the estate has found its way into your pockets between you. A nice state of things, I call it!

Mr. Smooth. Be careful with your innuendoes, Sir! I may have to teach you that professional men have a character to uphold.

Hawksley (soothingly). I am sure, Mr. ROBINSON did not mean—(ROBINSON shows in his face that he did mean all that Mr. H. means he did not mean, and a good deal more)—I can assure you, Gentlemen, that the realisation has been a careful one—most careful—has, in fact, had more time given to it than the amount of the estate, perhaps, would have justified, strictly speaking.

Robinson (with a ghastly chuckle). Ha, ha, ha! All I hope is, that Mr. HAWKSLEY, when he's realising for himself, will look as sharp as when he's realising for us.

Jones (bursting his bounds). I think it's quite time this humbugging trustee-business was done with; blowed if it ain't—

Hawksley (indignantly). "Humbugging," Mr. JONES? I did not come here to be insulted. You will find I am master of the situation.

Jones. "Situation" be hanged! I should jolly well like to move the Court, and see if you are master.

Hawksley. Better not waste your money, Mr. JONES, if you'll allow me to advise you. I am not amenable to any Court—(with solemnity), except that of my character and my conscience. To the former I appeal—to the latter I look for support, under these cruel and undeserved aspersions. Ask your legal adviser.

Jones. Is that so, Mr. SMOOTH?

Smooth. Undoubtedly. Good gracious! Didn't you put yourselves into his hands? Didn't you give him full power? The LORD CHANCELLOR himself couldn't do anything.

Hawksley (with calm superiority). And if he could, you seem to forget, Gentlemen, that I am, in the eye of the law, an officer of the Court (proudly).

Jones (getting lower and lower in his language, under the influence of excitement). It seems to me you are the Court. As far as I can make out, you owe nobody no account,—no money—no nothing. Blessed if it ain't a regular swindle, all round!

Hawksley (with wounded dignity). Did you hear, Mr. SMOOTH? (Sternly.) You will repent this language, Mr. JONES.

Jones (desperate and defiant). Do your worst! I can always face the like of you—in Court, or out—though the less I see of you, anywhere, the better. Come along, Gents. It don't smell sweet here, somehow—it really don't.

ROBINSON (resignedly). Well, we're all done brown. I suppose that's all about it. Case of "grin and bear it" all round. Come along!

[Eccent Creditors crestfallen, headed by BROWN, JONES, and ROBINSON, who exchange looks of defiance with HAWKSLEY and SMOOTH, as they pass out. SMOOTH and HAWKSLEY gather up their papers, whisper, smile, shake hands, and move to the door, in fraternal alliance.]

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



MONDAY, February 17 (Lords).—Earl DELAWARE and the LORD CHANCELLOR have two Bills prepared for making masters responsible for managers, in cases of accidents to workmen. EARL DELAWARE's was read a First Time, and is then to stand over for consideration of the Government Measure. It is a nice and difficult matter, needing legislation principally to do away with the legal fiction of "common employment," and the sooner it is settled the better.

The LORD CHANCELLOR, in the favourite Parliamentary part of Sisyphus heaving once more the great stone of Bankruptcy Law up the Hill of Difficulty! The changes he proposes all tend in the right direction—to stop the pickings of the thriving birds of prey who now fatten themselves and feather their nests out of bankrupt estates, under various titles, and to make it worth the creditors' while to look after their debts, which they now seldom care to do when once Bankruptcy or Arrangement has set in to the work of dividing assets for the benefit of creditors' agents, instead of creditors. In short, the Act is a well-meaning—if not ambitious—attempt *custodire custodes*. But it stops far short of the only drastic remedy—to punish fraudulent Bankruptcy as a crime, and to treat as fraud all the various well-known forms of robbery under the mask of business which are now the opprobrium of English trade.

LORD PENZANCE is of opinion that much of the blame now thrown on Bankruptcy Laws is due to the supineness of creditors. *Punch* would rather put it, that much of the supineness of creditors is due to the blame now attaching to the Bankruptcy Laws. Justice is

said to be blind. She can hardly be so blind as she looks, while we see her winking so very hard in the Bankruptcy Court.

(Commons.)—The Major cannoned the Claimant on the Glasgow Bank Directors. He means to demand release for the British Bart., or mitigation of sentence, in consideration of the inadequate punishment of the Scotch delinquents.

In answer to Mr. STACPOOLE, Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE said the Government knew nothing of any intention to carry out *Mr. Punch's* suggestion for the removal of Arthur's Seat to Dublin, by making the Duke of CONNAUGHT Permanent Viceroy of Ireland. Sir STAFFORD said the Government did not enjoy *Mr. P.'s* confidence. That is perfectly true, as it may be true that he does not know of any such intention. Perhaps Lord B. does. Perhaps Mr. STACPOOLE should have left out "permanent." We are answered by the card nowadays, and should ask accordingly.

The ATTORNEY-GENERAL could not give Mr. BLAKE any encouragement for the view that taking shares in stores for the sale of tea, tobacco, or "other Church furniture or necessities," would subject the Clergy to proceedings at Common, or Ecclesiastical Law—though as to the last Sir JOHN could not be quite sure, speaking with the terror of Chief Justice COCKBURN before his eyes—unless they personally served behind the counter, or perhaps even as Directors and Managers.

We are promised a Flood Prevention, and a Copyright Bill, and all the Gas and Electric Light Bills are to be referred to "one strong committee," charged *e fumo dare lucem*. It ought to be strong,



A GOOD WORD FOR HER LAST PLACE.

Young Person (applying for Housemaid's place). "A YOUNG LADY AS LIVED WITH YOU AS COOK, MUM, TOLD ME AS YOU WAS A VERY NICE WOMAN TO GET ON WITH!!"

if it is to get light out of the darkness now prevailing on the subject.

The House cheerfully wasted two hours over the question whether it should at once consider Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOLE'S Resolutions for saving the time of Parliament, or wait awhile. Sir CHARLES DILKE was for waiting; so were Mr. B. HOPE, Mr. MITCHELL-HENRY, and others. *Contra*, Mr. MOWBRAY, Mr. NEWDEGATE, and the Marquis of HARTINGTON. Mr. WALTER and Mr. RYLANDS were for taking the Resolutions in Committee. After two divisions Sir STAFFORD got his first Resolution before the House,—that in Monday Committees of Supply or Ways and Means, the SPEAKER shall leave the Chair without any question,—in other words, that "grievances," on one night in the week, shall not be lugged in head and shoulders before Supply.

Mr. DILLWYN proposed to cut this down by leaving out "Ways and Means," which, Sir STAFFORD, on the "Half-a-loaf" principle, was fain to agree to, as he did to Lord HARTINGTON's further limitation of the Resolutions to the ordinary Army, Navy, or Civil Service Estimates. And so, "with much ado, and after mighty long talk," as Mr. PEPPYS would say, what was left of one Resolution of the five was got through, between one and two o'clock.

But if Sir STAFFORD thinks the wary old birds of the House mean to allow him to put Executive salt on their tails, he is mistaken, and so *Punch* warns him.

*Tuesday (Lords).—*Lord CRANBROOK assured Lord RIPON that the Government knew nothing of General ROBERTS having annexed the Kurum Valley—when they did, they would tell the House. Perhaps General ROBERTS prefers annexing on his own hook, like Sir BARTLE PEERE.

The LORD CHANCELLOR brought in his Bill for enlarging the jurisdiction of the County Courts from debts of £50 to £200, and to any amount, without limit, if both Plaintiffs and Defendants agree. This, my Luds, is what comes of asking for more Judges. Your business is taken from you, and flung to the one-horse Bench. How does that please your Ludships? And how will the Bar like it?

Lord CAIRNS does not agree with the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE that there is any "block" which calls for more high-priced judicial razors to cut it. The Assizes difficulty will settle down; and if Judges will buckle to their work one-horse fashion, instead of in the more dignified

unicorn team, there is no reason why Themis should be long twitted with arrears—or why Minos should not be trusted to do the work in which he has hitherto had *Æacus* and *Rhadamanthus* for his assessors. But that a Lord Chancellor should strike the blow!

"*Et tu Brute!*"—then come down, COCKBURN!"
(*Commons.*)—Mr. DILLWYN moved his Bill for his New Patent Parliamentary Civil-Service-Estimates-sifter, in the shape of a Select Committee.

Mr. BAXTER liked it—being out of Treasury office, and confessing to the fun with which he used to watch poor private Members hunting for their needles through the official bottles of hay. But the more practical business brain of HANKEY, and the sense of official proprieties of SELWIN-IBRETSON, LOWE, and LEWIS, and the sturdy Sussex common-sense of BARTELOT—all pooh-poohed the Dillwynian-sifter. So, with all these to oppose, and RYLANDS and PARNELL to support, no wonder the sifter was shunted—into the natural home of sifters—the dust-hole.

The House renewed the 12:30 rule, which prevents opposed business being taken after midnight. Men in office don't like it, but private Members do—as the rule saves them many a weary snooze on the back benches, or waking wait in their places.

And then the House was Counted Out while discussing the appointment of the Public Accounts Committee. How can it face its own account, after truanting so soon in the Session?

Wednesday.—A Count Out last night: a talk out this afternoon.

Mr. BALFOUR's Burials Bill makes one in a quartette of which Mr. O. MORGAN's Bill is No. 1, taking as it does the broad ground that everybody has a right to be buried in his parish churchyard, and with the service his family and friends like best. Mr. BALFOUR's Bill substantially makes the same concessions, but tries to guard them by dykes which the first high tide will sweep away. Naturally he disgusts Church without conciliating Chapel, and so is talked out.

How long do the short-sighted Church champions mean to keep up this fight over the grave? The most intelligent among them know they must be beaten. Will it be much consolation that they have waded to defeat through a sea of bad blood?

Thursday (Lords).—The shameful subject of the importation of firearms and ammunition into Zulu-land was broached.



"PITY THE FROZEN-OUT FOX-HUNTERS!—WE HAVE NO WORK TO DO!"

WHAT WE HAVE SEEN THIS SEASON, AND SEEM LIKELY TO SEE AGAIN.

That eagle's fate and theirs is one,
Who, on the shaft that made him die,
Beheld a feather of his own,
Wherewith he went to soar so high.

For "shaft" read "gun," and for "feather" read "Tower-mark," and the parallel is complete. It is English traders who supply nine-tenths of the rifles and powder with which the Zulus have taken the brave English lives whose loss England is now mourning. "Trade for ever, and hang sentiment!" says the British shopkeeper.

(Commons.)—The Major got his cheer, by eliciting the assurance that, as far as the Government can, surviving officers of the gallant and ill-fated 24th shall reap the benefit of the heroic sacrifices which has so nearly left its second battalion officerless. He followed it up by getting his laugh out of Mr. Cross's assurance that he did not mean to interfere as a *deus ex machina* for the British Baronet in Dartmoor.

Renewed attempt of the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER to put salt on the SPEAKER's tail—in other words, to narrow the great Parliamentary privilege of wasting time in talk. *Latet anguis in herbâ.* A sturdy minority will see the Parliamentary gag under Sir STAFFORD's insinuating flowers of speech. Nothing carried; and Debate adjourned.

Better drop your Resolutions, Sir STAFFORD, and fall back on Mr. E. YORKE's pithy suggestion—

"To meet Obstructives by a courageous application of existing rules. If a Member was guilty of Obstruction, the SPEAKER could call the attention of the House to the fact that he was guilty of contempt; and, on a Motion by the Leader of the House, or any Member of sufficient authority, the offender having been heard in his defence, the House could inflict an adequate penalty. If that course had been taken, they might long ago have dealt with Obstruction more efficiently than by new rules, which would abridge the legitimate opportunities of bringing forward grievances, and prevent Members doing what it was their duty to do. The rules would be inoperative to prevent Obstruction, and mischievous so far as they affected the legitimate business of the House."

This paragraph, in Mr. Punch's humble judgment, contains the marrow of all the talk that has been inflicted upon the House since the Resolutions were introduced, with the "tediousness" taken out.

At five minutes to two the House was Counted Out, *re infectâ.*

Friday (Lords).—If Lord AIRLIE thinks the Glasgow Rail Directors have got more than their deserts—as the LORD CHANCELLOR seemed to infer from his question about admission to bail in cases of fraud—the head of the bonny House of AIRLIE, we should say, stands alone. The COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF did his best to satisfy their Lordships—which should be enough to satisfy us Commoners—that all had been for the best in the shipment of troop-horses with the troopers who have sailed for South Africa. People talk about "salted" horses—as if the men wouldn't have enough salted bones in their messes going out, without finding it waiting for them in Natal.

(Commons.)—In Supply Mr. RATHBONE opened up a not unimportant matter. Would it not be well that School Inspectors should go into training a little before being left to themselves—have a term of preliminary instruction how to float and strike out, under the eye of an elder Inspector—a "Salted Inspector," as he might be called in these South African times—before plunging into the deep water of School Inspection all by themselves? There is much to be said for this suggestion, which ought not to be lost sight of, though reasons of expense may plead against it for the present.

Mr. SAMUELSON invited the House to the consideration of the two biggest plagues of Egypt—its Debt and its KHEDIVÉ. He asks with Mr. CARTWRIGHT, "*que diable allons-nous faire dans cette galère?*" and thinks we had better have steered clear of Suez Canal Shares and Financial Commissionerships, and generally kept our hands free of Egyptian Bonds altogether. This *Punch* is not inclined to dispute; but—being in—what is now the best way out? That seems to be the question at this moment. As for the last move in the KHEDIVÉ's little game, we are glad to be assured by the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER that France and England are at one, and the neither English nor French Minister has resigned, or is likely to resign. While they keep an eye on the KHEDIVÉ, that "serpent old Nile" may wriggle, but will find it hard to wriggle out of its engagements.

House Counted Out at half-past eight. Only eight Members can be heard Sir JOHN LUBBOCK on "Ancient Monuments." We are a practical people.

FAR-OFF WARS, AND HOW TO BRING THEM HOME TO US.

(A Forecast from the Latest Examples.)



commissioner replies in a lengthy and spirited despatch, dated the same afternoon. After illustratively describing the generally debased social condition of the

FURTHER papers were published yesterday, throwing new and startling light on the Chinese difficulty. They contain 175 despatches, most of them dealing with the complaints of several influential bootjack merchants at Shanghai, but the more important referring to the sudden request of our High Commissioner for more "military support, say from 40 to 60,000, of all arms." With regard to the latter, the Colonial Secretary telegraphs:—

"April 1. We could not at the present moment conveniently spare an army of 60,000 men, or even a force up to your lesser limit of 40,000. Would it not be better to compromise matters a little longer, before embarking in a struggle with an empire numbering a population of some 300,000,000?"

Mongolian races from the year 2334 B.C., down to September, 1878, he concludes:—

"It may possibly occur to Her Majesty's Government that even if the hour has come to humanise, educate, wash, and otherwise civilise this peculiar people, the task is one that they ought not to undertake without some opportunity for deliberation. If this is their view of the matter, I cannot say it is mine. On the contrary, surveying the world from a sufficiently elevated stand-point, I am convinced that the sooner the enterprise is set about the better. I have, therefore, sent an ultimatum to Peking, which I flatter myself will precipitate a crisis that ought, in my opinion, to be brought to a head, and the sooner the better. The 80,000 men I mentioned should be forthcoming by return. If Her Majesty's Government do not like the situation, all I can say is they must lump it. They are not on the spot. I am."

To this the Colonial Secretary replies in a brief despatch. After the usual complimentary heading, he goes on:—

"There is no doubt that, to adopt your own forcible and succinct style, 'You are on the spot.' Without in any way reflecting on your bold and benevolent scheme for the summary regeneration of the Chinese Empire, I am to convey to you the general feeling of Her Majesty's Government that more's the pity."

A few telegrams, which appear to have reached their destination too late to have been of any use, here follow. The correspondence closes with a comprehensive and scholarly essay, from the pen of the High Commissioner, on "The Manners and Customs of the Early Tartars," to which is appended a postscript announcing the commencement of a Chinese war.

Clerical Co-operation.

(By Our Cambridge Grocer.)

WOULD Grads and Undergrads enjoy
Their bliss to whom no debt is scored,
Let READYMONEY MORTIBOY
Be READYMONEY MORTAR-BOARD.

FOX-HUNTING AND FOX-EATING.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

THROUGH the length and breadth of the Green Isle, the hunting circles of that sporting country have been lately shaken to their centres by a question of the gravest moment; namely—whether "a dug fox" "ought to be," then and there, "eaten by a Master, on the earth," or not.

Several well-known Masters of Hounds assert that he ought, while one influential Squire, at least, thinks differently. I feel that you would be rendering an important service to the sporting world by deciding this momentous point, on which a humble sportsman like myself dare not even form an opinion, much less criticise statements like the following:—

From Lord PINKERTON, M. F. H.

"If my hounds required blood, and I ran the last fox in a country-side to ground, I would dig him out and eat him on the earth."

From Mr. HEAVYSTERN, M. F. H.

"You acted perfectly right in eating him on the spot."

Not being a M. F. H. myself, I am quite bewildered when I read of disposing of foxes, whether dug or run out, in this savage and summary fashion.

As a man of but feeble powers of digestion, and with a stomach easily turned, I feel thankful I have never had to look on while an M. F. H., however much he may have liked it, went through the disgusting feat of "Eating a Fox on the Earth," after digging him out of the hole in which he had hoped to find a safe shelter from such a horrible end.

I am, dear Mr. Punch, yours,

ONE WHO HAS LONG FOLLOWED THE HOUNDS, BUT
NEVER EAT A FOX ON THE EARTH.

Varminstown, King's County, Ireland.

[Punch has never been in the habit of eating his own Foxes; and Toby informs him that he should consider such an act as an unpardonable encroachment on the canine privileges of his brethren of the kennel. "Dog eat dog" is not a worse rule than "Dog eat fox" is a good and binding one.]

THE GREAT LOAN LAND.—Turkey.

ATCHAM v. HATCHAM.

MR. PUNCH has, unwittingly, drawn down a sore visitation upon an unoffending Clergyman, the Incumbent of "Atcham," near Shrewsbury, all along of the letter (published in his number for Feb. 15,) from an "Agrieved Parishiner," of 'Atcham, Surrey, naturally exasperated by the late Ritualistic vagaries and still more discreditable Anti-Ritualistic riotings and indecencies, of which that church has been the scandalous scene. We need hardly say that that letter had nothing to do with the innocent and orthodox Incumbent of Atcham near Shrewsbury, who eschews all such aperies, and draperies, and naperies of Rome, as albs, copes and chasubles, priests' foolscaps, sky-blue petticoats, dalmatics, and altar-candles.

The similarity in the names of exasperated "'Atcham," and his peaceful cure—with only an H.—that most movable of letters—between them, has brought upon him, we are sorry to hear, a flood of silly and offensive correspondence.

But "it is an ill-wind that blows nobody good." He has, doubtless, diverted to his own devoted head so much of the asinine letter-flow which usually finds its way to Mr. Punch's waste-paper basket. Poor Punch has to bide the pelting of this pitiless epistolary storm daily. Let the Incumbent of Atcham near Shrewsbury be thankful that the infliction in his case, will, in all likelihood, cease with this explanation, if it have not run itself dry before.

Coronatus, Non Pileatus.

"The POPE, much to his credit, has respectfully offered Dr. NEWMAN a Cardinal's Hat. The venerable Doctor, equally to his credit, has respectfully declined the honour."

A CARDINAL'S Hat! Fancy NEWMAN in that,

For the crown o'er his grey temples spread!

'Tis the good and great head that would honour the hat,

Not the hat that would honour the head.

There's many a priest craves it: no wonder he waives it,

Or that we, the soiled head-cover scanning,

Exclaim with one breath, sans distinction of faith,

"Would they wish NEWMAN ranked with Old MANNING?"



MISPLACED CHARITY.

ON COMING OUT OF CHURCH, GENERAL SIR TALBOT DE LA POER SANGRAZUL IS SO STRUCK BY THE BEAUTY OF THE AFTERNOON SKY, THAT HE FORGETS TO PUT ON HIS HAT, AND LADY JONES (WHO IS RATHER NEAR-SIGHTED) DROPS A PENNY INTO IT!

A LESSON.

"Fas est ab hoste doceri."

John Bull soliloquises.

I CAN'T stand being lessoned. 'Tis not nice
At any time from foes to take advice;
And when the heart is hot with rage and grief,
That in swift vengeance fain would seek relief,
The preachers of cool caution, and good heed,
With their trite text of "more haste, and worse speed,"
Appear, to those who crave revenge's balm,
Mere lukewarm counsellors of craven calm.
Yet, oft 'tis true that patience asks more pluck
Than fierce and fiery haste to run a-muck.
To fervid patriot zeal and pride of race
Facts are at times e'en harder foes to face
Than those bloodthirsty hordes, fierce, vengeful, swift,
To my heroic handful at Rorke's Drift,
Or red Insandula! Thoughts of that rain
Of murderous assegais will fire my brain!
Avenged? Ay, ay! There is no need to pule,
Still less, to spur me like a stubborn mule,
Or hound my eager war-dogs on the trail
Of the swart slaughterers. They will not fail,
When with the foe they close in eager fight,
To balance the account and set things right.
"Right?" 'Tis a widish word, not always clear
To the distempered gaze of hate and fear.
E'en noble indignation, in its heat,
Fails sometimes of a purview quite complete.
Panders, who dub me the world's paragon
Whose will makes right, would blindly spur me on
To vengeance indiscriminate, and claim
Monopoly of patriotic fame.
I fancy all that sort of thing looks small
To the Eternal Eye that measures all,

And has one standard, accurate and fair,
For me and the stark savage in his lair.
I hear the still cool voice of patriot sense;
Yes, though, midst fumes of flattery coarse and dense,
Loud self-laudation, swaggering round the land,
Would howl it down, I hear and understand.
First I must honour, and avenge, the slain;
My brave five hundred must not die in vain.
Not for the first time Blunder has given scope
To British valour;—would that I dared hope
'Tis for the last! That sadly glorious scene
Should teach rash headiness and stiff routine
Some needed lessons. On revenge's track
Those who watch o'er my war-dogs are not slack.
I hope they're sure and safe as they've been swift.
Yet wise prevention is far better thrift
Than cure, howe'er complete; nor is it wise
Rashly to make, or recklessly despise,
E'en savage foemen. They are fools who spurn
Sound lessons, though a foe's. I'm game to learn!

An Adaptation from the French, for the French.

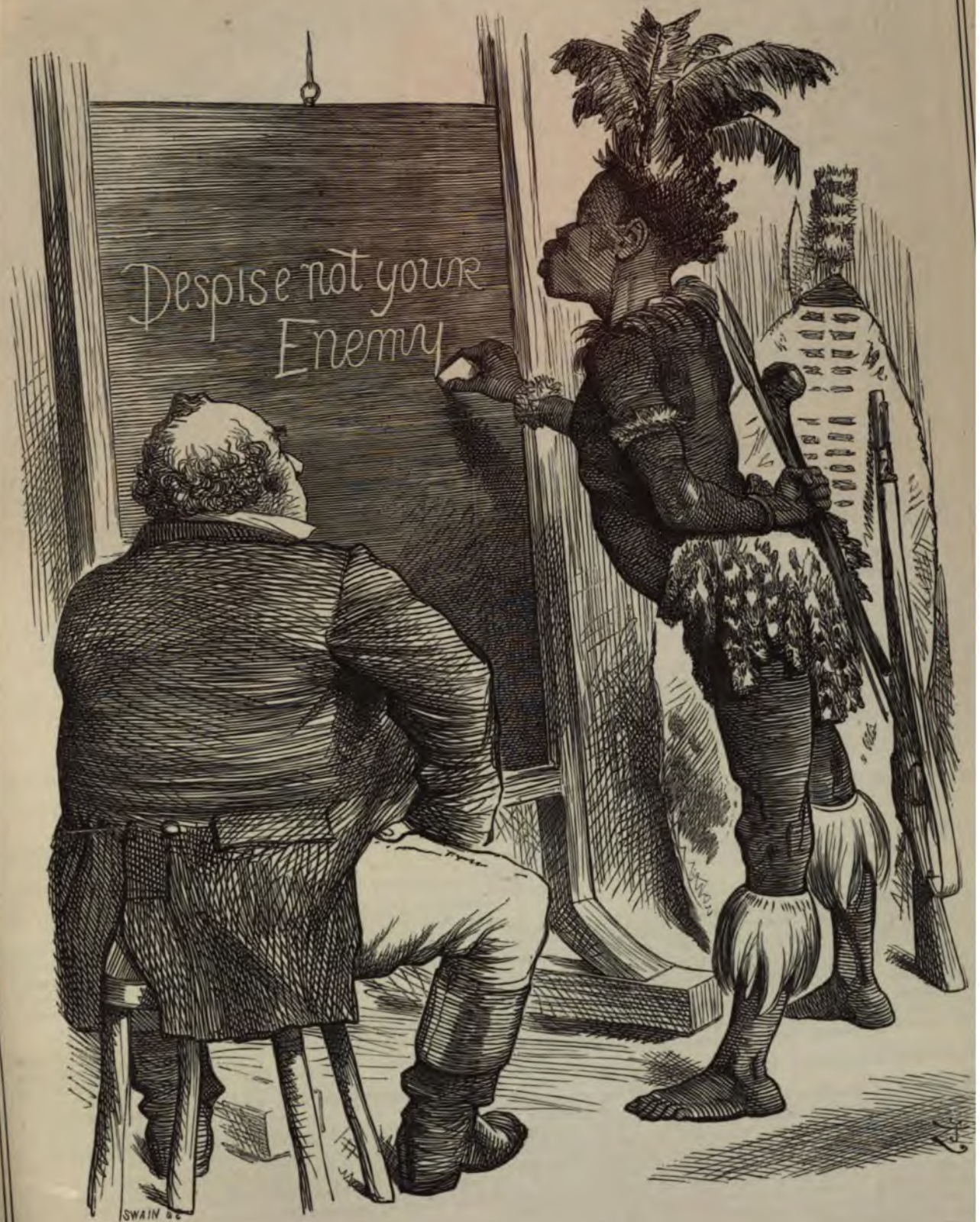
DANTON's advice to the Republicans in 1793. "De l'audace, et de l'audace, et toujours de l'audace!"

Punch's advice to the French Republicans of 1879. "De la patience, et de la patience, et toujours de la patience!"

A Rash Inference.

"I did swallow my studs. As they were gold, I thought they would have some effect in curing a pain which I had in my stomach."—*Plaintiff's Evidence in Nunn v. Hemming.*

PRONOUNCE him mad because he took for pills
The gold that's held by most to cure all ills!



A LESSON.



"BEATI POSSIDENTES."

Canvasser (to Thrifty Rustic, who has recently taken a Little Farm).
 "WELL, THOMAS, YOU 'LL GIVE YOUR VOTE TO SQUIRE SHODDY AT THE NEXT ELECTION—"

Thomas. "NO, I SHAN'T.—I HA' GOT 'UN, AND I MEAN TO KEEP 'UN MYSELF—I BEAN'T A GOIN' TO GI' 'UN TO NOBODY!!"

FRIENDS AT A DISTANCE.

Being a Brief Record of a few Winter-seasonable Visits to certain Country Houses.

VISIT THE THIRD.—CHAPTER XIV.

Invitation—A name—Topsy-turvy—Accepted—Incident—Sensational—Sprightly servant—Luxury—Poetry—Arrival.

A LETTER OF invitation comes to me from—

"MY DEAR FELLOW, "*Meadowsweet Manor, Tricklington.*
 "I SHALL be delighted to see you, if you'll only come and take pity on a poor hermit in his cell. We are right away from all amusements—ten miles away from anywhere—so if you can summon up courage to make the venture, you are hereby forewarned that you'll have to entertain yourself, the livelong day, as best you can. But come, by all means,

"Yours truly,
 "C. MOSTHYN DICKIE."

MOSTHYN DICKIE is a good all round grumbler. I don't wonder at it, with such a name. He starts, as a cart-before-the-horse man. With him everything has gone right in spite of himself. But to hear him talk, to judge by his correspondence, you would think that everything was invariably going as wrong as possible with him.

His name is enough to have put him out of all his calculations in life. There should be a law against the use of a Christian name as a surname. One ought no more to be permitted to use a Christian name as a surname, than one is able to use a hat as a waistcoat. Any one doing the latter, frequently, would be locked up in a lunatic asylum; and the lunatic tailor would soon be sent for to show the unfortunate man what kind of waistcoat he would have to be fitted with for the future.

MOSTHYN DICKIE is so evidently DICKIE MOSTHYN topsy-turvy, that it is quite irritating to hear it, and still more to see it, on paper. When his friends call him "DICKIE," it sounds ridiculous,—or ridiculous,—while to speak of him, or to him, as "MR. DICKIE," is even more absurd. It is like talking to a canary in a cage. "Well, Mr. DICKIE, how are you this morning?" which you

expect to hear followed up with a chirrup, and a "Sweet, sweet, swe-e-et!"

All his intimates call him MOSTHYN. This sounds all right, but it puts a stranger, so to speak, on entering, on to the wrong scent; for who would suppose that those who call a man "DICKIE," and "MR. DICKIE," are his merest acquaintances, while those who call him MOSTHYN are his most intimate friends? How did it begin? Trace the genealogical tree to its ancestral root, and there will probably be found a RICHARD at the bottom of it. He came over with the Conqueror, or without him, as RICHARD, simply RICHARD. His friends called him "DICK." His playful friends called him "DICKON." An eccentric old Norman baron called him "DICKIE." This old Norman baron was rich. He quarrelled with his family, left his money and estates to his boon companion, whom he had only known as "DICKIE." This fixed the heir's name. Henceforward he and his heirs were DICKIES. They went on and prospered, in spite of, as the vulgar phrase has it, or used to have it (and can have it again as far as I am concerned), in spite of "its being all dicky with them."

The above is a hypothetical history of the MOSTHYN DICKIE family. Some DICKIE in the Sixteenth Century married into the MOSTHYN family—whose name, probably, owed its origin from some witty King seeing one of his courtiers very lank and meagre, and, like JULIUS CÆSAR, considering lean men as dangerous to the State, he at once designated him as *Most Thin*, and gave him some fine fat lands to subsist on. "*Most-thin*" then became MOSTHYN—and thenceforward a rich, happy family, and stout supporters of Royalty.

[*Happy Thought.*—Write a Hypothetical History of the Origin of English Family Names and Titles. Perhaps, the English families would subscribe largely, to make it worth my while *not* to do it. Either notion's remunerative.]

Of course, I accept MOSTHYN DICKIE's offer.

Here, *en route* for the Manor, I must note what would be sensationally announced in some American papers thus—

AN INCIDENT AT THE STATION.

I am in the waiting-room. I see the bald head and eyes of a short man in a great coat. I see no more of the short man than the bald head and eyes, because he has got his hat off, and is, to put it nicely, using his pocket-handkerchief.

From the bridge of his nose, to the second button of his great-coat, all is enveloped in a silken cloud of mystery, *i.e.*, in pocket-handkerchief. What I do see of him—mentioned above—I recognise. I go up to him with outstretched hand and a smile on my expressive countenance. I am about to say, "Hallo, Von SCHMIDT,"—that being the name of the individual I expect to find behind the pocket-handkerchief,—when, the curtain being drawn aside, discovers somebody else, a total stranger, who stares at me in a half-frightened manner, as though uncertain what to make of my advance. I suddenly change my front, scowl, as though asking the stranger, "What the deuce he means by being somebody else and deceiving me under shelter of his pocket-handkerchief," and walk off, indignantly, by the side-door. That bald-headed stranger, who ought to be Von SCHMIDT, wouldn't get into the same carriage with me for a trifle.

After this, still in sensational paragraph style, I will describe my next step as

ON THE TRACK.

Which simply means that I get into a comfortable smoking-carriage, and finally arrive at Tricklington Station, where I meet with an

ENTHUSIASTIC WELCOME

from one person, whom, of all others, I am glad to see—in fact it is I who give him the enthusiastic welcome—for he is a servant from Meadowsweet Manor, who has been awaiting me, in the snow, for the last quarter of an hour. And it has snowed! It must have snowballed down, so thickly and heavily does it lie on the roads, on the trees, on the roofs, on everywhere. Had the giants taken to snowball the Great Northern Gods, and the Great Northern Gods replied in kind from their Hundred-and-Twenty-four Pounder Snowball Factory and Arsenal, a more damaging result could not well be conceived.

[*Happy Thought.*—Appearance of the Northern Divinity, THAW. Transformation Scene.]

The dapper and sprightly servant—rendered more dapper and sprightly by the cold—in a long whitey-brown coat, identifies me with the certainty of a detective in plain clothes, and has me out, bag and baggage, in less than no time.

I try to explain as to number of parcels, and where they are; but he knows all about it. His manner seems to say, "Bless you. You're not the first that's been down here by a many. I know what you've got. I know the sort o' things you'd bring, by the look of you. Don't you bother—I know my work." And true enough, before two minutes have elapsed, all my things are out, nothing left behind, and we, in a procession of footman, porter, and self, make for the station-door, where there is a pair-horse brougham in waiting, with a coachman, in a fur cape, respectfully delighted to see me. My baggage



"IT'S A LONG LANE THAT HAS NO TURNING!"

Small Boy (to timid Younger Brother). "COME ON, BILL! 'ERE'S THE END OF 'IM AT LAST!"

being provided for—I feel it will be all right, and ask no questions. In I get, and off we go.

From this moment I see I can relieve myself of all responsibility. I feel more than at home, as I lounge back in the pair-horse brougham comfortably, most comfortably rugged and wrapped. The sensation is, "This is mine! I am monarch of all I survey (I can't see out of the windows for the steam, which makes them into ground-glass), and emancipated from trouble, or responsibility, the poetry comes out of me thus:—

I'm monarch of all I survey,
My right there is none to dispute;
I know that I've nothing to pay—
A sum which my pocket will suit.

[*Happy Thought.*—Poetry in me is a sort of *Ballon Captif*. The ropes are the responsibilities and troubles. Cut the ropes, and the Poet soars aloft. How about coming down again? Let the gas off. But—well we must not press a simile so far.]

MOSTHYN DICKIE's carriage is delicious. We are at the gate of the Manor House. In a few minutes we are at the Mansion itself.

Mansion! Yes, quite a Mansion! It is of the Italian Portico style, and with its steps, pillars, and capitals, it gives you the idea of a Public Library, or Club, having stepped out of St. James's Square, or Pall Mall, or a British Museum Junior which had forwarded itself down here for a little change of air.

Country House! Not a sign of it. That is, according to the received Old English type—the sort of thing, for example that Mr. CALDECOTT loves to illustrate, and wherein he excels. But at Meadowsweet Manor there should be a surrounding of Italian gardens, of Signori and Signoritas, with mandolines and guitars, greyhounds stepping daintily with one foot up in the air, monkeys led by black boys, in turbans, silks and satins, and a scowling Italian hiding behind a pillar of the portico, fumbling at a stiletto in his best doublet, while he eyes a young couple in whom he evidently feels the very deepest interest.

This is the scene suggested by MOSTHYN DICKIE's Manor House. But this picture is for summer, and now the snow is on the ground, except where it has been carefully swept away from the drive and from the steps, which are exactly like those leading up to the British Museum, or the National Gallery, only without the policemen or the

sentries; and under the portico above are wide glass doors, more than ever suggesting the idea of some public Exhibition—say, for example, the "Old Masters" at Burlington House—so that I can scarcely refrain from asking the official in plain clothes—the Beadle—whether it is a free day, or whether the admission is by payment; and, having resigned myself to this sort of Exhibition idea, I am looking round to see where are the respectable individuals, who, as at Burlington House, live in pews in the hall, and play at pawnbroking all day by giving tickets for umbrellas deposited with them—[*Happy Thought.* My Uncles!—and where the man who takes the money, and who won't give change, is to be found, when, as a footman takes me out of my great coat, I hear a hearty voice coming along the hall, exclaiming—

"Bravo! I never thought you'd come in such dreadful weather!" and MOSTHYN DICKIE has come out of his sanctum, and is grasping my hand heartily.

THE KHEDEVE'S LITTLE GAME.

THAT slipperiest of sovereigns, the KHEDEVE, has tried to wriggle himself out of the bonds to which, in the pinch of impecuniosity, he had voluntarily submitted for the benefit of his creditors and the good of his country. But instead of dismissing his Minister, NUBAR PASHA, he gets up an *émeute* of discharged officers against him and his English right hand, Mr. RIVERS WILSON, and so forces the resignation of the one, and, as he, no doubt, hopes, the retirement of the other. He may find that England and France, who have taken something very like the position of official liquidators towards this dodgy Egyptian bankrupt, decline to see this little game through the KHEDEVE's spectacles. He may yet have to accept "Winchester measure," as inscribed on the walls of WILLIAM of Wykeham's school-house:—

"*Aut disce, aut discede, manet sors tertia, cædi.*"

"Learn your own bonds to bear, or quit;
Or—third course—come to cuffs for it."

INSCRIPTION AND DESCRIPTION (FOR PARLIAMENT).—*Satis eloquentia, sapientia parum.*



"THE QUILL-DRIVER."

WHAT WE OUGHT, AND WHAT WE OUGHT NOT, TO SEND OUT TO ZULU-LAND, ACCORDING TO THAT VERY KNOWING AND UBIQUITOUS BIRD WHOSE WISDOM CRIES SO LOUD JUST NOW FROM THE NEWSPAPER COLUMNS, IF NOT ON THE HOUSE-TOPS.

Advice to the Clergy.

(By a Retail Dealer.)

On taking Orders.—Think twice before you take them to the Clergy Co-operative Stores.

Imperialism in Excelsis.

Dr. JOHNSON Amended.

DEFY mankind from Russia to Peru,
And then annex—from Afghan to Zulu.

SOME PASSAGES FROM THE HISTORY OF THE NEXT EASTERN LOAN.

(From a Special Correspondent in *future, somewhere in the East, somewhere about the Middle of Next Year.*)



The Minister of Finance, surrounded by his army, to-day received a flag of truce from the International Commissioners of Inland Revenue. Under the arrangement which will thus, it is hoped, be facilitated, the revenue is likely to be materially increased.

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

English Composer in Paris—Musical World—Haymarket—Crystal Palace—Advice gratis.

DR. ARTHUR SULLIVAN'S *Ouverture élégiaque*, "In Memoriam," has met with a most cordial reception in Paris. "C'est une œuvre de valeur bien écrite," says M. HENRI DE LAPOMMERAYE, "qui révèle un esprit clair, mélodique, et une imagination fort poétique."

Bravo, Dr. ARTHUR!

"Il y a," says the same critic, speaking of a point in the Overture, "un effet produit par les violons qui est d'un caractère saisissant." What I especially like about this is the word "saisissant."

I wish Mr. LAPOMMERAYE could hear my trio for two violins and another musical instrument (of the flageolet order) from the Lowther Arcade. Ah! that's *saisissant*, if you like! For those who have not yet heard this, a rich treat is in store. Tickets half-a-guinea each, all umbrellas and sticks to be left at the door, everyone to be searched before entering the hall, to make sure that they have not about them, in any pocket, boots, or hat, anything whatever that can be thrown at any of the performers on the above-named instruments, or at the Composer of the above-named trio.

Extra Police will be stationed in Piccadilly and Regent Street, and men will be in readiness at all the gas-taps to turn them out on the least signs of "Disaffection," i.e., not liking the musical entertainment in question.

A propos of Dr. ARTHUR's Parisian success, our well-informed friend *The Musical World* observes: "After this auspicious event, should the Rue Bergère be re-christened 'Rue Sullivan,' we should nevertheless put in a formal protest." Protest? Against what? Against its being "re-christened"? There are some good people who strongly object not only to the term "christening a ship," but also to the ceremonies used. But why shouldn't Rue Bergère be Rue Sullivan? Why—to adapt *Opheha's* words—why shouldn't the Parisians "Wear their Rue with a difference?" But no matter—

Rue Bergère
Will stop as it were.

And so Dr. SEPTIMUS WIND, of *The Musical World*, needn't be frightened, and be blown to him.

By the way, Mr. BEVERLEY, scenic artist of Drury Lane, points out in a letter to this same paper how he is a much greater loser by his connection with this disastrous pantomime than the VOKES have been; but that he and the others were quite prepared to do their best for the old ship under Captain CHATTERTON, without whose previous enterprise the talented VOKES family would not have had the chances of which they have made so much in past years. I am sorry about this. The VOKES family are clever at steps, but this is the one false step they've made. Retrace it.

After many roving weeks, coming up to Town, I went to see *The Crisis* at the Haymarket. It is remarkable for the clever acting of

Thursday.

The Minister of Finance, by a flank movement of admirable promptitude and precision, has cut off all communication between the Admiralty Offices and the Treasury. Thanks to this successful manœuvre, the Navy Estimates will probably be found to admit of considerable reduction.

Friday.

The Minister of Finance and his Army are advancing on the Palace. Speculators are buying for the rise.

Saturday.

The Minister of Finance has just won a brilliant victory over all the rest of the Government, after six hours' hard fighting. The new Loan will, it is expected, in consequence, be issued on Monday at par.

Monday.

The Minister of Finance has arranged with the Minister of War for the advance of a week's salary to a force of twenty thousand men. By a judicious employment of this force in financial operations, backed by warm, if not open, support of the Sovereign, it is hoped that the Treasury Bonds will be brought up to par.

Tuesday.

The Minister of Finance and his army are threatening the National Bank. It is believed that should the movement be crowned with success, the State Mortgages will be foreclosed on exceptionally favourable terms.

Wednesday.

Superfluous Petticoat Government.

"At the annual meeting of the North Staffordshire Railway, yesterday, one of the shareholders said that one-fifth of the proprietors were Ladies, and he should canvass them to appoint two female Directors to look after their interests."—*Standard*, Feb. 15, 1879.

THERE can surely be no necessity for the proposed arrangement, while the interests of Lady Shareholders are already so well represented by the large proportion of Old Women on existing Boards of Directors.

Miss LOUISE MOODIE, as *Mrs. Goring*, and Mr. KELLY as her son—allowing for an over-sombreness which occasionally weights an excellent conception rather heavily. Another capital performance is that of Mr. DAVID FISHER, Junior, as *Lord William Whitehead*,—a very weak name by the way. Mrs. JOHN WOOD is certainly very funny; Miss EASTLAKE very graceful and intelligent, full of promise which is rapidly ripening into performance. In her absence, the part was charmingly played by Miss B. HENRI. Indeed, taken all round, the representation of the piece leaves scarcely anything to be desired. In fact, were it not for the good acting, the play would never have taken any hold of the public at all. But solely on this account it is worth seeing. There are four or five sharp-pointed lines in it, but there is a perpetual shooting at the epigram target, and once, or twice, a bull's-eye is scored.

What must have been a very strong scene in M. AUGIER's original French piece is of itself, and apart from the acting, a very indifferent affair here. In *Les Fourchambaults* (Heavens! what a name!) one brother hits the other on the cheek, whereupon when they have made it up, the injured party, in reply to the striker's question, how he can atone for such a deed, points to the mark which the blow has still left on the cheek, and says "efface it!"—whereupon the repentant striker dashes at his brother and kisses him, literally, on the spot. Burst of enthusiasm from French audience, which has waited through three or four Acts for this situation.

But we Englishmen don't "kiss and make friends," and so the point goes for absolutely nothing, except what an ordinary shake of the hand can make of it.

Then the motive for *Huidé's* quitting the *Denhams'* house is too slight, and coming in when it does, it seems to me to belong, somehow or another, to another play altogether. *The Crisis* is scarcely a happy title for it. Considering the subject, wouldn't it have been better, when it was once removed from France, and *Les Fourchambaults* dropped, to have called it, *It's a Wise Child that Knows Its Own Father*; or, *Don't Flirt with the Governess*.

The Crisis is well worth the playgoer's visit, for the sake of the really excellent acting of all the *dramatis personæ*, especially Miss MOODIE, Miss EASTLAKE, or her unusually sufficient and satisfactory substitute Miss HENRI, and Mr. KELLY.

A propos of places of amusement, when is there going to be some attractive novelty at the Crystal Palace? Fireworks can't be let off all the year round, and out of the summer season there doesn't seem to be much going on. I should recommend the Chairman and Directors to consider the words on the fragile packages by rail, "Glass—with Care," and apply it to our old friend, the Sydenham Palace. Seers are accustomed to look into the Crystal for the future, and I sincerely hope that numbers of sight-seers will look into the Crystal for the future; only they won't do it unless they are sure of seeing something new and really entertaining. Wake up, Mr. Chairman of the C. P. Co., and oblige

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE



"THE CLEW."

The Child was evidently lost!—cried bitterly—could not tell us where its Parents lived, or whether she was an Orphan, or what her Father was—or where she went to School.—Enter Intelligent Policeman.

Policeman (in a friendly whisper). "WHERE DOES YOUR MOTHER GET HER GIN, MY DEAR!" [And the mystery was solved!]

THE PRINCE'S TIP.

"We Englishmen may be justly proud of the character for mental and physical strength and capacity which our artisans bear all over the world; but our pride is sadly dashed by accompanying criticisms on the ignorance and the indifference to anything which needs thought, which too often render that native vigour of intelligence a comparatively useless thing."—*Prince Leopold at the Birkbeck Literary Institution.*

Interlocutors—Mr. PUNCH and a British Workman.

Punch. Wise words, my friend, which, 'neath their pleasant flow,
Hide plain and pregnant truths.

British Workman. Ugh! Wot's he know
Of Work and Workmen? Never did a stroke
In his whole bloomin' life. A kid-glove bloke
Preachin' to 'orny-'anded—

Punch. Come, now. Stow it!
That's threadbare cant, class clap-trap, and you know it.
Truth's truth, my man, though dropped from Royal lip,
And this young Prince has a true thinker's grip
Upon a truth you yet will have to face,
If you would hold your vantage in the race.

British Workman. Why, ain't we fust?

Punch. Perhaps; but you must feel
Competitors are hard upon your heel.

British Workman. Oh yes! the forren lot begin to crow.
The sneakin' prigs! We taught 'em all they know.

Punch. Query! At least, they're bettering the lesson.
Are you?

British Workman. Oh, argyment I makes a mess on.
Go, and not gab's, my line; but we are fust,
And, if they challenge us, we'll win, or bust.

Punch. Rightly, if roughly, put. But one thing know,
He is a fool who underrates his foe.

British Workman. Nasty, connivering, kickshaw-munchers, rot 'em!
They're full o' dodges, but ain't got no bottom.

They'll fake things smart, all flagree and shine,
And don't care aarf a button how they dine,
But work a square stiff job straight through? No fear!
That only comes o' British beef and beer.

Punch. Your beef and beer, my friend, to put it plain,
Have built your brawn up, but befogged your brain;
And brain now takes the lead,—ay, more than ever:
You nurse conceit, conceive you're far too clever
To learn. Now listen! Times are changed, my lad,
And you must meet them. Prejudice and fad,
Conceit, and churlish scorn are a fool's game,
Which played right out will bring you nought but shame.

British Workman (sullenly). What should I do?

Punch. Why, take the Prince's tip.

You are a man, have lots of force and grip,
Which, well directed, have no cause to fear
The test of competition far or near.
But a blind Titan simply wastes his force;
And you are blind, though strong. You huff, of course,
But your first lesson, which you're apt to spurn,
Is just to learn that you have much to learn.
Ay! much that even foreigners may teach.
There, no bad language, spare your parts of speech!
Uncock that nose contemptuously up-curved.
Conceit means ignorance. D'ye think the world
Spins on a British axis? Many a gift,—
Intelligence, taste, temperance, and thrift,
Deftness, adaptability,—is found
Riper on foreign than on English ground.
Just have the sense and pluck that fact to face,
And well digest it. It is no disgrace
To learn, e'en from a rival.

British Workman. Or a foe?

Punch. Pooh! Fools detest the thing they do not know,
And knowledge kills such hate, as it would kill
'Twixt you and "foreigners" that blind ill-will,
Which stamps you "duffer."

British Workman. Cheese it! That's too bad,
You hit so hard.

Punch. To work you up, my lad.

I am no foe, and if you'll learn from me,
And learn in time, you may escape, d'ye see,
Much harsher lessons from a harder master,
Armed with the whip of shame, defeat, disaster.
Such sharp home-truths perhaps may make you wince,
But *Punch* says ditto to our sage young Prince,
In words more sharply ground to pierce a hide,
Made callous by stupidity and pride.

British Workman. What, mine d'yer mean?

Punch. I do. A sillier goose

Was never manufactured, by misuse,
Out of such splendid stuff, as you. There, there,
Few dare to tell you the plain truth. I dare.
Stint bounce and beer; face the new time's new ends,
And look abroad for lessons and for friends,
Not foes, your foolish scorn and hate to move,—
Just love to learn and you'll soon learn to love.
Eyes and heart open, you'll yet hold your own,
Before a hundred rivals late upgrown;
Shut both, and nurse mere dogged pride of race,
Strike, swill, pooh-pooh, and you must lose your place.
And now your hand!—it has a sturdy grip,—
Lay it on truth, and take the Prince's tip.

Dubbing a Duke.

In the *Globe* of February 18th there appeared an account of a fire at Badminton—where, by the way, there must be some valuable china which is genuinely good Minton—when His Grace the Duke of BEAUFORT was conspicuous as a Distinguished Extinguisher. It having been reported in the neighbourhood that the Ducal pluck was to be suitably—or sootably—rewarded, a local poet has sent us the following inspiration:—

The Duke is to be—so it seems they propose—
Of a new Class of Order the starter:
They're going to make him a Knight of the Hose,
As well as a Knight of the Garter.

PARLIAMENTARY PHYSIC.

WHY is Parliament at Lent like Paterfamilias at Christmas? Because it has a Doctor's Bill to settle.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



MONDAY, February 24 (Lords).—It is a great comfort to have a paternal Government keeping an eye on the Plague for us. At the same time, as the Duke of RICHMOND reminded Lord STANLEY of Alderley, it can't be necessary to impose the same restrictions on Russian bottoms from the Baltic as on those from the Black Sea, seeing that Jack Frost is still doing that for us.

Lord COTESLOE finds a voice for the British Dairyman—now writhing under the oppression of the "Dairies, Cowsheds and Milkshops Order, 1879." The noble President of the Council reassured him. The Order was only meant to secure the public against tainted milk. It did not even press on the cow with the iron tail. If we can't have milk that is all milk, and not half milk and water, at least we may fairly ask to be secured against typhoid with our milk and water.

Lord TRURO drew a contradiction from Lord BURY of the report that men under twelve months' service had been excluded from the Cape reinforcements, but with it an admission that the 91st and 94th Regiments had both been made up—the one by 300, the other by 360 volunteers—from their "linked regiments," the 72nd and the 89th. All our regiments, in fact, are on the "death and glory" principle—only more so. The Lancers carry only skulls and cross-bones on their shakos, but our Infantry regiments go the entire skeleton. Naturally their dry bones want clothing with flesh and blood

when suddenly called on to move. We would suggest the Valley of Jehoshaphat as the site of the great central British Army dépôt.

(*Commons.*)—Among the questions and answers the most fun was got out of the little story of DUCANE at the Prison Door, brought out by Mr. HORWOOD's statement and Mr. CROSS's admissions. The only parallel is the old French story of NAPOLEON and the Sentinel immortalised in HORACE VERNET's famous picture "*On ne passe pas!*" Only the Sentinel was promoted, while the Warder, who had the audacity to hold the door in the First Commissioner's case, was "put on probation for six months."

If Sir EDMUND had been only a Prison Commissioner, the Warder who refused to admit him would have been acting strictly within the rule. As he was also a Visiting Justice, the Warder ought to have admitted him—if he knew it. But did he? And if he didn't, he to blame? In any case, Mr. CROSS was compelled to own the man, if he had sinned, had sinned through over-zeal, and not deserve punishment, and that Sir EDMUND was therefore blame for insisting on it, even more than for losing his temper much as to shake not only the gate but the gatekeeper, attempt to take the keys from him.

It is true that on this point there is some discrepancy. Perhaps Sir EDMUND only touched the keys, and not their keeper; but were in the keeper's hands, that does not mend matters much.



"IT'S AN ILL WIND THAT BLOWS NOBODY GOOD."

SCENE—A Suburban Road after the last Snow.

Chorus of Small Boys. "YER MUST 'AV IT DUN NOW, MUM. TH' P'LICEMAN'S A-COMIN'!"

The important fact is that Sir EDMUND, like *Hamlet*, is very sorry that to the Keeper (*Laertes*) he forgot himself:—

"'Prisons' quis inspector
Se quoque inspecat?"

After the Questions, the House having no other business, presumably, got to the business of the House, and wasted the rest of the evening. But *Punch*, not wanting to be hauled over the Commons' coals, and having before his eyes the fear of Mr. MITCHELL-HENRY, and the terrors of Privilege, is compelled to lurk, like that villain *Dolus* at law, "in generalibus," and leave his readers to guess who was busiest in doing nothing, and who worked hardest at helping him. The upshot is that several hours were spent in the little game of dividing over the first Resolution till between one and two, when the other Resolutions were postponed till Thursday week.

Tuesday (Lords).—The Lord President introduced his Bill to heal the healers, medicine the medicos, and doctor the doctors, and all the Acts relating thereto. For nineteen licensing bodies, there will, under this Act, be three for England, Ireland, and Scotland, with one conjoint examining body, which may examine and grant certificates for registration, even without a diploma. This is to meet the case of the Ladies, who can now get medical educations more easily than medical diplomas—in fact, are at liberty to penetrate the *adyta* of the Temple of *Æsculapius* as they best can, without being allowed to ascend the steps that lead up to it.

The constitution of the Medical Council is to be referred to consultation of a joint Committee of Lords and Commons. This looks like a piece of fun on the part of the Lord President,—but the Duke is quite serious. Fancy the Medical Council appointing a joint Committee of the Royal Colleges of Physicians and Surgeons for consultation on the constitution of Lords and Commons!

(*Commons.*)—We are glad to learn from the Leader of the Cyclops, SMITH of the Iron-clads, that France and England have each sent a ship to Egyptian waters, but with no special instructions—other than that chapter of accidents, which has been called "the Gospel of Fools," but which has frequently to be consulted both by Diplomats and Naval Captains—in the absence of special instructions.

Sir J. McKENNA—amidst a chorus of disapproval—attempted to check the flow of deposits into Bank tills, by requiring deposit receipts with a two-shilling stamp.

Mr. HANKEY protested against the House of Commons trying to teach Bankers their business, and the Motion was withdrawn amidst a general agreement in the principle that, as water will find its level, so money will run where interest is offered for it.

Mr. C. HOWARD tried to put a spoke in the Manchester water-wheels by interposing a dam, in the shape of a Royal Commission, between the demands of Manchester and the domains of the Ladies of the Lakes of Cumberland and Westmoreland. Alas! what are all these Ladies and their lovers to one rich and thirsty Cottonopolis? "*Bibat Mancunium, siccetur lacus.*"

Messrs. BIRLEY and BROWN opposed.

Mr. SCLATER-BOOTH said a Commission was superfluous; that Blue Books enough had been pumped from the lakes already; and Messrs. PLAYFAIR, FORSTER, and RAIKES chorussed him. So the House of HOWARD was fain to hide its diminished head; the Motion was withdrawn, and the House Counted Out, *more suo*, at twenty minutes past eight. Who dares say Parliament talks too much?

Wednesday.—Ash Wednesday, appropriately devoted to the remains of the dead.

Mr. MONK has hit upon the unhappy thought of converting the quartette of Burial Bills into a quintette, by a Bill for the addition of a Dissenters' patch to Cemeteries . . . a sort of "Cold North's unhallowed ground," in which Chapel may inter its dead after its own heathenish fashion.

Mr. FORSYTH supported the Bill, against which Mr. OSBORNE MORGAN protested as "a miserable and pitiful stop-gap and make-shift."

Mr. BERESFORD HOPE declared that it would be "killing the Dissenter's pet snipe,"—cutting away the (burial) ground from under his solitary surviving grievance.

Mr. HUBBARD argued that the Dissenters only wanted to get the burial-grounds to plant in them their batteries against the Church.

Messrs. HIBBERT and ASHLEY, WALTER and FORSTER, advised

the withdrawal of the Bill, as no settlement of what must soon be settled, and could only be settled in one way; and Mr. CROSS, after a candid enumeration of all the reasons against the Bill, declared his intention of voting for it! It might do some good, and really he did not see that it need do any harm. Mr. MONK made thoroughly ashamed of himself by such support, pleaded in vain for leave to withdraw his Bill, but had to sit and see it thrown out by 160 to 129—and serve him right. But Ash Wednesday is a day of humiliation.

Thursday (Lords).—Lord CARNARVON called attention to some silliness on a serious subject lately vented at the Epidemiological Society by a Gentleman connected with a Public Department, about the desirableness of having one or two cases of the plague here, in order that they might form the subject of scientific observation, and his hope that the Government would keep themselves clear of "all the nonsense of quarantine." The President of the Council very properly disclaimed all the nonsense of this Gentleman, and gave him a well-merited rap over the knuckles to boot. Plague is too serious a subject for flippant doctrinarianism.

(Commons).—After an hour over miscellaneous matters, including an attempt by Dr. KENEALY to lug in the British Bart. on the shoulders of WILLIAM HARRON (exonerated by PEACE's dying confession from the murder of a Manchester policeman), and an assurance to the Major from the SECRETARY AT WAR that six Guardsmen to three Linesmen was quite a fair division between Guards and Line of the vacancies in the 24th Regiment, Mr. MITCHELL-HENRY brought on his great question of privilege against the *Times* for accusing him, and other Irish Members, of "malign intentions," of "lying in ambush," and issuing thence for purposes of "obstruction," in the ineffectual discussion of Sir STAFFORD's Resolutions last Monday night.

Punch will not rush in where the *Times* has not feared to tread, and will only say that any Member more incapable of obstruction than Mr. MITCHELL-HENRY, and, indeed, all the Home-Rulers—Messrs. BIGGAR and PARNELL, O'DONNELL and O'CONNOR POWER, in particular—he has never seen in the House of Commons, and that he only wishes that every evening of the Session was as well employed as last Monday. He hopes that will satisfy Mr. MITCHELL-HENRY.

With this, *Punch* withdraws himself gratefully under the wings of the *Skibbereen Eagle*, an organ of Erin which can make Mr. SHAW, as he confessed, and even greater than he, "tremble in his shoes."

In Supply.—*Oliver* asking for more. Besides £2,751,000 to cover Exchequer Bonds falling due, Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE wants a Million and a half at once for the Zulu War,—to say nothing, for the present, of the little bills of the future.

As "coming events cast their shadows before," Sir STAFFORD prepares us for a black Budget, by confessing to a deficit of a Million—in his own pleasant way of putting it; but which is really, as Mr. CHILDEES made out but too clearly, a deficit of more than six millions. We have been stopping the gap by Exchequer Bills and Bonds, till, floating and unfunded debt together, we have more than Twenty-four Millions of our State paper "out," which will have to be "met" sooner or later. Sir STAFFORD is as learned in the distinction between varieties of debt as the cook, no doubt, was in varieties of sauce, when the geese stupidly ventured to express a preference on the subject. But if BRITANNIA will be lighted on the way where glory waits her, she has no right to grumble at the cost of the candles. Let grovelling "unimperial" administrations look to the candle-ends.

Major NOLAN still calls for breech-loading big guns; and the Authorities seem disposed to listen to him, since the 38-tonner burst under double-loading, which with a breech-loader would have been impossible.

A good deal of rumbling and grumbling, ominous of impending eruption of the anti-Zulu-war-volcano. The Office, Sir BARTLE FREERE, and Lord CHELMSFORD, may all look out for squalls. Nay, has not the fiery O'SHAUGHNESSY declared that, at need, he will himself impeach, if not impale, the High Commissioner on his own hook. Better, at least, wait to hear what the High Commissioner and Commander-in-Chief have to say for themselves.

Colonel STANLEY brought in his Bill for Amendment and Consolidation of Military Law. If the House approve this, as seems likely, Sir W. HARCOERT and Common Sense both standing sponsors for the Bill, we shall henceforth give legal force to our Military Code by an annual Act. This will leave the House as complete control of the Standing Army as it has now, besides substituting a well-digested and reasonable body of Military Law for a confused and often unreasonable one. The Bill seems to deserve favour, and to be likely to find it. It does not betray any signs of the threatened Beaconsfieldian design to slip the Army's head out of the Parliamentary collar.

Friday (Lords).—Lord FORTESCUE wants thews and sinews "weighed in" with brains, in the Army Examinations. So do Lord

HAMPDEN and Lord HARDINGE. Lord BURY, and the COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF don't see their way to weighing such incommensurables as brawn, beef, and brains together. Lord CARDWELL is very glad. Competitive Examination is bad enough as it is, without having "athletic sports" brought within its grasp. But bad as Competitive Examination may be, there is one thing worse, and that is, appointment by favour without it.

(Commons).—Upon as weighty a matter as can engage the National wisdom. Do we know whether India is prosperous or bankrupt—or as ill or well governed as, granted English rule, she can be? If we don't know,—and Professor FAWCETT says we don't, though he does,—that she is bankrupt and may thank our mis-government for it—ought not Parliament at once to set about acquiring the knowledge? Certainly, say Mr. LAING, Mr. NEWDEGATE, Sir G. CAMPBELL, Mr. BRIGHT, and Mr. O'DONNELL. "Not just now," says Mr. GRANT-DUFF. "Not the least use, bless you," says Mr. STANHOPE, with ex-officio cockiness. "Things couldn't be better—at least wouldn't be better—for all the inquiry in the world."

Sir STAFFORD, in his usual half-and-half style, takes his seat between the two stools of Mr. GRANT-DUFF and Mr. STANHOPE. *Punch* shrugs his shoulders, and listens to the whisperings of the Indian wind, which blows nobody any good. So the House votes no inquiry by 130 to 100, preferring to wait till inquiry is forced upon it by the hard hand of disaster.

WINTER EXHIBITION.



Our last Visit to the Exhibition of the Works of the Old Masters, which closes on the second Saturday in March.

No. 52. *Portrait of Frances, Lady Sondes.* Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS, P.R.A.

Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS pinxit.

'Tis A portrait of a Minx, it is.

No. 54. *Saying Grace.* JAN STEEN. A wondrous picture. My only regret is, that the face of the lout saying grace should indicate dissatisfaction with the ham, which has already seen some service. It reminds me of LEECH's picture, "For what we are going to receive," &c.—What! cold mutton again!" The position of No. 54 is appropriately close to the Refreshment Room, where

The index-finger like a truncheon
Points the shortest way to luncheon.

No. 56. *The Eve of the Deluge.* JAN BRUGHEL. Summer's evening, somewhere, or summer, where,—Summer's town by sunset, perhaps. Every sort of animal, including a good Flanders dray-horse, out enjoying themselves in the grounds, I suppose, of Noah's villa, which is visible in the distance, represented as an eligible residence of the period, standing "in its own park-like surroundings." NOAH and family probably inside, packing up. I suppose he put a pair of everything in his portmanteau: socks, boots, handkerchiefs,—but how about huts? Refer to COLENSO, who now represents the Unorthodox COCKER. The Ark, like the British Fleet in the *Critic*, "is out of sight," probably at its moorings.

No. 60. *Portrait of a Man, said to be General Velasquez.* PETER PAUL RUBENS. If a portrait of the General, there's no doubt about his being a man.

No. 68. *Portrait of a Dutch Gentleman.* BARTHOLOMEW VAN DER HELST. Certainly, a portrait of a gentleman, but, at the same time, what a picture of a ruff!

No. 80. *Ruth and Boaz.* GERBRANDT VAN DER ECKHOFF. This is the work of an artist who was able to eke out a livelihood by painting. Boaz was a merciful man because he wasn't Ruthless. (*Vide Comic Catechism.*)

No. 83. *Portrait of Cornelia Remoens.* ABRAHAM JANSSEN. Without the portrait, it may be truly said, in the words of the poet,
"Collar and cuff
Are quite enough."

No. 85. *Head of a Girl.* JEAN BAPTISTE GREUILL. As good as

Herr VON JOEL, the *siffleur* at EVANS's, used to exclaim about his threepenny cigars, "Pootiful! Pootiful! Ach! Pootiful!" It belongs to Lady EDEN, and is quite lovely enough for Paradise.

The "Head of a Girl" suggests another good subject for one of our Young Masters. Here it is: I will give it to the R.A.'s gratis. Let me see in this year's Academy the *Beard of an Oyster*. What daring young shaver will do it?

No. 141. *A Hunting Scene*. By TINTORETTO. Description:—One elderly and one middle-aged Gentleman in black, seated at a table, under an alcove, with a Lady of a certain age. Two younger Ladies are standing. Three rather effeminate-looking young men, accompanied by four hounds, have just returned from the exciting sport of the chase, bringing with them one small hare, in not particularly good condition, which they are exhibiting to the assembled family party above-mentioned, who, perhaps, expecting guests, are debating among themselves the best way of having the game dressed, so as to make the most of it, among seven of them. The elderly Gentleman in the corner is evidently asserting his right to eat it all himself, a proposition indignantly rejected by the others, who foresee that they will come badly off, anyhow, at dinner-time. The picture might be called "The Hare—and Many Friends." In the distance is another figure starting for another hunt. No notice is taken of him, so let us hope that his return with a little game of some sort, will be an unexpected, but pleasant surprise. Had a Young Master instead of an old one painted this picture, would the Art-critics have gone into raptures over it?

GALLERY No. VII.

Here are the Miniatures, which appear, like barristers, in various cases. A visit just now is specially suitable, as they are all Lent. And if the present unseasonable season is Lent to us, the sooner it is returned, and we get something more pleasant, the better for all.

Case B.

No. 6. *Portrait of Jean Petitot*, who "might be called," says the guide, "the inventor of enamel miniature." Might be called! Then call him so. He won't be offended. JEAN PETITOT you can look back with pleasure on your *great feat*!

Case F.

Edward the Sixth as a Boy. HANS HOLBEIN. "As a Boy!" Well, he *was* a boy, and not a bad sort of boy—for his age. Head and Hans were at work here.

Case G.

Samuel Butler, Author of "Hudibras". SAMUEL COOPER. Fit and proper for the Cooper to paint the Butler.

Case L.

No. 10. *Group of Ladies*, full length, in various costumes. In the manner of *Hollar*,—evidently expecting a caller. Capital! "Hollar! Boys, Hollar!"

And last of all,—

Picture of a Gentleman Going Out—By Himself.

[Exit, down-stairs; bid a long farewell to "my Uncles," who return me my umbrella on my giving back the ticket, and so out into Piccadilly.

Prince Leopold's New Order.

PRINCE ALBERT could pass his mantle of the Garter, with the other insignia of that illustrious fraternity, to some succeeding brother of the Order. But his mantle of brotherhood in that higher Order of the wise and good, who think and work for the welfare of men, has since his death remained without a wearer.

It has found one, where he should have been looked for, in his son PRINCE LEOPOLD. Long and sorely tried by sickness, this young Prince, we rejoice to learn by his recent public utterances, has learnt in suffering what he now teaches in speech, if not in song.

The genial and energetic elements of a Ruling Race were already appropriated by his brothers, but his father's mantle of the high Order of Princely Thinkers and Workers for Culture remained for the youngest. *Punch* hails his assumption of this his true *toga virilis*.

Punch to a Plenipotentiary.

"Sir HENRY LAYARD has reached Trieste from Constantinople."—*Mail of March 1st*.

GOT as far as Trieste? Well, you've well earned a rest,
My excellent Nineveh Bayard;
And as now you've tried East, nor succeeded the least,
To try West you'll do best, my dear LAYARD.

BRITANNIA TO BULGARIA (as the last addition to the Family of Nations).—"Welcome, little stranger!"

PENANCES FOR LENT.



LORD BEACONSFIELD. —To prepare a defence of Free Trade.

Mr. W. E. Gladstone.—Total abstinence from pen, ink, and post-cards, and to pick out of *Punch's* waste-paper basket all the jokes about *The Heart of Midlothian*.

The Prince Imperial of France (on his way to Zululand).—To find out Lord CHELMSFORD's plan of campaign.

The Prince Imperial of Germany.—To cultivate cordial relations with Prince VON BISMARCK.

Prince Von Bismarck.

—To come to an understanding with the Pope.

Lord Dufferin.—To learn Russian.

The Emperor of Russia.—To give the cold shoulder to Lord DUFFERIN.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer.—To frame a Budget that will please anybody.

The Khedive of Egypt.—To issue acting orders to the English and French men-of-war now anchored off Alexandria.

Sir Thomas Chambers.—To find an argument that will hold water against Civil Service Stores.

One of our Lord Chief-Justices.—To lose his temper.

Another of our Lord Chief-Justices.—To keep his temper. And Mr. Punch (heaviest penance of all).—To keep two waste-paper baskets going daily instead of one.

AN EGYPTIAN ACCOUNT CURRENT.

THE following statement of expenditure has been picked up in Cairo, and forwarded to 85, Fleet Street. It is signed "ISMAEL." Should the owner have any further use for it, he may obtain the original by application to the *Punch* Office.

	£	s.	d.
Expenses of the spontaneous deputation of 200 village Sheikhs, including donkey-hire, and Caravanserai charges	20	18	7
Backshish to 300 boys for shouting in front of Wilson's Office	7	10	4½
Additional to ten very bad boys, for yelling at the Frenchman	7	9	
Hunchback for making a face at the Minister of Finance			0½
Bribing the Army	10	9	7
Backshish to Generals of Division	12	8	6
Coffee and Cigarettes for Regimental Officers	7	6	
Four hours of shouting to 400 Officers, at 1s. 6d. an hour	6	0	0
Colonel for tearing WILSON's coat	100	0	0
Corporal for spitting in NUBAR's face			4
To Widow of Soldier who was shot (as by arrangement). For manifestations of popular enthusiasm for the Khedive	1	4	6
Decayed Vegetables, Eggs, &c. (for use of Mutineers)	25	7	6
Sundry payments to Generals, Tax-Collectors, Clerks, &c., &c., for Mahometan movements	100	0	0
Sundries (Personal Expenditure)	3,478,942	19	10
Total	£3,479,222	9	3

Let a Bishop be One Having Discretion.

HERE'S the Bishop of Oxford, in *sacra et propria persona*, appearing before the Judges of the Queen's Bench Division in Banc assembled! No wonder such a spectacle has crowded the Court. Of course only a *dignus vindice nodus* could have drawn down such a dignitary from his Episcopalian Olympus. The point which the Bishop appears to contend for is that Bishops have discretion—confined, it is true, in this particular case, to actions under the Church Discipline Act. But if they are allowed to have discretion for that, who knows but it may in time extend to other things? What a good time the Church will have of it then!



ETYMOLOGICAL.

"WHAT LOTS OF PETS YOU'VE GOT, LADY CIRCE! HAPPY KWEECHAWS!"
 "NOT HALF ENOUGH, CAPTAIN JINKS! I'M GOING TO START AN APIARY!"
 "AN APIARY! YOU DON'T MEAN TO SAY YOU'RE FOND OF MONKEYS—AW!"

AN ECHO OF THE TIME.

(Being the right sort of Leader to balance any number of columns of Peace gossip, set forth with any amount of large-type sensation headings.)

It is indeed a hideous satire on the boasted civilisation of our time, a strange trophy of the victory claimed for it in the *Cultur-kampf*,—for which if Germany has found a name, we claim our own battle-fields, and our own glory-roll,—that this abandoned and reckless ruffian should be made the hero of the hour, the nine days' wonder of that pachydermatous curiosity which can be reached by no stimulant less potent than the basest, coarsest, and most realistic sensationalism.

From the columns of our contemporaries for some weeks past it might have seemed that England boasted of but one hero, that the Empire supplied but one subject of interest, that Society had but one topic of conversation—the career of a conspicuously villanous burglar and specially reckless taker of human life.

For the moment, Home politics and Imperial interests are alike thrust into the background, the debates of the House of Commons dropped for the highly-wrought descriptions of the press-room—more appropriately than ever so named, now that the reporter is the only one besides the prison-officials and the hangman admitted to its high and holy mysteries.

We may be told that this morbid craving of the "many-headed monster" must be catered for; that this prurient taste for the criminal and the vicious, the harrowing and the horrible, must be pandered to. If even business-like JOHN BULL for awhile forgets the counting-house for the condemned cell, and BRITANNIA lays down her trident to help in the adjustment of the hangman's hemp—if MARWOOD, for the moment, becomes the man of the hour, in co-partnership with the wretch over whose ashy face he draws the white cap,—what right, it may be asked, has the public organ to refuse to the same topic its "faculty of eyes and ears" and the service of its busy and ubiquitous hands?

We boldly put in our demurrer to this plea in confession and avoid-

ance, and while we blush to have even to maintain our obligation to a nobler view of the duty of the Public Instructor, we loudly proclaim that this unwholesome interest in the life and death of a criminal, fed as it has been by all the channels of publicity, is a disgrace to the boasted civilisation of the nineteenth century.

Our space will not allow us to dilate further on this disgusting topic.

In our second, third, and fourth pages will be found a full and graphically descriptive account of the birth, boyhood, manhood, crimes, accomplishments, amours, adventures, hair-breadth 'scapes, incredible disguises, apprehension, trial, conviction, prison-conversation, conduct, and confession, last hours and execution of the contemptible miscreant whose career has served as a text for this much needed protest.

"Fas est et ab Hoste Doceri."

"Certain Russian journalists," we are informed by the *Times*, "have formulated the project of a literary 'Council of Honour,' with the view of placing a restraint on the excesses of newspaper controversy."

WE recommend the example to our own anti-Russian organs. Perhaps, on application, and presentation of their credentials of excess in the shape of articles, they might be taken into the Council.

A Necessity of the Times.

THE *Standard* says that 50,000 copies have been issued since 1845 of the Archbishop of CANTERBURY'S authorised form of *Prayers for Stormy Weather*. They are said to be for the use of those at sea. Does this mean Her Majesty's blue-jackets, or Her Majesty's Government?

THE KHEDIVE TO HIS CREDITORS.

WRIGGLE ME, wriggle me, wriggle me free—
 If my hands were but loose, I would soon let you see!



FAST AND LOOSE.

FAST HEAVIN', MISTER KHEDIVE! YOU TIED THEM ROPES YOURSELF! WE MEAN TO HAVE A TURN AT 'EM NOW!!"

IT DON'T FOLLOW.



AN unreasonable Bond Street Shopkeeper writes to the *Times*, complaining that, though he pays £100 a-year as rates, and his two hundred and seventeen fellow-shopkeepers £21,000 a-year between them, the St. George's Vestry leaves the snow to melt where it falls. Just as if the duty of the rate-payers to "down with the dust" implied a duty in rate-leviers to "up with the snow!"

Voices of the Angels.

In a new "*Symphonie Religieuse*," by a French Composer, lately performed by Mr. HENRY LESLIE'S Choir, we have the novelty of Angels introduced among the executants, the "celestial voices singing without words"—as the Critic of the *Times* describes—in a "succession of 'hm's,' interrupted by an occasional 'ah.'" This sort of utterance would seem to suggest the old Hummums as the abode of the Angels, and that "Heathen Chinese" AR-SING as their music-master. He, too, is a Celestial—so it is all in the family.

FRIENDS AT A DISTANCE.

Being a Brief Record of a few Winter-seasonable Visits to certain Country Houses.

VISIT THE THIRD.—CHAPTER XV.

At Meadowweet Manor—Mosthyn Dickie—His Heartiness—Deafness—Tea—Tyranny—Violence—Sunshine—Servants—House—And Household.

"My dear fellow!" he exclaims, in a bluff, good-humoured tone, and smiling all over his face, under and all round his grey beard and moustache. "My dear fellow! this is capital of you! Excellent! You're a trump to come down in such abominable weather."

MOSTHYN DICKIE is thoroughly hearty. It is evidently genuine; nothing of the *faux-bonhomme* about him.

Happy Thought (a title for a good old hospitable Country Gentleman).—"His Heartiness."

I observe, that I am only too delighted. He is, I find, a trifle deaf, and looks me steadily and earnestly in the face, as though he suspected me of saying something that I don't want him to hear. I repeat louder, that I am delighted, most delighted, to have the opportunity of visiting him.

This makes him beam again, and he won't let go my hand. It seems as if he could never have enough either of my hand, or of staring me in the face. He appears to be trying to convince himself, beyond all possibility of error, that it is myself, and nobody else. He frowns on me, always good-humouredly, but, still, with an air of uncertainty, as though he were saying to himself, "It's uncommonly like the man I expected; but I've been so taken in, lately, by impostors, I'd give a trifle to know if it is really he or not." He swings my hand forward and backward, then shakes it, then wrings it, then repeats, "Well, this is kind of you to come," as though he were in some awful difficulty, and I had just arrived in the nick of time to save him.

At last he seems to have made up his mind that I really am the person I've represented myself to be, whereupon he gives my hand a final hearty shake, as though he were saying "Good-bye" to me, (in effect he is dismissing me from his mental doubts), and then, just as he is relinquishing my hand he suddenly seizes it again as if afraid lest, on being released, I should make for the glass door and run away, and says in a tone that evinces the deepest anxiety for my welfare, "Now you'll have something?"

"No," I thank him.

"Quite sure?" he asks, still detaining my hand, and scrutinising me in a way that implies he is accustomed to inconsistency on the part of newly-arrived guests.

He is right. I am not quite sure.

"Ah!" he exclaims—it is a very broad "Ah!"—much relieved. "That's right. You *will* have something. Glass of sherry? Brandy-and-soda? Anything you like. Everything's here. What'll you have?"

Evidently, I've got into good quarters at MOSTHYN DICKIE'S. I intimate, modestly, that if a cup of tea can be obtained without trouble—mind, without trouble—

But I have not to say another word. He does not clap his hands, and a thousand ebony slaves appear, as, since my arrival, there have been two or three servants awaiting my commands in the hall, with absolutely nervous anxiety.

At the mention of tea, one of them has disappeared, through a side-door, which swings to noiselessly.

"Now, what's he gone for?" asks MOSTHYN DICKIE, who being, as I have said, slightly deaf, has not caught my expressed wish for tea.

"JAMES has gone for tea, Sir," replies Servant Number Two.

"Eh, what?" exclaims MOSTHYN DICKIE, spreading out his hands, and appealing to me in the utmost despair, as if everything in the world had collapsed suddenly, and he had lost his fortune at one fell swoop. "There! Did you ever see such a set of idiots! That's what I'm surrounded by—Idiots!" (present company, I hope, excepted). "They can't wait—absolutely can't wait for orders; but just because it's his tea-time, off he must go! I tell them," he continues, in a deeply injured tone, "I tell them, when any one arrives, to wait until they know if anything is wanted; but no—off they go"—he is working himself up into a fury—"and once for all, I won't have it!"

At this point JAMES returns with the tea, and I am able to explain that this is what he had been to fetch for me.

"Oh," says DICKIE, with the air of a man who, out of politeness, has been compelled to receive an excuse, "that's quite another thing. Oh," he repeats, with a sort of vague bow all round, but specially directed towards the hats and coats that are hanging up in the hall, "oh, all right! Only," here he thrusts both hands into his trouser-pockets, and turns round full on me as if he were going to put a regular poser to me this time, at all events, "why didn't he say so?"

I really have no answer for this. The two Servants—the offending JAMES and another—are still standing there in the hall, but they make no sign; and as I do not, so to speak, hold a brief for them, I am silent, and occupy myself with the tea.

The two Servants are just on the point of withdrawing, when MOSTHYN DICKIE stops them suddenly and peremptorily. His manner is startlingly fierce, and I tremble lest the men should be involved in another difficulty on my account, in which case they'll go into the Servants' Hall and express themselves in very decided language on the subject of my visit.

MOSTHYN DICKIE turns to me, frowns, and, in a tone of the most intense earnestness, asks,

"Have they given you any sugar?"

These words are given so tragically, as to impress me with the idea that I am listening to a quotation from some Shakespearian tragedy,—perhaps *Hamlet*,—though I don't recollect the line.

So despotic is his whole bearing that, though I don't look at the Servants, as I am facing the stove and they are behind me in the middle of the Hall, I can fancy them both shaking in their shoes, their hair standing on end (specially if they are comic servants), tremblingly awaiting my answer, which will decide their fate, as, evidently, were I obliged to own that the sugar had been omitted, the Tyrant would instantly exclaim, "Off with their heads!" and there'd be an end of them in a twinkling.

I reply, therefore, a little nervously, I admit—"Yes—thank you—plenty!"

I fancy I hear a suppressed sigh of relief from the two servants. "You are sure?" asks MOSTHYN DICKIE, with searching emphasis, as though he were examining me on my oath.

"Yes, I'm quite sure. It's very nice," I say; and I drink it, in proof of my assertion, while he watches me narrowly, as if to see whether any irrepressible spasm should contradict my statement. No. After disposing, as pleasantly as possible in the circumstances, of half the contents of the cup, I look round at him, and smile, as I was wont to smile.

"Because," he says, still eyeing me distrustfully, as though expecting me to recant my opinion, and refuse to swallow any more tea, unless it were immediately sweetened:—"because Mrs. POUND always forgets either the sugar or the milk, or something. She's got no head—not a bit"—most extraordinary phenomenon Mrs. POUND must be, whoever she is—"she always forgets something, either the sugar—or the milk—or," he adds suddenly as a climax—"or the Tea!" This so tickles him that he must needs take his right hand out of his pocket to dig me forcibly in the ribs, as though to attract my wandering attention to the point he has just made—and which I notice has highly amused the two servants—and repeat, "or the Tea! Eh? Forget the Tea! Ha! ha! ha!" Whereupon the servants, seeing that the storm has blown over, discreetly disappear through a noiseless green-baize door.



ALARMING SPREAD OF IMPERIALISM!

Uncle (who has passed all his military life in India, and just returned). "OFF, ALREADY, GEORGE? WHAT'S YOUR HURRY, MY BOY?"

Nephew. "WHY, YOU SEE, UNCLE, I'VE GOT A SPEAKER'S ORDER FOR THE HOUSE OF COMMONS. I WANT TO HEAR—"

Uncle. "DEAR ME! YOU DON'T MEAN TO SAY THAT OLD RUBBISH IS GOING ON STILL!"

MOSTHYN DICKIE continuing to relish this joke without reference to me, I take the opportunity of looking round the hall to get some further idea of what Meadowsweet Manor is like.

Judging from what I can see of the Italian style, portico and pillars without, tessellated pavement within, polished marble (or imitation) columns, and lofty whitewashed ceilings, ornamented with that sort of fancy-plaster-work which the decorative art at the confectioners seems to consider as an indispensable finish to the white-sugared top of a children's twelfth cake,—judging, I say, from the general shininess and polish, I begin to think I am realising the vision of the operative poet who sang

"I dreamt that I dwe-elt in mar-ar-ble halls,
With vassals and serfs at my si-i-ide,"

And I add to myself, that I feel pretty sure I shall "be happy yet." For it is easy for

any one to discover, in less than a quarter of an hour after his arrival in this house, that these sudden outbursts of MOSTHYN DICKIE's are simply his way, which really alarm no one who is accustomed to them, and that, in spite of all his grumbling, he is absolutely idolised by every dependant on the establishment.

He is a widower, and the lady of the house is, I find, his daughter—Mrs. DE BRESLIN—who, with her two young children, usually reside at Meadowsweet Manor. The people about address her as "Madame de BRESLIN," or simply "Madame," and from Mrs. POUND (the housekeeper "without a head") I soon ascertain enough of the family history to make it evident to me that the less said about Monsieur de BRESLIN the better. He is spoken of as "compelled to travel a great deal on various important foreign missions."

I have just received this information from Mrs. POUND, the housekeeper, who is the real manageress of the entire establishment, when MOSTHYN DICKIE enters my room.

A PROMISE AT PARTING.

"But I understand that the acceptance of that post is one that has been accompanied by the most perfect conditions of allegiance to his party."
—Speech of LORD GRANVILLE at the Reform Club Banquet to LORD DUFFERIN.

When along Neva's frozen banks
My sledge-bells cleave the air,
It may be I shall turn with thanks
To him who sent me there.
Yet deem not that the arts of BEN
Have bonds of Party cleft.—
Mine be the measures of the men
Who dined me ere I left!—
And still,—my light through snow and
storm,—
Shall shine that Spread at the Reform!
It may be, in a month or two,
When I'm thought "well in hand,"
Lord B. may think, "By Jove, he'll do!
There's nothing he won't stand."
But if some Jingo point to score
They have a sudden mind,
And wire to me, then all the more
I'll think of where I dined.
And,—like a beacon through the storm,—
Shall shine that Spread at the Reform!

"MILLERS AND THEIR MEN" FOR THE LAST TIME—(WE HOPE).

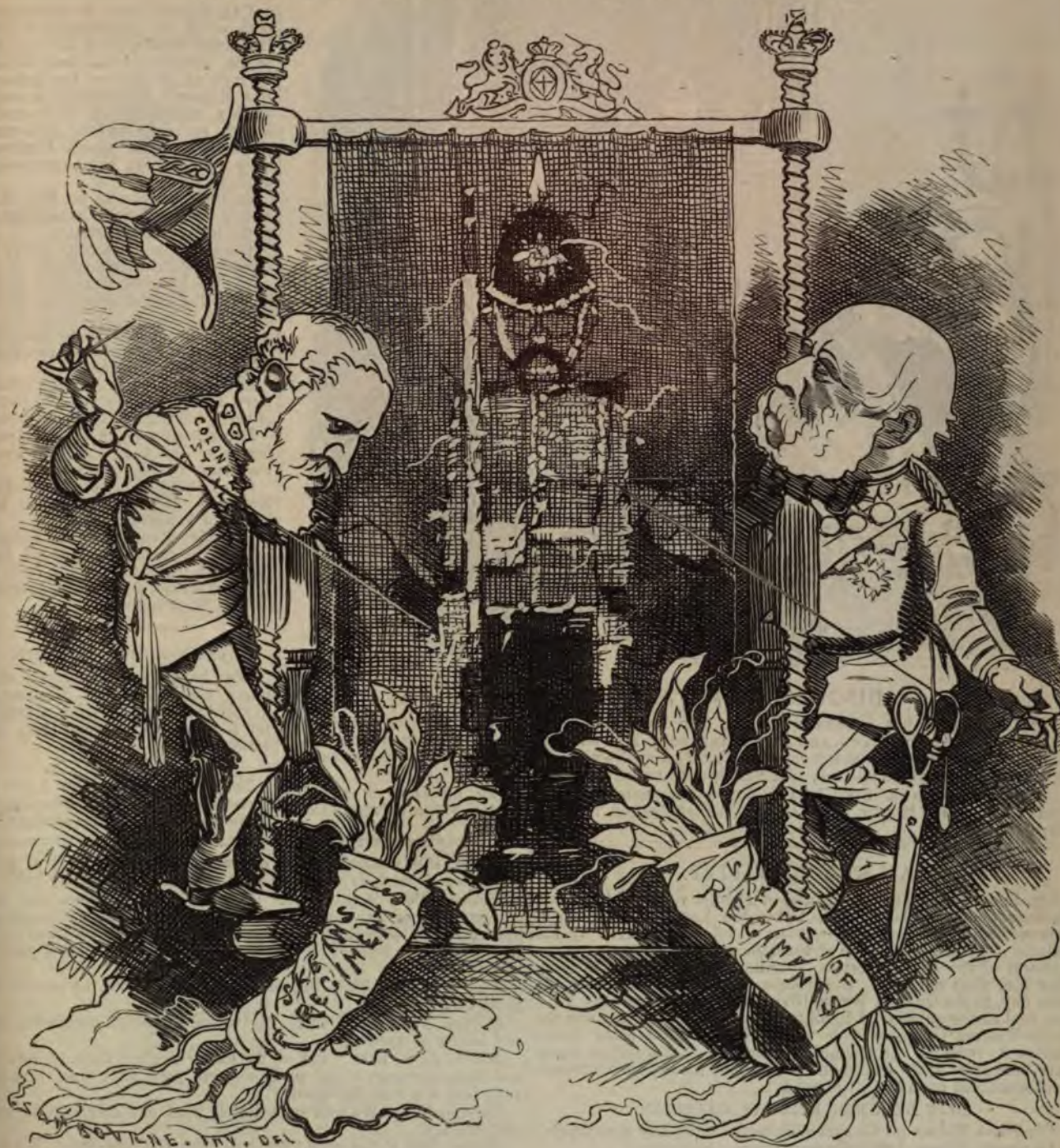
OUR friend, the *Textile Manufacturer*, is not daunted even by the late verdict against his friends the Millers and their Men. He returns to the subject in a long and bounceable article, riding off on the difference between "sizing" and "stiffening;" and contending that as there is a "demand" for sized and stiffened goods, there can be no harm in supplying them.

He forgets that the "demand" comes not from the customers who wear, but from the dealer who sells the "loaded" goods.

It does not lessen the dishonesty of selling, for cotton, cloths half cotton half China clay, that an unscrupulous draper asks an unscrupulous manufacturer to supply him with such half-and-half wares. Nobody, we should suppose, ever thought of excusing *Melter Moss* by pleading the "demand" for the "Brummagem" fivers with which he supplied the market. It remained for the *Textile Manufacturer* to set up this plea.

WHAT WESTON MAY SAY NOW HIS WALK IS OVER.—"Oh, my poor feat!"

PATCHWORK: OR. MAKING UP A BRITISH REGIMENT.



Secretary for War. Ah! we shall make him up.
Commander-in-Chief. Oh yes, no doubt.
 But 'tis a nuisance that these skeins run out.
 Doesn't look uniform—tints don't quite blend.

Secretary for War. Motleyish, eh?
Commander-in-Chief. Stitch on! We're near the end.
 Not a bad makeshift, really, as things go.
 But as for following our pattern!

Secretary for War. Oh!
 Don't mention it. The Critics will excuse
 A little jumbling of our reds and blues,
 Considering the pressure,—

Commander-in-Chief. Well, they may;
 But hurry-scurry Patchwork does not pay.

For once, the job may pass without a wrangle,
 But botching haste might end in a bad tangle.
 [Left stitching against time.]

Steps in the Christian Walk.

YOUNG PRINCE LOUIS NAPOLEON received his "baptism of fire" at the taking of Saarbrück. He is now about to proceed to Zulu-Land for his confirmation. *Punch* feels bound in fairness to add, that he is a brave, bright lad, and has won golden opinions from all, both officers, professors, and comrades, with whom he has been brought in contact in his Woolwich training, and during the manœuvres in which he has taken part.



DISCUSSING AN ABSENT FRIEND.

"YES, ROBINSON'S A CLEVER FELLER, AND HE'S A MODEST FELLER, AND HE'S A HONEST FELLER; BUT, BETWIXT YOU AND I AND THE POST, MR. JONES," SAID BROWN, CONFIDENTIALLY, PICKING HIS WISDOM TOOTH WITH HIS LITTLE FINGER NAIL, "ROBINSON AIN'T GOT NEITHER THE LOOKS, NOR YET THE LANGUAGE, NOR YET THE MANNERS OF A GENTLEMAN!"

"RIGHT YOU ARE, SIR!" SAID JONES, SHOVELLING THE MELTED REMAINS OF HIS ICE PUDDING INTO HIS MOUTH WITH A STEEL KNIFE (WHICH HE AFTERWARDS WIPED ON THE TABLE-CLOTH). "YOU'VE 'IT 'IM ORF TO A T!"

RAILWAY LIABILITY.

SEE, in divers law reports, the case of *Foulkes v. the Metropolitan Railway Company*, lately tried before the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE. This was an action for compensation of injuries received by the plaintiff in getting out of one of the defendants' carriages on to the platform of the South-Western Terminus at Richmond. A jury gave him £500 damages. Defendants, however, subsequently, the other day, in the Queen's Bench Division, obtained a rule nisi for a new trial on the question of liability as between themselves and the South-Western Company—rule ultimately, on cause being shown against it, refused. As to liability, perhaps, that question might have been more aptly settled out of Court by an amicable arrangement concluded upon in a little quiet

CHAT BETWEEN RAILWAY CHAIRMEN.

Chairman Hobson (to Chairman Jobson). Well, how goes traffic?

Chairman Jobson. Decidedly improving. And yours?

Hobson. Better too. Times on the mend. By the bye, old man, we must mend our ways. We, that is both of our Companies, who, for mutual accommodation, are using each other's lines.

Jobson. What's the matter?

Hobson. We have met with a serious misfortune. A poor man, in getting out of a carriage belonging to us, but situated on your rails and at your terminus, dislocated his ankle, and is crippled for life.

Jobson. That's his misfortune.

Hobson. Yes: but ours too. He claims compensation to the amount of a thousand pounds.

Jobson. Dear, dear, how very sad—his misfortune, I mean. But only a thousand pounds! What a moderate claim for so dreadful an injury!—that is, if it wasn't his own fault.

Hobson. No, JOBBY, there's no denying it; the fault was ours. Our train was one of which the carriages were no less than two feet above the level of the platform—by the way, your platform.

OFFERS TO OPPONENTS.

THE general burst of satisfaction with which the appointment of Lord DUFFERIN to the post of Ambassador at St. Petersburg has been hailed by men of all parties, has induced Her Majesty's Government to make further application of their conciliatory principle in the following offers, several of which, however, have been firmly, but courteously, declined:—

Earl GRANVILLE to be Her Majesty's Special Envoy Extraordinary to the new King of HURMAH.

The Marquis of HARTINGTON to be Governor of Pitcairn's Island.

Sir W. VERNON HARCOURT to be General Political Agent in the South Pacific.

The Duke of ARGYLL to the conduct of a Literary and Scientific Mission in Afghanistan.

Mr. GLADSTONE to be Plenipotentiary (Extraordinary) at the Court of the new Principality of Bulgaria.

Mr. FORSTER to be Special Local Inspector for the Red Sea Pearl Fisheries.

Sir BARTLE FREER to be Her Majesty's Representative in the Crater of Vesuvius.

And Mr. PARNELL to be Permanent High Commissioner of all Her Majesty's territories at the back of the North Pole, as the head-quarters of Cold Obstruction.

WORK FOR THE WAR OFFICE.

WE have heard a great deal lately about Skeleton Regiments. Wanted: Somebody with a genius for organisation to make these dry bones live.

TURNING OVER A NEW LEAF IN BULGARIA (task for the Assembly at Tirnova).—To set things straight.

Jobson. Our platform is fully two feet below the level of your carriages. That is as much our fault as yours. Let us pay half.

Hobson. Well, if you like. Certainly your platform and our carriages caused the accident between them. The carriages are provided with footboards so awkward that people must jump down from them upon some of the platforms to avoid slipping and getting maimed or killed.

Jobson. What a jump for an old gentleman with the gout in his great toe!

Hobson. Don't mention it. We've had numerous complaints too, and plenty of warning.

Jobson. So we have. Let us no longer neglect those complaints and those warnings at our peril—a worse peril next time, perhaps, than that of a mere indemnity.

Hobson. Yes. We will immediately level our carriages to your platforms.

Jobson. We, at the same time, will meet you half-way. We will elevate our platforms towards your carriages wherever we can.

Hobson. The sooner the better; for in the meanwhile our liability is frightful.

Jobson. I shudder to think of it. That which we have now to meet is but pecuniary. No more than a thousand pounds. Five hundred only for each Company. A couple of mere fleabites.

Hobson. Let us double it. Let us make it a thousand each. Our Board, I know, will readily accede to a fair but not at all an extravagant proposal.

Jobson. Oh, yes, and ours too, I have not the slightest doubt. And I'm sure we must all feel we are letting ourselves down lightly for inattention, of which the greatest wonder is that it has cost us so small an amount comparatively in damages. Partners in negligence, HOBBY, my boy, we will be sharers in its cost, and setting an example to all Directors who meanly and ungenerally dispute their just liabilities in a Court of Law.

[Chat.]

PHRASE-BOOK FOR THE USE OF GENERAL OFFICERS.

(With Mr. Punch's Compliments to Lord Chelmsford.)



On learning that an Army has been cut to pieces.—Dear me! You don't say so!

On losing the Baggage-Train of a Division.—Awkward—very!

On receiving an Officer who has ridden for his life twenty miles through an enemy's country, carrying Despatches.—Very kind of you indeed!

On accepting an offer to head a Forlorn Hope.—I'm afraid you are giving yourself a great deal of trouble!

On seeing a Regimental Camp in Flames.—Odd! Isn't it?

On receiving a pair of Regimental Colours, recovered after a desperate struggle.—I'm afraid you must have found them rather heavy!

On learning that a Regiment is "missing."—

Fellows should take more care—they should, really!

On finding a position turned.—I call this quite too provoking!

On receiving the news that the troops under his command have been out-generalled and cut to pieces.—Now, who is responsible for this?

And, lastly—On riding up to three score of Englishmen who have defended themselves for thirteen hours from the night assaults of thousands of victorious and bloodthirsty savages, and who have thus saved an army, if not a colony, from destruction.—Thank you all very much for your very gallant defence!

SCHOOL BOARD AND SCAVENGERS.

(Great indignation meeting in the City. In consequence of the recent discussions at the Guildhall, the Scavengers and Dustmen convene an extraordinary Meeting in opposition to the extravagant demands of the London School Board. We have been favoured with a brief report of the proceedings.)

MR. SHOVELLER took the chair, having previously polished it with his coat-cuff.

MR. RANDUM, a leading Scavenger, moved a Resolution. He expressed "hintense surprise and regret at the increasing and oppressive character laid on to the rates of the City." He didn't know exactly what it meant, but what he wanted to know was, what was the good o' teachin' poor children a lot o' rubbish as was better swept away or shovelled out o' their 'eads instead o' being put in 'em? ("Ear! Ear!") This Meetin' should tell the School Board folks, as they weren't the parties to have dust thrown in their eyes! (Applause.)

MR. RICHARD DURTEIGH said he hadn't got no kids—children he meant, not gloves—(great laughter)—as he didn't wear none—to eddicate, but he was blowed—"Question!"—or blest, if they liked it better—"Ear! Ear!"—if he 'adn't got to pay a fipp'ny rate for them as 'ad! ("Shame! Shame!") It was a fact as couldn't be contrydicted. A fipp'ny rate was twelve bob—"Chair! Chair!" He begged parding, he should say twelve shillin' an' sixpence per hannum, which it made a differinx to him of just three arf-pints a week! ("Shame! Shame!") Was he to be robbed of his beer to eddicate somebody helse's kids—he begged parding—he meant horsfprings? Never! What he said was, "Down with the School Boards!" He would like to see such rubbish shot here—in this 'ere 'all, and there a hend of the 'ole bilin'! (Loud and prolonged applause.)

MR. HEEP said he agreed with the last speaker. He was a Dustman, and proud of the title. The eddicashun as he 'd 'ad was good enough for him, and he didn't want no more. ("Ear! Ear!") He 'd been taught when he were a boy that a man, wotsumever he might be, was only dust. ("Ear! Ear!") And so, say what they liked, the best man as ever breathed could be but a dust-man arter all. ("Ear! Ear! Ear!") and great cheering.) He was all for sweeping reforms. ("Ear!

Ear!") And his cry—tho' he warn't allowed now to come out with his "Dust Oy!" as his annsisters 'ad done before him—"Shame! Shame!"—his cry was, "No eddicashun for nobody. ("Ear! Ear! Ear!") and what he added to them as 'ad got proppetty and wouldn't part, was, "Down with the dust!" (Loud cheers, amid which the speaker resumed his seat.)

MR. BINN said he were in the same purfession as Mr. HEEP, which his own name were BINN, and has binn so since he were born. (Laughter.) He was for the abbulishun o' School Boards, and all come-punkshually heddicashun. ("Ear! Ear!") What more grammar could any dustman want to know than "I does, you dust, he dust, and we dust?" (Great laughter.) He remembered 'earin' at a theayter a cove say "I dust do all as a cove may do, he who dusts more ain't not nobody." (Cheers and laughter.)

MR. McMUDIE wished to say as he was a Scavenger, and considered it a onorable, likewise a huseful purfession. ("Ear! Ear!") He would wote agin' eddicashun. (Prolonged cheering.) Wot was eddicashun to 'im?—Nuffin. (Great excitement.) He wanted Reform—no 'arf measures—he made a great pint of sayin' "No 'arf measures!"—(Cheers)—and they wasn't to be put off with mere shovellin' egsuses. ("Ear! Ear!") What was the good of schools to Scavengers? Didn't he know enough without that there? Rather! ("Ear! Ear!") Couldn't he tell his boys and gals all as ever was useful for them to know? O' course he could. Why it was only t' other day, as he was credibly informed, as a chap couldn't be a Scavenger in Parris, unless he were able to parleywoo! (Great sensation.) That was the result of eddicashun! ("Ear! Ear!")

MR. MUCKINTOSH followed in the same line. They were being put upon. He 'imself 'ad been fined five bob for shovellin' a little mud down a gully. (Great indignation.) From what he 'eard as to eddicashun, 'ere an' helseweres, at 'ome and on the Kontinong, was just this, that them as learned wot put 'em above their stashun was not no use to no one, and hinstead o' being haimiable an' useful members o' society, they was quite "wirchuous wisy"—as the sayin' was—"Ear! Ear!"—and was merely a hupsettin' the cart all hover the place, makin' a mess o' heverythink, and comin' out strong as—he weren't afeard to say it—as Discontented Dammy-Gogs!

[Prolonged cheering. After which the Resolution was put and carried, and the Meeting separated, after singing their popular chorus, "Dustward Ho!"

THE GHOST OF GEORGE ROBINS.

THIS irrepressible spirit is not yet laid. It still haunts the columns of the Provincial and Colonial Press. As the dark hour is the season for Ghosts, no wonder this spirit should show through the war-cloud now lowering over South Africa, and even draw substance from its shadows. We find one of its latest appearances thus chronicled in a Natal paper:—

A HORSE SALE, on Saturday, at Eleven O'clock, we shall sell Mr. PETTITOE'S BLACK HORSE "PRINCE," stands about Fifteen hands; a handsome, clean-limbed, well-ribbed, strong, enduring, fast, easy, pleasant nag. He would suit a Volunteer on the War Path; has pluck enough to charge a column, and would never be caught if the order was reversed; besides he's invisible at night, and treads as lightly as a Cock Ostrich before making a rush. All round he's the smartest nag out, and is only sold because his master has no use for him. We fancy he might want something shorter; however, that's his business. This horse has to be sold on Saturday, at Eleven O'clock. BOUNCER & Co., Auctioneers.

Quite Low enough.

QUOTH Finality BOB—

Down-hill once a fast goer,—

"When JOHN BULL has got LOWE,
Why should he go lower?"

The Disease of Debt.

A PATENT Medicine Proprietor advertises in a journal of some circulation among the poorer classes a specific under the denomination of "Tic Pills." The best tick-pill will be found to be dealing at Co-operative Stores, where you must pay ready money.

ON THE WRONG SIDE OF THE ACCOUNT.

WITH regard to the operations of General ROBERTS in the Khost Valley, Punch fears that if their "Valley" be doubtful there is no doubt about their Khost.

STRANGE OFFICIAL MISTAKE IN GEOGRAPHY.—To have placed Chelmsford in Africa.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



MONDAY, March 3 (Lords).—Lord BEACONSFIELD took the House again after his illness, and was warmly congratulated. *Chacun à son gout*; and the public—in Parliament, if not out of it—has just now *le gout du Lord BEACONSFIELD*.

The new Bankruptcy Bill was read a Second Time. The ex-Chancellors and the CHANCELLOR talked it over, and agree that it goes in the right direction. *Punch* wishes it went further. Roguish bankrupts, might fare worse, and creditors would fare better.

(Commons).—Sir STAFFORD NORTH-COTE, on a plea of more Blue Book forthcoming, staved off for the evening the inevitable discussion on the Zulu War, and the conduct—or misconduct—thereof.

Mr. ANDERSON having introduced the subject, Sir STAFFORD was obliged to admit that the "counts" since the Session began, like WORDSWORTH's little family, were seven. He did not think naming names would do any good. Members, like

managers, must find attractive programmes, if they wanted to draw Houses.

First-fruits of the new rules; the House got into Committee of Supply on Army Estimates by seven. The consequence was that most of Colonel STANLEY's speech was delivered to empty benches.

The Government—he told his handful of hearers—had hoped to effect a reduction of four thousand men, but, under present circumstances, felt it would have been a *reductio ad absurdum*. Recruiting had been brisk; so had desertion. It cost the army nearly three thousand men—and the country, as it would seem from a computation in the *Daily News*, in all probability rather over, than under £20,000—yearly. Shepherds have their marks for sheep, why can't our wise heads of the Army devise one for their black sheep? All Recruits are revaccinated; why should not the operation be performed in a special pattern? Soldiers ought to be the last to object to baring arms.



SAINTS IN THE SHIRES. (A LENT MEET WITH "THE DUKE'S.")

"I SEE YOUR SISTER IS NOT HUNTING TO-DAY."

"NO, POOR DEAR! SHE HAD ONLY THE PONY TO RIDE, SO SHE HAS GONE TO CHURCH!"

We are going to create an Officers' Reserve—to be tapped at times of military pressure. Localisation and Short Service together have made patchwork (see *Punch* of last week) inevitable. Before the 91st could be sent to South Africa, it had to receive 374 men from eleven regiments; the 21st, 396 from eight; the 58th, 197 from four; and the 94th, 346 from nine. This is "elasticity" with a vengeance. If *esprit de corps* be the wonderful thing we are told it is, what regiments these should be, with their combined and concentrated *esprit de plusieurs corps*! But if our *cadres* be defective, our military clothing establishment is in superb order. It took us a fortnight to turn out 8,090 men, but we had turned out 17,000 garments in a week! No botching in that department of military tailoring!

We have 62 Localisation dépôts, and our linked battalion system threatens to turn our Army into a chain—which all know is only as strong as its weakest link. But it is a comfort to learn that no works had been ordered that could be shunted, and that the Estimates had been cut down to the quick—without permanent injury, *Punch* hopes, to the claws of the British Lion.

Sir W. HARCOURT poked fun at the small figure cut by Cyprus in the Estimates—that "strong place of arms," with such a weak array of arms to guard it. But at least he was glad to see a liberal provision of doctors. After the Colonels had had a good talk over military matters in general, rather than Colonel STANLEY's Estimates in particular, the House was Counted Out again—at the respectable hour of twenty minutes to two.

Tuesday (Lords).—Somebody has framed a City of Glasgow Bank Bill, to hand over questions arising on liquidation of that precious concern from the Courts to an Arbitrator appointed *ad hoc*. No wonder the House declined to negotiate a Glasgow Bank Bill which, on the face of it, looked fishy. The Bill was ostensibly promoted by only two shareholders, though Lord ROSEBURY said an eighth had approved of it. It was postponed for two months—for which term read "*sine die*."

Lord ABINGER having drawn attention to the prevalence of desertion, Lord BURY said the Government did not see their way to branding, or vaccination-marking, or any mode of marking whatever—except remarking. They meant to wait and see what the new Army Discipline Act would do.

Lord TAUBO thought excessive punishment and vexatious petty tyranny had a good deal of desertion to answer for.

The Duke of CAMBRIDGE said young non-commissioned officers

were certainly disposed to be "cheeky," and old ones were harder and harder to get, in these short service times. The habitual deserters have improved on Lord CARDWELL. They have organised a shorter Army service even than his.

In answer to Lord WALSHINGHAM, Lord CRANBROOK tried to lighten with official grey the black shadow of famine impending over the Punjab and Cashmere. The winter rains had failed, but he hoped—he did not give us any reasons for hoping—that the consequences would not be serious. Government was going to send four thousand tons of grain to Cashmere (it being important just now to keep the Cashmerees in as good humour with us as possible).

(*Commons.*)—The Government is going to give Sir C. RUSSELL a Select Committee to inquire into the Civil Service Stores. Sir STAFFORD was able to assure Mr. BLAKE, without inquiry, that only one of them, the Civil Service Supply Association, did not pay Income-Tax—being registered as a provident and industrial society—and that all paid Receipt-Tax. So much for one and the most tangible grievance in the envenomed case of *Shops v. Stores*. The Select Committee must do good by clearing up misapprehensions.

Mr. TREVELYAN brought forward his hardy annual, for extending household suffrage to counties with the needful redistribution of seats. His speech was mainly an effective and amusing description of the business of faggot-vote making, lately so active in Mid-Lothian.

Sir CHARLES DILKE, as seconder, contended that our present system of representation was the worst in the world. Bad may be the best, my Chelsea Pet, but if ours is the worst, all *Punch* can say is, that the worst is not really so much worse than the best. "*Black's not so black, nor white so very white.*"

Lord CLAUD HAMILTON fired off a rattling broadside from guns of the old High Tory pattern—more dangerous to the gunner than anybody else. There was nothing but the County Franchises between us and universal deluge, with the Spinsters' Suffrage for crest of the wave. He recommended the Members of the seventy-five small Boroughs to think how much smaller they would look if there were none. Mr. COBDEN had been the first gigantic Faggot-vote manufacturer—as the Devil, according to Dr. JOHNSON, was the first Whig. Then look at Ireland—a nice House that would be, with a *charivari* of Irish Members, singing "*Home, sweet Home!*" to the airs set by the bigoted and ignorant Roman-Catholic peasantry—Home-Rulers of the Home-Rulers. The quality of the House had



TAKING HIM AT HIS WORD.

Affable Old Gent (to well-known Civil Servant). "QUITE CHRISTMAS WEATHER AGAIN, MR. PADDLES!"

Irish Postman. "QUITE SO, SORR! QUITE SO!"—(Improving the occasion.)—"R'EMBER THE POSTMAN, SORR!"

[He'd brought it on himself, so he "stumped up" like a "Gentleman."]

deteriorated, was deteriorating, and ought to be improved. The peroration was the gem of Lord CLAUD's carcanet of brilliants:—

"The day might come when Parliament in its wisdom would think fit to make some extension of the county franchise; but he trusted that day was far distant. They had to-day a distinct duty to perform—a duty from which he hoped no Hon. Member would shrink from a misapprehension of the true nature of this proposition."

Certainly Lord CLAUD has not shrunk from such misapprehension.

"It was a proposal designed to subvert the whole fabric of our Constitution, and to trample under foot the glorious traditions of the British House of Commons. (*Cheers.*) He begged to move, 'That this House is of opinion that it is inexpedient to re-open the question of Parliamentary Reform at the present time.'"

En attendant—Punch presumes—the time when Parliament "in its wisdom" may see fit to set about the work of subversion and trampling under foot.

Sir C. LEGARD seconded Lord CLAUD, but "with bated breath and whispering humbleness" in comparison with this fiery scion of the House of Abercorn.

Mr. OSBORNE MORGAN laid down the revolutionary doctrine that "nothing could be politic which was not just,"—and that it was not safe or comfortable to sit down on an inclined plane. (All depends on the inclination, Mr. MORGAN. Some people like it—see the *Montagne-Russe*-sliders, and the patrons of "tar-boggin" in Canada, and small boys in a timber-yard.)

Mr. WHEELHOUSE decanted his budget of *cons.*, in the first of a series of see-saw speeches, by Mr. COLMAN (*pro*) and Mr. ELLIOT (*con.*), and Messrs. BRISOWE and WADDY (*pro*) and Mr. LEIGHTON (*con.*). The latter has discovered that Mr. TREVELYAN's "Reform" Bill would disfranchise all the rustic votes—first the forty-shilling freeholders and yeomen (once "their country's pride"), then the farmers, and lastly the agricultural labourers themselves. The one triumphant figure left "to ride the whirlwind and direct the storm" would be the wire-puller!

Mr. LEATHAM did not see the deterioration in the House which had so struck Lord CLAUD ("Without and within," interposed Lord CLAUD—reflecting apparently on Honourable Members' tailors as well as their talk). He congratulated Mr. GOSCHEN that there would be just room for him to stand alongside of Mr. LOWE in that Right Honourable Gentleman's grotto. Instead of the last

stage of England's downfall, as prophesied by Lord CLAUD, this extension of the suffrage would usher in a new departure for England on the way of good government.

It is a comfort to have the two sides of the shield painted for one in this fine bold fashion.

Sir W. BARTHELOT put forward the bluff county JOHN BULL ~~view~~ very roundly. A man might be anything but a blackguard, yet be as unfit to have the franchise as the biggest blackguard. (Quite true, Sir WALTER.) No man should have a vote who did not pay direct taxes. (Very much inclined to agree with you, Sir WALTER.) What right had men to a vote who would not pay even for the education of their children? (If they can, Sir WALTER, but it's not so easy out of 10s. a week.) Making faggot votes!—pooh!—that was an old business, and had always been carried on, by Whigs and Tories. (Not a doubt of it, Sir WALTER.)

Mr. PARNELL retorted by a fiery protest against Lord CLAUD's calumination of the Irish people as bigots. Didn't *he* stand there in disproof—an Irish Protestant sitting for an Irish Roman-Catholic constituency?

(Mr. PARNELL forgets that this may be "not because they love Catholics less, but because they love Obstruc-tives more.")

Mr. LOWE turned out the less brilliant side of the shield, and with a vehemence of protest, delivered in a tone of intense conviction, which kept his own side silent, but roused a storm of cheers from the opposite Benches, set forth the lamentable deterioration of constituencies under an unbridled democracy. (The Right-Hon. ROBERT should know, having tried to sit one, and become familiar with its paces in Australia.) Once begin lowering, and we must go on lowering, till we have got to the bottom; and who knows, if "in the depth of our deep," there may not be "a lower depth still." Why Government should not have moved the previous question, he could not understand, or on what principle they had saddled their Amendment with "at the present time." Deterioration was deterioration; and no time could be the right time for *that*. (But suppose the County Clod enfranchised by the same great mob-tamer who enfranchised the Town-Cad.)

Mr. BLENNERHASSET felt the distinction of county and borough franchise could not be maintained; but the assimilation should be accompanied with a provision to prevent the swamping of minorities. *That* was the key of the position.

(Bravo, BLENNERHASSET! Spoken like a sensible man, not like an Irishman.)

Mr. COURTNEY, as usual, talked reason in the teeth of his party—a tongue not understood of party people—and will have to put up, as usual, with the reproach of "crotchetyness." But he hit straight and hit hard. They *would* have to make this concession. Let them make it so as to get all the good, and strain out the bad.

The House, he thought, *had* deteriorated—mainly from popularity-hunting and dependence on the masses. It was tending to mediocrity, "gerontocracy, and plutocracy"—that is, as Mr. P. is glad to explain for the benefit of the ladies, "old bufferism and rich bufferism"—and would sink deeper and deeper into the slough, if not pulled out by the "cumulative vote," which would secure representation to all, and then, "every class of thinkers being fairly represented in the House, without extinguishing independence, you might reconcile the progress of democracy with the maintenance of individual liberty."

(Very well put, indeed, Mr. COURTNEY. There is more common sense in such "crotchets" than is covered by other gentlemen's coats of arms—party-per-pale.)

The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER and the Marquis of HARTINGTON summed up the *pros* and the *cons* of the debate very much as men might be expected to do, the one of whom was opposing the Motion as if he might one day have to move it, and the other supporting the Motion as if he only wished he was free to oppose it. Neither leader's heart, in fact, was in his work.

The Division was 291 to 226, the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER, having accepted Mr. LOWE's Amendment, and left out "at the present time." So the sentence stands without limit, to look the more foolish when the time comes, as come it must, for admitting HOBEK within the voting pale, and so introducing the Arch into the architecture of the British Constitution. Is it not recognised as the most stable of all structural forms?

Wednesday.—"John Anderson, my Jo, John!" already a favourite with the married women of Scotland, ought to be more of a favourite than ever now he has got his Bill read a Second Time for putting their right to their ain bawbees—earned or inherited—on the level of their English sister's. Think of its ever having been less! Could the Scotch men for once have stolen a march on the Scottish matrons? But Mr. ANDERSON has put all that right, and then, so unprecedentedly rapid had been the dispatch of business that nobody was ready with anything, and the House had to rise—to the popular air of "We've Got no Work to Do,"—at Twenty Minutes after One. For what it may have escaped we trust that it is truly thankful.

Thursday.—The Lords, that continuous brake-power in British politics, are naturally interested in their Railway equivalent; and the country will be glad to hear that Lord SANDON has a Bill to deal with this and other Railway desiderata in the course of the Session.

(Commons).—Sir TREVOR LAWRENCE backed up the demand of the Kew Pater-, or rather Mater-familias that the Botanical Gardens should be opened at ten every morning for the exercise of the Kew nursemaids and their little charges. The First Commissioner put in the counter-plea of Dr. HOOKER, backed by five hundred of our first scientific authorities, that to do this would be incompatible with the use now made of the Gardens for scientific study, with no counterbalance of good to the public.

Mr. FAWCETT took the side of the Kew residents against his brother Professors.

But PLAYFAIR played fair, and stood by his Order. Mr. PUNCH feels bound to prefer the Kew Gardens to the Kew Nursery-grounds. To the best of Mr. P.'s judgment, Science has it hollow against Paterfamilias, who does not always mind his P's and Q's when he is urging a theory he has set his heart on.

Mr. O'SHAUGHNESSY rose to complain of the limitation of Irish Officials with a seat in the House, to one. Ireland wanted Irish Offices in something like proportion to Irish Members.

Mr. LOWTHER didn't see it. If Ireland had more of the Augean stable than the Lowther Arcadia about it, he would take care that all that was needful was done in the way of "mucking it out;" but he flattered himself he was enough for that.

Messrs. O'CONNOR POWER, WELDON, Major NOLAN, PARNELL, and SULLIVAN were for once unanimous in the great National Cause of Irish Offices for the Irish.

Then the House got to the Supplementary Civil Service Estimates.

Friday (Lords).—The Duke of RICHMOND brought in his Bill for the constitution of new "conserving" Boards, to supersede the existing ones, which, on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle, seem to be at present too often called "conservators" from not "conserving" the rivers within their jurisdiction. It is easier to appoint such Boards than to get them to work. The Duke's Bill, if it does not do much to improve our rivers, will, at least, improve the highways of a certain place, "whose pavement is of good intentions made."

(Commons).—A fierce fight over a proposed sewage farm at Staines; and that stain, at least, averted from the district by 168 to 146.

The Ladies' Battle, just now so successful on Saturday afternoons at the Court, was less successful on Friday night in the Commons. Mr. COURTNEY was leading man for the Ladies; Sir H. JAMES (the most gallant of men) against them. He had the hardihood to declare that a woman's only profession was marriage. That is not a profession, Sir HENRY; it is a performance, and a very serious one, in many cases. It may be all very well for Mr. SULLIVAN to look forward to the enfranchised female without terror. He has come to think any form of Home Rule preferable to the *status quo*; but it is to be feared that most of the present Lords of Creation shrink from a House of, or by, Ladies, and would prefer to go along with Messrs. BERESFORD HOPE, FORSTER, NEWGATE, RAIKES, HANBURY, HEYGATE, and the rest, who put down—no, they couldn't do that—who threw out Mr. COURTNEY's Resolution by 217 to 103. "E pur se muove"—Woman's battle, like Freedom's, as men—especially married men—have reason to know, "Though baffled oft, is always won!"

'ARRY ON NIGGERS.



DEAR CHARLIE,
JEST back
from the Docks.
You remember
young TEDDY
CAREW?
He's off with the
17th Lancers to
kibosh the festi-
ve Zulu.
I've bin doing
the friendly ta-
ta! and we had
just the 'ighest
old spree—
Which the way
the B. P. has
stood treat to
them chaps
was a caution
to see.

Comin' 'ome I
'ob-nob'd with
a bloke, bloom-
ing Methody
spouter I
guess,
Though you
couldn't ha'
told from his
patter, nor yet
from the cut
of his dress;

But he riled me that raw with his rot about "rabid revenge" and "bad blood,"
That to blow off the steam in your ear will, I feel, do me dollops of good.

What has come to some sneaks in this country I earn't understand, not a mite;
Wy, they'll talk any treacle to choke our brave chaps off a jolly good fight;
They all go off their chumps like a shot at a 'int of the pullin' o' triggers,
And whenever it's Us *versus* Darkies, seems always dead nuts on the Niggers.

Now my notion is, Niggers are Warmint—that's putting it plain, and no kid;
And to talk of their rights and their wrongs is all bosh;—let 'em do as they're
bid;

That's their line, mate, and if they won't toe it, but put up their ugly bare
backs,

Wy smash 'em, like fun, jest to show 'em the whites won't stand sarce from the
blacks.

That's reason, and some as should know seem to think it religious as well.

But sez Methody, "Bah! 'tis as bad as the Savage's bloodthirsty yell!"

"Being merely a civilised version, put into articulate speech,

"Of the whoop of the murderous Chocktaw, who wents his blind rage in a
screech."

Well, that gave me the needle, dear boy, and I hups and I arnsers him hot;

I tells him 'twas doosed un-English, not patriot form by a lot.

But he looks at me cool, and sez he, "Ah! sech civilised samples as you

May perhaps be excused for their 'urry to wipe out the savage Zulu."

Wot he meant I dunno. I should like to ha' landed him one for his nob,
But I don't care for making a start without seeing my way through the job.
Only snivel like that *does* disgust me. Wot good's British bottom and grit,
If when the dashed Niggers hinsult us we earn't bang the beggars a bit?

He sez, "If brave fellows get licked, they all long for another fair shy;

But the howl for red vengeance ain't Christian: curs only will join in *that* cry."

Werry fine *between ekals*, no doubt; but with Darkies!—Well, there, I won't
swear;

But when muffs spout such bunkum as that, tain't so easy to keep on yer hair.

No, larrup's the only safe law when you're dealing with Niggers, old man;

Injuns, Afghans, or Kaffirs, all's one; for a *Black* is good only to *tan*.

Twig the joke? Made it only last night in a toast at our Sing-Song, old Pal!

And I tell ye the roar was as loud as when Jolly Mug gags to the Gal.

That tanning is good for black hides, I 'ave not the least mossel of doubt;

'Cos why, they're like mokes, as *want* wallop, and earn't be kep hunder without.

Nigs is jest like Jerusalems—fags, nothin' more, made to fetch, and to carry;

And if they will kick up their 'eels, give 'em toko!

Yours, bloomingly,

'ARRY.

VERY DIFFERENT THINGS SOMETIMES.—Justice's scales and Chief Justices'.



EPISODE IN HIGH LIFE.

(From Our Jeames's Sketch-book.)

The Lady Kerosine de Colza. "I CANNOT TELL YOU HOW PLEASED I AM TO MEET YOU HERE, DR. BLENKINSOP, AND ESPECIALLY TO GO DOWN TO DINNER WITH YOU."

Dr. Blenkinsop (an eminent Physician, much pleased). "YOU FLATTER ME, I'M SURE, LADY KEROSINE!"

Lady Kerosine. "OH NO! IT'S SO NICE TO SIT BY SOMEBODY WHO CAN TELL YOU WHAT TO EAT, DRINK, AND AVOID, YOU KNOW!"

SAVINGS IN PROSPECT.

WITH the greatest possible difficulty the Militia has hitherto managed to pick up, and keep up, the rudiments of drill in twenty-seven days' annual training. This year, for economical motives, the time thus expensively employed by this branch of our Reserve Force in learning its military business is to be reduced by one week.

As the penny-wise principle has been applied in this case, it ought surely to be carried further. *Mr. Punch* would humbly suggest that—

In future, on Her Majesty's Ships of War arriving in harbour, the pay of Chief Engineers and navigating Lieutenants should be stopped.

That Iron-clads, during the summer months, should carry no coals, and in winter should send their sails into store.

That the Royal Horse Artillery should cease to be a mounted force, and return at least half their guns to Woolwich.

That private soldiers of the Line should carry either a rifle or a bayonet. The extra arms thus placed at the disposition of the Authorities, being returned to the Tower.

That the brigade of Guards should be decreased by half its rank and file, and the number of its commissioned officers considerably augmented.

That considerable saving should be effected in the expenditure on tar in Her Majesty's Dockyards.

That scabbards without swords should be served out to the Cavalry for the future, till they are ordered on active service.

And lastly, that the great expense of Naval and Military Audit should be reduced by the abolition of the department hitherto charged with that troublesome branch of the public service.

LENT AND LIGHT.

To the faithful, Lord Cardinal MANNING has sent The Church's instructions how to keep Lent.

How on Monday and Tuesday an egg we may eat,
On Wednesday some butter or lard as a treat;
How on Thursday a small bit of fish may be tried;
But on Friday no nothing, boiled, roasted or fried;
On Saturdays cheese with your bread (both cut thin),
While flesh-meat on Sundays don't count as a sin.

Will the great Lord Cardinal kindly make known
On what day, if any, our souls are our own;
On what days we may ride, and on what days may walk;
On what days hold our peace, and on what days may talk;
On what days it is lawful our noses to blow;
On what days to shave beards, and on what let them grow;
On what days, if any, the nails may be pared,
And on what days the Church allows shirts to be aired?

Also, would the great Cardinal put beyond doubt,
Suppose nations *are* babies, if babes don't shoot out,
Whether England long clothes did not long since outgrow,
And nonsense from sense mayn't be taken to know?

Turn and Turn About.

PROFESSOR McALISTER has lately been lecturing before the Royal Dublin Society on "The Ancestry of the Monkeys." We are glad to learn that there was a large attendance. But what will there be, when as we may, not unreasonably, hope, in these Darwinian days of evolutions, we have a Monkey lecturing on "The Ancestry of the Men?"

HOW TO JUDGE MAN OR MANAGER.—By the Company he keeps.



CAD AND CLOD.

MR. PUNCH. "WELL, MY LORD, YOU EDUCATED YOUR 'PARTY' UP TO *THAT*! DON'T YOU THINK YOU MIGHT EDUCATE 'EM UP TO *THIS*!!!"



THE SMOCK-FROCK AND THE SUFFRAGE.

HAWFINCH sings—



MOZUS MAYPOLE 'a works on 'Squire SAUNDERS'S farm. Some larnun' praps oodn't done MOZUS no harm. 'A was sent to play scare-crow instead o' to school, And bred up as a plough-boy, like any born fool.

As I was a gwaion 'cross Dumbledore Down, I mates that there muddle of a true country clown, A shoulder'n his whip as in 's smock-frock a' strode, 'Longside of a cart in the midst of the road.

"How be, MOZUS?" I sez to 'm. "Young MOZUS, how be?"

"Purty chuffish, Mate," MOZUS made answer to me. "Wot's the best news?" he axes. "Most news is so sad," I replies, "that the best on 't is but 's the laist bad."

"The County Reform Bill the House ha' throw'd out, 'Cause they wun't yield the Franchise, they says, to the Lout." "The Franchise?" sez MOZUS, at sea all aloat— "Ah! The Franchise," sez I, "for to gie thee a vote."

"Yaa!" cries he. "All I cares for a vote is this here: If I'd got one to gie I should gie un for beer. For a quart 'gin a pint; 'gin a quart for a ga'an: They as stood treat most Lib'ral be they as should ha'n."

"A fine feller thee'dst be, then," sez I, "for a vote; All the good as thee'dst ha' from 't 'od goo down thy droat. But if voters their rasons wus all to assign, There 'd be lots wi' no better, if not wus than thine."

"If they only was 'franchised as know'd who was fit, And 'ood honestly vote for the men as should sit, Wot a small and select band the voters 'ood be! As it is, there's few, MOZUS, much fitter nor thee."

"But thee now for the franchise wi' patience must 'bide, Till the Tories be fain to outbid t'other side, And enfranchise when Party's occasioun shall call, Roughs, cads, tag-rag, bobtail, clod-hoppers, and all."

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

At the Adelphi to see the new Rowe-mantic Melodrama.

MR. CIVIL ROWE—I beg his pardon, I should say **MR. SAVILE ROW**—has divorced himself from his partner, **MR. BOLTON ROWE**, and taken unto himself, as *collaborateur*, a **MR. E. MANUEL**, of which union the first result has been this *Crimson Cross*, at the Adelphi. What the division of work may have been is uncertain, but I fancy that **MR. ROWE** did the thinking labour, and the other author the manual labour.

After the First Act a well-informed friend told me the play was written in blank verse. Had I then been listening to blank verse for nearly an hour without perceiving it? Indeed, I had. Bless me, how remarkably stupid of me not to have noticed it! I promised my friend that I would look out for it in the Second Act, with a view to selecting something valuable out of the Romantic—or Rowe-Manuelitic drama. The pearls may have been thrown broadcast before the swine in the auditorium—*quorum pars parca fui*; but, as to the lines that fell, in pleasant places, right under my very snout, I own they seemed to me to be mostly blank, and not prize verses.

Before describing the piece to the best of my playbilly, I will venture to say that I have never seen **MISS NEILSON** appearing to greater advantage than in the part of *Isabel, Queen of Bavaria*. Were personal attractions to be relied on for success, then that of this drama would be assured by those of its present heroine, to whom the Authors might raise a "Neilson Column"—in some theatrical journal—in token of their gratitude for her services. The cast is an exceptionally strong one, consisting of **MESSRS. FLOCKTON, HERMAN VÉZIN, FORBES-ROBERTSON, ASHLEY, PATEMAN, and HENRY NEVILLE**, who, one and all, fight their very best in a weak cause.

The Drama is divided into "Chronicles" instead of Acts. Un-

fortunately, from first to last, they have but "chronicled small beer." The First Chronicle is an Evening Chronicle, the Second is a Morning Chronicle, early edition, and so on. Acting on this hint, **MESSRS. ROWE** and partner might divide their next play into Telegraphs.—Telegraph the First (Edition), Telegraph the Second, &c., finishing with a magnificent Last Scene, using the full extent of the stage, and exhausting the resources of the establishment, in representing a bird's-eye view of the Largest Circulation in the World!!

By the way, the scenery, by **MR. JULIAN HICKS**, is the best he has hitherto done. The costumes, from **MR. ALFRED THOMPSON'S** designs, are bright and effective. **MESSRS. GATTI**, the Lessees, have spared no expense either before or behind the curtain, and seem determined to prove to the public, that, whatever they undertake to do, shall be thoroughly well done throughout. If it does not draw, then it only strengthens existing evidence that no matter how strong the cast, how popular the names of the actors, how beautiful the actress, or how magnificent the *mise-en-scène*, all this goes for very little, if the piece itself does not take the public. In this drama some good materials and some good writing have been thrown away, or misused, but, at all events, **MESSRS. ROWE** and **MANUEL** should be full of gratitude—or Gatti-tude—for the style in which their work has been produced. The pity is that this new Gatti-ling great gun is not likely to make a hit, though it carries off a very heavy charge of blank (verse) cartridges.

SMALL BEER CHRONICLE THE FIRST.—Half-pint No. 1.—Exterior of the Castle of Vincennes.—Enter **MR. FORBES-ROBERTSON**, as *Chevalier de Boisredon*. He calls **MISS NEILSON** a "Matchless Ecstasy!" The Chevalier hugs the Matchless Ecstasy, who returns as good as he gives. Then he and the Matchless one struggle, snuggle, and generally conoodle together rapturously. Then the Matchless Ecstasy being the wife, not of the Chevalier, but of **CHARLES THE SIXTH, King of FRANCE**—she, this impulsive, loving, beautiful, hugging, conoodling young Ecstasy,—has the cool impudence to declare that theirs is a "guiltless love!"—simply because she knew *Boisredon* when he was in jackets, and she in frills and short petticoats! Guiltless love! Bosh! Substitute "guilty passion" for "guiltless love," and you have the truth—though perhaps the Lord Chamberlain might have objected. The guilelessly guilty pair hearing somebody coming, innocently bolt; and then enters *Hugonnet*—"an Officer devoted to the Queen," says the bill; and, indeed, the Queen seems ready to *Hug*-any one, even this rough Soldier, if he would only offer. Then enters **MR. VÉZIN** (as somebody, whose name sounds like "*D'Almanack*"), followed by **MR. FLOCKTON**, as, apparently, **MR. IRVING** in *Louis the Eleventh*, who is accompanied by a faithful Ballet of four, in parti-coloured tights.

MR. FORBES-ROBERTSON, the Chevalier, is arrested, because, as **MR. FLOCKTON** justly remarks, all in one word, "he is *minenemy*."

MR. FLOCKTON'S entertainment finished, he and *D'Almanack* retire, accompanied by the aforesaid faithful Ballet.

SMALL BEER CHRONICLE, No. 1.—Second Half-pint.—The Queen's Oratory. A few sacred subjects on the tapestry, otherwise not much of an oratory, except perhaps for the presence of five alms-basons over the mantelpiece. Enter **MR. NEVILLE** (*Perrinet* the Armourer). He conceals himself. Enter Queen. She discovers *Perrinet*, who has come to see her Maid of Honour, *Jacqueline* (*MISS COMPTON*), a tall and elegant young lady. Queen makes *Perrinet* Governor of Something—I didn't catch what—and he swears devoted loyalty. Enter *D'Almanack* with another division of the faithful Ballet—it's like a travelling company—and is very rude to the Queen, specially considering they are in an oratory. But he has evidently mistaken the meaning of the word, and thinks the Queen's "Oratory" a place for displaying his own. He remarks, sneeringly, that "he is not accustomed to popinjays," which is apparently his reason for arresting the Queen.

"Weep not!" says the Queen—perhaps in blank verse—to *Jacqueline*, who is standing by like the Confidante in the *Critic*, and then inquires, "Who will help me?"

"I will," says **MR. NEVILLE**, bravely issuing from his ambush behind the tapestry, after having carefully assured himself of the departure of *D'Almanack* and his faithful Ballet. **MR. NEVILLE** undertakes to save—I believe—*Boisredon*.

"If I fail,—I fail!" is the very original remark of *Perrinet*, getting out of the window just as *D'Almanack* and his faithful Ballet return. Off goes Queen arrested. And we come to the end of the Second Half-pint of the First Small Beer Chronicle.

SMALL BEER CHRONICLE, No. 2.—Old Paris. Ballet of Young Paris, arranged by **MISTER HARRIS**. "I don't believe there ain't no such person," says **MRS. GAMP**, in the Pit. Yes, there is, Mum—which his name is in the bill as Stage-Manager. Enter **MR. ASHLEY** as an old Parisian. He was the gentleman noted for saying "Pretty souls!" in the *Pink Dominoes*. He seems a little out of his element at present. The wit of Old Paris—whether in blank verse or not—is not particularly enlivening, and **MR. PATEMAN**, as the Low Comedian, has a bad time of it, but the audience has a worse. **MISS JECKS** comes out really strong as a student of Old Paris, and



"SHOUTER TO SHOUTER!"

Obstinate Jurymen (Licensed Victualler). "WHAT! GIE A VARDICT AGYEN MR. McLUSHY? NOT IF AW SIT HERE A' NIGHT! AW'LL SEE YE A' STARVED FIRST! HE'S ONE O' THE FINEST GEN'LEMEN I' THE TOON, AN' COMES TO MA BILLIARD-TABLE EVERY NIGHT, AND A' NIGHTS WHILES!"

does keep the game alive. In fact, were it not for her and Miss COVENEY—after whose entrance every one expects to see the VOKESSES—Old Paris would be the very dullest place possible. There is a mild row between students,—who give a very poor support to their spirited leader, Miss JECKS,—and some soldiers, after which Mr. PATEMAN wanders in his mind about "roast goose." Perhaps he is talking blank verse; nobody knows, nobody cares. Perrinet guards the bridge. Up comes somebody, whose name is Martin—what Martin is not clear, whether *Luther* or *Chuzzlewit*—who appears for this occasion only, and offers to do something. Offer accepted by Perrinet. Disappearance of Martin (*Luther* or *Chuzzlewit*).

D'Almanack appears. Perrinet is punished with eight whacks on the back with the flat of a sword, and vows vengeance. *Jacqueline* enters, dressed as a page in tights—why, I cannot make out, but, I suppose, because she likes it—and, on parting with Perrinet, calls him "Lion-hearted," very much after the style of Mr. Crummles when he bade farewell to *Nicholas Nickleby*, "Good-bye, my noble, my lion-hearted boy! Adieu!"

Enter Mr. FORBES-ROBERTSON from torture. Released by Perrinet, who disappears, he stupidly stops to fight with *D'Almanack*, who kills him, and so whatever interest the plot may have had up to this point, seems now to have entirely disappeared with the unhappy fate of poor *Boisredon*, the guileless lover of the Matchless Ecstasy. End of Second Pint of the S. B. Chronicles.

SMALL BEER CHRONICLE No. 3. FIRST HALF-PINT.—*The Queen's Tent*. Enter Queen, accompanied by faithful Ballet, Second Line Division. The Matchless Ecstasy, speaking of her husband, observes kindly, "The very walls mock at him while calling for his Squeal!" Enter somebody, whom the Matchless one styles "a creechur of the Constable."

Here I should say that the individual I have hitherto called *Almanack* is Count d'Armagnac (so I wasn't so far out), Constable of France. The second title of the piece ought to be *Outrunning the Constable*. The Creechur says what is set down for him, and

Enter *Hugonnet*—who, as far as the metal buttons go, looks far more like a Policeman of France than the Constable himself—and has a scene, in blank verse, I think, with the Queen.

Then *D'Almanack* has a scene with her, and, getting into difficulties, observes, blank-versely aside, "Will she dare slay me? She dare do anything!" which is dreadful to contemplate, even in the case of a Matchless Ecstasy, when she once gets the chance of striking on something more than her own matchless box. Mr. VAMPIRE (*D'Almanack*) tells her that *Boisredon* (who is really dead) "suffering nightmares in barrels"—at least that was all I could take down, at haphazard, without being a proficient in shorthand; and then the Queen, after a great deal of talk, signs a paper. Enter VEZIN with the truly poetic and thoroughly original observation, "Farewell, proud Queen! but we shall meet again!"—a line which, of course, ought to make the fortune of any play.

Then arrives Perrinet. He explains—like *Jingle*—"very sorry—all a mistake—crimson cross—Martin Chuzzlewit, or *Luther*—bleeding body—in the Seine." Queen asks him what will be now? Perrinet calls Miss COMPTON "Little one!"—she is five feet ten, if an inch—and promises to open the gates of Paris.

SECOND HALF-PINT OF CHRONICLE.—*Gates of Paris*. Enter Constable *D'Almanack* and the faithful Ballet,—like four *Micawbers* who "never will desert *Micawber*,"—and reads a proclamation, which, except for economy's sake, one would have thought the Constable of France could have paid a herald, or some official to do for him. All retire for the night. Poor old "Poor Souls" is arrested on suspicion, and the Low Comedian (Mr. PATEMAN) is placed in charge of the gate-house, by order of Constable *D'Almanack*, who evidently has not got the slightest sense of humour. Why, one might as well place the Charge of a Fishmonger's shop, and expect "business to be as usual."

Perrinet having heard the Low Comedian maundering in previous Act about "roast goose," is suddenly seized with the idea of a practical joke, which consists of setting fire to the gate—and roasting that poor goose of a Low Comedian, who is in



A DISENCHANTMENT.

Very Unsophisticated Old Lady (from the extremely remote country). "DEAR ME! HE'S A VERY DIFFERENT-LOOKING PERSON FROM WHAT I HAD ALWAYS IMAGINED!"

on the first floor. No sooner said than done. Gates of Paris opened. Enter Burgundians and the Matchless Ecstasy on horseback, while the poor Low Comedian is being roasted. Funny situation, and audience in great good humour under the impression that they are seeing the last the Low Comedian. But no such luck.

Perrinet rescues the Low Comedian, whose goose is very nearly cooked by this time, and the curtain falls on the Second Half-pint of the Third Small Beer Chronicle.

SMALL BEER CHRONICLE, NO. 4, IN ONE PINT ONLY.—*Interior of The House of Refuge*, whatever this may mean. Here Mr. FLOCKTON, in a very limp state,—like a Guy on the Fifth of November,—is brought in by *D'Almanack*, and placed in a chair before the fire. Constable *D'Almanack* talks blank verse to him, but Mr. FLOCKTON turns a deaf ear to it, and goes to sleep—which, under the circumstances, is really very natural.

The "Creechur" appears. The Low Comedian is brought on again to "lead a van,"—perhaps PICKFORD'S. The old King still pretends to sleep before the fire—and wisely—as everybody will come and talk blank verse to him. Enter the Matchless Ecstasy. She puts her head into a stream of lime-light, but nobody cares. Then she goes and gives the poor suffering old King another dose of blank verse—but no amount of this will rouse him, for all this time the crafty monarch is meditating a deep revenge. He is composing a blank-verse speech. His chance is coming, he knows it, and, when it does come, he will give it them all round, hot and strong,—and long.

More lime-light struggle for effect. Return of the Constable *D'Almanack* wounded. More blank verse in the King's ear. At last Mr. FLOCKTON, feeble though he be as *Louis-Charles-the-Seventeenth*—(a total arrived at, by adding *Louis Eleven* to *Charles Six*)—can stand it, or sit it, no longer. He won't have it: the bruised worm, bullied by blank verse, turns at last; and then he goes in for his speech, which he has been preparing all the time—the artful old boy!—and "gives it 'em a good 'un." It is a really powerful

speech, which he gives effectively, and so wins the blank-verse honours of the evening. Then Old Seventeenth asks the Matchless Ecstasy a conundrum, which she passes on to the Constable, saying, "*Arshk D'Almanack!*" and then follows a sort of serious charade, that might be played in a Lunatic Asylum, by three of the principal patients in costume.

The King has suffered much, but when he fancies that the Queen has spoken slightly of him as a "hecatomb"—a similar case to DANIEL O'CONNELL calling the Billingsgate fishwoman a parallelogram—he won't put up with it any longer—hanged if he will. He tells the Constable to kill her, when she frightens the King into convulsions by telling him that, if he does kill her, she'll haunt him, and be a bogey, whereupon he has a fit; and the Queen, adapting for the occasion *Ostrick's* line in *Hamlet*, "Look to the King! there!" falls back on a chair:—

There once was a Regal French Fogey,
Who quaked at the mention of Bogey,
The Queen said she'd haunt him,
To twit him and taunt him,
And frightened this wicked old Fogey.

Then the Burgundians enter in full force. Old Seventeenth sneaks into a corner, and gives up, not the Ghost, but the Constable, who, at the hands of *Perrinet*, meets with the fate of the irreligious Daddy Longlegs, and is taken by the left leg and flung down-stairs. Then, the Small Beer being exhausted, all ends happily. *Perrinet* marries the five feet ten "Little One," and the Matchless Ecstasy is, I hope, thenceforth true to Old Seventeenth, her lawful spouse, forgetful of poor *Boisredon*, who came to grief in the Second Chronicle,—and, so having nothing more to tell, I am, as usual,

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

RACKETS ON THE STOCK EXCHANGE.—For the game of French Fives.

"COUVERT DE GLOIRE ET DE FARINE."

VOLTAIRE, of *Le Roi de Prusse*.

"So the whole night through, this heroic handful kept the Zulu thousands at bay, their only rampart one of meal bags hastily piled up."
—Our Own Correspondent's Description of the Defence at Rorke's Drift.

FREDERICK, in age fear-proof,
Passed his first battle's hour,
'Neath a mill's sheltering roof,
Behind the sacks of flour.

How he won glory there
"Every school-boy" knows,
And how the flour told *where*—
Whitening the royal clothes.

With keen shot and sharp steel
In a few hands of right breed,
Behind their bags of meal—
BROMHEAD and CHARD to lead—

Those lads o' the Twenty-Fourth
Who beat back the Zulu,
Covered like FRITZ, came forth
With meal and glory too!

Phenomenal Power of Digestion.

WE used often to see tremendous achievements in the way of eating announced in the good old days under the stereotyped head of "Disgusting Feat." But which of them can compare with the performance which has just come off—of digesting twenty-four volumes of Law Reports! This feat, which has taken three years to accomplish, has just been performed by the Council of the Law Reporting Society. No wonder they proclaim it with pride!

Latest Crisis in France.

M. DE MARCÈRE, Minister of the Interior, has been forced to resign, owing to a difficulty about M. GIGOT, Prefect of Police. No wonder people supposed there might be some connection between *gigot* and GRÉVY.

HOSPITALS AND HOMES.



(O) be sure, as a rule, there is no place like home. But in case of illness requiring first-rate physic, surgery, and nursing, unless your home is a very exceptional one indeed, there is no place like hospital. Soon, however, it will be possible to combine the advantages of a hospital with those of a home. An institution being organised, under the denomination of a "Home Hospital."

Its originators have got themselves incorporated and registered as "The Home Hospital Association for Paying Patients." But the patients will pay for nothing more than value received, prime cost. The members of the Association are to draw no dividends whatever from its revenues. Though a proprietary Company "limited," it is strictly a benevolent Union. For terms of subscription see its First Annual Report just published by HARRISON AND SONS, St. Martin's Lane.

In attempting to cross a London street you are likely to get run over and have your leg broken, or worse. There is then no place like a hospital for you. But you may object to being taken to a common hospital. You want the best of treatment, but may be unable to afford it, and yet not so poor as to be a proper object of charity. The Home Hospital for Paying Patients is designed to give you the treatment you want at a moderate tariff. You may nominate your friend, if accident or illness befall him or her, to enjoy, so to speak, the same assistance, instead of yourself. Whichever you please, dear reader; you pay your money, and can take your choice.

At present there exists but one Home Hospital, as yet in an inchoate

state, at Berkeley House, Manchester Square. But the Home Hospital Association contemplates the establishment of "several Home Hospitals in different parts of the Metropolis." The more the better, if not exactly the merrier.

In relation to the Public and the Medical Profession, the idea of Home Hospitals obviously corresponds to that of Co-operative Stores. The Home Hospitals Association might call itself the "Co-operative Medico-Chirurgical Attendance Society." Nevertheless its proceedings appear to have created no alarm whatever amongst the doctors. But then, as a rule, they do not overcharge their patients, or send them adulterated medicine, short of weight and measure, or else might the medical men, of the lower class at least, now be infuriated with an agitation analogous to that raging amongst shopkeepers of the baser sort.

The President of the Home Hospitals Association is the Duke of NORTHUMBERLAND. The Committee, besides His Grace, includes the Earl of BESSBOROUGH, the Bishop of WINCHESTER, Sir RUTHERFORD ALCOCK, and Mr. ERNEST HART. Their funds at present amount to something under £11,000; but, of course, now that *Mr. Punch's* readers are in possession of the facts above-stated, will be raised to a sum more than amply sufficient to supply all the demand for Home Hospitals that exists, or can be created by circumstances—especially those of the Homes in which ailments are aggravated by that very serious complication *res angusta domi*.

The Chancellor's Kickshaws.

PRINCE BISMARCK, the other Saturday, gave his first political dinner. It is said that one of the specialities of the *menu* was a great success—anchovies swimming in custard. Another, equally relished, is stated to have been a *mélange* of red currant jelly, raspberry jam, beer, brandy, cream, and *caviare*.

BIGGAR'S FENIANISM AND FAITH.

THE newspapers, Mr. BIGGAR, M.P., report a discourse delivered by yourself, Sir, to a meeting of Irishmen in Bermondsey the other Sunday evening, on "The Future of the Irish Race." In your idea it seems the Irish race is less a matter of country than of creed.

"By the 'Irish Race' Mr. BIGGAR said he meant to include all Irishmen of the Roman-Catholic faith wherever they were to be found. Protestants he did not consider Irishmen at all. They were merely West Britons, who had by accident been born in Ireland; and from his own experience he could say they were the bitterest enemies of Ireland. He rejoiced that Irishmen had clung to their faith."

You cling to your own then, Mr. BIGGAR, of course. Accordingly, as an Irishman and therefore a Catholic, you proceeded to eulogise Fenianism and Physical Force, on this wise—after your wisdom:—

"Now he, Mr. BIGGAR, would not say whether he himself was a Fenian, but if any one called him a Fenian he would answer that he did not count that any disgrace. Physical force was the one thing for which the English governing classes cared. They cared nothing for justice, they cared nothing for reason, they cared nothing for the rights of the people, Irish or English. They were moved only by their fears. He did not mean their fears for their personal safety. . . . But it was possible—he would not say probable—that some fine day the democracy would break loose, that the London warehouses and Manchester factories would be reduced to ashes, and the shipping in the Thames and the Mersey set on fire; and that was an outlook which the English governing classes did not like. At present the English democracy was entirely unrepresented in the House of Commons."

Entirely, Mr. BIGGAR? Surely not quite so. Ready, as you describe it, for riot and arson, is not the English democracy represented in some measure at least, by one Irish Member?

The Fenians are all Irishmen; therefore, by your account, all Catholics. But what does your Holy Father, the POPE, say to your Fenians? Does he own them for a Catholic confraternity, or condemn them as a secret society? Do you suppose that His Holiness would have approved of the following recommendation of democracy and Fenianism combined, if he had heard you utter it?—

"He"—that is, you—"urged all Irishmen to unite in some organisation—he did not care which—and make as much display of physical force as possible. They might be few in numbers, but when they remembered the great results which flowed from the determined action of the handful of men at Manchester and Clerkenwell, they could not doubt of their ultimate success."

You seem to have forgotten that among the greatest results which flowed from the Fenian murders at Manchester and Clerken-

well, was the disagreeable fact that some of those who committed them were hanged. You call them martyrs. But were they such martyrs whom the POPE would be likely to canonise?

THE SHIP FOR THE SILVER STREAK.

"THOUGH the *Calais-Douvres*," said Mr. J. S. FORBES, at the recent Cannon Street Hotel Meeting, "has done her work admirably, she is not a cheap ship. She has carried 55,000 passengers, and I venture to say she has made many converts to the Calais route . . . an average of 715 per day was carried in her, with the minimum of inconvenience, and, as we say in the Report, 'a material diminution of those peculiar evils and annoyances heretofore incident to the sea transit.'"

Delighted to hear it. Let them progress in this line, not *usque ad nauseam*, but beyond it. In sanguine hopes of this result, I place the following new Lines, for which I have got the necessary powers, at the disposal of the London, Chatham and Dover Board.

Take the *Calais-Douvres*
On your way to the Louvre.
She is an improvement:
On board her you can sit,
Nor make a *sic transit*,
Unconscious of movement.

When in her you cross,
If she plays "pitch-and-toss,"
She does it without detection;
For which bless the orbs
Of MISTER FORBES,
Of the L. C. and D. direction.

(Signed) L. C. AN D-OVER THE SEA.

Pen-Feathers.

(From a Collection of Old Saws.)

FROM Geese pinions taken,
Geese opinions to make.

THE KHEDIVE'S GLEE (as sung by the heads of his International Administration).—"Row, Brothers, row!"



'GOOD INTENTIONS.'

Scot (on Waterloo Bridge). "HECH! TO THINK I SAVE A BAWBEE EVERY TIME I CROSS THIS BONNY BRIG! I'LL JUST FIT IT IN THE PLATE THE NEXT TIME I GANG T' THE KIRK!"

PUNCH'S GREETING TO THE YOUNG COUPLE.

ARTHUR PATRICK, DUKE OF CONNAUGHT,
AND
PRINCESS LOUISE MARGUERITE,
MARRIED, THURSDAY, MARCH 13.

O'er your heads *Punch* don't want any gush to be shedding,
But he smiled on your wooing, and blesses your wedding,
For the Bridegroom is one of the right sort, he hears,
And he sees that the Bride is a duck among dears.

So though the old boy cannot gush, he feels glad,
As he throws his old shoe after bright lass and lad,
And sends you *his* present—of value untold,
Beyond Royalty's diamonds, or Courtier's gold—

And that is the earnest good word and good will
Of a heart that it takes who knows *how* much to fill.
For BRITANNIA smiles under guard of his hunch,
And when *Punch* bids "God bless you!" says "Ditto to *Punch*."

That the Bridegroom bears names of good omen 'tis clear:—
Brave ARTHUR's of England, that *Preux* without peer,
And with it the Saint's who the Green Isle set free,
Sweeping all that was venomous into the sea.

As gallant as ARTHUR, with sword, upon steed,
As pure as St. Patrick in word and in deed,
May his gentle young bride and his country still find
Him who this day for Manhood leaves light Youth behind.

May the Mother, whose sorrow seeks set-off of joy
In the wedlock of each loving girl and brave boy,
Among all her good casts—she has ne'er made a miss—
Find none with a future more cloudless than this!

LIGHTS THAT REALLY ENLIGHTEN.

AMONG the most needed and newest lights of the time are the lamps in the Cromwell Road and Queen's Gardens district. They not only throw a light on the streets, but on their names, which are, at last, legibly painted on one side of the lamps at recurring intervals. When one remembers the chaos this region used to be, after dark, to hapless diners-out and their drivers, the comfort of steering by the present luminous chain of directions on the lamps is not to be described.

As *Punch* has been preaching up this simple provision for the public convenience for months past, he can only express the hope that now that one local authority has led the way in this small and uncostly but very real improvement—whether persuaded by *Punch's* preaching, or not, matters little—other local authorities will go and do likewise.

Only one more improvement is wanted even in the enlightened Cromwell Road region—that the numbers of the houses should be painted, at intervals of ten, on the same lamps which now bear the names of the streets.

ARMS FOR THE ENEMY.

SOME indignation has perhaps been somewhat unduly created by statements which appeared in a daily paper, stating that a firm in Whitechapel, and another at Manchester, are manufacturing arms for shipment to the Zulus. But the aid thus afforded to a savage enemy may be not by any means so bad as it seems. Dealers can have no interest in sending CETEWAYO and his soldiers any better firearms than the worst manufactured for exportation at Birmingham. The worse, the cheaper, therefore the more profitable for the vendors. Parties engaged in selling the Zulus rifles so bad as to be sure to burst in their hands, also sell the Zulus, and are driving a trade which is the reverse of unpatriotic, however unscrupulous. *Punch* therefore hesitates to say that the fellows ought to be hanged.

NO ROYAL ROAD TO HAPPINESS?

ISN'T there? What do you say to the road from Windsor Castle to Claremont?

SOMETHING LIKE A LOAN.

AMONGST the many schemes for the financial regeneration of Turkey the following (which *Mr. Punch* has reasons for believing is the only one that will be supported by the Sublime Porte) has as yet been withheld from the public. Now the De Tocqueville Scheme has been set aside as impracticable it may have a chance.

1. Turkey, England, Russia, France, Italy, Austria, and the German Empire, to enter into a thorough mutual good understanding.
2. Turkey to give the most ample guarantees to all the Powers for her performance of her part of the accompanying conditions.

3. The unfunded debt of the Porte to be paid in full, in ready money.

4. All arrears of interest on the Turkish Funded Debt to be made good, with a 10 per cent. bonus, to compensate for the annoyance to which the Fundholders have for years been subjected.

5. The Russian Indemnity to be immediately discharged.

6. The *personnel* of the Turkish Military, Naval, and Civil Services to receive two years' pay in advance, with arrears and interest on arrears.

7. School Boards, the Permissive Bill, the Volunteer Movement, Trial by Jury, and all the recent improvements in the French Civil Service and English Parliamentary Organisation to be forthwith introduced.

8. The Revenue to be reorganised, regularly paid up, and remitted without deduction to Constantinople.

9. Backshish to be abolished in all public offices—Metropolitan and Provincial.

And lastly (10). France and England to advance on the security of Turkish promises to pay, and the prospects of Reform under the Anglo-Turkish Convention, a liberal margin on the amount required for carrying out these financial arrangements, so that the SULTAN may have a little to go on with.

REMAIN UNIMPEACHED.—The Ministry of the 16th of May, and the good sense of the Republic of the 5th of January.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



(Monday, March 10—Lords.)

USSIA seems to have lent us a chapter out of her book. Our High Commissioners and Commanders appear to have a general authority to "Go in and win—or lose," as the case may be. Sir BARTLE FRERE has been declaring war on his own hook in South Africa; and now we learn from Lord CRANBROOK's answer to Lord RIPON's interpellation that General ROBERTS has been annexing, on his own hook, in the Kurram Valley. And "what for no?" The Ministers of an Imperial policy have their rights, as well as their duties—and the first is to "go a-head." Lord BEACONSFIELD's "standing order" might be condensed into HORACE's line—

"Rem bene si poteris, si non, quocunque modo, rem."

"Push our Empire, wisely and honestly, if you can; but push it, anyhow." As Lord NELSON told his Captains, "No man can be far wrong who lays his ship alongside an enemy," Lord B. would seem to lay down the direction, "No man can be far wrong who quarrels with somebody, and annexes something!"

Lord LAWRENCE is puzzled to understand when and where, if we go on annexing Cabulwards, we are to come to Lord B.'s "Scientific Frontier," maintainable with a large reduction of existing forces. Nor did Lord NAPIER of Magdala—who has descended from his Rock to give Government the benefit of his Indian lights—condescend to tell him.

Lord NAPIER explained that henceforth we meant to defend India *beyond* the passes. How we were to defend its defenders he did not explain. Perhaps the next year will show.

(Commons.)—A night with the Naval Authorities.

Mr. GOSCHEN wanted to know what Mr. SMITH could not tell him, Why, in our South-African need, we have not drawn on that promptly available force, the Marines? What can the Horse-Guards, who have the bottling-off and decanting of the choicest military port, be expected to care about empty bottles? Mr. SMITH promises the Jollies shall be the next to go to the front. That is something. The First Lord had a pleasant piece of news, to take out the taste of his rather perfunctory answer to Mr. GOSCHEN. Hearing of Isandula at St. Helena, Captain BRADSHAW of the *Shah* at once shipped the little island's little garrison, and sailed for the Cape with them and the *Shah's* own Naval Brigade of four hundred Bluejackets. *Punch* will not say Pshaw,—but, Bravo BRADSHAW! to this plucky piece of promptitude. That is *helping*, on your own hook—better than declaring war or annexing on it.

Mr. SAMUDA pleads for improvement in the position of Naval Ship-Carpenters. How about the Engineers, Mr. SAMUDA? Surely, with steam and iron coming everywhere to the front, our "Chips" can hardly hold his own with those who superintend our Stokers and Pokers. Suppose we improved *their* pay and position a little?

Mr. VANS AGNEW complained of stagnation in naval promotion, which he perversely ascribed to the new and hard Retirement Rules. These rules, no doubt, do superannuate many good and serviceable officers, and are only defensible (as Mr. SMITH and Mr. CHILDERS both explained) on the plea that they stir, instead of stagnate, promotion. To find out how in piping times of peace to keep the tide of promotion running merrily in a service whose strength must be kept equal to the strain of war, would take many Vans-loads of ingenuity.

Lord C. BECESFORD wants more Naval Barracks, to keep paid-off men together. So does Mr. SMITH, and is providing them.

Mr. HOPWOOD wants amendment of the Naval Discipline Act, like that we are to have of the Mutiny Act. Mr. Secretary BAKER does not see his way. It would not be like a Secretary of the Admiralty if he did. Why should he see his way better or further than his masters? Though the Cat's claws have been clipped, he is still kept in the boatswain's bag; and lurks in naval minds and naval codes, setting up his back against change, and looking fondly back to the times when there was no limit, of law or practice, to his fleshing his claws in the backs of our A.B.'s.

Mr. SMITH brought in the Navy Estimates, as Colonel STANLEY did the Army Estimates the other night, to empty benches. This comes of being so confoundedly early with things. Estimates clash with eating; and the House empties, that its Members may be filled. Mr. SMITH shows a nominal reduction of near half a million, but admits that this is without reckoning the expenses of Cape transport. We may reckon ourselves lucky if we get off with last year's Eleven Millions. As it is, the figures have been kept down chiefly by docking a thousand Marines; about the most improvident piece of docking, as it seems to *Punch*, that could have been done, as a drilled and disciplined Marine is the valuable and costly product of a special and slow training.



A DIGNIFIED PACE.

Lady Gay Spanker (to her Husband). "OUGHTN'T WE TO BE TROTTING ON, DEAR?"

Small Man on Donkey. "TA-TA FOR THE PRESENT, THEN! I DON'T LIKE RIDING FAST TO COVERT!"

We have been building under our mark of armoured ships, but over it of unarmoured; we have had a heavy bill for repairs; and we are doing all we can to perfect our naval guns and torpedo-boats.

A shorter speech has seldom been made by a First Lord. "Least said, soonest mended," holds good, no doubt, of Estimate speeches as others; but silence, unluckily, is not "golden" in this one case. Speech, or no speech, bills must be paid.

Mr. BRASSEY was complimentary, and Mr. BENTINCK depreciating; Mr. RYLANDS carping, and Mr. SHAW-LEFÈVRE critical, as is their nature to!

Mr. GOSCHEN complimented the First Lord on his business-like speech; but, like Ajax, wanted more light—unconscionable man! Altogether Mr. SMITH faced his empty benches with a courage and a brevity worthy of a better audience. But it is quite wonderful how dead the House is! It wants something to "ginger" it. A lively bout of personal sparring might quicken its suspended animation.

Tuesday (Lords).—A talk about Irish Railways—the Duke of MARLBOROUGH maintaining that narrow gauges and bogie engines were the only things to pay on many Irish Lines. We should have thought poor Ireland had bogies enough, without introducing them on her Railways.

The Medical Act was read a Second Time. Lord RIBON is looking closely after it, and wisely presses the importance of not letting the really weighty question of qualification wait for settlement of the professional squabbles about the Medical Council and its constitution. If Doctors can't look after their own Constitution, how can they be expected to look after ours?

(*Commons.*)—The fullest House of the Season. BUNG, and BUNG's friends, in full force. Sir WILFRID—that artfullest of dodgers, and most humorous of hobby-riders—brought in our old friend, "Permissive Bill," in the disguise of "Local Option." The get-up was as easy to see through, as *Falstaff's*, of the Fat Wife of Brentford. Yet as the jealous Ford was blind to the "great peard" under the fat Knight's "muffler," so was the jealous W. E. FORSTER, to the claws and teeth of that wicked old wolf Permissive Bill, under the sheep's-clothing of "Local Option."

The Carlisle Baronet was as lively as ever in recommending his old friend with a new face, and Mr. WHEELHOUSE no livelier in deprecating his acquaintance.

Sir M. W. RIDLEY was the mouthpiece of the Government in Opposition. Yet Sir WILFRID had found a Seconder in Mr. BIRLEY, a supporter of the Government. So the Marquis of HARTINGTON, who opposed on the ground that those who supported the Measure meant different things by it, did not scruple to go into the lobby against Mr. FORSTER. So it was all through the Debate and in the Division—a real case of Measures—spirit, ale, and beer—not Men. The House (by 252 to 154) said "No" to "Local Option," as decidedly as it has, hitherto, to Permissive Bill. *Punch* hopes it is with the House as with him in his opposition to Sir WILFRID—not that they love Sobriety less, but that they love Liberty more.

Wednesday.—No House made till one o'clock. Really Hon. Members are getting like *Tim Moore* in POWER's Farce of *The Irish Lion*. "The clock at the Bull is half-an-hour too fast, and the clock at the Lion is three-quarters-of-an-hour too slow; so I leave my work by the clock at the Bull, and I come to it by the clock at the Lion." Not that there was much to make a House for—only Dr. LUSH's Medical Act, which, of course, had to stand aside for the Select Committee soon about to have a whole armful of Medical Bills to meet in consultation over, and Mr. GOLDNEY's Bill for enabling parsons to sit in the House without first pulling off their cassocks. That the Act of 1870 allows them to do. A representative trio, BERESFORD-HOPE, and NEWDEGATE, and CROSS, opposed. The Commons won't have it. Speaker's orders may admit to the House, but Holy Orders (by 135 to 66) will continue to exclude as they do now. Clergymen (say the majority) make quite mess enough with their ecclesiastical hot-water, without being allowed to make a splash with political.

Thursday (Lords).—Their Lordships rattled Bankruptcy and Supreme Court of Judicature Acts through Committee in a brace of shakes, and were up and away by a quarter to seven.

(*Commons.*)—No question that questions must stand over when Ministers are at a Royal Wedding.

The Admiralty called over the coals for delays in coaling of transports at St. Vincent. Strange to say, no excuse was forthcoming.

Mr. BOURKE admitted that the Government knew of 831 muskets



SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

"ON SATURDAY LAST SOME VERY INTERESTING EXPERIMENTS IN REFLECTED SIGNALLING WERE SUCCESSFULLY CONDUCTED BY LIEUTENANT SPOONER, R.E."

and 50,000lbs. of gunpowder having been shipped at Cardiff for Mozambique—but promised that they would do their best to prevent them reaching the Zulus. *Punch* prefers not to publish the shippers' names, as these munitions of war may not be meant for the Zulu market, and in that case he might be libelling two firms of honest traders. (And so the fact turns out.)

Mr. WALTER JAMES confounded two things so essentially distinct as fans and faggot-votes. When the Fanmakers' Company, by leave of the Corporation, create Members of the Guild at so much per head, it is "not faggot-vote" making, but legitimate increase of the Livery. Fans are the fashion, and the more makers of these the better,—not so with faggot-votes.

Sir G. CAMPBELL drew attention—he would find it hard to "draw" anything more substantial—to Oriental loans, and insisted on the inexpediency of Government putting British fingers in the Egyptian or Turkey pie, at the almost certain risk of burning them. Here was a pretty mess in Egypt, with our Consul-General, Mr. VIVIAN, speaking and writing in the teeth of the KHEDIVÉ'S Finance Minister, Mr. RIVERS WILSON; and the fellahs being starved and squeezed to death, that 7 per cent. interest might be wrung out of their sweat and blood. "It is hard" (as a letter in the *Times* puts it) "to see starving peasants whipped to labour, for the benefit of British and French bondholders."

Colonel ALEXANDER confirmed all that had appeared in the *Times* about the misery of the fellaheen, and then came a chorus of denunciation of the KHEDIVÉ'S little games, and the hand France and England had lent the stockjobbers, followed by a half-hearted speech from Sir STAFFORD, in which he performed his favourite feat of sitting upon two stools—in other words, came to the ground—as clumsily as usual. All NUBAR PASHA and his colleagues wanted was to improve the administration of Egypt, and to alleviate the hard lot of the fellaheen. They thought the tax-gatherers took more than they had a right. Whether the people could pay as much as they were legally bound to pay, was another matter. They had tried to get rid of the KHEDIVÉ'S malversations. Whether their scorpions might not prove harder than his whips, was beside the question. There was no question at present of Government guaranteeing any Egyptian or Turkish Loan. He didn't say there mightn't be circumstances that might alter cases. It was impossible exactly to say what was Mr. RIVERS WILSON'S position. In fact, it was hard to say what was any Egyptian Official's position. They had never thought of interfering with Mr. WILSON'S free action. At the same

time, they had told him they thought it undesirable he should resign. Government would never claim any right of interference in Egypt. At the same time, they felt it was not desirable that Egypt should be allowed to fall into anarchy and confusion, to be followed by embarrassment and bankruptcy, &c., &c., &c., through a rigmarole of slip-slop and see-saw.

Mr. O'DONNELL, in the teeth of repeated attempts to count him out—the last defeated only by the SPEAKER counting himself—dinned into the languid ears of a House of eight the evils of "mixed" Colleges and Universities. Religious teaching, at least, must be undiluted, and all history bristled with religious questions. That mixed instruction must be muzzled instruction, was the burden of Sir J. McKENNA, Major O'BEIRNE, Messrs. SULLIVAN, O'CONNOR, POWER, MITCHELL-HENRY, and BIGGAR, Colonel COLTHURST, and Dr. O'LEARY.

Sir W. HARCOURT said that as Government sanctioned and supported Denominational Education here, it could not consistently refuse it to Ireland.

But how if Ireland won't swallow her education "mixed," and England will insist on pouring it down her throat in that form and no other? Last night revealed no road out of that *impasse*.

Friday (Lords).—In a question of Lord THURLOW'S about the composition of the Court of Inquiry into the Isandula disaster, Lord LONGFORD saw an insinuation against Lord CHELMSFORD. Between him and Lord TRURO, Lord STANLEY of Alderley, Lord BURY, and the questioner, the serene atmosphere of their Lordships' Olympus was quite tempestuous for a brief space; and the gods actually quarrelled over Lord THURLOW and his question for more than an hour!

(Commons).—Mr. JENKINS stirred a more serious storm out of his question whether the Government meant to remove Lord CHELMSFORD. On being answered, "No, not as at present advised," the pertinacious Member for Dundee moved the adjournment of the House, for the purpose of forcing the Government into explanations. Persisting in this, against a storm of "Order!" "Orders!" Ginx's Baby braved unshrinking, and impavid, the howling of the House, the snubbing of the SPEAKER, and—worse still—the interposition on his behalf of Sir R. PEEL, and Mr. BIGGAR.

The serene wisdom of the House, without adding by "Order" to disorder, protested against usurpation by Parliament of the functions of the Executive, by sitting in judgment on a Commander-in-Chief. Then the militarism of Col. MURE, the cockiness of Mr. CHAPLIN, the weak-kneedness of Sir STAFFORD, the high-and-dryness of Lord HARTINGTON, joined in rebuke of Mr. JENKINS. But if Ginx's baby showed bad taste, the rowdy element of the House showed still worse. His question will yet have to be answered.

Col. ARBUTHNOT defeated the Government by 69 to 68, on Motion for a Select Committee to inquire into the effects of the Abolition of Purchase on the Scientific Corps, and the alterations that the change has made necessary, in the promotion, pay, and conditions of service and retirement of those corps.

Such an Inquiry no doubt will have to be made, and the sooner it is made the better.

Mr. Cross's Bill for creating a Public Prosecutor got into Committee.

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

At the Prince of Wales's—A Protest—Caste—Comedy classification—Aquarium—She Stoops.

SIR,—*CASTE* was produced about eleven or twelve years ago, and nas, since then, been once revived. I did not see it on its revival, and was delighted at meeting my old friend as vigorous as ever.

Caste is the best play the late Mr. Tom ROBERTSON ever wrote. The story, though old, plain, and simple, is most interesting, and abounds in those real touches of nature, which, as *Sam Gerridge* observes, "brings the water into your meter," and makes the audience blow a sympathetic nose, and, like the Soldier who leant upon his sword, "wipe away a tear."

The play is a study for its well preserved balance between the pathetic and the comic. Its Acts are so many April days, passed in fitful showers and bright gleams of sunlight. The characters are consistent throughout, and the only blots on the dialogue are when the Author has laboured at producing a gem, and has merely succeeded in manufacturing a glittering theatrical "property." As long as he wrote naturally—*currente calamo*—he was epigrammatic, directly he paused to polish an epigram he ceased to be natural. The pathos in *Caste* is never forced, and the fun, except in the instance of some few farcical things *Sam Gerridge* has to say, is all the funnier by being artistically brought in. You can note this throughout the piece, but especially in the situation, when *George D'Alroy* has returned and embraces his wife. Scarcely are the handkerchiefs out—surreptitiously, of course, for few like to own the luxury of *enjoying* a good cry—than they are rendered needless by the fun of the two comic characters, *Polly Eccles* and *Sam Gerridge*.

The playwright's art is sometimes too apparent in *Caste*, as for instance, in the marked contrast between *Captain Hawtree* and *Sam the Gasman*, which is forced on the audience unnaturally, but taken as a whole, with the acting at the Prince of Wales's, past and present—for here present company must not be excepted,—no more complete play of its kind has been seen within the last twenty-five years. I say "of its kind," advisedly, for though not belonging to the First Class of comedy, it takes a high place in the Upper Division of the Second.

The *School for Scandal* and *The Rivals* are the best examples in the First Class, and *Caste*, with its thoroughly dramatic story, its sharply drawn characters,—all, with the exception perhaps of the Marquise, true to the life,—its nicely-adjusted balance of alternating pathos and humour, is a model of the style of piece entitled to a deserving place in the Upper Division of the Second Class; while, in the Lower Division, though it may appear the most audacious heresy to say it—I should rank GOLDSMITH'S *She Stoops to Conquer*, with its utterly farcical, flimsy, and improbable story, its broadly farcical scenes, though its admirably devised characters are creations worthy of a better dramatic world than that in which the author of their being has seen fit to place them.

What does Mrs. BANCROFT mean by telling us in her playbill that this is the last run of revivals she is going to play in? Dare she, as *Polly Eccles*, look us in the face, and utter such a thing? Isn't she as bright, as merry, as impudent, as *Polly Ecclesian*, as ever? Yes, yes! Put to the vote! carried by acclamation! Who can do that imitation of the Circus Scene in *Caste* like Mrs. BANCROFT? Who can do the Ballet Scene in the Third Act like Mrs. BANCROFT? No one. There is but one *Polly Eccles*, and *Caste* is her profit, and ought to be for ever so long to come; so that if she seriously contemplates—fancy *Polly Eccles* "seriously contemplating"—retiring after the run of this revival, then, though

Men may come and men may go,
Let *Caste* run on for ever;

for no one will ever be tired of seeing Mrs. BANCROFT as the younger daughter of the irreproachable *Mr. Eccles*, who, with all his faults, is such a clever man, if he had but scope. No, Mrs. BANCROFT, Ma'am, don't you never go for to do such a thing, as to give up this character; for when you give it up, when you refuse to give it life, *Polly Eccles*, on the Stage, will have ceased to exist.

Has *Old Eccles* (Mr. GEORGE HONEY) become a greater blackguard than he was years ago, or have I become a wiser and a better man? I hope, sincerely, the latter. I trust there is improvement where it was needed, and not deterioration where it most certainly was not needed. Never was there such a drunken old vagabond, such an old beast, such a brute, such a maudlin old scoundrel, who has beaten his eldest daughter, and would throttle her baby if he had the pluck, as this abominable *Old Eccles*. True to the life, in Mr. TOM ROBERTSON'S conception, somewhat over-coloured, in Mr. HONEY'S effective but offensive picture.

Mr. CLAYTON is a good representative of the honest, impulsive young soldier, *George D'Alroy*, who apologises for himself as a fool, and owns that appearances are against him because "his tongue is too big for his mouth." He is a sort of good-looking young *Dobbin*, from THACKERAY'S *Vanity Fair*, without that excellent officer's *gaucherie*, and quite bears out SAM GERRIDGE'S description of him as "a lolling overgrown dragon," if I remember right.

The two best bits of acting in Mr. CECIL'S *Sam Gerridge* are when he shakes hands with *Major Hawtree*, and where he sits by the piano following, in his intense excitement, every action of *Polly Eccles*, in the Ballet of *The Soldier's Return*. Here Mr. CECIL is admirable.

Mr. BANCROFT'S *Captain Hawtree*, is by this time as well known to play-goers as Mr. SOTHERN'S *Lord Dundreary*. His conscientious "Yaas," and his well-considered and equally conscientious "No," are as *basso profundo* and imperturbable as ever.

Miss ROSELLE plays with much delicacy and feeling, especially in the Second and Third Acts. In fact the acting is all good, and the Comedy is one that will bear being seen over and over again.

This is true also of GOLDSMITH'S *She Stoops to Conquer*, which is now being performed every afternoon, at three o'clock, at the Aquarium Theatre. Taking it all round it is capitally acted, and a better *Mr. and Mrs. Hardcastle* cannot well be imagined than Mr. JOHN RYDER and Mrs. STIRLING. In the well-known "Jewel" Scene, first with *Constance* and *Tony*, and then with *Tony* alone, Mrs. STIRLING is excellent; while Mr. RYDER, in his scene with young *Marlowe*, when he can no longer submit to the latter's impertinence, exhibited the fine old English Gentleman's hot temper breaking out almost beyond control, and yet restrained in time with such dignity, as to present the audience with a highly but most artistically-finished picture, worthy of a foremost place in the gallery of true comedy-portraiture.

Miss LITTON looks and acts charmingly. I am afraid on the day I saw her she was suffering from cold, as her voice wanted the clear ringing tone that should be a characteristic of the laughter-loving, mischievous young Lady. I suppose it would not be easy to find a

better *Tony Lumpkin* on the stage, just now, than Mr. LIONEL BROUGH. Some may find fault with it for being too noisy. But such a cub is noisy, is rough and unmannerly. Such a stupid, cunning, illiterate lout, such a self-indulgent, boozing, hoggish young Squire of the last century, who can barely write, and scarcely read anything beyond his own name, and who plays practical jokes on his own mother, would be a detestable character, were it not made utterly absurd by a clever low comedian. Mr. FAWN is a careful *Diggory*. Mr. FARREN is to be highly commended for insisting strongly on the one good point in the character of that otherwise irredeemably weak snob, young *Marlowe*.

The Scenery is exceptionally good: but I want to ask Mr. Stage Manager why—when there is a great big old-fashioned chimney-piece, a capital fire in a dog-grate, a roomy hearth round which to stretch out the legs, and comfortable chairs to sit on,—why should Mr. *Hardcastle*, young *Marlowe*, and *Hustings*, deliberately place chairs at a distance of about twelve feet from this fireplace, and then sit in a row with their backs to the fire, and their faces to the audience—though, presumably, to a wall, if the fourth side of the room were completed—like a limited party of white Christy Minstrels? The same question applies to the position of young *Marlowe* and Miss *Hardcastle*.

The scene between the three men would have told infinitely better, and the business with the tankard would be less monotonous and far more amusing, had it been arranged before the fire, with an occasional natural variation of position. Old stage traditions often hamper instead of assisting the action, and these are instances in point. That GOLDSMITH'S Comedy has lost none of its popularity is evident from the crowded houses, which, I am informed, are the rule every afternoon at the Aquarium Theatre. My readers are strongly advised to see both the modern and the old Comedy, and to weigh well the opinions here expressed by,

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

SMELFUNGUS ON FEMALE SUFFRAGE.

(In answer to an inquiring Friend.)



YES, Sir, I do think the House did well to fling out the Ladies' Bill.

No, Sir, I don't object to Female Suffrage at all. Quite the reverse. But I hate half measures. Mr. COURTNEY'S Bill was a half measure, Sir. It left out the married women; the better half of mankind.

Yes, Sir; and the better half of womankind, too—I mean for electoral purposes.

No, Sir; not because married women are at all better qualified to vote than single by greater experience and knowledge of affairs—though they ought to be. But, Sir, because protected by the ballot, a great many of them would vote in contrariety to their husbands. Does not Mr. CARLYLE, Sir, affirm that the people of this country are mostly fools? If, as such, the men generally vote for the wrong candidate, their wives, voting for the other side, would vote for the right one.

Yes, to be sure, Sir, although no wiser than their husbands.

No, Sir; Female Suffrage would not necessarily lead to Universal Suffrage. Legislation is seldom logical. But the enfranchisement of all women should be included in that of all men.

Yes, Sir; the reasons that hold for Female Suffrage hold for Universal Suffrage, too. If none had votes but those who had sense and knowledge enough to make a wise use of them, the constituencies would be small. You would have an oligarchy, Sir, composed of persons like you and myself. The next best thing to that would be the largest possible constituency, in which the majority, incapable of voting with intelligence, would be subdivided into the greatest possible number of parties and persons. Then, Sir, its numerous conflicting elements, their votes being dictated by their opposite passions and prejudices, could politically nullify one another. Sir, the Tories refrain from voting for Female Suffrage only because they are biding their time to dish the Liberals by conceding Universal Suffrage to Democracy. In the meanwhile, Sir, hooray for Female Political Emancipation!



HYPERCRITICISM.

Grace (whispering). "WHAT LOVELY BOOTS YOUR PARTNER'S GOT, MARY!"
Mary (ditto). "YES, UNFORTUNATELY HE SHINES AT THE WRONG END."

ENGLAND'S THANKS.

'Tis not success that sends
 Blood to the heart, and water to the eye,
 That stirs all England to accordant cry,
 "How shall we make amends
 To them that nobly win or nobly lose?"
 Not by deed's issue, but by deed we choose.

There is death in defeat,
 That shows far nobler than victorious life.
 Honour to those who weave their crowns of strife
 In Peace's garland sweet,
 But honour, too, to those whose crowns are clenched
 In death-stark hands, with high hearts' life-blood drenched.

Take England's praise and thanks,
 You, brave young Officers, brave Rank and File,
 Who beat back Zulu strength, foiled Zulu guile,
 On Buffalo's bare banks,
 A handful 'gainst a host, through a long night
 Of desperate leaguer and unequal fight.

Take thanks and honour too,
 You that, o'er-swept by sudden-surfing waves
 Of savage foes, in their slain heaps found graves;
 And of them chiefly, you,
 Young pair of Paladins, who clave your way,
 Bearing the colours from that fatal fray.

COGHILL and MELVILLE—names
 That need no stone, in English hearts writ deep;
 Upon the Buffalo's scorched bank they sleep,
 Two boys—immortal fames!

One heart flag-folded, one as brave, I wis,
 That in its last beat knew no pang but this,

'Twas his friend's prouder fate,
 To wrap those Colours round his bleeding breast,
 His, knee to knee to strive and strike his best,

O'er sand and thorough spate,
 Ready whene'er from selle his comrade reeled,
 To snatch that charge, which but dead hands would yield.

Through storm of shot and spear,
 Red with their own and their pursuers' blood,
 On, on, o'er steep and stone, on to the flood,
 That rolls, storm-swollen, near—
 A lift, a leap, their horses breast the tide!
 Strike shot, rain spear! with charmed lives they ride!

Alas, 'twas not to be.
 Life's spark but lit them to the bank to die;
 There, scarred with shot and assegay, they lie,
 Side by side, peacefully.
 The red flag round one heart of two that vowed
 To save it—take it, both, for common shroud.

This homage paid the dead,—
 Who could no more save life than honour lose—
 Take England's thanks and praise, their well-earned dues
 Who held that leaguered shed,
 Setting Rorke's Drift, till now unhonoured name,
 By Plassy and Assaye, and fights of fame.

Compunctious Charity.

It is gratifying to learn that the Barristers' Benevolent Society, which held its sixth annual meeting in Lincoln's-Inn Hall the other day, has prospered during the past year. Let us hope that among the objects of this excellent charity are included the numerous persons who have been reduced to ruin by involuntary litigation.

SHAKESPEARE ADAPTED FOR CLEWER.

"BLOW LAW! Come wrack!
 At least we've got MACKARNESS at our back!"



A VOTE OF THANKS.

F.-M. PUNCH. "LIEUTENANTS CHARD AND BROMHEAD, IN THE NAME OF YOUR COUNTRY I THANK YOU AND ALL THE DEFENDERS OF FORKES DRIFT. YOU HAVE SAVED NOT ONLY A COLONY, BUT THE CREDIT OF OLD ENGLAND!!"



A FEW OF THE WEDDING-PRESENTS.

(The Only "Correct Card.")

* * Our strictly Private and Confidential Correspondent, Lord Bazstair, informs us that, in consequence of the general depression of trade, and things having been so bad in the City, the following, without gloss of any kind, is the correct list of a portion of the Presents really received by the newly-married couple. Of course the papers have embellished the Articles in their published lists.



1. From H.R.H. the PRINCE OF WALES. Electro-plated Flower-Stand for dinner-table, to hold three geranium cuttings. N.B.—Only wants rubbing to look as good as new.

2. From H.R.H. the PRINCESS OF WALES. A beautiful Ring! Not to be worn in the daytime.

3. From Her Royal and Imperial Highness the Crown Princess of GERMANY. Coloured Photograph of some place or other abroad. Very effective, and easily mistaken for a water-colour drawing.

4. From H.R.H. the DUKE OF EDINBURGH. Three copies of a Solo for First Violin, composed by his Royal self. Scarce.

5. From Prince and Princess CHRISTIAN. A Night-Light Holder, in best earthenware, with small box of Child's Night Lights.

6. From Princess LOUISE and the Marquis of LORNE. Two old (Nickel) Silver flat Candlesticks. Complete all but one pair of Snuffers and one Extinguisher. Valuable on account of having been for a long time in the Argyll family.

7. From the Duchess of CAMBRIDGE. Six solid serviceable metal Tea-Spoons, marked with curious indentations, and two quaintly twisted.

8. From H.R.H. the Duke of CAMBRIDGE. A Box of Patent Matches, warranted to strike only on the box, and not always then.

9. From the Hereditary Grand Duke of MECKLENBURG-STRELITZ. A Bottle of '16 Claret. A curious wine, very round in the mouth, and remarkably fine at the price.

10. From the Grand Duchess of MECKLENBURG. A Set of Fish-Knives, almost complete, and only requiring a rivet or two to be very useful.

From Count GLEICHEN—a Box for Stamps (Tunbridge ware); from Lord NEWRY, an old Mug, supposed to belong to somebody else; from Lord BEACONSFIELD, a secondhand copy of *Coningsby* (cheap edition); from Lord HERTFORD, a collection of Photographs of the Beauties of the Ballet and the Characters in *Pink Dominoes*; and from Mr. and Mrs. THEODORE MARTIN, a complete Set of BRADSHAW'S *Railway Guide* for 1860, in the original covers.

The above, if our Correspondent is to be trusted, are among the most important items which did not appear, or appeared in disguise, in the published reports.

FRIENDS AT A DISTANCE.

Being a Brief Record of a few Winter-seasonable Visits to certain Country Houses.

VISIT THE THIRD.—CHAPTER XVI.

Still at Mosthyn Dickie's—Quotation—Grumble—Acuteness—Violence—Pins—Mrs. Pound—Reply—Hermit—Cell—Manor.

"Ah!" he exclaims, standing stock still in the doorway, thrusting his hands into his pockets, rattling some keys, and sternly eyeing first Mrs. POUND, then myself, as though he suspected some conspiracy on our part. "Ah! Well—" here he relaxes for a moment and scrutinises the fire—then he turns to the Housekeeper, "Are you giving him a good fire, Mrs. POUND? Plenty of coals, eh? Are you quite sure it doesn't smoke?"

This last inquiry is given with terrible earnestness, and again

impresses me with the idea of my having heard the line before somewhere in SHAKESPEARE, probably *Hamlet*.

Mrs. POUND replies, smilingly, that she is perfectly happy in her mind on all these points. Such an assurance would be to any one more than satisfactory, coming from Mrs. POUND, who, in herself, is an embodiment of the spirit of tidiness and comfort, and whose voice and manner are those of one of the kindest, motherliest, and most considerate of women.

But MOSTHYN DICKIE will have his grumble. It's quite enough for him to be the best and warmest-hearted friend, and most indulgent master without showing it. He likes to look upon himself as a tyrant, as a man who will "know the reason why," though he never succeeds in obtaining it. His hobby is, that nothing escapes his notice; "Do what they will," he says, as though everyone all round were trying to deceive him from morning to night, "I see it all, though they don't think I do."

For instance, he walks up to my dressing-table where every article has been most carefully laid out, and turning on Mrs. POUND, exclaims, as though he were doing an injury to himself by suppressing the violence of the emotion with which the reckless and ungrateful conduct of his Housekeeper has inspired him,—"Now, Mrs. POUND—there are no pins!"

Unaccustomed as yet to MOSTHYN DICKIE, and anxious for Mrs. POUND's position (I am not aware at this moment that she has been in the family for twenty-five years), I hasten to point out at least a dozen pins in the cushion, and to add, that were they not there, it would be no loss to me, as I really do not absolutely rely on pins, either for dressing or washing.

MOSTHYN DICKIE turns a deaf ear to my plea for Mrs. POUND.

"No!" he exclaims, haranguing me, in a powerful oratorical manner, with his left hand in his pocket, and his right pointing at her, "No? She will not put any pins in the pin-cushions. She won't do it. I beg and pray of her to do it, and she won't."

"Oh, Sir!" remonstrates Mrs. POUND, quite cheerfully.

"She won't!" he continues emphatically; "she won't do anything she's told. She forgets it all. She forgets everything." Then he turns to her: "You've got no head—you know you haven't—except to put a cap on, and trim it with finery"—here Mrs. POUND smiles complacently; for she really has the very neatest and quietest cap; and her Master winks aside at me, as though intimating that he had touched her on her weak point, now, at all events.

"Ah, well, Sir!" replies Mrs. POUND, with perfect good temper, as she goes towards the door, "if I'm no use, Sir, you'd better get rid of me."

"Get rid of you!" he exclaims, in utter surprise at such an extravagant proposition—"get rid of her!" he repeats, turning to me: "why I couldn't get rid of her, if I tried! She wouldn't go!"

Mrs. POUND shakes her head, smiles, hopes I'm quite comfortable now, and quits the room, not, however, without reminding her master that the dressing-bell has rung, and that he will probably be late for dinner, adding, that Miss CLAUDINE is not at all well to-day, and oughtn't to be kept waiting. With this advice, she disappears.

"Ah!" repeats DICKIE to himself, "True! She's not well. No. Mrs. POUND's right." Then to me, "I don't think you know my daughter CLAUDINE. Madame de BRESLIN is her married name, but that stupid old idiot, Mrs. POUND, always will call her Miss CLAUDINE. She was her nurse, and brought her up. And so" (he finishes in a tone implying utter despairing hopelessness in dealing with Mrs. POUND's denseness on this point) "there it is! I can't get it out of her head—if she's got a head. Well, well—they're all alike. There it is, and so it is!" And he throws up his hands, as though he were getting rid of everything left and right, and making up his mind to have nothing more to do with the cares and burdens of life, but to go off straight, by the next train to the nearest desert, there to set up for himself as a Hermit in a Cell. At present, however, he only goes down to look after the Hermitage in the Cellar. And a marvellous bottle of that wine we subsequently enjoy.

So the grumbling is only the way of the Master of Meadowsweet Manor. In fact—Happy Thought—his Manner.

CONFINEMENT IN CHURCH.

COMPLAINT has been made of the extraordinary practice in many London Churches, of keeping their doors locked and barred during service time. This practice is to be accounted for only by the supposition that it is intended to impede the egress of the congregation. What would be the consequence in case of an alarm of fire or any other panic in a crowded building—the rather that the doors of most of our churches open inwards? Surely none but an idiot would think of shutting the church doors to prevent Ritualists, or others disposed to dissent, from leaving the Church. Some steps to abate this nuisance might with especial propriety be taken by a Society which held its usual monthly meeting the other Wednesday, and which calls itself "The Free and Open Church Association."



"A SOFT ANSWER," &c.

Female Epicure. "OH, MISTER, I'M SURE THAT WAS A BAD ONE!"

Oyster Salesman (indignantly). "WHAT D'YER MEAN? THEN YOU SHOULDN'T 'A' SWALLERED IT, MUM! I'VE BEEN IN THIS TRADE A MATTER O' TEN YEARS, AND NEVER——"

Lady. "WELL, IT CERTAINLY LEFT A NASTY TASTE——"

Salesman (mollified). "WELL, THERE'S NO DENYIN' THAT SOME ON 'EM IS 'IGHER IN FLAVIOUR THAN OTHERS!"

BLESSINGS IN DISGUISE.

Now that the Budget is closely impending, the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER is no doubt on the look-out for ways and means of increasing the revenue. *Mr. Punch*, always ready to lend a helping hand to the Government, begs to suggest the following licences and taxes, as likely to be not only very productive, but—what few licences or taxes are—distinctly beneficial to the community.

A LICENCE

To Amateur Tenors, to sing not more than two songs a night, £20 a month. For songs of a patriotic or ultra-sentimental character, £5 a month extra. The National Anthem to be free.

To Amateur Actors, to play one part a week, £30 a month. Imitations of Mr. TOOLE, £5 a week extra.

To Professional Dinners-out, to tell the same stories at three dinners a week, £10 a month. Before the renewal of licence, a new batch of stories to be submitted to the Commissioners. Stories in the Irish or other brogue, £5 a week extra.

To Bachelors, under five-and-thirty, to carry a black crutch-handled stick to the theatres, sixpence a quarter. To bachelors visiting music-halls, a halfpenny a week extra.

To Bachelors, over thirty-five, wishing to dance one round and four square dances a night, £10 a month. "Sir Roger de Coverley," or one other country-dance to be endorsed on the licence, free.

To Spinsters, to be "girls" for life, after five-and-thirty, 15s. 6d. To use rouge, hair-dye, and pearl-powder, £5 a week extra.

To Married Men, to flirt for ten minutes once a day, £20 a month. Married Men, above thirteen stone in weight, and under five feet six in height, to flirt as much as they please, 2d. a fortnight.

A TAX

Upon Wedding Presents, according to value, to be paid by Bridegroom.

Upon Members of Clubs, to be assessed by a Committee of young Wives, and middle-aged Spinsters.

Upon Photographs, Visiting Cards, *Menus*, high-art Furniture, and Three-volume Novels, to be paid by idlers in general, and Lady-twaddlers, in particular.

Upon Voluntary Contributions, sent to *Punch*, to be paid by the would-be Contributors, of whom a list shall be sent to the Central Criminal Court, accompanied by the contents of the waste-paper basket. This, if fairly assessed, should bring in at least as much as the Income Tax. Convicts, under sentence of penal servitude, might be employed to verify these contents, and make up the list of their authors.

An Apropos in Advance.

WORDS, like wine, may acquire flavour by some years' keeping. We dig up this sentence, written by Miss EDGEWORTH, *circa* 1800. (*Belinda*, chap. iii.) :—

"They say the Torpedo, the coldest of cold creatures, sometimes gives out a spark."

We should just think it did!

Wisdom in a Walnut Shell.

(To MM. Louis Blanc, Floquet, Madier de Montjau, et Compagnie.)

DON'T rub up old sores.
Do rub out old scores.

A WORD TO SIR WILFRID.—The Best Temperance Resolution—Resolution to abstain.



PUNCH'S MYSTERY.

FIND THE PORTRAIT IN THE BOWER

MADE BY BANNER, STAFF, AND FLOWER.

PREACHERS IN PARLIAMENT.

Is it likely that any removal of clerical disabilities would have the effect of inducing more than a few exceptional Clergymen to enter Parliament? Would not the habit of holding forth to a congregation tend to incapacitate a Parliamentary ex-parson for addressing Mr. Speaker? A pulpit orator is not accustomed to be interrupted with ironical laughter and cries of "Question!" and "Oh! oh!" Such interruptions would be very likely to disconcert an honourable and no longer reverend gentleman on his legs out of the pulpit. The Bishops, it is true, get on tolerably well in the Lords, in spite of having been accustomed to preach; but then the Bishops are select Senators as well as selected Parsons, and, besides, the Upper House of Parliament is not the Lower.

THE ONLY "ROUND SUM."—A cipher.

QUERY—ACCORDING TO SOME INDIAN AUTHORITIES.

CONSIDERING what things were in India under John Company, and what they are under the rule that he has made room for, can JOHN BULL honestly say, that his Room is better than his Company?

COALING AND CALLING OVER THE COALS.

"FRANCE, Spain, and Egypt," we are told by Eastern telegraph, "are still coaling." Should it not have been "Egypt is being called over the coals"?

SPECIALLY SEASONABLE.

BEST stock for our *soupe maigre*, among seasonably sent firs. Of all Man's given blessings there's none that equals Lent-ils.



EPISODES IN HIGH LIFE.

(From Jeames's Sketch-book.)

Sir Charles. "I OUGHT TO TAKE YOU DOWN TO DINNER, DUCHESS; BUT THE STAIRCASES OF THESE LONDON HOUSES ARE SO ABSURDLY NARROW, YOU KNOW!"

HORATIUS, AND LONDON BRIDGE.

A Lay made about the Year of the City, 1879.

THE Common Council sitting,
Props of the City's State,
How London Bridge to widen
Held long and deep debate.
The Fathers of the City
Had uttered all their groans
O'er carriage, cab, and waggon block,
Then called HORATIUS JONES.

Then out spake brave HORATIUS,
The City Architect.
He simply said—"Good gracious!"—
And but said what you'd expect—
"Widen the Bridge, O Council,
With all the speed ye may.
I, with some more to help me,
Will find you plan and way."

Then out spake STREET, and FERGUSON,
H. CARR, and RENNIE too,
The Times, the Daily Telegraph,
And Saturday Review:
"O Fathers of the City,
We humbly beg you won't!"
And Punch in solemn tone repeats
His golden warning—"Don't!"

"HORATIUS," quoth the Council,
"As thou sayest let it be.
Go, order bricks and mortar,
Nor spare the £ s. d.
Some asses may oppose us,
Some Artists may be vexed;
But if we once can win the bridge,
What mayn't we go at next!"

Punch smiled upon HORATIUS
A smile serene and high;
He eyed the flinching Councillors,
And scorn was in his eye.
Quoth he, "The Bridge's beauty
Think ye ye will enhance,
With modern brickwork fitting not
The style of Rennie-sance?"

"The Bridge gives scope for movement
To cab and cart and coach.
No! If you want improvement,
Best widen each approach.
In future City chronicles,
Oh, let it not be told
How brave HORATIUS spoilt the Bridge,
In the dark days of old."

THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF FOR AFRICA.—General Cap(e)ability.

THE MILITIA IN THE MILL.

THE commanding Officers of Militia Regiments are obliged to keep a Diary, corresponding—*mutatis mutandis*—to the log of a ship at sea. In this record appear all the principal events of the day. Now that Colonel-Secretary STANLEY has reduced the annual training to twenty days, the record will be more than usually interesting. Mr. Punch keeps a prophet on his premises at 85, Fleet Street, and by his aid is enabled to give a specimen of one of these Diaries in futuro. It will be seen that the regiment of which this is the record will be materially benefited by the economy of the Government:—

FIRST WEEK.

Monday.—Regiment assembled by twos and threes. The guardroom full of "drunk and disorderly" by a quarter to four o'clock. No work done.

Tuesday.—Gave the men their clothing, and took their rags into store.

Wednesday.—Fitting on uniforms. Very hard at work all day with the regimental tailors.

Thursday.—First parade in uniform. Distributed arms, and read the Mutiny Act. Thought of drill, but it rained heavily, so dismissed the battalion.

Friday.—Squad-drill of an elementary character. Officers lounged about doing nothing.

Saturday.—Inspection of clothing, and Saturday half-holiday.

Sunday.—Church parade in the morning, and dismiss.

SECOND WEEK.

Monday.—By order of the SECRETARY OF STATE commenced musketry course. Men drilled in aiming at nothing in particular.

Tuesday.—Men still being drilled (by numbers) to aim at nothing in particular.

Wednesday.—Wet day. Nothing doing. Battalion dismissed at 10'15 A.M.

Thursday.—Musketry course continued. Blank-cartridge firing. Excellent joke for the men—rather slow for the officers. Doctor has little or nothing to do now that ramrods are abolished.

Friday.—Target practice. Target hit once in every fifty shots. Capital result. End of musketry course.

Saturday.—Inspection of clothing, half-holiday, and dismiss.

Sunday.—Church. Holiday for the rest of the day.

THIRD WEEK.

Monday.—Drill in earnest. The whole regiment employed in the last stage, having had to miss the first, second, and third. Not very well grounded in consequence.

Tuesday.—Making up for lost time. Everybody working at high pressure. Battalion drill attempted before anyone has learned his A B C. Result—general confusion and a great deal of shouting.

Wednesday.—Preparing for the inspection. Busy with pay-lists, companies' ledgers, &c., &c.

Thursday.—Inspection. Eccentric manoeuvres. Inspecting officer using language not to be found in the Queen's Regulations or the Field Exercises of the Army. Great loss of temper on all sides.

Friday.—Uniforms taken into store, and rags returned to their owners.

Saturday.—The battalion disbanded, having rushed in four days through a musketry course requiring six weeks, and learned the whole duty of a soldier in rather less than fifteen hours. Result—to be discovered hereafter!

Sir Wilfrid's Prophecy.

THEY may say my Hobby's floundered,
And that I, his rider, silly am;
But Permissive Bill, now floundered,
Will be yet the People's William!

The Immortal on the Burials Bill.

(Over a Nonconformist.)

"Give him a little earth for charity."

Henry the Eighth, Act iv. sc. 2.

MONODY ON THE DECEASED "MERMAID."



GONE from her close tank's infection,
Passed from dulness to dissection,
Under Science's inspection—
Poor Manatee!

From Trinidad's broad, tepid waters,
To the Aquarium's cramping quarters,
Last-born of cetacean martyrs—
Poor Manatee!

Uglier thing could hardly meet your
Gaze, alike, in form and feature;
Lumpish, heavy, lumbering creature:
Poor Manatee!

Leaden were her eyes and tiny,
Dull and dead instead of shiny;
Slug-like sluggard of the briny:
Poor Manatee!

Hair she'd none, in glass to comb her
Like old Ocean's fish-tailed roamer;
Mermaid was a strange misnomer!
Poor Manatee!

But bad looks, by those that own 'em,
Can't be helped, though they bemoan 'em;
Nil de mortuis nisi bonum:
Poor Manatee!

PHARISEES OUT-PHARISEED.

HERE is about as bad a piece of local news as any which has lately appeared in the papers:—

"SUNDAY OBSERVANCE.—An adjourned debate in the Town Council of Leicester on the Sunday opening of the Free Public Library was resumed yesterday, when the motion for Sunday opening was defeated by twenty-eight votes against twenty."

To call the Public Library which the Sabbatarian majority in the Leicester Town Council insist on keeping closed on Sundays "free" is irony. The ordinary public-houses in Leicester are free to be open during part of the Sunday, but the Public Library is not free at all. Even the *bonâ fide* traveller in the field of knowledge is forbidden to quench his thirst at that Public-house. Those Leicester Sabbatarians, in regard to their Sabbath, on which they prohibit meat and drink for the mind, reverse a certain authoritative declaration respecting the original *Dies non*. In their estimation, however, apparently the Sunday was not made for Man, but Man for the Sunday.

A DISTINCTION.—When, and wherever, the United States troops halted in the American Civil War, we are told, they threw up entrenchments. Our troops throw them over.

NOTHING LIKE UNDERSTANDING EACH OTHER.

PEOPLE are constantly complaining to *Punch* of the "airs" of servants in these days. The following genuine letter has been sent him as a choice example of the sort of thing "Missuses" have now to put up with:—

"MADAM,

"March 16."

"In answer to your letter which I received this morning, I cannot find out any thing in your letter I Object to, neither do I feel doubtful but what I might give Satisfaction. My wages is £16, all found, including beer. I want to know, Madam, how many sits to late dinner, and what is the third girl, as I should like to feel I could settle after coming so far. Do you have a laid lunch, and all lunch together? Is the House large—as taking House and Parlourwork together, it makes a difference. My Height is pretty fair. I shall wait answer to this. Then I will give you the address for my references. If there is anything beside you would like to state to me, I shall be much Obligated to you to do so.

"I remain, your Humble Servant.

"P.S.—If I take your situation, I shall expect my expenses paid."

"The audacious hussy!" nineteen Missuses in twenty will after reading this letter burst out.

But is it more than a business-like attempt on the part of one party to a contract to ascertain its conditions, clearly and exactly, before concluding the bargain? For *Punch's* part, he—being a "Master," and not a "Missus"—would be inclined to augur very favourably of the writer's clear-headedness; would, in fact, call her decidedly a "business-like woman," though her letter, no doubt, reads rather "cool"—not to put too fine a point on it—to the Lady to whom it is addressed. But the sooner Ladies who want servants make up their minds to lay aside the old-fashioned feudal notion that they are a superior order of beings to those who undertake domestic duties in their establishments, and are content to treat with them *de pouvoir en pouvoir*, the better. "To this complexion," as *Hamlet* says, "they must come." *Punch* can't hope to "make them laugh at that," unless it be on the "grin, and bear it" principle. But let them ask themselves if it isn't the fact—pleasant or not.

(*Punch* would like to know, how a Mistress as capable in her upper or drawing-room sphere, as the writer in her lower or kitchen range, would answer this letter?)

Only Natural.

"It was proposed to send a regiment of Irish Guards, officered by Home-Rule Members, to Zululand. If it went there, it might fight on the wrong side."—Mr. PARNELL at Glasgow.

SURE, PARNELL's up to snuff, if he choose,
And his Home-Rule boys ne'er will prove laggards;
But what *would* be the odds 'twixt Zulus
And out-and-out *raäl* Irish blackguards?

COMMON FORM OF AN ARTISTIC COPYRIGHT ACT.—Painting a replica of your own picture.

THE RORKE'S DRIFT ROLL-CALL.

"An Officer" writes to *Punch*—

"In your Cartoon, of March 22, you, as worthy head of the Army, thank Lieutenants CHARD and BROMHEAD for their heroic defence of Rorke's Drift. In the background are seen some men of the 24th Regiment, and scattered about are quantities of Commissariat Supplies. Cannot you find some corner for a memorial to the only officer who was killed that night while gallantly doing his duty, Assistant-Commissary BYRNE? Should you ignore the only officer 'severely wounded,' to whom all were indebted for his advice and skill in turning his supplies of flour and biscuits into parapets—Assistant-Commissary DALTON? Or the young officer who gained the admiration of all by erecting the last defence under a heavy fire, Assistant-Commissary DUNNE? Or Surgeon REYNOLDS, who only laid on one side his rifle to attend to the wounded?"

Punch only wishes his Cartoon was as large as his gratitude, in which case he would certainly have found room not only for these gallant officers—combatant or non-combatant, who assisted in the defence of Rorke's Drift—but for every man who piled a biscuit-box, fisted a mealie-bag, levelled a rifle, or plied a bayonet on that memorable night. But pages have their limits, though gratitude has none, and so *Punch* and his artist have been fain to lump under the names and presentments of the most prominent leaders of that noble defence all the officers and men who contributed to it, in their several ranks and capacities. He rejoices that "An Officer's" letter, in mentioning many of these names, secures a record of them in his immortal pages.

A BACKER FOR BLACKIE.

In these anti-slavery days all are bound to hail BLACKIE as a man and a brother. The Professor, most strenuous of "poor scholars" with the begging-box (that time-honoured article of the scholar's equipment) has raised £300 a-year to remove the opprobrium of Scotland—with its four Universities and never a Professor of the Celtic family of speech; the tongue which, if Erse erudition and enthusiasm may be trusted, Adam spoke in Paradise, and which has now been mysteriously relegated to what some will consider the other earthly extreme—the Scottish, Irish, and Welsh Highlands, Man, and Brittany. Even taken together, these rugged regions can hardly be considered a fair equivalent for the Garden of Eden, with its apple and its pair.

The Professor now asks the Treasury to supplement the annual £300, raised by his earnest and energetic appeals, with another hundred, to complete a decent stuffing and lining for a Celtic Chair in Edinburgh. Not even the most enthusiastic and modest of Celtic scholars can be expected to sit comfortably on less than £400 a-year.

It is a reasonable request, and should and will, we hope, be granted. Lord BEACONSFIELD is bound to feel for BLACKIE. Both are the prophets and poets of a decried and down-trodden race, and BLACKIE's Celtic *protégés* have quite as much a right to their Professor as BEACONSFIELD's Semitic ones.

THE KHEVIVE'S LITTLE GAME.—Spoiling the Egyptians.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



HAT a *reductio ad absurdum* of our high scientific system of Naval armament! when—

Monday, March 17 (Lords)—the Duke of SOMERSET showed with his usual coolness and clearness, what the wholesale destruction of life on board the *Thunderer* has shown quite as clearly. The firing machinery may miss fire, the hydraulic rammers may not ram, and the hydraulic washers may not wash, with the result of blowing ship and crew to smithereens. To prevent this upshot of scientific progress, we have to depend on the perfect working of a great variety of most elaborate and intricate appliances of steam, electricity, and mechanism, under a complicated system of working by three sets of men, out of sight and hearing of each other. The wonder would seem to be, not that accidents *do* happen, but that they *don't* happen.

LORD ELPHINSTONE was eminently candid and clear in his account of how we load and fire now, and the way in which the Committee would seem to have been to choose, among the vast variety of ways in which the accident *might* have happened, the one which it most likely *did* happen—at least according to the best of their judgments—viz. because a second charge was rammed before the first was fired off. Henceforth, it is satisfactory to be assured that we are going to “search” the gun after fire that it has been fired, and before loading, to see that we are out with the old charge, before we are in with the new. Are we to trust scientific tell-tales, again, for the intelligence, or is a wretched powder-monkey to be told off, to creep up the gigantic



PERMISSIVE SLAUGHTER.

(Five Thousand Shunting Accidents in Five Years!)

First Shunter (with coupling-link, awaiting Engine backing). "I SAW POOR JACK'S WIFE AND KIDS LAST NIGHT, AFTER THE FUNERAL. POOR THINGS, WHAT WILL BE DONE FOR 'EM!"

Second Shunter (at Points). "OH, THE USUAL THING, I S'POSE—COMPANY'S BLESSIN', AND A CHARITY MANGLE!—LOOK OUT, MATE! SHE'S BACKIN'!"

with pestilential gases? A tremendous bore it will be for him, poor little beggar!

"Suppose," BRITANNIA (always disposed to kick at Science) will be apt to whisper to JOHN BULL, "we came back to our honest old hearts of oak, with their plain and primitive broadsides, that never harmed any but an enemy!"

It really looks rather like it.

If not, as no doubt this unscientific suggestion is not to be listened to for a moment, we shall want another sweet little cherub to sit down below, as well as the one already told off to sit up aloft, "to keep watch o'er the life of poor JACK."

(*Commons.*)—Mr. CROSS having satisfied himself as to the corroboration of PEACE's confession of the murder of COCK the Manchester Policeman, has released WILLIAM HARRON. He is even going to compensate the Convict, and do what, to the best of *Punch's* recollection, no Secretary of State ever ventured to do before, compensate an innocent man, as far as money can, for physical and mental sufferings during two years and eight months; first through accusation, trial, and sentence of death for murder, and afterwards under the commuted mercies of penal servitude. Lucky for the Treasury that WILLIAM HARRON's gauge of compensation is a lower-class one. *Punch* congratulates him on his release, and Mr. CROSS on the courage of his admission that in such cases compensation is the *least* atonement that can be made.

An Irish free fight over the Army Estimates.

Sir P. O'BRIEN and Mr. O'DONNELL exchanged several rounds. Sir PATRICK suggests a Regiment of Irish Guards. *Punch* hails the idea. Is there not the Major to the fore—ready made? For the Colonelcy, why should not all the eligible candidates take the sod for it, in the good old Milesian fashion? The great difficulty would be not about officers—that would be an *embarras de richesses*—but about the rank and file. Of course if Messrs. PARNELL and BIGGAR are to have anything to do with it, the Regiment will be disciplined

on Home-Rule principles, and "treading on the tail of me coat," will be a leading manoeuvre.

In the meantime, the Irish Guard on Monday confined itself to protecting the British purse in the interests of Ireland, and wasted as much of the night as was devoted to Supply in resisting the demand. However, for once, PARNELL spoke to the purpose, and practically rebuked that irrepressible obstructor, Mr. O'DONNELL.

Tuesday (Lords).—Lord BEACONSFIELD administered a sharp rebuke to Lord TRURO for asking whether the Government had duly considered the transmission of the Queen's message of sympathy with, and confidence in, Lord CHELMSFORD and his troops, and whether they concurred in it. The message, Lord BEACONSFIELD said, was *not* an expression of unlimited confidence in the Commander-in-Chief, but of sympathy first, and then of confidence in the South African Commander and his men to maintain Her Majesty's name and honour. This message, like any other public act of the Sovereign, had been sent on the responsibility of Her Majesty's Ministers. To delay it would have been to deprive Her Majesty's act of the spontaneous grace of consolation.

Lord TRURO was thankful for the explanation, even at the cost of his wiggings.

(*Commons.*)—But to show how differently the game of question and answer is played in Lords and Commons, Sir R. PEEL, on asking the same question as Lord TRURO, was informed by Colonel STANLEY that he alone was solely responsible for transmission of Her Majesty's message, which he had forwarded without consulting his colleagues.

We leave our readers to reconcile these answers. No doubt the Queen's message was the spontaneous result of Her Majesty's kindly and natural desire to comfort a General under defeat, and troops under disaster; and was neither meant to express any opinion of the General's merits, nor to forestall the conclusions, nor impede the action, of the Government in relation to him and his command.

Mr. CARTWRIGHT may be congratulated on having wrung from the Government their slow leave for a Select Committee to inquire into the Wine Duties. An alcoholic test on the twenty-six degree scale, argued the able Member for Oxfordshire, was untenable—did not keep out brandied wines, and stood in the way of natural ones. Spain had good ground of complaint. We had handicapped her sherry, and high differential duties on British goods were a natural retort.

Mr. BOURKE gave, at great length, all the reasons against any change in the mode of levying the Wine Duties or any expectations of benefit from such change, and concluded, with odd official logic, by granting the Select Committee.

Mr. M'IVER tried to extract a little Protectionist capital out of the concession.

Mr. W. E. FORSTER would not allow any such inference, and hoped the inquiry would be into the Wine Duties, and those only.

The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER repudiated any intention of initiating any change in our established commercial policy. If we were about to take a leaf out of the book of Spanish policy, it would be only for the purpose of tearing it up.

Mr. DELAHUNTY gallantly charged the House on his currency-hobby, and just cleared a Count-Out to find that he was to be allowed a "walk over." The House accepted his Motion, "That a free circulation of specie currency, with a free and adequate circulation of paper currency convertible into specie on demand, is necessary for the promotion and development of manufacture, commerce, and trade;" all which, though the House most potently believes, yet holds it not necessary to have it so set down, seeing that nobody doubts or disputes Mr. DELAHUNTY's pompous platitude.

Still-born—Mr. SELATER-BOOTH moved his County Boards Bill, which, framed with the laudable desire of pleasing everybody, or course pleases nobody. *Punch* need not discuss it, as it has not the remotest chance of ever becoming law. A real County Representation Bill would be too big a birth for a dying Parliament.

Wednesday.—Another Ministerial concession: Scotch Hypothec—the aggravated form of English Distraint—doomed at last. The Government, with an eye to Scotch Elections in general, and Midlothian in particular, not only allows, but supports the Second Reading of Mr. VANS AGNEW's Bill.

Lord ELCHO attempted to rally the English landlords to the rescue, on the plea that if Hypothec goes, Distraint will follow. He tries to make out, by some mysterious process of reasoning, that Hypothec is for the good of Scotch small tenants. As, however, all Scotch tenants, small and big, are against it, no wonder Lord ELCHO talked to empty air as well as empty benches.

Thursday (Lords).—Vivisection of Medical Acts by Medical Corporations. They have forced in a provision that even after a student has passed examination application for a diploma must precede registration—though if the application be refused, registration must be granted. A most ridiculous concession to the Medical Corporations, but introduced, as the Duke of RICHMOND explained to the Marquis of RIFON, at their demand, and *Punch* is forced to infer mainly from jealousy of feminine practitioners.

(*Commons.*)—Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE pleaded to Honourable Members in *misericordiam* to postpone their Motions for this night only, or really the Government and the Treasury would have to stop the supplies or antedate the Appropriation Act.

Of course Honourable Members were compliant, there being, happily, no Irish notice on the list.

In answer to Mr. BRIGHT's questions, Sir STAFFORD had to own that Canada was about to pass from the dominion of Free Trade and common-sense to that of Protection: and that poor old Mother-Country can do nothing—however much she might have to say—to stop her headstrong child. You'll have to take down the old sword again, JOHN. *Punch* gives you his blessing in this week's Cartoon.

The ATTORNEY-GENERAL moved his little Bill to meet the great evil of Corrupt Practices at Elections. He goes on the happy principle of meddling with nothing that can be stayed off, of existing evils choosing the least, and to them applying the least drastic remedies.

Among one of the most objectionable electioneering manoeuvres is the conveyance of electors to the poll, as to which the law is uncertain. This the Bill leaves untouched.

Sir C. DILKE, Mr. GORST, Sir H. JAMES, and a host of less conspicuous Members, urged settlement of the law on this ambiguous question, and Sir CHARLES even moved a Resolution, which was defeated by 138 to 89. Second Reading was ultimately carried by 118 to 6, in utter indifference of all who take any active interest in the matter, and therefore little or none in the ATTORNEY-GENERAL's poor little Bill.

Friday (Lords).—One of those pleasant pictures, *en noir*, which the Duke of SOMERSET has such a gift for painting. This time the subject was Famagosta—the old port of Cyprus.

Lord SALISBURY tried to throw in a few light touches by way of relief, but without much effect. Plague and Pestilence, seem the present representatives of the island, *vice* Venus vanished.

(*Commons.*)—A talk of the barristers over Sir HENRY JAMES's scheme for strengthening our judicial system, by utilising the Judges on the one-horse principle, and by improving Provincial arrangements. Sir HENRY suggests Local Bars and Permanent Civil Courts at four of our principal centres. As a rule, the Lawyers don't like this.

The ATTORNEY-GENERAL jaunty and *déjà* as usual—

Reform's a jest, and all things show it;
I always thought so, now I know it.

A PLEASANT PROSPECT.



SCENE—The Interior of a School Room under the London School Board. Enthusiastic Teacher discovered with newly assembled Pupils.

Teacher. Now that this handsome and commodious school-house, with its very complete and costly school apparatus, is at last completed, I am glad to meet my classes. We will lose no time in getting to work. Our first lesson will be in English History. We will waive the Prehistoric early British and Saxon periods for the present, and commence our studies with the Norman Conquest. Who can tell me anything about WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR?

First Pupil. Please, Teacher, here's a cove at the door as says he wants to see you.

Teacher. "Person," not "cove," and "who," not "as." (Pupil stands corrected.) Let him come in. (Enter Upholsterer's Foreman with Assistants.) Well—what do you want, my man?

First Man. There's something wrong about the money for these here benches and black-boards and things. The Guv'nor says I'm to take 'em back—so look alive, mates.

[With the aid of his men removes all the seats, and the complete and costly apparatus, and exit.]

Teacher (cheerfully). Annoying, but we must make the best of it! Happily we can sit upon the desks, and for a black-board I must make shift with the back of a door. And now to resume our historical studies. What can any boy tell me about WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR?

Second Pupil. Please, Teacher, it's so jolly cold, we can't tell you nothink about nobody. We're a-starving. Please mayn't we have a fire?

Teacher. Fire? Certainly. Why haven't they lighted it, I wonder? In the heat of my enthusiasm I had not noticed the omission. What ho! within there! (Enter Charwoman.) Woman, why is not the fire lighted?

Charwoman. Please, Sir, there ain't no coals and no wood. Somebody's been round and stopped 'em. The party said as how the Board was ever so much short with the coal merchant, and as how he wasn't a-going to stand another sack till he got his money.

Teacher. Cool on his part, and on ours. Boys that have overcoats put 'em on. The rest can run about outside, in detachments of ten, for a quarter of an hour in succession.

Pupils. Hooray!

[Exit first detachment, joyously.]

Teacher (cheerfully). Meanwhile, our work and our great-coats together must keep us warm. So, once more, what can any boy tell me about WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR?

Third Pupil. Please, Teacher, here's another lot of coves wants to speak with you.

Enter Second Upholsterer's Man with Assistants.

Second Man. Very sorry to trouble you, Mister, but Master says that we didn't ought to have left these here desks without the money.

Teacher. That's not my business. Your Master should have sent in his account to the School-Board.

Second Man. He have done that a lot of times. But, bless you! it ain't no manner o' use. He says that there School-Board ain't no better than the "Long Firm," a-gettin' goods on false pretences; and he ain't agoin' to put up with it no longer. So I was to be sure and stand no 'umbug, and if the money wasn't forked out at once, I was to take the goods back again.

[Removes the desks, and exit.]

Teacher (with resignation). Is it even so? The classes can stand.

Cheerfully.) But the inconvenience is only for the moment!
Aside.) The School-Board, at any rate, treats its officers with proper consideration. Whatever else may be in arrears, my salary is safe (*joyously*). And to-day is Saturday. Now, for the fourth time, what can any boy tell me about WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR?

Fourth Pupil. A telegram for you, Sir.

[Hands in dispatch to Teacher.]

Teacher (tearing open envelope). What's this? From Assistant-Secretary of the London School-Board! (*Reads.*) "Very sorry. No money. Salaries unavoidably deferred." Shameful! disgraceful! scandalous!

First Pupil. WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR began to reign—

Teacher. Bother WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR! We will postpone him and his reign till a future occasion. (*Aside.*) I must see to this at once. I suppose the Committee of the Teachers' Association will be taking immediate action. I must see the Secretary. (*To Pupils.*) The School is dismissed—till further notice!

[Pupils cheer, and exeunt tumultuously. Scene closes in.]

A BRITISH FARMER'S THOUGHTS AND AFTERTHOUGHTS.

I'm an old British Farmer, and "Hereford bred,"
 Though I've ne'er a white face, nor yet horns on my head.
 I live quiet and snug, on a sizable farm;
 And to never a neighbour I wish any harm.

Time was when, from sunrise till close of the day,
 My spirits were good, as I paced the old way.
 But nowadays things are unlike what they were.
 If they rose from their graves, how our fathers would stare!

I once loved the life of a Farmer, but now
 I'd as lief be a bullock, or horse at the plough;
 Yes, as well be a turnip, kohlrabi, or swede,
 As go on a leading the life that I lead.

I remember the time when tight breeches and boots
 Was a good enough dress for a grower of roots:
 My father afore me, and his afore him,
 Would have scorned to have put pantaloons on a limb.

But my Missus, says she, on one Sunday last year,
 "You can't go to Church in those garments, my dear.
 No, JOHN, I insist, to your room you'll go back,
 And put on a suit of respectable black."

So now every Sunday I walk by her side,
 As black as a Bishop, to humour her pride.
 My feelings, of course, I endeavour to smother;
 For when Madam says one thing, who dare to say t'other?

My daughters, Miss EMILY, SUSIE, and FANNY,
 Have all been to school, and have learnt the Pianny;
 And what with their music, fine dresses, and learning,
 Won't tuck up their sleeves to do washing or churning.

My boys, TOM and DICK, ride in patent top-boots,
 And no baccy will touch but cigars and cheroots;
 At a glass of good beer they turn up their nose,
 For French stuff as sour as 'twere brewed out of sloes!

In long Ulster coats, like the men in the ark,
 They run up to town on the "spree," and the "lark":
 The money they spend on their pleasure, I'm sure,
 Had better be spent on the farm in manure.

Then the taxes and rates! Win, or lose, all the same,
 There's the Income-Tax Paper—I call it a shame:
 Nay, it's worse than a shame, darned if 'tisn't a sin,
 To take Income-Tax out, when there's nought coming in!

Two guineas a quarter 's the price of good wheat;
 The market is full of American meat:
 Says my landlord, "If barley and wheat doesn't pay,
 Turn ploughland to grassland, and cultivate hay."

But I think of the days which won't come back again,
 When a farmer could get a good price for good grain;
 When taxes and rates were what folk could afford,
 And we didn't build schools just to please the School-Board.

I know what I'll do, I'll just pack up my kit,
 Sell my stock to my landlord, give notice to quit,
 And take children and wife—(though perhaps they won't come)—
 Across the Atlantic to seek a new home.

Yes, I'm off, bag and baggage! I'm tired o' taxation,
 Free-trade, strikes, and unions, and co-operation.

So I'll start for New York by the very next mail,
 And good-bye to Old England, roast beef, and good ale!

Wait a bit! Like a farmer, my growl I have had,
 About all I see going, or gone, to the bad,
 But now my growl 's over, to own I am free,
 Though things may be bad, that still worse they might be.

We've had three hard years; but how do I know
 But next year may be good, and pay all the three owe?
 I don't like high rates and School-Board education;—
 But I daresay it's all for the good o' the Nation.

My Landlord's a trump, and my Missus she suits,
 Though she hasn't good taste in the matter o' boots.
 My children, no doubt, are too fine for their Dad,
 But young 'uns are young 'uns, and ours ain't so bad.

Old England has faults; but, from all that I hear,
 There are things in America wonderful queer:
 So I'll sing "Rule, Britannia!" and drink "Speed the Plough!"
 And stick to the Farm, as we've stuck to till now.

PRESS REGULATIONS FOR OFFICERS COMMANDING ARMIES IN THE FIELD.



1. THE General shall on no account fight a battle without first giving the representatives of the Press fair notice, with a sketch of his plan of attack, so that Correspondents may have reasonable time to telegraph the details to their respective papers.

2. The General shall invariably consult Special Correspondents in camp on the time most convenient to them for opening action. It will be obvious that, unless this be done, a great deal of expense and trouble may be caused in the London newspaper offices.

3. No telegram shall be sent by the General to the Government without being first submitted to Special Correspondents.

4. The General should see that Special Correspondents are treated with

the utmost consideration, and that no invidious distinction is made between them and combatant Officers. Guards should turn out to them, and they should have the first choice of quarters.

5. Any Officer venturing to cut or cold-shoulder a Special Correspondent, shall be immediately tried by drum-head court-martial.

6. The preparation of despatches shall remain in the hands of the General, subject to the control of the Special.

7. The General should be very cautious in allowing persons of military training to act as Special Correspondents, as they are apt to be biased by professional prejudices and prepossessions. Civilians are likely to bring the freshest eye and mind to manœuvres and other matters of a technical character.

Railway and Social Synonyms.

*Traction Engines.—Too many Girls of the Period.

Truck-Trains.—Most Marriage Processions at St. George's, Hanover Square.

Continuous Brakes.—The results of Lodging-house Attendance.

Changing Lines.—What we often see after the Honey-moon.

Shunted on to a Siding.—Paterfamilias when Baby appears.

The Statue of Livingstone.

Unveiled in St. George's Square, Glasgow.

Will the dead marble make him wider known?
 Or can it longer live than LIVINGSTONE?



ÆSTHETIC DISENCHANTMENTS.

LUCY HAS POSED THE LITTLE RUSTIC MODEL, AND MARY, MAUD, AND MADELINE SIT, PENCIL IN HAND, READY TO CATCH AND TRANSFER TO PAPER THE CHILD'S EXPRESSION OF WONDERMENT AND DELIGHT AS IT LISTENS, FOR THE FIRST TIME IN ITS LIFE, TO THE MURMUR OF THE SHELL.

Lucy. "NOW, DARLING, PUT THE PRETTY SHELL TO YOUR EAR, AND HARK TO WHAT IT SAYS!"

Rustic Model. "LOR! IS *THAT* ALL! WHY, A BEER-JUG CAN DO *THAT*!"

THE OLD SWORD.

I LITTLE thought to take you down, old Sword, from well-earned rest,
Under the brave old banner, beside the old "back and breast"—
Weapons at once and trophies of well-fought fields of old,
When hair was dark, and blood was hot, that now are grey and cold.

There's your armour, my old Captain and comrade brave and true,
And through the dint of fight upon it, bidding old days live anew,
When side by side, and sword by sword, we smote their men of war,
And drove Protection's serried ranks before us fast and far.

The Free Trade flag above our heads, our good blades strong of sway,
That through the foemen's fence and force sheared on their forth-
right way,
Bore down their facts and figures, and their fallacies clave through,
And o'er the strong set up the weak, and o'er the false the true.

Till their Captains called a parley, and their garrisons gave in,
And through the land there seemed for us no victory left to win;
And when the great Chief, that had led their battles long, came round,
And was proud to wear our colours, and took up our fighting ground—

And when not only England through, but far across the sea,
All used our watchwords, flew our flag, and swore our men to be,
No wonder that we deemed our cause was won, our warfare o'er,
And no need to buckle breast-plate, or handle broadsword more!

But lo, now the malignants lift up their heads again,
I always said the serpents were only scotched not slain.
Hark! far and near their hiss I hear, their rattle sounds afar;
They have hoarded up their venom, and their cry again is war.

*And he is gone, my Captain, my comrade true and tried,
That with me bore the burden of those battles side by side,*

And he, too, the great Chieftain, that to our cause came in,
While still was many a stroke to strike, and many a hold to win.

And I am left alone, and old, and my blood keeps no more
The hot and heady current that it kept in days of yore;
The sword is sharp as ever, but the arm is not the same,
That through the foemen's thickest cloud let daylight where it came.

But old or young, and strong or weak, for the fight I still am fain;
And my sharp sword, clear of rust and dust, in front shall gleam
again,

While there are lies to level and fallacies to floor,—
Up, fair old flag! out, brave old blade!—our warfare was not o'er.

The Ends of Cremation.

THE deputation of the Council of the Cremation Society that bespoke the HOME SECRETARY, the other day, on behalf of the process which they propose to substitute for interment, informed the Right Honourable Gentleman that their objects were purely sanitary, social, and scientific. A suitable legend, therefore, for the Cremationists would be the "Three S's."

Tempora Mutantur.

WITH tilt and tourney Kings of old
Graced cities on their journeys;
But now see Belgium's king enrolled
In Turners' ranks—not tourneys'!

WUT FOR SCOTCH WAGS.

SOME call the Law of Hypothec the Scottish Lien. Should it not rather be called the Scottish Bore?



THE OLD SWORD.

INJYABLE INJIA;

OR, NOTES AND SKETCHES OF A SPECIALLY-COMMISSIONED ARTIST.

By FUZZELI PRINCEPS.

CHAPTER I.

Introductory. How the Artist-Author was summoned to the great work.

O my surprise, one morning a perfect gentleman unexpectedly looked in, and said, "Go to India!" With that ready wit for which I am socially celebrated, I replied, at once, "Go to Jericho!" And I turned round in bed, and closed my eyes.

The unexpected gentleman did not instantly quit my apartment, but repeated what sounded to me like a Royal command: "Go to India!" I sat bolt up in bed.

"Do you mean it?" I asked, just giving a side-glance to see what was handy

to throw at him, in the way of a bootjack or slippers, should he reply in the negative.

"Mean it!" he exclaimed. "Why, bless you, I come from—" Here he lowered his voice, and pronounced a name that I never hear without taking off my hat (if on) and bowing profoundly. When my hat is not on, I act as the inspiration of the moment may suggest. In this instance I had not got my hat on—a statement which, without going into details, will not surprise the majority of my readers.

"Go to India," he repeated, "and paint everybody."

"What colour?" I asked, gradually awaking to a sense of the reality of the situation, and attempting to evince the liveliest interest in his communication.

"Any colour you like," he returned, "provided you show they are not so black as they've been hitherto painted."

"Yours to command!" I replied.

But here I pulled myself together, for I was very nearly dropping off to sleep again—and, indeed, I had been up late at the Rumpsteak Club the night before, and wasn't quite myself, though very little of anybody else. However, as I've said, I pulled myself together, and asked,

"Why to India?"

"Because," answered the Envoy Extraordinary, "you'll find plenty of subjects there."

"Yes," I returned, my ready wit as bright and bubbling as ever, though only 10:30 A.M., and I had been sparkling up to five—"Yes. I shall find loyal and Imperial subjects. But they cannot be *my* subjects. There must not be an *Imperium in Imperio*."

I felt sure of this quotation, and made it boldly. It awed him, although his name—

Prefatorial Note by Editor.—The Editor has great pleasure in announcing to the Public that he has secured the sole right of publishing, under the above admirable title, a series of most deeply interesting papers, illustrated by sketches, taken on the spot, by a gentleman most eminent in the Literary and Artistic world, who, under another *non de plume*, did India during the Prince's visit, and "went for" STANLEY across the Keep-it-Dark Continent. The Editor has the Author's assurance—which ought to go for a good deal, as he has never met anyone with a greater amount of that quality—that these papers are perfectly independent of a book recently published in one Imperial quart-o, entitled *Imperial India*, by Mr. VAL PRINSEP. The Editor took great pains to ascertain this, having been struck by the similarity of the title and the name of the Author, which he is positively informed is the merest coincidence.

which I mustn't mention here in full—did begin with a big big B.

"You will have a number of Commissions," he went on.

"Ah!" I cried, overjoyed with the prospect, for the Army had always been the dream of my youth, and my one regret in life, quite lately, has been, that, somehow or other, I have unconsciously allowed the age of admission to pass unnoticed. Great carelessness on my part. Unpardonable oversight. But now, when the Unexpected Envoy was dazzling me with the prospect of Commissions—not one, but several—so that I might be in the Light Horse, Dark Horse, Mounted Rifles, Infantry, Artillery—anything—all at once, and deeply attached to every staff—then, my heart bounded within me, and holding the bed-clothes tight up to my throat, so as not to catch cold, I inquired, "And to how many uniforms shall I be entitled?"

"As to that," answered the Envoy, blandly, "you can please yourself."

"Hear! hear!" I replied from under the bed-clothes, for I began to find sitting up rather cold to the back.

"And when will you go?" he asked.

"As soon as possible," I replied, "if you'll have the goodness to clear out."

"Good!" he said. Then partially re-opening the door, to put in his head, he inquired—

"You will go to India?"

"Not till I've been to Bath," I returned; as, suiting the action to the word, I bounded from the spring mattress, and took one magnificent header into the plunge—twelve feet deep by eighteen broad—which I have lately had fitted up at the end of the bedroom in my new house.

And there I splashed about with a "three-man beetle" power. For with my treble qualifications—Painting, Literature, and the Drama—and my bass voice, I am as good as three single gentlemen rolled into one. I am big-hearted and broad-shouldered. I am a jolly companion every bit of me; and so I sing out, as I roll about my marble bath, and dive under the marble arch, and come up again like a Triton—

Rub a dub dub!

Three men in a tub!

The Dramatist, Painter, and Jolly Bookmaker!

And if I could make a book on the Derby, why not on the Durbar? So, with another splash and a dash, out I come like Phœbus, the Sun-god, beaming after the thunders of a raging tempest.

Then I turned to with my towels; while one of my valets, who is always on the alert for this particular moment, brought me my coffee and buttered muffins; after which, in due course, my other fellow—both equally well trained—followed with my pipe—the "Judicious Hooker," as I always say to my appreciative friend who has never heard the joke before.

"Yes," I murmured to myself as I sat on my divan—I always sit on my *divan* after my *dive-in*—(this sets a table in a roar—warranted side-splitter)—"Yes, my boy" (to myself) "you will go to India, for what's to 'inder yer from going?" (I've tried this side-splitter fifty times in fifty different places, and it has never once missed fire. *Never!*)

When I was dressed in my velvet morning lounging-suit, I found the Envoy Extraordinary in my studio. He did not expect me so soon, and having got my box

* *Note to Editor.*—No extra charge for classical allusions.

Editor (to F. P.).—All right. Like 'em. Not too many.—Yours, Ed.



DIVERSIONS OF DRILL.

Jack Drogoun (who has made a miss). "I SAY, BILL, THAT LAST SHOT OF MINE IS LIKE DEFERRED PAY—'GONE INTO THE BANK, AND 'DIVEL ONLY KNOWS WHEN IT 'LL COME OUT AGAIN!"

of paints, was amusing himself on a blank canvas by sketching what I saw was intended for a head of a great political opponent.

"That," I said, laughingly, absolutely chucking him one of my brightest gems of wit, "is a deep satire."

He stared. He wished to be informed "in what way a satire?"

"Why," I answered, "you should call the picture 'The Coming Election.' And I added, pointing to the outline of W. E. G.'s cranium, "There you have your adversary's poll—and a blank canvass!"

The Envoy was staggered. He grasped my hand warmly; tears were in his eyes. "May I," he exclaimed in a voice broken by the deepest emotion—"May I—use—that—*bon-mot*?"

Terms were soon arranged—limited, of course, by time. He was to use it in England, till I returned from India; so if anyone has heard it before, this will explain.

"And now," said he, "to business!"

"*Volontiers!*" said I, with that fluent command of the French language which is at once the surprise and delight of my friends, and the charm of my personal intercourse.

Whereupon he took his seat, and pulled out his note-book.

Here endeth the First Chapter.

DEVELOPMENT.

(Being University Intelligence of the Future. See Recommendations of Cambridge Board of Classical Studies.)

THE Layard Professor will commence his Summer Course of Lectures on Babylonian Bricks among the Mounds of Kouyunjik on the first day of the October term. Members of the University wishing to attend are requested to call with their portmanteaus, tents, waterproof sheets, Cook's coupons, and doctors' certificates on the Professor at Downing College, not later than the first of April.

The subject for the Evolutionary Prize is "The Nursery Rhymes of the Early Runic Races." Candidates will be expected to have written not less than two works of European reputation on the Archaeology of the Prehistoric Period, and must not have exceeded their seventeenth term of residence.

The Regius Professor of Practical Mythology will continue his course of Lectures on "The Domestic Arrangements of the Demi-

gods," immediately after the commencement of the approaching term.

The Vice-Chancellor's Prize for a Poem in Tamul, subject "Twixt Weeds and Woes; or the Seductive Suttie," open to Heads of Houses, has been awarded to himself.

At the Congregation on Thursday next, a Grace will be offered for the appointment of a Syndicate to consider the advisability of making a six months' residence in the immediate neighbourhood of Stonehenge, and a thorough familiarity with the administrative system and ceremonial of the Druidic Church compulsory on all candidates for Honours in the British History Tripos.

The Examination for the ancient Egyptian light-literature Tripos will commence on the Fifth of November next. Mummies, Sarcophaguses, Papyri, Sepulchral images, and other illustrative material, to be left at the Senate House not later than the commencement of the Dog-days.

QUEEN'S PARDON.

(To WILLIAM HABRON, March 17, 1879.)

True Justice. "Queen's Pardon!" What do these words signify?

Legal Justice. Mere form,—a pardon from the QUEEN.

True Justice. Indeed!

What signifies a pardon from the QUEEN

To one who's innocent?

Legal Justice (in explanation). 'Tis her prerogative

To temper justice with the balm of mercy.

True Justice (indignantly). Nay! here's no "tempering justice."

HABRON lay

Condemned unjustly,—what you call "Queen's Pardon"

Is simply Reparation for Injustice.

Queen, Witnesses, Judge, Jury—all alike,

Need "HABRON'S Pardon" for this fearful wrong!

COLONISTS AND CAFFRES.

A PANIC appears to have been excited at Natal by the prospect of a possible Zulu invasion. It is to be wished that the people of Natal had the proper spirit and ability to defend their *natale solum*.



DESCENDING FROM THE GENERAL TO THE PARTICULAR.

Young Lady (who has never travelled by this Line before). "Do YOU go to KEW GARDENS?"

Booking-Clerk. "SOMETIMES ON A SUNDAY, MISS, ON A SUMMER'S AFTERNOON!"

FRIENDS AT A DISTANCE.

Being a Brief Record of a few Winter-seasonable Visits to certain Country Houses.

VISIT THE THIRD.—CHAPTER XVII.

Madame—Guests—Boy—Conversation—Dinner—Grumble Again—Pleasure.

MADAME de BRESLIN is a quiet, elegant lady, above the middle height. Perhaps the idea arises in my mind from Mrs. POUND's story, but I fancy I remark a shadow of melancholy that rests, from time to time, on her handsome features until it is chased away by one of the sweetest and brightest smiles it has ever been my lot to see on the face of woman.

Our company to-night consists of MOSTHYN DICKIE, our host, Madame de BRESLIN and her daughter FLORENCE, Mr. MCANISTER, a Scotch gentleman evidently retired from some business with money—his own, of course—and not intending to go "bock agen"—and a Mr. DENSON, a man about fifty, with his son HORACE, a handsome lad, dark as a Spaniard, with a half shy, half sulky, dissatisfied air, as though he had been brought down to Meadowsweet Manor much against his will, and would at that moment give a trifle to be

miles away. These two last have arrived only a few hours before myself, and they are leaving to-morrow. MOSTHYN DICKIE possesses, I have always heard, immense influence somewhere—where, I do not know; but within the first few minutes of our meeting in the drawing-room Mr. DENSON has informed me, more or less confidentially, that he is looking out for something for his boy,—I find he is always "looking out for something for his boy,"—and that MOSTHYN DICKIE has promised to do all he can for him; "And," he adds mysteriously, as though I were, of course, in the secret, "you know he can do something in a certain quarter." Here he waggles his hands, and nods his head at me like one of the German figures on the top of a bon-bon box. Being evidently supposed to know all about it, I nod and waggle back again, completing the resemblance, on my part, to the bon-bon box figure by observing a discreet silence.

Mr. DENSON goes on to inform me, quite gratuitously, that his boy has had an excellent education, and I catch myself replying, "Indeed!" in a surprised tone, which implies that I should not have gathered the fact from the youth's manner and bearing.

"He was at Eton," says his father, proudly.

"Near Eton," interposes his son, sullenly, and with marked emphasis.

"Well," his father resumes, a trifle abashed, but maintaining a smiling countenance, "at a most excellent school near Eton, where they pursue the Eton system, and have matches like the Eton boys, and go on the Eton grounds, and so one really may say he was at Eton."

Of course I am ready to admit he may say anything, but I merely bow politely, and observe, "Yes, naturally," which seems to chime in quite pleasantly with Mr. DENSON's notions.

"Then," he continues, finding he has got a listener, "he went to a private tutor's, and then he went abroad—"

"Only Boulogne," interposes the lad, surlily.

"Well," returns his father, deprecating the interruption, "that is abroad."

"I don't call it so," mutters the boy, sulkily, "it's regular English."

"But it's in France," answers his father, triumphantly, which statement even his son, whose mission is clearly to gainsay and contradict his parent on every possible occasion, is compelled to allow as being geographically true.

"He has studied for several examinations, but I have come to the conclusion that business is the best thing for him," says Mr. DENSON, Senior, winding up the subject somewhat abruptly, it having possibly occurred to him that I am about the last person likely to be able to forward his views as to his son's career in this particular line.

The lad is evidently favourable to any scheme not involving an examination. He seems to be scanning me furtively, as though suspicious of my being an Examiner, in disguise, ready to tackle him with a poser at a moment's notice. On being introduced to me, formally, he shakes hands, as though he had not forgotten the time when he used to hold out his palm for the cane, and, after withdrawing it as rapidly as possible, he stands swaying about, scrutinising the carpet, as if to discover some means of slipping suddenly through a hole in the pattern, and so escaping all chance of being tackled with posers. Mrs. BRESLIN comes to our relief. She apologises for being so late, and wonders if Papa is aware of the second bell having been rung.

At this moment Papa himself—MOSTHYN DICKIE—enters in a fuss and a flurry.

"They never told me," (he stands at the door declaring indignantly)—"they never told me. Not a soul ever came to tell me. My dear fellow," (this to Mr. DENSON, but addressed to us all as we stand in a semicircle), "I keep a houseful of servants, and not one of them can come and tell me that the dinner is ready!" Then he adds, despairingly, "I don't know what to do! They're all alike!" And, as usual, he throws up his hands, as if life were no longer worth living, and that, all things considered, the best thing to be done is to go to bed and have no dinner.

Mrs. BRESLIN reminds him that the bells rang as usual; but as he replies to this that he didn't hear them as usual, no one ventures to make any further observation.

The waiting staff consists of a butler and two servants. The table is arranged perfectly. But, somehow or another, with MOSTHYN DICKIE nothing is right.

After grace he criticises the menu. That's all wrong.

"I told that stupid woman"—he is speaking of the cook—"I told her not to give us a fricandeau, and she does! I don't know what to do. I can't get what I want! Ah, well, well!" and he tucks his napkin under his chin and takes a spoonful of soup, then pauses, looks round the table, and asks Mr. MCANISTER if he doesn't taste anything curious about the soup?

"No," Mr. MCANISTER just finds time to gasp, as he is working hard with his spoon. If there is anything seriously wrong with the soup, it's too late for Mr. MCANISTER now; his doom is sealed.

We all pronounce it excellent. Upon which MOSTHYN DICKIE—who is really highly pleased with our verdict, and who would

back his Cook against any in England—assumes an air of astonishment and pity, and says, "Well, I don't know. I hope it's all right. But sometimes it's too hot, and sometimes it's too cold; and one evening it's flavoured with this, and then with that—I can never depend on her. That's where it is," he concludes, with sad and solemn emphasis; "*I can never depend on her.*" With which melancholy confession he sets himself steadily to his soup, with the air of a man nobly determined to fulfil an unpleasant duty; and drain the cup of misery, so to speak, to the last drop,—which in fact he does, not leaving a drop in the plate, which he pushes violently away from him, with an air of almost utter abhorrence of the thing before him, and giving vent to an "Ah!" expressive of the deepest disgust, he drinks off a glass of sherry in a twinkling, as though to take a nasty taste out of his mouth as soon as possible, throws himself back in his chair, and looks round in a defiant manner, as though saying, "Come what come may, I'm ready for it, whatever it is!"

THE LORDS ON—NOT IN—LIQUOR.



OTHER as a Lord" should now take the place of "Drunk as a Lord," to judge by the Report of their Lordships' Committee on Intemperance, which is as temperate as Temperance orators and Temperance plans, projects, and proposals are apt to be the reverse. If all the friends of sobriety were as sober in their utterances—if they marshalled their evidence as fully and fairly, and considered their recommendations as carefully as the Lords' Committee seem to have done—Permissive Bills would be nearer passing into Acts, Sir WILFRID's Millennium would be more within reach, and Bands of Hope nearer the heaven of that still deferred hope—a sober community—than they are now.

Among other recommendations of their Lordships' Committee, the most noticeable is a very decided one of the Swedish system, as modified by Mr. CHAMBERLAIN. Municipalities are to be empowered to acquire

"In the manner prescribed by the Artisans and Labourers' Dwellings Acts, 1871, the freehold of all licensed premises within their respective districts; and, to purchase by agreement, the existing interest of present licenceholders in leases, goodwill, stock, and fixtures; to carry on the trade for the convenience and on behalf of the inhabitants, but so that no individual shall have any pecuniary interest in, or derive any profit from, the sale of intoxicating liquors; to borrow for this purpose on the security of the rates, and to carry all profits, after providing for interest and sinking fund, to the credit of the education-rate and the poor-rate in equal proportions. The powers of licensing justices to grant licences to cease on the adoption of the scheme by the town council."

The Birmingham Town Council has shown its willingness to adopt this scheme by 40 to 10. It has been unanimously approved by the Board of Guardians—120 gentlemen in all, representing a population of 400,000. The advantages claimed for the plan are:—

- "1. The control of the local authority over the issue of licences.
- "2. A great diminution in the number of public-houses and an improvement in their convenience, healthiness, and management.
- "3. By the provision that no individual should derive any profit from the sale of intoxicating drinks, and that the managers should keep a supply of food, tea, coffee, and other refreshments, it is hoped that the present drinking-houses might gradually assume the character of eating-houses and workmen's clubs—places of harmless resort.
- "4. That sound and seasoned spirits, and light, wholesome beer, would be substituted for the raw, deleterious spirits and heavy, unwholesome beer, strongly charged with alcohol, such as are now often supplied.
- "5. The elimination of the influence of the publicans from civic elections.
- "6. As the net results of the change, a diminution in intemperance, a reduction in crime and disorder, and a considerable balance of profit to be devoted to the relief of the local rates."

But even if only a tithe of these blessings followed, the experiment would be worth trying by any Town Council with faith to make the attempt. Here is Birmingham, bold as the brass in which she works, ready for the adventure.

The old proverb says "one man can take a horse to the water, but

a hundred men can't make him drink." Here are a hundred and twenty men—Town Council and Guardians together—ready to take 400,000 men to the water, and to do their best to make them leave off drinking. This would be another sort of an achievement from making them drink—which has hitherto come but too easy all England over.

SCIENCE AT SEA.

(*A Dream after the Debate on the accident aboard the Thunderer.*)

"What would probably occur in action? Is the safety of our sailors and the honour of our flag to be trusted to appliances and machinery that fail even when worked in a quiet and leisurely manner?"—*The Duke of Somerset in the House of Lords.*

SCENE—An Iron Chamber in the interior of H.M.S. *Incubus*, prepared for action. British Admiral discovered at a table covered with scientific instruments, trying to ascertain the position of the enemy by tell-tales with the help of a system of patent refracting and reflecting fifty-four foot binocular telescopes. Superior Officer and Assistants in the dark working automatic electrical combinations of loading, aiming, and firing apparatus.

British Admiral (rising). Yes, Gentlemen, it must be as I said. Something has evidently got in between a couple of the lenses—or a tarpaulin has, with culpable negligence, been left over some of the revolving object-glasses—for I can see nothing.

Superior Officer. Just what happened last Wednesday, Sir. I'm afraid the patent isn't of much use.

British Admiral. I'm afraid not. And just now I should have liked to have known where we are. However, we can't do any harm by opening fire. (*Touches an ivory button. Several heavy pieces of ordnance go off simultaneously.*) Ah! all right this morning! (*Cheerfully.*) Sounded as if every one of them spoke, didn't it?

Superior Officer. I think so, Sir.

British Admiral. What would not NELSON have given to have had such an armament as this under his orders! (*The action continues ten minutes. A loud explosion is heard.*) Dear me! What was that?

Superior Officer. I fancy, Sir, to judge by the concussion, the two eighty-ton guns must have both burst together.

British Admiral. Very likely. Perhaps you had better inquire. What does the automatic communicator say?

Superior Officer. Nothing. The dial hasn't indicated a word since the beginning of the action. It's always serving us just the same nasty trick at practice.

British Admiral. Very awkward—really; for if anything has gone wrong up-stairs, I should like to have sent them a word or two to cheer them a bit. Besides one ought to know what's going on. (*Another explosion occurs.*) There—that sounds like another! (*Nettled.*) But who can learn anything down here?

Superior Officer. Perhaps these Gentlemen will be able to give us some information.

The door is burst open. Enter a Foreign Admiral and attendant Officers.

Foreign Admiral. With pleasure! The complications in the machinery of this gallant ship, which I have had the honour of boarding, enable me to claim it as the prize of war, and, at the same time to demand the sword of its distinguished commander. [*Bows.*]

British Admiral (moved). Dear me! Who would have thought things had been going so badly! However, we have one gun left intact, and England never strikes her flag while she has a shot to send home, or a man to discharge it.

Foreign Admiral. The sentiment is creditable; but what are sentiments when your electrical mechanism is defective! It is true I have come in a little wooden gunboat, with one old-fashioned 32-pounder. Still, it can be fired. While your two-hundred pounders, with their automata and their hydraulics—

British Admiral. I see it all. The rammer refuses to work, the recoil was defective, and the sponge did not wash clean. There is nothing left but to strike our flag! Take her—she is yours!

[*Hands over his sword and what is left of H.M.S. "Incubus" to the Foreign Admiral, as Curtain falls.*]

Port v. Phylloxera.

THE devastations of the *Phylloxera* in the vineyards of Portugal are said to threaten to put an end altogether to the production of port wine. Whatever they do, they won't do that, we will be sworn. The *Phylloxera* may destroy all the Portuguese vines, but *Punch* will take odds there is still as much port supplied in England as there is a demand for.

TOAST WITH TEA (for Total Abstinents).—"The *Phylloxera* vastatrix."

'ARRY ON THE 'IGHER EDUCATION OF WOMEN.



DEAR CHARLIE,
I'm down in the doldrums;
bin landed, my boy, and no kid.
Never thought to be bowled out so clean
by a petticoat, blowed if I did.
Me as done the Don Juan permiskus, a
Ladies' Man down to the ground,
Who could boast of as many *bun four*
tunes as any big Swell knocking
round!

You remember my mentioning Loo, 'er
as faddod on pictures and that?
Well, I wasn't much took with the
Lady at fust, thought her rayther
a flat;
But, yer see, toddlin' round with a gal
always leads to the old sort o'
lunes.
And, by time she was ready for home,
I began to feel precious like
spoons.

Thinks I—"She has bees in 'er bon-
net, of that there is not the least
doubt,
But when she is once fairly spliced, all
that nonsense can soon be knocked
out.

She is pooty, her gaffer's got tin—mine's dead nuts on the notion. Here goes!"
Yus, that's jest 'ow I argued the matter, and that's 'ow I came to perpose.

I felt certain she'd jump at me, CHARLIE—pops only come once in a while—
But she opens her optics, and skews her pink lips in a rum sort of smile.
"Why, 'ARRY," she sez, "I shan't suit you; a barmaid is more in *your* way;
I haven't a taste you can share, and can't understand half what you say."

I thought she was larking, 'u course, and so tipping my knowingest wink,
Tried a kiss—but it didn't come off; s'help me, CHARLIE, the gal *seemed to shrink*,
Jest as if I was something unpleasant,—me, CHARLIE, the pet o' the fair,
With my handkercher smothered in musk, and fresh lemon-pommade on my 'air!

Yus, she give me the mitter; and why? Jest becos—so I learnt from my dad—
I was not *educated* enough, but too much of the loud Cockney Cad;
Haden't neither good sense nor good feeling, was spoilt by cheap scorn and low
slang.

And—but there, that's enough of 'er rot. I 'ave done with 'er—let 'er go 'ang!

Redikulus, my boy, ain't it? And no doubt you'll be tempted to larf;
But I tell you, dear boy, these 'ere women is getting too uppish by arf.
Education's the cuss o' these times; real smartness gits shoved to the wall;
And if *gals* is to go in for learning, *we* soon shan't be in it at all.

Education? Yabba! What the doose do *we* want with yer Science and Art?
The right thing to do with a kid is to bring him up leary and smart.
If a chap knows his way about town, and can balance his betting-book well,
Mathematticks and Jography's rot he may leave to the Sap and the Swell.

As for gals, too much knowledge jest spiles 'em. You teach a mere moke Park-
ack paces,

And then put the brute in a barrer; it's bound to kick over the traces.
And so, if we men let the women go stufin' their brain-pans, you'll see
They'll round on us, CHARLIE, they'll round on us, jest as that Loo did on me.

I see it a comin', my pippin, yer Girtons, and Art Schools, and such,
Teach the women to take the men's measure, and that's jest a trifle too much.
Education has spilled all our servants, and now if our sisters and wives
Gets too fine for the fireside and faggin' *we* shan't have no peace of our lives.

I don't want a wife as can paint, or pick 'oles in my grammar; no fear!
But one as can bile a pertater and keep in her own proper spheer.
A gal as 'ull larf at my jokes and look up to me. Yes, if I marry,
It shan't be a Loo by a long way—confound her!

Yours shirtily, 'ARRY.

A Smasher.

THE Cobden Club is said to be going to publish a letter written by Sir LOUIS
MALLET to Mr. T. B. POTTER, M.P., on "Reciprocity"—of course in confuta-
tion of that economical heresy. If this letter prove worthy of the writer's
name, it will be a regular smasher for the Reciprocitarians, and Sir LOUIS
MALLET will have made himself a name as a *malleus hæreticorum*.

Reciprocity might almost be said to be synonymous with pugilism; but
reciprocating nations counter with commodities instead of blows, and the Protec-
tion involved in it is, at worst, an erroneous theory of the noble art of self-defence.

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

To draw the attention of the Theatre-going Public to
what is going to happen at the Haymarket Theatre
on the afternoon of April 9th.

I'VE not got anything to say about theatres this week,
except to recommend the performance of *The Hunch-
back* at the Adelphi, where, on Saturdays, Tuesdays,
and Thursdays, when Mr. HENRY NEVILLE plays *Master
Walter*, Mr. VEZIN plays *Sir Thomas Clifford*, and on
Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, when Mr. NEVILLE
plays *Sir Thomas Clifford*, Mr. VEZIN plays *Master
Walter*. Like *Box and Cox*, Mr. VEZIN (*Box*) is always
going up stairs when Mr. NEVILLE (*Cox*) is coming
down, or coming down when Mr. NEVILLE (*Cox*) is going
up. It is a pity that this variety has not been extended
to the remainder of the cast, Mr. FLOCKTON playing
Modus when Mr. HARCOURT played *Lord Tinsel*, and
Miss LYDIA FOOTE exchanging her *Helen* for Miss NEIL-
son's *Julia*, three days a week.

SHERIDAN KNOWLES's stucco-Shakespearian play is
thoroughly popular, not on account of its theatrical
"scenes and characters," or its imitation poetry, which
never has the ring of the true metal, but by reason of its
natural comedy touches in the scenes between *Modus*
and *Helen*. Both parts require very delicate handling,
or the scenes become coarse; but, how the Adelphi
audience, crammed to the ceiling, roared again at these
scenes,—how the pit writhed and the gallery laughed.
"Gods! how they laughed!" And there is more life in
the old *Hunchback* yet than there is in many a better play.

But my special object in writing at all this week is to
ask every one who has ever taken any pleasure in the
Drury Lane "Annals" to assist at a special morning
performance to be given at the Haymarket, Wednesday,
April 9th—notice the date—by way of testimonial to
Mr. E. L. BLANCHARD, who, besides furnishing Drury
Lane with a pantomime for the last—well, I am afraid
to say how many years—has been writing about plays,
play-writers, and play-actors for nearly half a century,
and who, as a critic—

"Compelled by love of Art to damn a play,
Has ever damned it in the kindest way."

He has always detested the sin, but loved the sinner;
and while, most undeservedly, suffering pecuniary loss,
he has rather chosen to argue hopefully from the certainties
of the past to the probabilities of the future, than
to dwell on the want of common consideration which he
has met with where he should have received substantial
expressions of gratitude.

Mr. J. S. CLARKE gives the Haymarket Theatre for the
occasion. Lord LYTTON's *Money* will be the play, with
a very strong cast, and in the Club scene the Club mem-
bers will be represented by literary and dramatic cele-
brities. Mr. SANTLEY and Miss POOLE are to sing, and
Miss NEILSON is to recite.

Ah, Mr. BLANCHARD, will not "a meeting like this
make amends"? I hope so. The good old fashion of
"Author's Nights" is exploded—three of them brought
GOLDSMITH £500 for *She Stoops to Conquer*, and £400 for
The Good-natured Man—a custom, to my mind, not more
honoured in the breach than in the observance, but one
which might advantageously (for the Authors) be revived.
Let this at the Haymarket be the thin end of the wedge.
Instead of "Author's Nights" let us have "Author's
Mornings" or "Author's Afternoons"; and then, in-
stead of its being, as some might have thought, "a
custom more honoured in the breach than in the ob-
servance," it would be "his (the Author's) custom
always of an afternoon"—and so, with thanks to the
Divine WILLIAMS for both quotations, I am, Sir,

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

AN EXTRA-PARLIAMENTARY OBSTRUCTIONIST.

A CERTAIN Mr. ARCULUS, Conservative, summoned the
Mayor of Birmingham for having had him turned out of
the Town Hall because he persisted in interrupting a
Liberal meeting there. What is Mr. ARCULUS? Judg-
ing by his name, a little bow with a Conservative bent.

COSTUMED FOR THE COLD WEATHER.—JOHN BULL with
his Cape on his back!

PUNCH'S ACCOUNT OF THE BOAT-RACE—WARRANTED.



A NUMBER of *Punch* published during the Boat-Race week would manifestly be incomplete without some description of the aquatic contest of the Rival Blues. Unfortunately, however, from circumstances over which even the Sage of Sages has no control the account has to be anticipatory. *Mr. Punch* is, therefore, forced to content himself and his readers with a mere sketch of the "event," which can be filled in according to fancy. Perhaps when the race is rowed, the report emanating from 85, Fleet Street, will be found about as novel, as vivid, and as instructive as the records published by most of *Mr. P.*'s illustrious contemporaries.

FULL DESCRIPTIVE, &c., &c., ACCOUNT OF THE GREAT, &c., &c.

(By *Mr. Punch's Own Special*, &c., &c.)

At an early hour London woke in a fever of excitement, &c., &c., to welcome the day sacred to, &c., &c. The Blue Riband of the



THE MARRIAGE MARKET.

Old Bus-Driver. "Now, there's a lot o' nice girls in this 'ouse 'ere o' the off side, sir. Their 'ma dresses 'em out, their 'pa drives 'em out, and I brings 'em down young men of a Sunday, you see, and yet they don't seem to go off, somehow!"

Thames has always been the pride, &c., &c. No better proof could be found of the inherent manhood of the English aristocracy than that afforded by the fact that sixteen young *athletes* of her great old Sister Universities should, &c., &c. It has been said that the midnight lamp is neglected for the midday tubbing, &c., &c. On the other hand, statistics prove, &c., &c. Because a man can be the Stroke Oar of his University Eight, or the Captain of his College Eleven, that is no reason why he should not, &c., &c. So the captious critics who cry down muscle as the natural antagonist of brain may yet, &c., &c. OLIVER CROMWELL, &c., &c. SIR WALTER RALEIGH, &c., &c. So the bookish cynic may, &c., &c. Old England is proud of the thews and sinews of Young England, &c., &c.

At any rate London had no scruples, &c., as the morning broke and the early toilers, &c., &c. Those who could snatch a holiday in this busy life of ours, &c., &c. Of course the Ladies mustered, &c., &c. Blonde sisters with brothers up at Oxford, or brunettes with cousins at Cambridge, may have regretted, &c., &c. But for all this, &c., &c. and their eyes, &c., &c. merry laughter, &c., &c. Even the Houses of the Legislature, &c., &c. Here was one who, &c., &c. Near him his great rival, &c., &c. Happy for a day, the thought-worn, &c., &c. who can, &c., &c. Happily the patriotic contests of St. Stephen's do not clash with the strife at, &c., &c. The intelligent foreigner may have lifted up his hands in astonishment as he noticed, &c., &c. honour and strength, &c., &c. manhood and muscle, &c., &c. playing-fields of Eton, &c., &c. Waterloo, British Empire, &c., &c. The river itself was, &c., &c. Boats of all sizes, &c., &c. The barges, of course, &c., &c. But the police are never so popular as when, &c., &c. Before the hour appointed for, &c., &c. a clear course was, &c., &c. It was not a little instructive to watch, &c., &c. Law-loving people. Yes, pessimists may say, &c., &c. but, &c., &c. the Home of Civilisation and the Wonder of the World!

The critical moment now, &c., &c. A boat had been moored, &c., &c. The usual question was, &c., &c. Then, in the solemn hush of, &c., &c. the oars, &c., &c. The enthusiasm, &c., &c. The scene was, &c., &c. Old Blue *athletes*, &c., &c. Young Blue beauties, &c., &c. There was but one opinion, &c., &c.

Off the Soap Works, &c., &c. At Hammersmith Bridge, &c., &c. Before the leading eight arrived at Chiswick, &c., &c. Here a small boat, &c., &c. In vain, &c., &c. But they soon, &c., &c. Under Barnes Bridge they, &c., &c. Here the stroke of the, &c., &c. made one, &c., &c. Up Mortlake Reach, &c., &c. It was very generally remarked, &c., &c. A veteran, &c., &c. Then, as the leading boat dashed past the "Ship," &c., &c. and the all-absorbing event of the day was decided, &c., &c. The banks of the river, so crowded an hour ago, &c., &c.

There was nothing left to remind, &c., &c. Blue flag waving, &c., &c. University Boat-Race of 1879 was a feature of the past, &c., &c. had added another leaf to her laurels!

PROJECTS SUBMITTED TO PUNCH.

(Political, Protectional, Philanthropic, and Pedagogic.)

1. Project for giving popular novelists gratuitous instruction in French and Music.
2. Project for the extermination of all the savage tribes bordering upon the outlying portions of the British Empire, and their subsequent civilisation by the introduction of Christianity and clothing.
3. Project for a universal method by which teachers may be taught to teach, as soon as an agreement can be arrived at by the projectors, whether the capital to be raised for the method shall be invested,
 - (a) In assorted canes and birches, or,
 - (b) In moral influence tracts.
4. Project for compelling railway companies to invent a system of perpetual motion at an incalculable velocity, capable of being at once checked by means of an infallible brake, and to abolish human liability to fatigue or oversight, carelessness, or stupidity.
5. Project to maintain the balance of wealth by filling the pockets of fools who hope to make money with their eyes shut, from the pockets of fools who have no objection to lose money with their eyes open, to be realised by the formation of a Commercial Failure Lottery Company. Capital, eighteen millions, with a carefully devised legal machinery for making away with assets and destroying dividends.

6. Project for clothing the Negro races out of their own wool, and at the same time creating a new branch of manufacture. The Negroes to be driven down to the coast, and sheared at the hatchways of the vessels. The wool to be brought to England, woven, made up into dress-suits, returned to Africa, and sold to the Negroes.

Economies.—(1) In cost of raw material; (2) in cost of transport from the interior to the seaboard; (3) in cost of dye, as the raw material is of a natural, agreeable, and fast colour.

Results.—(a) Advance of civilisation by the dissemination of the garments, which are its highest expression in Europe; (b) revival of woollen trade and manufacture.

7. Project for a company to do everybody else's business.

INJYABLE INJIA;

OR,

NOTES AND SKETCHES OF A SPECIALLY-COMMISSIONED ARTIST.

BY

FUZZELI PRINCEPS.

CHAPTER II.

How the Specially-Commissioned received Instructions and went off, and how every one heard the Report—Arrival in India—First Adventure.



"DO you understand your mission?" said the Envoy Extraordinary, closely scrutinising my jovial and intelligent countenance.

"Perfectly," I replied, slowly puffing my fragrant Khutti. By a mere coincidence I was smoking an Indian pipe.

"The Empire is to be proclaimed," he resumed.

"And with the means at your disposal" (here he pointed to my sketch-book and box of paints) "you will have admirable opportunities of ascertaining the sentiments of the populace generally."

"You wish me to draw the natives," I remarked, quietly.

This sent him into convulsions.

On his recovery, I continued—

"I cheerfully accept the mission. In the service of my Imperial Sovereign toil is a pleasure. Hitherto I have only taken the beards of 'natives,' henceforth I will take their heads."

And once more he was seized with such writhings of laughter that I thought there wouldn't have been a single button left on his Court suit.

In brief, I arranged terms, to which, as a matter of delicacy, I make no further allusion here, except to say that there was no "promotion money," and that if I am consoled with a baronetcy, it will be nothing more than is absolutely due to me; and if I

am not, I shall be compelled to make the whole affair public, and ask whether I have been justly treated. If it's to be an Indian title, I should choose to be Sir RIL JAM JHOLLYBHOY, of Punpore. Motto "Sikh Transit."

But to return—or rather to proceed. The terms were arranged—so much down on starting, and so much a head afterwards. I was not to be limited as to heads. Of course, not for one moment did I expect that any difficulty would ever be raised on a point involving my character for honesty and veracity, or I should never have gone.

However, I had been summoned, and when a brave man, and a man, whose word is his bond, is called out,—noblesse oblige,—he must go!

Suffice it, that I went.

The day of my departure from London will always be remembered in the annals of English history, whenever they come to be written by some competent person.

I stepped on the platform, previous to entering the train, and made a few short speeches to the guards and porters, who crowded round to bid me farewell. Then the bells rang out merrily, the signal was given, there was one despairing shriek—whether from the engine, or from someone in the crowd who had fainted—(poor girl!)—I could not stop to inquire. I was away!

"India's mine oyster," I said to myself—(not a bad audience for a quotation)—"and I'll astonish the Native in his little bed."

If, in the course of this personal narrative, I am occasionally obliged to speak of myself, the reader will kindly forgive what is almost a necessity laid on me by the nature of the case. I determined to keep a journal, but finding I couldn't keep it, I sent it away, week by week, to a friend in town, from whom I expected to receive it entire on my return. Ah! that friend! First, when I came back, he denied ever having received it at all! But on being informed that a reward would be given for its discovery, he found it himself in a secret drawer, and consented to deliver it to my agent, on condition—first, of my paying the postage, which he declared I had invariably omitted; secondly, of my reimbursing him for his trouble in reading and correcting it; thirdly, for its house-room; fourthly, the wages of an extra man and a boy kept in his house for nearly a year, who had to take it by turns to sit up all night, so as not to miss a post from India; and fifthly, something for himself.

My agent agreed to these terms, and my own MS. once more came into my possession.

The reader will find here no thrilling adventures of the chase—though I was more run after than any Englishman who ever set foot on Indian soil—and but few camel's-hairbreadth escapes by flood and field; though, let me say, in all humility, that what the reader will find here, of this kind of thing, is far more exciting than the narratives of the most daring travellers, and—need I add?—infinitely more trustworthy. PENN went to America—PENCIL went to India. The first was a Quaker; the latter never quaked in his life. I am a jolly fellow, a good fellow, a kind, noble, generous, lion-hearted boy! I have been trained like the hardy Norseman, whose house of yore was on the stormy sea; and there are few things I cannot do thoroughly well, though I must apologise for mentioning these apparently unimportant details. Yet, if I don't, who will?

Not to dwell on personal matters, needlessly, I will simply say that I have seen more of India than any one man ever yet saw who was unable to be in more than two places at once, or who could not avail himself of such opportunities as were offered to me of seeing double.

Quod scribbles, scribbles!—and the terse, emphatic, hearty, impressive, familiar, idiomatic English of my jovial Journal in *Injyable Injia*, the reader will find, as it leaves me at present, unimpaired by time, unpolished by touching-up, unpretentious, unpretending. If, in telling tales out of school—in my time we were whipped for telling tales in school, when we should have been at our lessons—if, I say, in doing this I have unwittingly offended anybody, no matter who She be or He be—(a cup of nectar, Hebe, and forgive yours truly)—I humbly apologise, and hope, as somebody says in some play or other, that "no offence will be taken where none was ever intended."

If I have told how the Rajah of Hellebore poisoned two of his wives, his kind uncle, and a few relations one morning at breakfast, and how, subsequently, he himself nearly died of laughing at the effect of the practical joke on your humble servant (who was unwell for a week afterwards), I have merely repeated what came under my own observation, and what was freely talked about in the society I frequented. Such things as these are not of rare occurrence, and are scarcely considered a secret. However, should this Journal reach the Rajah's eyes—bless 'em!—I hereby apologise and hope he won't mind. He has a strong sense of humour, and no one ever enjoyed my jokes more than the Rajah of Hellebore. In the meantime, when he finds that some of his practical jokes have been made public, he may be encouraged to attempt a more daring flight of humorous fancy, which may bring him under the notice of the Imperial Government.

I have hesitated to print some of these funny stories, of which the above is a specimen, as many of them—such as roasting the Nizam's Grandmother, getting up a match between a Begum and a Bengal Tiger, to amuse me as a visitor, and so forth—were done with the best possible intentions, and my mentioning them again might be considered a breach of hospitality. If it is, I beg pardon; but I am not going back again to India, and I don't care!

As to my spelling, I choose what pleases me, and that's enough. They wanted me to remain in India and be their Draughtsman. But I said "No; I do not want to interfere with native talent; and if you have a draughtsman among you, he ought to be a Black Draughtsman." This was a side-splitter that sent twenty Begums into convulsions, and made two Rajahs roar.

But ring the bell. Up goes the curtain, and discovers Cousin Dick's Diary.

First Day in India.—Hot. Hired a servant. His name is RUMMI. He calls me *Jholi Sahib*. I understand enough Hindostanee, though

I have to brush it up a bit—and this is the first use of my brush in India—to tell him that I feel *râl jholi*. Out early with Sheikh AL EERI, the well-known donkey-driver. Caught cold. Surprised at this, as I thought there was no cold in India. Though not much of a sportsman—of course I'm certain of bagging my two hundred and fifty brace on the Moors, but on the Moors is one thing, and among the Indians is quite another pair o' shoots—I brought out my gun here just to have a shot at a *rajpoot* (a sort of wild duck, and very good eating), and anything else, that, when stuffed, might be of service to me as a model. Of course to what use I may put it, whether as a model, or as an *entrée*, depends on the stuffing.

3 A.M.—Shot a *rajpoot*. RUMMI cooked it, and—confound him!—RUMMI ate it. Evidently conscious of

having done something wrong, RUMMI disappeared. Epigram on this occasion—

RUMMI cook'd it,
Ate it, hook'd it.

After breakfast, walked about India looking for RUMMI. Sketched a *rajpoot*. Here it is:—

This is a mere sketch, but, as I do not profess to be an animal painter, I fancy it would be difficult to find anything by RIVIÈRE or ANSELME to touch it.

Nearly killed by natives, in consequence of RUMMI's having gone about, everywhere pointing me out as "the man who shot the *rajpoot*," which it seems is the Sacred Bird of a peculiar, but powerful, sect in India. Explained matters to them, but did not dare tell them that RUMMI had eaten it. Raised RUMMI's wages, and he pacified the furious populace by telling them (as he afterwards informed me) that I was a lunatic, and he was my keeper.

In this part of India they hold Lunatics in superstitious reverence, so that it was as much as I could do to escape from the fanatical zeal of the people, who wanted to shut me up in a sort of cage until they had built a temple in my honour—Heaven knows my honour's large enough for the structure—and wished to institute a new form of worship. RUMMI promised he would bring me back at some future date.

Afternoon.—Life unbearable here at present, owing to all the little Indian boys going about crying out, "Who shot the *rajpoot*?"

Made friends with RUMMI, and at midnight, having, at an enor-

mous expense, secured a *growlah* (a vehicle with four wheels and a horse), we left the town, and took our way towards Pikkah-Delhi.

At the last moment, I was very nearly betrayed, for the night-watchman, at the gate, insisted on seeing what was in the *growlah*, besides boxes and packages.

At a wink from RUMMI, I put out my hand with a handsome *tippoo* (or small gift of money) in it, and looking over the top of a box at me, he whispered,

"Who shot the *rajpoot*?"

And so we escaped, and I hope have heard the last of that.



First Day in India. Rough Sketch of a Narrow Escape on the Road to Pikkah-Delhi.

"WHO SHOT THE RAJPOT?"

I intend to enlarge this for the Academy, or exhibit it somewhere at a shilling a head. There's money in it. Everyone says so. On to Pikkah-Delhi!

WHAT HAPPENED ON THE FIRST.

RECRUITING commenced for the Royal Irish Brigade of Guards.

Somebody started (voluntarily) for Cyprus.

SPELGRAVE IDLINGTON decided to publish his Novel (in three volumes), *The Witch Lady of Weirley*, at his own risk.

The Irish Obstructive M.P.'s held a meeting, and entered into a Solemn League and Covenant not to purchase any refreshments within the precincts of the Houses of Parliament until Home-Rule was conceded by the Government.

The Khedive of Egypt dreamed that he had negotiated a fresh loan for a considerable amount in England.

TOM CLOUDSLEY sent in his great picture—"The Apotheosis of Gold"—(16 feet by 10) to the Royal Academy.

Young HASTIMAN married on £160 a year.

McSTOPPLES's Bills for the total and immediate suppression of Co-operative Societies, were submitted to both Houses of Parliament.

WALKINGSHAW, the unrivalled pedestrian, commenced his great task of hopping twice round London, the second time backwards.

SIMPLEMORE asked his butcher (Old BRISKETT) to give him his unprejudiced opinion about American beef.

Holders of gas shares strengthened each other in the comforting belief that electric lighting was an impossibility; at least, in this generation.

DICK WHEATEAR took a farm—poor soil, insufficient capital, indifferent landlord, and ground game in swarms.

Little FIPPS had his hair (thin at the top) cut, and was induced to buy a bottle of Electric Gold Balsam (5s. 6d.).

Applications were made for shares in several new Companies, including Cyprus Coffee-Taverns, Fiji Saw-Mills, and Metropolitan and Suburban Water (Lavender) Carts.

Old LAWBURY instituted an action for the balance of a disputed account amounting to £11 odd.

NINA, NONA, BRENDA, and a good many more foolish girls and women, painted—their own faces.

Numberless people, as usual, gave to beggars, became security, bought great bargains (which they did not want), lent umbrellas, made promises, ate and drank too much, read polemical *Quintessences*, wrote grievance-letters to the papers, arranged for the publication of their Poems, and contributed to Mr. Punch's waste-paper basket.





INFORMAL INTRODUCTIONS.

Apple-Coster. "HERE YOU ARE, GENTS! ALL FOUR OF 'EM SWEET AND FRESH AS CAN BE!"

SHALL SIR BARTLE HAVE A TESTIMONIAL?

As *Mr. Punch* can hardly doubt that the return to the bosom of his country of Her Majesty's enterprising High Commissioner in South Africa (if it can only be brought about), deserves and will receive, whether spontaneously, or at the small end of the wedge, prompt and conspicuous commemoration at the hands of a relieved World, a comforted Cabinet, and a grateful British Tax-payer, he would suggest an inscribed monolith on Wormwood Scrubbs, the Thames Embankment, Trafalgar Square, Whitehall Place, Clerkenwell Green, or some other equally favourite national site.

The following sketch of an inscription has been submitted to *Mr. Punch* by his Sixth Form Correspondent. If a little on the lines of a well-known classic model in the Abbey, it may, he hopes, be worth the consideration of any Committee who may take the matter up:—

BARTLEI FRERE,

PHILOSOPHI, PHILANTHROPI, PERCULSORIS,
 AUSTR.-AFRICANORUM GENTEM
 QUI NULLAM FERÈ NON TETIGIT,
 NULLAM QUAM TETIGIT NON TURBAVIT,
 SIVE FINES ESSENT MOVENDI,
 SIVE LEGES,
 PACTORUM
 CALLIDI ATQUE AUDACIS ENUCLEATORIS,
 INGENIO, IMPIGRI, IRACUNDO, INEXORABILI,
 ORATIONE, CONCITATÀ, TORRENTI, ORNATÀ,
 DOMUM REDITUM,
 EUROPA, ASIA, AFRICA, REQUIESCENTES,
 REMPUBLICAM GERENTUM REMISSI,
 VECTIGALENTES BRITANNICI JUBILANTES,
 HOC MONUMENTO
 CONCELEBRAVERUNT.

A NEW LIGHT GUN.

GENTLEMEN of the Gun Club, it may perhaps interest you to know that a French Captain, M. VASSEL, has proposed, in *La Nature*, an idea, said to have been originally conceived by M. MAREY, of a "photographic gun." As you may suppose, this invention is so named from being designed "for fixing birds in their flight."

"This gun, which is fitted with BERTSCH's automatic camera obscura, is actuated by means of a trigger, but this trigger, instead of the usual action, releases a rectangular sliding screen, which has a round aperture in the centre to let the light pass, whilst it intercepts its two extremities. Should it be desired to produce at one operation a series of successive attitudes, the construction of a 'photographic revolver' would offer no greater difficulty than the gun described."

There, Gentlemen and Sportsmen, is a kind of gun by which you may be enabled to shoot live birds on the wing without hurting them. You bring down their photographs, and not themselves, but of course it must require at least as steady and skilful an aim to photograph them as it does to shoot them, so that the sport is all the same; and as for the fair damsels who countenance your exploits by their charming presence, they would surely derive additional enjoyment from seeing you hit off the pretty pigeons without killing them.

"What's in a Name?" indeed!

If a Gentleman is unlucky enough to bear the name of "BAKEWELL," he should really *not* write letters to the newspapers in advocacy of Cremation, or see the consequence! *Punch's* obvious punsters will be set a-going, and the three extra waste-paper baskets will have to be put into requisition!

Do, Mr. BAKEWELL, have a little consideration, and recognise the obligations your name imposes upon you!

CAPE W(II)NE.—Lord CHELMSFORD's despatch of the 9th of February. —Hooked, Booked, Cooked.



“HOT PIES!”

COX TO CREW.



Heads aloft, caps all doffed, pull yourselves together, men!
With a flash, on we dash! Even with your feather, men!
Well done, Stroke! Bravo, Stroke! Call upon 'em cheerily!
One good spurt won't much hurt, though backs and arms ache wearily.
Water rough? Sure enough! What's a little wetting, though?
Stifish breeze? Better ease. If she gets upsetting though?
Let her go! Better go to Davy's locker pluckily!
Never funk! If she's sunk, we can all swim, luckily!

Nearer now, clearer now looms the goal in front of us!
Hear 'em there, cheering there! Show 'em pluck 's the wont of us!
Where 's our foe? There they go—creeping up with steady stroke.
Cut 'em out! Shut 'em out! For a spurt be ready, Stroke!
One good spin, and we win! Ours the hard-fought victory!
The pistol-crack is wafting back message valedictory!
Ended race! Splendid race! Hardly half a length to spare—
Stem and stem—us and them—fairly matched in strength, the pair!

EADY now! Steady now! All in with sweeping stroke!
Dash away! Flash away! Eight good oars keeping stroke.
Ding-dong! Swing along! Eight blue blades below the waves!
Hissing back, kissing back, gurgling, laughing go the waves!
Gliding on, sliding on, see the willows flitting by!
On the banks, in crowded ranks, see the dear girls sitting by!
Duty calls! Beauty calls! Make the good ship leap along!
With forward spring and backward swing at sixteen-arm-power, sweep along!

WEAPONS OF WAR.

FROM some recent controversy in some of the newspapers respecting the swords supplied to the British Cavalry, it appears that the steel scabbards of those weapons are so ill made that the edge of any good sword would very soon get blunted by one of them through the mere act of drawing the weapon and sheathing it. But this, if, as further appears, the British Cavalry sword will not cut, of course does not signify. For that sword a steel scabbard is as good as any other could be. In the meanwhile, the sword of the British Cavalry soldier seems to be of about as much use to him in action as if it were a cudgel or a shillelagh. Improved swords and scabbards as well seem to be needed in order that our bold troopers may smite their enemies with the edge of the sword more effectually than they could with the back of it.

EGYPTIAN BONDS AND BONDSMEN.

THE peasantry of the land of Egypt appear to be in a state of destitution perfectly disgraceful to their Misruler. Extortion, leaving them scarcely the means of subsistence, threatens to reduce the "Nile Population" to *nil*—at least, *Ex Nilo nihil fit*. Such Nihilism is even worse than that of the Russians. Talk of the flesh-pots of Egypt, when these poor Egyptian Fellahs have scarcely bread to eat, much less flesh! The peasantry of Egypt are in suffering, in more senses than one, under Egyptian bondage. The modern Egyptians may envy their forefathers beneath whose Pharaohs it was the Jews, and not the Egyptians themselves, who groaned under Egyptian bondage. The Egyptians of to-day, for the interest of the Jews, who rule the money-market, are in bitter bondage to their own Pharaoh.

A Close Shaver.

FROM a North Country paper we extract the following advertisement, from one who evidently knows how to move with the age, and is determined to cut his chins according to his times:—

Notice.—Important REDUCTION of 50 per cent. in SHAVING.
TO all who are suffering through the present Depression of Trade, and are wishful to shave twice where they only shaved once, the above reduction will be made by —, Hairdresser, Todmorden.

CIVIL AND MILITARY.

LORD CHELMSFORD, before entering on the Zulu "campaign," published a handy little pamphlet for the information of his officers and men, in which he gave rules for conducting hostilities in Africa. From the desponding and doleful tone of some of his recent despatches, his Lordship's retirement from his command seems not an impossible contingency. It would be a pity if his Lordship should carry out this intention till he has appended an additional chapter to his instructive and (when followed) no doubt useful brochure: something to this effect:—

CHAPTER LAST.—How to insure a Defeat, and how to behave under it.

HAVING carefully perused and mastered the above rules for successfully engaging the Zulus, all that now remains will be deliberately to march in their teeth.

Knowing that a strongly-fortified camp is the key and nucleus of defence against this vigilant and active enemy, the commanding officer should quietly move off with the bulk of his force, leaving the tents unentrenched, and the waggon unparked "in laager." He may, at the same time, send verbal orders that the camp is to be defended.

If the enemy presents himself, he cannot do wrong to follow him up. It will be time enough when the enemy proves himself a Will-o'-the-Wisp, whose object has been to mislead and draw away the opposing force, to treat him accordingly.

While advancing, he had better not weaken his force by detaching scouting or reconnaissance parties, and should turn a deaf ear to all such disquieting reports as that firing is going on in the direction of the camp he has left behind him.

There will be no harm if, in order to show his sense of the responsibility of his position, he, later in the day, order one of his Staff to go to the top of a hill with a telescope, and look towards the camp.

He will, of course, be satisfied by the assurance of the Staff officer "that he thinks it's all right."

If late in the evening he sees reasons to suspect that the enemy have been playing him a trick, as savages will, his best course will probably be to fall back on his camp, and should he find the camp destroyed, the stores plundered, and its defenders slaughtered to a man, it will be his duty to put up with this extremely disagreeable state of things with all the equanimity he can command.

Now is the time for extreme caution. Should there be reason to conclude that the enemy is moving off, and that he must be encumbered with spoil, the best plan will be to let him pass unmolested.

On the other hand, should he come across a handful of men who have held a position of the utmost importance against overwhelming odds for a long winter's night, he may safely "thank them very much."

After this, he should lose no time in instituting a strict Official Inquiry how the mischief has come about. Should it be proved by "supplementary testimony," (furnished by officers of his personal staff,) that the Commander-in-Chief is not responsible, and that somebody else has been to blame, all the better for the Commander-in-Chief, and all the worse for somebody else.

Having brought matters to this point, he will stand aside and wait for events.

Should the Colonists chafe, and the indignant British Lion growl, he may suggest that an officer of rank should be sent out immediately to assist him, and, if need be, to take his place. He may at the same time remember that for a very long time he has not been at all well. Lastly, should the growl of the British Lion get so loud as to be annoying, if he feels that more responsibility is being thrown upon him than he can bear, there will be nothing for it but to pack up his cocked hat and writing-desk and come home!



OBVIOUS.

Stingy Uncle (to impecunious Nephew). "PAY AS YOU GO, MY BOY!—PAY AS YOU GO!"

Nephew (suggestively). "BUT SUPPOSE I HAVEN'T ANY MONEY TO PAY WITH, UNCLE—"

Uncle. "EH!—WELL, THEN, DON'T GO, YOU KNOW—DON'T GO!" [*Exit hastily.*]

CAPE SMOKE.

WHAT if we were to condense all the South-African Blue-books and all the South-African Debates into this?—

Her Majesty Queen Victoria (per Sir Bartle Frere, High Commissioner, &c.) to Cetewayo, King of Zululand.

I DEMAND that you alter the law of your kingdom which prohibits your Majesty's military subjects from marrying, and that within three weeks from the date hereof you permit the whole of your forty thousand celibate man-slaying gladiators to marry freely, otherwise my troops will be ordered to advance and kill as many as possible of your soldiers (who must want to be married), in order to obtain this most desirable and moral privilege for them.

His Majesty King Cetewayo to Victoria, Queen of England, &c.

I HAVE received your Majesty's demand, per High Commissioner Sir BARTLE FRERE. When I am assured that the men of your Majesty's own Army are permitted to marry freely, I shall be happy to accede to your Majesty's request.

Sir Bartle Frere, High Commissioner, &c., to Sir M. H. Beach, Her Majesty's Secretary of State, &c.—(Extract).

**** "As a result of the foregoing indirect communication, our troops advanced into the territory of King CETEWAYO, and on the 22nd January, at a position named Isandlana, eight hundred British and Colonial soldiers (married and unmarried) after killing three thousand Zulu soldiers (unmarried), were themselves slaughtered, leaving some hundreds of widows and children, the burden of whose maintenance will, no doubt, be readily borne by a grateful country.

"As the inhabitants of Zululand still decline acceptance to my conciliatory proposals, I must urgently request the despatch of

AN ALIAS FOR BUTTER.

FROM a Marylebone Police Report it appears that the Slang Dictionary has been enriched if not with a new word yet with an old word bearing a new sense. A person was pulled up for selling as Butter, a mixture of that material with 40 per cent. of animal fat not Butter. This composition, sold under the name of Butter, "was said to be what was known as 'Bosh.'" Known, of course, amongst Buttermen, and not to their customers; a term of the trade: thieves' Latin. Beware of Bosh, avoid and eschew Bosh of all kinds, but particularly Bosh the counterpart of Butter. As fine words butter no parsnips, so neither can Bosh; and just now, when salt fish is in season, persons fasting on that luxury should take special care that Bosh is not made to do duty for Butter in their egg-sauce.

Experience and Wisdom.

HERE is a suggestive little cutting from a contemporary:—

"The *Daily News* correspondent at Rangoon telegraphs that it is not intended to send any ultimatum to the King of BURMAH. The policy is to wait for the movement of Burmese troops."

Just the opposite policy to that pursued by Sir BARTLE FRERE in South Africa. *Experientia docet.*

"Arms and the Man."

It is suggested by Mr. MITCHELL HENRY that the SECRETARY OF STATE should give HABRON a landed estate.

If so, he had better give him a Coat of Arms with it. May we suggest for a crest a Death's head, with HABRON on a label issuing out of the mouth, Cross-bones, and motto, *Requiescat in Pace.*

A SAW FOR THE SEASON (*see recent Weather Reports*).—March comes in like a lion, and goes out like a Nottingham lamb.

CYPRUS FOR 'ARRY (*definition à la DILKE*).—A place of more 'arms than 'elps.

THE CONNAUGHT RANGERS.—The Duke and Duchess on their travels.

reinforcements of English soldiers to take the place of their slaughtered comrades, in what will, I fear, be a most bloody and prolonged struggle.

"I regret that my views should be, as you inform me they are, in direct opposition to those of Her Majesty's Government. But I trust Her Majesty's Government will not interfere with my work, either of civilisation or of defence, in this highly interesting country.

I have the honour to be, &c.

P.S.—It would be better, if possible, to send out only unmarried men. I find there is something to be said for a force of celibate man-slaying gladiators, after all.

DON'T ALL SPEAK AT ONCE!

HERE is an advertisement to which it is the duty of *Punch*, as a "friend of humanity," to give all the aid of his publicity. But the *embarras de choix* this amiable advertiser is preparing for himself! Unless, indeed, his object is merely to gauge the heights and depths of human folly. If we could only give him the run of our waste-paper basket, he would find there are fools in the world not unlikely to take him *au sérieux*:—

COUNTRY BOARD and RESIDENCE OFFERED, thirty miles from London. A small, quiet, wealthy family, possessed of a fine, comfortable mansion, situate high and dry. The park and pleasure grounds beautifully wooded, twenty-five acres. Fine ranges of hothouses, plenty of servants, horses, carriages, cows, poultry, billiards, croquet, and other games every day. No humbug. Good suitable society the desideratum.

AWAKENED CONSCIENCE-MONEY.—The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER acknowledges the receipt of five shillings from 'ARRY, as a fine for having cut his name on a national monument.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



OUR Lord CHELMSFORD! (*Lords, Monday, March 24.*) The Duke of CAMBRIDGE can't find any trace of his alleged private complaint, as long ago as June last, that the "strain of prolonged exertion, bodily and mental, was telling upon him already."

The only strain in any letter of Lord CHELMSFORD's about that date was a strain of triumph at the happy termination of the War then just concluded, and of gratitude to the Duke for giving him such a command. Has the letter gone astray, or is the Duke oblivious, or Lord CHELMSFORD obfuscated? This point, like other points in South-African prospects and retrospects, political and strategical, still wants clearing up. At all events, as Lord CHELMSFORD had asked for a Major-General, the Duke had sent him four. What will he do with them?

Our Fleet has retired from the Sea of Marmora (as Lord SALISBURY explained to sedulously watchful Lord STRATHEDEN and CAMPBELL) because it had no longer any excuse for staying there, now that Russia's troops have retired beyond Adrianople. Russia has treaty engagements, and so have we; and there is no reason to anticipate that either mean to break them. This would seem, as ARTEMUS WARD used to say, to be "meant sarcastic" in Lord SALISBURY's mouth.

(*Commons.*)—An arrangement in black and white: Subject—Cyprus. Artists—in black, Sir CHARLES DILKE; in white, Mr. BOURKE; with extra shadows put in by Sir J. GOLDSMID, Mr. W. E. FORSTER, Mr. SAMUELSON, Sir G. BALFOUR, and Sir W. HARCOURT; lights heightened by Sir E. LECHMERE, Sir G. ELLIOT, Sir J. HAY, and Mr. McIVER; neutral tints by Messrs. BRASSEY and DODSON.

The difficulty is to say which is the true, which the fancy picture—the one *en noir*, or the one *en blanc*? Probably Mr. BRASSEY's, in which the light and shade is the most distributed, is the safest study to be guided by. Coming to the Isle of Venus without prejudice, and making the best of a good judgment, he had arrived at the conclusion that in our hands the island would certainly be prosperous: that as a place of arms it would be useless for many reasons, strategical and sanitary; that as a coaling station it might be valuable. He heartily wished we had never gone there; but being there, he supposed we meant to stay. If so, the sooner we revise our loose and hasty bargain with the Turk the better. We must resist unjust and mischievous taxation, buy out the SULTAN, spend surplus revenue in much needed improvements, make the island a free port, lay down roads, drain towns and marshes, supply public works, and plant forests—in short, work in the spirit thus condensed by Colonel WARREN:—

"You may not approve of our being here; but we have to labour to make England's name respected and beloved. Do not believe that our mission is a small and humble one. We in Cyprus have already commenced to show what a beneficent and just rule means. Syrians, inhabitants from the neighbouring countries, men from Beyrout, Alexandria, and the Lebanon are here, and have revisited their homes, which still lie under Turkish Government. These speak out their minds; and soon the clamour of the people will necessitate a change in the manner of ruling in Asia Minor. When people demand what the whole world knows that they deserve they will assuredly get it. The holding of Cyprus will be the leaven in the mass of dough. Do not let your politics stop the good work." Colonel WARREN then proceeded to speak of the foundation of schools, and concluded by saying,—"We have a pier now; our market is finished; we have planted trees, widened roads, and are working as Englishmen ought. Give us words of encouragement now and then."

So *Punch* does. He says ditto to Mr. BRASSEY and Colonel WARREN. But forced labour has an ugly look. It is un-English, because, as a rule, it is unjust and unequal in its pressure: so the less Sir GARNET WOLSELEY trusts to it, even for so good a purpose as road-making, the better. There can be no worse road even to the best end than by *corvée*.

In the spicy little professional "pitch-in" with the gloves between Sir W. V. HARCOURT and Sir JOHN HOLKER, on the legal mess we have got ourselves into, by consenting to hold the island as the SULTAN's *locum-tenentes*, till between English and Turkish law we find ourselves hung up, like Mahomet's Coffin—Sir WILLIAM got home heavily in several rounds, but Sir JOHN came up smiling under punishment.

The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER didn't see the practical good of the night's discussion. Nor does Mr. *Punch*. But that is no reason why the Isle of Venus should not find the House in a few hours of the froth from which she sprang. But why doesn't Collective Wisdom avail itself of Individual? Why don't Honourable Members engage Mr. HEFORTH DIXON to give them a lecture on the island he has taken under his pen, and so set matters to-rights as between Britannia and Aphrodite and their respective islands, for good and all.

Tuesday.—A field-night in the Lords. Royal personages as tight as preserved peas in a cannister, Peeresses in the Gallery as close set as flowers at a Horticultural Show.

The Marquis of LANSDOWNE, in a logical, incisive, searching, and unexaggerated speech, supported the indictment against Sir BARTLE FREERE, first, for declaring war against the Zulus without imperative necessity, adequate preparation, or proper authority; and, secondly, against Her Majesty's Government, for censuring without recalling him.

This was the opening of the case which, in both Lords and Commons, has occupied for the whole week the time of Parliament and the attention of the country.

Both the wisdom of Sir BARTLE FREERE's policy, and the propriety of his official conduct, are at issue. He has made war on his own hook, and has made it, the Government think, unnecessarily, or, at least, unseasonably, and, worse still, as we all know, unsuccessfully. The Cabinet had a very good case for making a Jonah of him, and they have chosen *not* to throw him over.

Lord CRANBROOK is just the man to defend a policy which looks high-minded as well as high-couraged. The Motion was a Vote of Censure, and it must be met with a negative. Sir BARTLE FREERE should have submitted his *ultimatum* before sending it to CETEWAYO, but the policy of war was defensible. Attack *might* be the best defence. The Colony regarded it in that light, though the Government didn't. They were for avoiding war, and abstaining from annexation. But even if Sir BARTLE had made a mistake, his antecedents entitled him to condonation, not condemnation.

Lord BLACHFORD said the Government had blown the right note, but had not blown it loud enough.

So Lord BLACHFORD imitated the Government, and was "inaudible in the Gallery."

Lord CARNARVON supported Sir BARTLE FREERE. That capable and long-tried servant was FREERE by name and FREERE by nature—altogether disposed to look on blackie as a man and a brother. Lord CARNARVON hoped he would not throw up



SCIENTIFIC ACCURACY.

Brown. "WHAT SORT OF LOOKING MAN IS ROBINSON? TALL MAN?"

Jones (drawing himself up). "WELL—A—NO! NEITHER TALL NOR SHORT. JUST SOMEWHERE ABOUT MIDWAY BETWEEN YOUR HEIGHT AND MINE, YOU KNOW!"

his high commission for all the Government snub. He had acted on his own responsibility, because the emergency demanded it, and he deserved credit for his courage. Let Government, after the war was over, be as firm as their High-Commissioner; take a policy, and stick to it, and not trust to "drift" ("Rorke's Drift" having, perhaps, disposed us all to put too much faith in that style of frontier-defence.)

LORD STANLEY OF ALDERLEY pitched into SIR BARTLE, his policy, and his proceedings. LORD CADOGAN defended him.

LORD KIMBERLEY said the annexation of the Transvaal was the root of the mischief, though, when it was carried out, it seemed to most people the least of two evils. But SIR BARTLE had taken the law into his own hands, in an issue of peace or war, and should have been recalled. He didn't see how he could hold office ten minutes after reading the Colonial Office despatch.

LORD SALISBURY said the criminal now in the dock was not SIR BARTLE FRERE, but Her Majesty's Government. They were to be censured for not recalling him. He had earned a wiggling, and they had given him one—but nothing to hurt him. He wouldn't resign, bless you! He knew better.

The Duke of SOMERSET with an extra dose of his comical gravity, said it seemed a queer thing the Government should be keeping a man to carry out a policy different from their own—about savage marriages, and all sorts of things.

LORD BEACONSFIELD dittoed LORD SALISBURY. If the Government had thrown over SIR BARTLE FRERE the world would have been delighted, as it always was to find a victim. They didn't mean to gratify the world, and had determined to keep him where he was, because they felt it was to the public interest to do so.

LORD GRANVILLE congratulated their Lordships on having elicited a disclaimer of the annexation policy. They should have supported their High Commissioner, or thrown him over. By censuring him and keeping him where he was they put him between two stools, and sat beside him.

On division, the Contents were 61 to the Non-contents 156, and the majority laughed the minority to scorn, as audibly as so well-bred an assembly could.

(*Commons.*)—Is the Agricultural Holdings Act a dead letter, or is it not? MR. SAMUELSON thinks it is, to judge by answers to his inquiries, and asks for a Select Committee to verify the matter. Everybody—except the Government—backed his request, from Northern Farmer BARCLAY to Southern Farmer READ; from Protectionist Squire CHAPLIN, to philosophic Sir T. ACLAND; from rabid and rampant O'DONNELL, to most correct and countryfied Col. RUGGLES BRISE;

from MITCHELL HENRY, the extra-Hibernian Galway boy, to BROMLEY-DAVENPORT, the wag of Warwickshire.

But LORD SANDON was against pulling up the plant to see how the root was getting on. The Act was only three years old. Bad times had been upon the farmers for four years. There *may* be a good time coming—for the farmers, only let them "wait a little longer."

LORD HARTINGTON was for inquiry. The agricultural shoe *did* pinch, woundily, and the Committee might find *where* the pinch was. The Act was a dead letter, and the Committee might bury it, with all the honours of a blue-book. He hoped the farmers would take a wider view of their political responsibilities and see their way to throw over their *soi-distant* friends, the Conservatives, and go in for support of the Liberals and overhauling of the whole Landlord and Tenant question.

The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER,—

"A jeer,
To his jeering gave him back."

Government couldn't be responsible for bad harvests and low prices: and there was quite enough in that way to explain the farmers' distresses, without lugging in the poor Agricultural Holdings Act.

Motion negatived by 166 to 115, and debate adjourned on MR. O'DONNELL's Amendment, which ingeniously hitched Irish tenant's grievances on to the tail of English farmers' waggon-load of woe.

Wednesday.—SIR J. MCKENNA wants to get rid of an old relic of the dark times of 1793—the "Irish Convention Act"—which was framed, it seems, to make penal all public meetings pretending to be "Parliaments," and taking in a great many more public meetings than it was aimed at.

The Government agrees to support a Bill for confining this old *remanet* of penal laws and revolutionary times to its ostensible limits; and SIR J. MCKENNA, content with this concession, withdraws his Bill.

Thursday (Lords).—LORD BELMORE brings in a Bill to transfer the Irish Synod of Divinity from Trinity College, Dublin, which has cast its sectarian slough, to the representative body of the Church of Ireland; and nobody seems able to give any very good reason why not.

(*Commons.*)—The battle of SIR BARTLE, already fought in the Lords, fought over again in the Commons on exactly the same lines, and with the same weapons. SIR CHARLES DILKE opponent, SIR M. HICKS-BEACH respondent. Why should *Punch* go over the well-beaten ground—particularly as the debate was adjourned?

MR. F. STANHOPE was blocked, by Messrs. FORSTER and GOSCHEN, in a rather cool attempt to smuggle, in the small hours, a very big little Bill for enabling the Indian Government to borrow ten millions in this country, and thereby intensify every financial ailment from which India is suffering.

Friday (Lords).—The Marquis of HUNTLEY moving for a Select Committee on agricultural distress, LORD BEACONSFIELD gave all the reasons why it wasn't likely to do them any good, and explained, much as LORD SANDON did on Tuesday, how Free Trade, by keeping down prices, may have aggravated in the same proportion the farmers' suffering from bad harvests as it has averted the suffering of the farmers' customers.

(*Commons.*)—The South-African Debate continued. Fierce assault on SIR BARTLE FRERE and LORD CHELMSFORD by SIR ROBERT PEEL. SIR HENRY HOLLAND, a friend and office-holder under the Government, obliged to go against them. Debate again adjourned. It is plain that though Government will of course have their majority, the Debate has damaged them, and perplexed not a few of their supporters. It is becoming clearer and clearer that we have made a miserable mull altogether of South-African matters, civil and military.

A Pious Wish.

(By a Modest Baronet, in his Cups—of Tea.)

"The Government are planting gum-trees in Cyprus."

THE gum-tree, rich in leaf and blossom,
Forms the home of the Opossum;
The Government soon may I see
In Cyprus safely up that tree!

W. L.

THE FARMER'S FORTUNES.

(A Fancy Picture, after reading a great deal of Correspondence on Agricultural Prospects, from the Landlord's point of view.)



HERE he sat—
"Farmer" DE
GYLES—for in
spite of the
aristocratic pre-
fix to his name,
so he was still
called by the
country people
round about the
old farm—in a
luxurious arm-
chair in his
aesthetically-
furnished sanc-
tum, gloomily
pondering over
his accounts.
He had torn
himself away
from the lun-
cheon-table,
around which
were gathered
his elegantly-
dressed wife,
and daughters,
and a few morn-
ing visitors.

"How can I drink sherry, and eat caviare, or *pâté de foies gras*, with such a weight of care on my conscience?" he murmured gloomily. "No! it will not come right! The total is less than that of last year."

"Was hast du, Papa?" asked a silvery voice, in the purest Hanoverian German. "*Du hast das Zimmer sehr bald verlassen.*"

"*Ei donc, Papa, que tu es méchant!*" continued a voice, even more silvery than the first, in French that would have satisfied the most exigent of Parisians.

"Speak to me in English," returned the Farmer, with a frown; "I am tired of your foreign tricks and graces."

"In English!" indignantly echoed Mrs. DE GYLES, who had followed her two charming daughters to their father's retreat. "What do you mean? In English, indeed! when the darlings have been taught for years by their Governess, the *Fraulein*, all the accomplishments necessary to their station."

"Oh, Mamma!" cried the second young Lady, "you really must get rid of FIFINE; her French is so *drôle*. From her accent I really believe she must be a Belgian."

"Nonsense, IRENE!" interrupted her elder sister; "FIFINE dresses hair à *merveille*! *Ich bin ganz entzückt mit ihr!*"

"You ought to be proud of them," said Mrs. DE GYLES, with a fond smile. "Yes, FITZ-RICHARD—"

"FITZ-RICHARD!" grumbled the Farmer, "until you changed my name, my neighbours called me DICK."

"What is the cause of your ill-temper?" asked his wife, calmly arranging the lace that fringed the jewelled neck-band of black velvet around her white and shapely throat. "Why did you leave us to entertain our guests? Fortunately they were pressed for time. So I ordered out the carriage to take them to the station."

"*À propos, Papa,*" cried IRENE, "the coachman tells me that the chestnut on the near side is—"

"Hang the chestnut on the near side!" exclaimed the Farmer, wrathfully.

"FITZ-RICHARD, I'm ashamed of you! Come, my darlings, your father is so strangely *revêché* this morning—" But before the indignant dame could finish her sentence, two elegantly-costumed young gentlemen rushed into the room, and embraced her.

"What, STUART and PLANTAGENET, back from Oxford and Cambridge so soon!" said Mrs. DE GYLES, fondly returning her sons' affectionate greeting.

"Well, yes," replied the elder youth, stroking his well-pomaded moustache, "the truth is, I found Christchurch rather slow, and wanted to get back to see how the hunters were getting on. How do, GUV'NOR?"

"And I," continued the second youngster, in his turn, "have asked a lot of Trinity men to put up here for a month or so. So mind, Mother, you organise a hop; the girls will help you. And, GUV'NOR, suppose we overhaul your breechloaders."

The whole family started as the angry old man rose from his chair, and pointed to two daubs of pictures representing a homely-looking farmer, with his equally homely wife.

"Do you see those portraits?" he shouted.

"Ya-as," drawled PLANTAGENET. "They ought to have been banished to the garret years ago."

"How dare you, Sir?" cried the thoroughly roused DE GYLES Senior. "That good old man was not ashamed to follow the plough, to feed the thrashing-machine, and attend to the various duties belonging to a farm. That good old lady knew how to make butter and cheese and home-brewed beer and ginger and gooseberry wine. How they would have laughed at the idea of keeping a German governess, or of moustached sons strutting about with breechloaders in their hands, or riding to hounds on expensive hunters. But they knew how to keep the wolf from the door, and to defy the competition of foreign farmers. You are looking at the pictures of your grandfather and grandmother—the makers of your fortune!"

"We have then a fortune?" said Mrs. DE GYLES, with a sigh of relief.

"No," thundered the old man, "you haven't! What with extravagance, show, and neglect, my account at my bankers has dwindled down to nothing. There now, the secret's out, and I wish you joy of it!"

The members of the family were very pale—the Ladies sobbing—the boys decidedly ill at ease.

At last PLANTAGENET plucked up courage to ask a question, "What do you intend to do, Father?"

There was a pause, and then came the words which filled the family with feelings of distress, dismay, despair.

"What do I intend to do? Why, give up this tomfoolery, and," here the voice of the old man faltered as he announced his terrible but necessary resolution, "and, in point of fact, to return to business!"

Mrs. DE GYLES and the Misses DE GYLES threw up their arms, gave three piercing shrieks, and fainted!

PICTURES (NOT YET) ACCEPTED FOR THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

Asking for More. A silly boy who has broken all his tin soldiers, requests his elderly nurse to entrust him with a fresh supply. The picture contains portraits of an eminent warrior and a yet more eminent statesman. Artist, Sir R—B—RT P—L, Bart.

The Successful Charlatan. Portrait of the Earl of B—D. Artist, the Right Hon. W. E. G—E.

The Garrulous Gossip. Portrait of the Right Hon. W. E. G—E. Artist, the Earl of B—D.

A Pair of Pumps. Portrait of Sir WILFRID L—N standing near the famous erection in Aldgate. Artist, Mr. B—ss, M.P.

The Honest Thief. Historical painting of His Highness the KH—D—VE OF EGYPT, sternly insisting upon paying the Coupons of the Unified Debt in full. Artist, Mr. R—V—RS WIL—S—N.

The Return of the Prodigal. Picture of the CHANCELLOR of the E—R making his Financial Statement. Artist, the Marquis of H—RT—NGT—N.

An April Fool. A picture representing Mr. JOHN B—LL contemplating a surplus. Artist, Sir STAFFORD N—RTHC—TE.

Though Lost To Sight To Memory Dear! View of a Scientific Frontier. Artist, Lord S—L—SB—RY.

Diogenes Searching for an Honest Man. DIOGENES, a portrait of the Artist. The other figures adaptations from life studies of Members of the Cabinet. Artist, Mr. P—h.

A Swap.

SIR BARTLE FREERE, *Roi des Zulus*,
And my Lord CHELMSFORD with his sword on,
We'll throw in, my KHEDIVE, to you,
If you'll throw us your Colonel GORDON.

A Test of Totality.

It is announced that Sir WILFRID LAWSON (assisted by some twenty Members of Parliament) is to lay the foundation-stone of a Temperance Hospital on the 8th of May. Let us drink success to the Temperance Hospital. If patients affected with *delirium tremens* are admitted, it will here be seen whether such cases can be successfully treated without a hair of the dog that bit them.

Right Hat on Right Head.

WISE Pope to give, and worthy Priest to take
The Hat, to wear which duly asks a true man;
We know the Old Man it cannot unmake,
Though there's no need of it to make a NEWMAN.



KILLING TWO BIRDS WITH ONE STONE.

Mr.
Colon
Burge
'EAR
Me
Thir
hey
(C
abu

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



MONDAY, March 31 (Lords).—It is a comfort to be assured that Colonel PEARSON's force, whatever it may be short of, has, at least, geons enough. As rumour has been asking "Where are Colonel PEARSON's doctors?" Ekowe answers by Lord BURY, "Here!" Medical Corporations and Supreme Courts both polished off, by 3rd Reading of the Bills for their Amendment. Much good may y do them—and the public.

Commons.—Government has no notion whether we are going to ul or not. "Where ignorance is bliss!"

Lord LYTTON may be in the habit of making the country pay for "wiring" to Her Majesty; but if so, the messages are private and confidential, and Government has no official knowledge of them.

Zulu debate continued under pressure. Twenty-two Liberals, said Sir J. GOLDSMID, and twice as many on the other side, had something to say, and wanted to say it. Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE said they must cut their debate according to their time. As there wasn't another night to spare, they must get to division to-night.

Mr. COURTNEY re-opened the fight. He claims the honours of a prophet of evil. All the ills—and more—which he foretold from annexation of the Transvaal have come. Encouraged by this distinct fulfilment of prophecy, Mr. COURTNEY proceeded to prophesy other unpleasant things. When we were off with CETEWAYO and his Zulus, we should be on with SECOCOENT and his Caffres, and with JOURDAIN



"MELTING!"

Stout Chairman (who feels the fire close at his back rather oppressive). "WAITER, I ASKED YOU TO BRING ME A SCREEN."

Waiter. "MASTER'S VERY SORRY, SIR, BUT WE AIN'T GOT NO SCREEN!"

Stout Chairman. "THEN, FOR GOODNESS' SAKE, TELL THE COOK TO SEND UP THE DRIPPING-PAN, AND PUT IT UNDER ME, QUICK!"

and his Boers. In fact, it was a case of "Bad begins, but worse remains behind." The motto of the head of the Government was "adventures for the adventurous," and of Lord SALISBURY, "*De l'audace, et de l'audace, et toujours de l'audace!*" Sir BARTLE FRERE was a Colonial Governor after the same type. Our only course was to retrace our steps, and undo what we had misdone; give back the Transvaal to the Boers, drop Confederation, throw over Sir THEOPHILUS SHEPSTONE, recall Sir BARTLE FRERE—in fact, sit down to the biggest humble pie ever baked in Blunderland.

"Not if we know it," said Lord SANDON. The annexation of the Transvaal had been approved on both sides the House by all but the Member for Liskeard and a handful of his own faithful band of crotcheteers. Sir CHARLES DILKE's able speech had been a speech for the prosecution. Sir BARTLE FRERE had not exaggerated the danger. His only fault was over-zeal. The letter that censured him conveyed a compliment in asking him to stay where he was. Sir BARTLE and Lord CHELMSFORD were the two leading spirits in South Africa. If one were recalled so must the other be, and who can say what that might lead to? Disasters had their good side. They stirred up our highest virtues. The House ought to rally round men who were honestly, ably, zealously, and truly doing their duty to their country and their Queen.

In short, Lord SANDON very gallantly took up the cudgels for Sir BARTLE, and argued that, on the whole, though he might have earned an official wiggling for insubordination, the House ought to have treated him as a *Billy Taylor*, and "werry much applauded him for what he had done." And so said Sir G. BALFOUR and Colonel ALEXANDER in even plainer terms. The Resolution, if adopted, would drive out of the Service strong, self-reliant administrators, and fill it with pliant officials; and the Colonel was glad Government had resolved to meet it with an emphatic "No!"

That is not the view Mr. SYNAN took of the Government's policy. It had first been a policy of trickery, now it was one of baseness and degradation. They had thrown over their instruments when they found their little game a losing one.

Mr. ARTHUR MILLS cannoned off Mr. COURTNEY on to Sir BARTLE. He admitted that the annexation of the Transvaal was a lamentable mistake, but Sir BARTLE was not to blame.

Mr. O'CONNOR POWER took the wrongs of Zululand text for a "discourse" on the wrongs of Ireland. He entered his protest against the combined crudity and hypocrisy of English policy in South Africa.

Mr. GORST didn't see why Government should regret if the House carried the Resolution. The fact was the Government could always check the war-frenzied Colony. They wanted to make the best of a bad case. BARTLE's was a very bad case. But if it hadn't been the disaster at Isandlana, they would never have had anything of a censure on Sir BARTLE. He should have carried the Resolution. It would get rid of Sir BARTLE's Fiasco without doing any great harm to Her Majesty's Government.

Sir W. V. HARCOURT said there was no fear of the Government. The Government had laid down the principle that servants who had received the severest censures should stay at their posts. Sir WILLIAM proceeded to tell Sir BARTLE and his Blue-Book, then to spit him out in a well-pointed argument, and finally to roar out a smart fire of effective epigram. The original chief was not the annexation of the Transvaal, but when we annexed it we did in Boerdom as the Boers did. Sir BARTLE's arbitration was like NATHANIEL'S delivering an ultimatum to NABOTH. He said the lands must be given back, but that the wronged farmers must not be disturbed. He stood condemned by his own words and deeds as well as by the Government that employed him. His acts were just those of a man of experience, ability, and judgment would not be committed. His despatches were alike devoid of temper, and dignity—mere special pleadings, in a charged language, in favour of foregone conclusions. The Government could no more guide Sir BARTLE than a small boy could prevent a four-year-old from rushing at his fences. He was their Phaeton. They had to look on while he set the world on fire in South Africa. The censure they had ventured to send him in praise in disguise, if actual encouragement had accompanied official reprimand. The Opposition Resolution would discharge their consciences from an intolerable burden of a policy which had brought sorrow, shame, and disaster, and which would bring neither advantage nor honour.

Mr. O'DONNELL delivered his stone smartly, and to all his strength. The Government policy had been a copy of the worst policy of the most aggressive and annexative European colonists in South Africa. The raids had been like the worst of the Bashu-Bantu. We were land-robbers, plunderers, village-burners. When we won a battle, we drove our savages from their lands, seized their property, and stole their lives. If these things were allowed to go on, we should be turning South Africa into a Slave State.

Mr. CHAPLIN went the whole British Squire on Sir BARTLE, his policy, and his acts.

The Marquis of HARTINGTON, and Sir BARTLE NORTHCOTE summed up, *pro* and *con*, the Resolution, and *pro* Sir BARTLE FRERE—for the debate had since strayed on to the ground of the High Commission's merits, not of the Government's in censuring him without removing him; and the House divided at minutes past two—246 for the Motion, 306 against. A majority of 60 is too narrow to be pleasant, in comparison with the other majorities on great party issues this and last Session.

(Don't you think, my Lord B., taking this week's Divisions all together, that the barometer wants tapping?) *Punch* ventures on a hint in this week's heading.

Tuesday (Lords).—Lord COTESLOE moves for a resolution to show how dead against us is the balance of trade. If it were as easy to set balances to rights as to state them!

(*Commons.*)—Wellington College hauled over the coals on Mr. YORKE's Motion for inquiry how far the administration of the College carries out the spirit of its foundation as a place of education for orphans and children. It was only a second attempt to take in sons of civilians whose higher parents were to help out the lower ones of soldiers' orphans and children.

The QUEEN laid the first stone in 1856. She opened with eighty orphans, and the hope.

The list of orphans still stands at the same number. There are besides 210 boys, not sons of

pay from £110 to £135, and seventy-five officers' sons who at £81 10s. are just kept with neither profit nor loss.

In short, Wellington College has in twenty-seven years from its establishment become as perverted from its original lines as Eton in four hundred. It has ceased to be what it was formed for, a military orphanage, and become a rather costly public school of the common type, with a certain number of officers' orphans on the foundation. The whole thing wanted looking into.

Mr. PLUNKETT seconded the Motion. They didn't object to civilians' sons being admitted, but did not like the civilian element ousting the military, for whom the College had been founded.

Mr. PARKER, as one of the Public Schools' Commission, would advise the House to approach the subject in a judicial and judicious spirit.

Mr. GLADSTONE, whose son-in-law, Dr. BENSON, is Head Master, naturally defended the School, its charges, and its system.

It is a pity he spoke, under what must needs be so strong a bias against a dispassionate and impersonal view of the matter.

General SHUTE defended the School with an energy worthy of a British officer; and Mr. WALTER, as a Governor, maintained that the School was a good School, and that the Governors—bigwigs as they were—did their duty in looking after it. The fact was, that the extra profit out of the charge to civilians' sons paid for the military orphans. The admixture of civil and military element was good for the School.

Lord G. HAMILTON offered inquiry by a Board of Officers and Governors. An inquiry by Royal Commission might be the ruin of the College.

Mr. YORKE said he would risk it.

Sir T. ACLAND thought the scale of living and expenditure at Wellington was too high for the class meant to be benefited. The House divided—67 against inquiry to 60 for it—a narrow squeak. Of course there must be inquiry, though not by a Royal Commission.

Then to Hypothec Abolitions Bill, Mr. J. BARCLAY doing his best in the interest of tenants to make the Bill more stringent, but without effect; the landlords, who have been unable to defeat the Bill, being strong enough to defend it.

Mr. RODWELL moved his Bills for amending the law relating to Pauper Lunatics, and that which helps, *inter alia*, to make paupers and lunatics—Public House Licensing.

Wednesday.—Mr. MUNDELLA was defeated in the attempt to do away with property qualifications for Local Authorities. Whatever may be said against this opening of Municipal Office doors without money-tickets, it lies not in the mouth of the Government to say it, as they have already agreed to the principle, and only objected to Mr. MUNDELLA's former Bill for the purpose that it did not go far enough. Now it goes further they oppose it, or let their supporters do so, and the Bill is thrown out, by 173 to 167.

Three squeaks in a week—for the 60 majority on the Zulu War was no better. Is the thermometer tending to Change?

Thursday (Lords).—After the labours of a generation and the expenditure of millions, the upshot of Lord SUDELEY's questions, Lord ELPHINSTONE's answers, the Duke of SOMERSET's comments—pithily condensed into the sweeping conclusion that our Naval Guns are defective in metal, construction, boring, and rifling—and Lord CRANBROOK's undertaking, is, that our Heavy Ordnance Committee is to be reconstituted, and our whole system of Naval Ordnance to be overhauled from the foundation! Pleasant for the British Tar *en attendant*, and the British tax-payer in futuro.

Lord LANSDOWNE wants to know more than either the Marquis of SALISBURY or the Earl of BEACONSFIELD can tell him, about the negotiations for the rectification of the Greek Boundary, in pursuance of the recommendation of the Berlin-Treaty-makers.

At present, Lord BEACONSFIELD does not give us any reason to believe that he sees a "scientific frontier" in Thessaly and Epirus. At the same time, he thinks there are modes by which a fair adjustment can be made, by which Greece may obtain all that, under the circumstances, she is entitled to, without consenting to a settlement injurious to the interests of Turkey. Fair words—but as yet the parsnips have not been buttered.

(Commons).—A full but not crowded House for the Budget. Sum and substance: things are to be let slide; no new taxation; accumulated deficit to be paid off, half in £2,000,000 next year, and £2,750,000 the year after.

Anything for an easy life. Of two evils Sir STAFFORD has chosen what all but the viciously virtuous will probably consider the least—postponement of payment rather than increase of taxation, with trust in what the chapter of accidents may bring forth to diminish distress at home and disturbance abroad.

Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. CHILDERS reserved their comments. So does Punch.

The ATTORNEY-GENERAL re-introduced the Criminal Code Bill, with the latest improvements. Henceforth all criminals will be proceeded against under this code, or some statute not inconsistent

therewith, and not under Common Law! Think of that, O buried generations of British sages of the Law, Westminster Hall, and let your dry bones stir in their graves! Sir JOHN HOLKER coolly pronouncing the *supersedes* of the Common Law in its application to Criminal Offences! No wonder the living lawyers are flustered, and talk of the House taking this tremendous dose of Reform in instalments! But they will have to swallow it; and the sooner the gulp is got over, and the fewer wry faces, the better.

Friday (Lords).—The Shaftesbury Estate is the whole wide world of suffering. The good Earl's survey to-night extended over the Indian Factory System, which is as unsatisfactory as our own was, till Short-time Acts corrected its horrors.

Lord CRANBROOK promises a Short-time Act in India.

(Commons).—More about Indian Factories. Manchester wants an utter and immediate end put to Indian import duties on her products. This can't be done summarily, but the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER consents to a Resolution implying that the present diminution of import duties on British cloths shall be admitted to be a stage on the road to total abolition—with which large admission let Mr. BRIGGS be satisfied.

Mr. FAWCETT tried hard to tie Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE tighter than he will let himself be tied in *re* Afghanistan. But he pledges himself that the perfervid genius of Lord LYTON is not to be allowed to hurry us into an advance on Cabul, without positive orders from home.

OWED TO THE SPRING.

Verse by a Victim.



ALL, rain, and sleet—
time! To this
flowerless Spring.
What bard would
sing?
It were too bitter,
too malign a joke,

That e'en a poetaster might provoke—
If any such ephemera contrive
The late atrocious weather to survive—
But spell it *Owed*, and inspiration seizes
My soul, and I'm at once a fervent poet.
'Twould take some time to mention all I owe it;
The multitudinous coughs, the myriad sneezes,
(Born of its biting blasts and bitter breezes),
Innumerable shakes, uncounted shivers,
Perpetual feelings as of frozen rivers
Making my shrinking vertebrae track,
And flowing down my back.
Item:—Six sharp attacks of influenza,
(Ai-ai-ai-atchoo!—what a wild cadenza!)
A red, red nose, which my love did not like,
Which made her young affections go on strike,
And lost me them and twenty thousand pounds;
Frighted by ruby tints and nasal sounds.
Item:—A speechless bout of laryngitis;
And several of bronchitis;
With chilblains and a hundred minor ills,
Capped by the bouncing of Doctor's Bills.
These, these I owe to Spring. Then shall I go
And write an Ode upon her? Ode—dear, No!
I hate the minx, and should like nothing better
Than to escape from being her poor debtor,
And pay, in one accumulating blow,
All that to her I owe!



SATISFACTORY.

Bumptions Old Gent (in a Directorial tone). "AH, GUARD—WHAT ARE WE—AH—WAITING FOR?"
Guard (with unconcern). "WAITING FOR THE TRAIN TO GO ON, SIR!"

[Old Gent retires.]

PITY A POOR CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.

It should have been better, yet might have been worse.

The man who of Ministers calls for most pity
 Is hard-pressed Pill-Garlic, who carries the purse,
 And has to conciliate the Court and the City.
 Ah me! *I* have ne'er been allowed half a chance
 To swell by one page the romance of finance!

On statistical wings it were pleasant to soar,
 Make a Budget as thrilling as any new novel.
 When GLADSTONE—but such sunny times are no more;
 I must painfully potter and prosily grovel.
 There is little to stir one to eloquence sweet
 In the arduous effort to make both ends meet.

No sensation finance! Well, that's all very fine.
 I appreciate safety and steady sobriety;
 Fine phrases and fireworks are scarce in my line,
 Yet a good bouncing Surplus *would* make a variety.
 I could dream of a Budget that BOB LOWE bewilders,
 And scrunches up GLADSTONE, and GOSCHEN, and CHILDERS.

That dream for the Beaconsfield régime reserves
 Remission of taxes, and surplus and glitter;
 But my course into Phœbus-like brilliance ne'er swerves;
 My Lord may plan *coups*, I'm the hapless cash-fitter.
 For his games with the Afghan, the Zulu, the Turk,
 I've to find the hard tin, and it's jolly hard work.

Your Imperial game is imposing, my Lord;
 It imposes, at least, heavy loads on th' Exchequer:
 But bad trade at home and big bounce all abroad
 Would upset the plans of a GLADSTONE or NECKER.
 What Budgets, though, *might* have been fashioned by me,
 Had fate found me place under W. G.!

This time I *did* think I had made it all square;
 I've had some strokes of luck in my favour. But, heigho!

My schemes have been spoilt by this Zulu affair,
 And my balance upset by that beastly CETEWAYO.
 Lord B. says 'twill be all serene, but as yet
 All the credit seems his—I've to look to the debt.

Heroic finance I'm not free to essay;
 The reverse would involve me in instant hot water
 With Liberal critics, in hostile array,
 Who're too watchful by half, and would give me no quarter.
 By the Zulu—confound him!—of surplus bereft,
 A safe *via media*'s all that seems left.

Ticklish treading! But bills will not look quite so large
 If I spread 'em a little and put off their payment.
 The Country might start at full sight of the charge
 For Imperial airs, and the requisite raiment.
 I leave them a handle my scheme to abuse:
 If that does not content them, it ought to amuse.

'Tisn't easy to pay for Lord B.'s little wars,
 And for giving the Afghan and Zulu hot toko,
 By a trifle of twopence a pound on Cigars,
 And a—a—ah, to be sure—a small duty on Cocoa.
 As for raising the Income-tax, that might tell tales;
 So there's only one method of trimming my scales.

I must play the Micawber, and deftly postpone,
 I am free to admit it's a rôle I don't relish.
 But I think it is safe, if they'll let me alone,
 Though a deficit does not a Budget embellish.
 'Tis not *coulour de rose*, but if things *do* look blue,
 It is mainly the fault of that—something!—Zulu!

THE GAROTTER IN GAOL (from *Pleasure to Penalty*).—Photographed and flogged.

PROOF AND POSITIVISM.—Why are Positivist dogmas like *abs* alcohol?—Because they are above proof.



UPSETTING HIS BALANCE.

MR. BULL. "BALANCE ALL RIGHT, I HOPE?"

BANK MANAGER. "IT *WAS*, SIR. BUT THERE'S THAT CHEQUE OF MR. KETCHWAYO'S, YOU KNOW—"!!

A FYTTE OF THE BLUES.



Of style and strength of limb and length,
Catch, feather, slide, and swing,
How much I've read, how much heard said,
All of the same old ring.

From morn till night, 'twixt Dark and Light,
I've steeped my brains in blue;
From one to eight—style, size, and weight,—
Have "reckoned" either crew.

Boat-race I've thought, boat-race I've fought,
'Twixt oars that are, and were
Pondered each slip 'twixt cup and lip,
That odds might more than square.

Through talk and print, through work and stint,
The day has come at last!
A flash of oars, a crash of roars—
They're there—they're here—they're past!

That Light Blue scores a hollow win,
To style plus strength is due;
But a stout stern-race helps to thin
The shadow on Dark Blue!

FRIENDS AT A DISTANCE.

Being a Brief Record of a few Winter-seasonable Visits to certain Country Houses.

VISIT THE THIRD.—CHAPTER XVIII.

At Mosthyn Dickie's—After Dinner—His Difficulties—Denson, Junior—A Happy Father—The Real Facts—Conclusion for the Present.

AFTER dinner the conversation turns on the advantages of the Country over Town.

Every one congratulates MOSTHYN DICKIE on his being in the Country, which is questionable as a compliment, as his visitors reside in Town.

MR. DENSON—whose son occupies himself in demolishing the dessert in a quiet, but determined manner—observes—

"Well, you must find great benefit from your farm?"

"My farm!" exclaims MOSTHYN DICKIE, throwing up his hands, as if in utter astonishment at the existence of any person capable of venturing such a remark, "My farm! Why, my dear fellow, I get nothing from it—absolutely nothing!"

Not knowing much about agricultural matters generally, but being always ready to learn, I inquire, in a comparatively off-hand manner—

"But you keep cows, don't you?"

After saying cows, it occurs to me that I ought to have said "bullocks." Before I can move an amendment, that the words, "and bullocks" be inserted. MOSTHYN DICKIE retorts—

"Well, my dear fellow, and what am I to get from cows?"

I consider. To reply, "Milk," seems absurd; and yet, what is he to get from cows, if not milk? It can't be eggs; and it certainly isn't mutton. There's cream; but he must have the milk first.

Everyone is silent. MOSTHYN DICKIE has clearly put a poser. "What is he to get from cows?" Nobody seems to know. Or if everybody knows, no one likes to make the evident answer, "Milk."

Young DENSON Junior, who has just emptied a dish of almonds and raisins, says, sullenly, "Calves!"

His father stares at him, much as Balaam must have stared at his donkey when it gave him a bit of its mind; then he looks round with a supremely proud smile, as much as to say "There's a boy! Ain't he wonderful! He'll get on—he will! Only give him a chance!"

"Well," returns MOSTHYN DICKIE, as though not quite prepared to admit the entire truth of the proposition. "Well—yes—calves. And how many calves?"

"Depends on the cows," says DENSON Junior, taking a large bite out of an apple.

His father is immensely delighted with his boy. What a career is not before him? What obstacle is there that DENSON Junior will not overcome? It is of such stuff as this that Chancellors are made, for Chancellors have been boys once, eaten almonds, raisins, and apples, and been none the worse for it—intellectually.

MOSTHYN DICKIE surveys the youth through his spectacles. He is pleased—evidently pleased.

"He's right," he says, turning to DENSON, (who is immensely gratified, and at once assumes such an air of superiority as is intended to convey that "This is the style of son I bring up—it's all my doing—I'm his clever father—his good, kind, clever father, Gentlemen!")—"He's right," says MOSTHYN DICKIE—"there are calves—lots of 'em. But do I ever see any veal? No. Not a ha'porth! I have to buy my veal. Do I get anything by my calves? Not a penny!"

"But you sell them?" I suggest.

"Sell them! No, they sell me!" he retorts. Whereat we all laugh except the boy DENSON, who is now hard at work sucking viciously at an orange. Evidently, whatever young DENSON goes in for, he gives all his mind to. All his mind is now in the orange.

A shade passes over his father's countenance. In his system of education he has forgotten to instruct his son when to laugh, with whom to laugh, and at whom to laugh. If DENSON Senior could kick DENSON Junior under the table, I fancy, from DENSON Senior's expression of countenance, he would do it now—with a will.

When we have all recovered, MOSTHYN DICKIE continues,

"My good Sir"—this to us all collectively, as one man—"I have about fifty cows, and I never get any cream, except what I buy, and then I pay more than any one else for it—and I never get any milk. Somebody buys it and allows me for it—that's what I'm told—but what I'm allowed for it I'm hanged if I know. They tell me my butcher 'allows me' for the calves. All I can see is that he 'allows me' to sell them to him for something less than he'd get 'em elsewhere."

"But how about chickens?" I ask, having a vague idea on the subject of poultry generally. My knowledge is limited to the outside of a shilling book entitled *How to Make Poultry Pay*. Personally I can't conceive poultry paying anything, unless they are a very wealthy sort like Guinea Fowls. But this suggestion would be levity.

"Chickens!" replies MOSTHYN DICKIE, smiling with quiet contempt at the very idea. "Chickens! I never see a chicken. Never. I've about a hundred and fifty, and I never get any eggs. When I want a fresh egg I have to buy it, and each egg in the country costs me double what it used to in town. Why," he continues, "I never get a spring chicken till nearly Michaelmas day. That's not spring, eh?"

No, he is right, Michaelmas is not spring, and it is the time for geese—not chickens. But I remark at all events in the matter of vegetables the country does offer advantages—

He interrupts me at once. "What advantages?"

Well, on the spur of the moment, I don't know. But say "growing them and getting them fresh."

He shakes his head vehemently. Clearly I know nothing about it. Why of all the deceptive things in the country, growing fresh vegetables is about the most deceptive. "You can't," he says, "rely on vegetables." Soil, seasons, frost, blight, insects, birds,—in fact, everything animate or inanimate is against the entire vegetable tribe. I am staggered. If this is so, then a potato is a priceless gem, and its successful growth almost a miracle. Clearly "there is more in Heaven (birds, storms, frost, &c.), and earth (slugs, insects, and soil), *Horatio*, than is dreamt of in my (Cockney) philosophy."

But I remonstrate. "You do grow them, and you don't get them



A CHOICE OF EVILS.

Mamma. "Now, ARTHUR, BE A GOOD BOY, AND TAKE YOUR MEDICINE, OR MAMMA WILL BE VERY ANGRY!"

Arthur (after mature deliberation). "I WOULD RATHER MAMMA WAS VERY ANGRY!"

second-hand." It strikes me I never have heard of a second-hand cabbage, for example.

"I do grow them," he says; "but I can't get the gardener to give them me when I want them. My potatoes are all old before they're new. And as to cucumbers—it takes him half a year to grow one; and when all the asparagus is finished in London, then my gardener triumphantly produces a bundle as a treat."

This does not sound encouraging. But get MOSTHYN DICKIE alone and walking round his farm and about his grounds, and splendid wall-fruit and kitchen garden, where everything is admirably kept—"I don't want 'em kept," he says, "I want 'em for use,"—and then I hear quite another tale. Offer him so much down to leave the place, with another ready to go into. Would he accept? Not he. Offer any one of his servants from the bailiff downwards, double the wages to enter somebody else's service, would they accept? Not they.

I see baskets of eggs in the house, pans of cream in the dairy, sheep, cows, bullocks, enough to provide a garrison for six months. MOSTHYN DICKIE has his grumble—he thinks it does good; in fact, I believe that he—the kindest and most generous of masters—absolutely fancies himself a martinet who has his eye everywhere, and knows, to the fraction of a wine-glass or an egg, what goes on in the house or out of it.

But his plan with his employes is really Dr. ARNOLD's Rugby system with the Sixth Form. They are all on their honour, as it were. They have an excellent employer, and the youngest servant in the place has been with MOSTHYN DICKIE at least ten years. But MOSTHYN DICKIE was born to protest against everything. Fate had called him MOSTHYN DICKIE, when he ought to have been DICKY MOSTHYN—and there's an end of it.

It is the very perfection of a house to stop at—and this being the case—

Happy Thought.—Stop here for the present—and so winter having, I hope, passed away, I conclude this series of *Friends at a Distance*.

THE MARKED MAN.

(A Song of the "Black Book," by a Gool Bird.)

'Im as is spoony on a gal,
Wot hacts of foolishness 'e'll do!
These here blue letters by a pal
Was done in wot they call "tattoo."

A fish, a hanker, and a 'art,
The hembelm of my hammerus flame;
And Cupig runnin' of 'is dart
Through MARY, which it wos her name.

It ain't no good, recourse to fiction;
Yer can't plead fust offence no more,
Wen many and many a past conviction
Agin yer name is hon the score.

Wasn't I hall-marked but too plain,
With two cock heyes and nose awry?
My skin for hever thus to stain
O wot a blessed fool wos I!

'Ow could a prig be sitch a moke?
Them prints will last till my decease.
Once lagged, I am a spotted bloke—
A party known to the Perlice.

In quod the Sun you can't fight shy on,
And in your photo out you're drored:
No negative a chap can't try on,
When by 'is positive 'e's floored.

'Im as 'is photo at the Old Bailey 'as,
And, in the bargain, 'is tattooed,
Pris'n ortherities with a *halias*,
The more fool he, cannot delood!

Now penial servitude 's my potion,
My fare, wus luck, skilligolee!
Of witch I'd not the slightest notion
Wen "MARY" wos tattooed on me.

OUR PLANTS OF PREY.

THE *Contemporary Review* for April contains an article on "Carnivorous Plants." Jesters will remark that amongst these no mention whatever is made either of the Tiger Lily or the Dandelion.

INJYABLE INJIA;

OR, NOTES AND SKETCHES OF A SPECIALLY-COMMISSIONED ARTIST.

By FUZZELI PRINCEPS.

CHAPTER III.

Everything Jolly—Visits to Swells—Holkar, Polkar & Co.—Rummi on the Scoop—Khan—Can't—Difficulties—No Jolly Error—Umbrella and Hat—Whose—What Cheer—The Jolly Admiral—On ice goes again.

Next Day.—Aurora, flushed and ruddy, prepares the way for glorious Phœbus Apollo, the heavenly alchemist, in his Eastern chariot of burnished gold.* He comes like a luminous orange, brilliant, magnificent, glorious, gorgeous, superb, jolly! Such a sunrise awaited me—I was a little late, but there it was—as I turned the corner of Hydeparrak, Pikkah-Delhi. In such language (as I have above written) I described the effect of colour, through my servant, RUMMI, to the Begum of Dorajah, who archly observed that I should be called in her own tongue *agushar*, i.e. a rhapsodical poet.

But though I have my gifts as a poet, painter, author, sportsman, rider, boxer, and so forth, I don't boast; I only reply "*Me coila!*" I am a real jolly good fellow, and so say all of us, with three Indian cheers, "*Hipp! Hipp! Hippoo! Hoorajah!*"

Same Day.—Called on HOLKAR. He was delighted to see me, as

* Note from F. P. to Editor.—Here's your real classic style, eh? Something extra for this.

Editor to F. P.—Very good. A little over the heads of the Public, which prefers plain unvarnished tale.

F. P. to Editor.—Right you are! The Sun is over the heads of the Public. I don't varnish tales; I varnish pictures. No matter: shall drop the classical. "Luminous orange" is effective, isn't it? Even PARRY WHISTLER might relish this.



"NON HABET LEGES."

Shooting-Man (and Owner of Covers, who has asked a Friend from London for the last day). "OH, I SAY, I WROTE TO THE MASTER. I TOLD HIM——"

Huntsman. "I DESS-SAY. BUT YOU DIDN'T WRITE TO THE FOX. YOU NEVER TOLD HIM NOTHINK!"

we had not met since the occasion of the Prince's visit, and now I came with an introduction from *The Holkar* in England. HOLKAR couldn't attend to me himself, but introduced me to POLKAR, who was sitting at tiffin with Sir JARGE ORGHUSTUS SALAR JUNG, the Chief of the Great Oriental Record Office, a most entertaining person, who, in his own inimitable way, was telling POLKAR *tuffuns* (i.e. tales of wonder and other marvellous stories), which kept POLKAR actually entranced, with a bit of muffin in one hand, and a fork, with a morsel of pickle on it, in the other, and his mouth and eyes wide open, with nothing in either. Sir JARGE ORGHUSTUS SALAR JUNG was in the meantime enjoying himself immensely, as he found no difficulty in telling a *tuffun* and taking in tiffin at the same time.

When His Excellency SALAR JUNG had retired (leaving very little behind him except dirty plates, six shrimps, and the cruet), POLKAR's musicians, the *Pipas*, came in, for POLKAR is a great dancer, and always indulges in the poetry of motion after tiffin. They were all learning different airs on the bagpipes. I asked POLKAR if he would give me a sitting. He replied that he would not, as it would be beneath his dignity, but that one of his *Pipas* would oblige, who, thereupon, at a sign from POLKAR, handed me a seat.

I protested that this was not what I had meant by "giving me a sitting." Then he replied—he is a very stupid man—"There is English Church here, and Parson. POLKAR no Parson. POLKAR Parsee. Parsee give no sittings. Parson sell sittings. You go to Parson, buy sittings." Whereupon he walked out, in high dudgeon, accompanied by all his *Pipas*.

RUMMI might have smoothed matters for him, but somehow he wouldn't. Indeed I heard afterwards that he had infuriated POLKAR against me by telling him that "I wanted to catch his nose," which POLKAR resented as a personal insult. Indeed, had I stayed any longer, he would have had my head before I got his.

All this time RUMMI was pretending the utmost concern at the failure of my first endeavour. Raised RUMMI's wages conditionally.

[Entry in Private Diary.—Must get rid of RUMMI.]

Krammah—a small town not far from here. My friend KHAN RALI SING's house is 1700 feet high, surrounded by a grove of *squirmms* (a sort of twisted fir) twenty feet deep at least; and

though there is a gulf-stream at the back which is very convenient, yet, on the whole, we are not well off for water. Geologists tell me that at some time of the world's history, the mountains,—inhabited by tribes owing allegiance to NAVYR KHAN, an impossible fellow,—were certainly higher than the plain. Now here, in India, the mountains are themselves quite plain. But I don't understand geology; though if there were a science of good fellowship called Jollygy, I should be head swell at it, and in the chair every night.

This morning (two days after) called on the Khan of Pawtah, a stout little chap, of rich brownish black colour, rather a frothy style, and with such a head! He belongs to a peculiar sect, and the public service is conducted by a set of Priestesses called *Beandesses*, who are very popular as ministering spirits in India.

The Khan of Pawtah is a dirty sort of fellow, but I began by using soft soap with him, and, as I gave him enough of it, he swallowed it, and liked it immensely.

Old PAWTAH refused flatly to be drawn. There was no help for it, and I retired.

I fancy RUMMI has been at work here. He swears he hasn't. Shall I raise his wages, if he'll tell me the truth? Think over it. Still, if I have come here to paint portraits of the Natives, I can't return without something. If the worst comes to the worst, I shall do them in black profiles, with a pair of



scissors. Made RUMMI a handsome present of a hat and umbrella,

which I had taken by accident out of the hall, after POLKAR's party. [N.B.—Must get rid of RUMMI.]

To-day.—Asked an intelligent Native his opinion of the Imperial Proclamation and the Durbar.

He replied, "*Shamiāna, Sahib, shamiāna.*"

"I am very much of your opinion," I returned, politely, in excellent Hindostanee.

This morning crossed the Dawb country—very little of which is plain, and all the inhabitants coloured—in order to be introduced to the celebrated HEZAN ARAJAH VALHALLAH BEEGCHUM, who, years ago, had been an Englishman, but having been at an early age taken up by the Natives, had lived in tents, had accustomed himself to canvas, and become a naturalised Indian. Being naturally quick and clever, with a certain touch of genius, he at once dissented from the popular mode of worship as practised by the Hindoo and Mahomedan, and, taking a little from both, he proclaimed another prophet in opposition to MAHOMET, whom he styled EGOMET. The Egommedans hold illiberal opinions, but do not interfere with anybody as long as they are allowed to do exactly as they please. The sect has been of late years spreading widely; and it is now rare to visit any part of India without coming across some of the Egommedans, or worshippers of EGOMET. The temple is in the form of a gigantic Greek *vota*. How the Greek architecture came here I do not pretend to know—nor do I care. But whatever archaeologists may say to the contrary, here it undoubtedly is. The HEZAN ARAJAH, it is confidently hoped by his admirers, will soon be raised to the rank of full RA-JAH. It is said he paints. This may be so; but he has a wonderful complexion, his colour is striking, and, if he does paint, all must admit that he does it very well. *Ars est celare artem*. He has a taste for dramatic literature, and, in order to induce him to give me a sitting, I pretended great interest in a manuscript play of his, which he called *All Dicky; or, Cussing Richard*. This I promised him I would take with me to England, and show to some Manager. I have been as good as my word. I have shown it to several. Could I do more? Here is my portrait of the distinguished



HEZAN ARAJAH VALHALLAH BEEGCHUM. It is considered a wonderful likeness. The Valhalla Beegchum stands six feet ten, and my picture is life-size; so I do not think I shall enlarge it, unless for a travelling caravan. But that's a spec. *in futuro*; and whenever VALHALLAH BEEGCHUM may visit this country, I shall make the most of him.

Next Day.—Called at the Admiralty. Saw Admiral Sir FLOTARHOY BHOTARHOY. He is the head ground swell of the Indian Navy, which will one day be of the greatest service to the Empire. His portrait was very difficult to make, as I had to entice the old Admiral out to sea in a boat, and induce him to spin yarns, while I sat in the stern sheets making a thumbnail sketch. Had he caught sight of me at work, he would have given orders to "Chuck the Painter overboard," and a few of his too faithful attendants would have

sent me head over heels to dive for pearls in the Indian Ocean. One good pearl deserves another. And what reparation would the Imperial Government have demanded?

Simply, the Imperial Government would have been satisfied with the official explanation to the effect that,—"The boatswain having misunderstood the Admiral's orders, applied the name of Painter to the person, and not the rope, and had chucked the former, and not the latter, into the sea. For a precedent the Imperial Government is referred to *Jogbhoy Millerbhoy*, p. 102, edition 1540."

However, I sketched the Admiral, and the portrait is one of the best likenesses I've ever made, though perhaps I say so who didn't.

Day after Yesterday.—Up early, sketching. Everything goes on jolly. It's jolly hot.

Here is my sketch of the town of Pawnpore, where my uncle



POPPITPAW ABHOBMINHOY, is Political Resident, and is held in high respect by all classes. His house—the *Spandit*—is thronged from morning to night, and as for his receptions, there is such a demand for tickets, that I've known all sorts of meannesses practised in order to obtain one of them for a friend.

The above sketch has been greatly admired, and I shall, in all probability, enlarge it for the Academy, or for exhibition, and shilling a head, in some Gallery in Bond Street. I like a Gaiety. It is an appeal to the Jolly Gods. Hooray! It is startlingly unlike, and I should like to see anyone dare to offer me a thousand pounds for it.

Saturday Afternoon.—Went to tea with Sir BIGPOTTA JAMMINHOY. Made a sketch of him.



SIR BIGPOTTA JAMMINHOY ENJOYING HIMSELF.

This is one of my best pictures. I propose enlarging it for exhibition, especially on account of the drapery, which has been much admired.

If, on my return from India, the Imperial Government would like to send me anywhere as Colonial Governor—I was not going to stay long, as a *Semo-Colonial Governor*—I should be happy to accept the situation, and go out to Sir BARTLEMY PATRICK K. C. B. (K. C. B. means Kan Com Bait). I think it a good title, and wouldn't BARTLEMY PATRICK for a Show! Ah! there when the rings!

RUMMI came in to me that a jolly reward has been offered for the discovery of

man who took the umbrella and hat from POLKAR's. The position of taking an umbrella and hat from POLKAR's is death by strangulation, or poison, if preferred. Compelled to square RUMMI, umbrella and hat destroyed.

[Note in Private Diary.—Believe RUMMI put the advertisement in *The Bengal Tiger* himself about the reward. Have written my solicitors, Messrs. PETTIE AND MIEN, for advice as to how best to get rid of RUMMI. Anxiously await answer.]

A Radical Reformer's Prayer.

"MESSRS. BOLCKOW, VAUGHAN, and Co., heads of the Cleveland workers, have at last, by an adaptation of the Bessemer process, in making steel from Cleveland iron, without any cost beyond that upon the conversion of the richest hematite ores."

SEE Cleveland Pigs from flaws made pure,
By potent Bessemer coercion;
For human pigs could we secure
Such swift sure process of conversion!

COMMON LAW GHOSTS DEPARTING.



THE ATTORNEY-GENERAL, in the course of his speech on the night of Thursday, April 3rd, in the House of Commons, in introducing the Bill to codify the Criminal Law, observed:—"The code, however, although it does not contain an exposition of the law relating to every indictable offence to be found in the Statute-books, contains this, to my mind, very salutary provision—that every one who is party to an indictable offence shall be proceeded against under some provision of the Bill, or some statute not inconsistent therewith, and shall not be proceeded against at Common Law."—*Times*, April 4, 1879.

SHAKE hands, my Common Barrator!
Nor longer eye the world askance;
The law now opens wide its door
To Champerty and Maintenance.
Who knows? In time may even see
No great crime in Embracery!

Eaves-droppers may henceforth be bold,
By prosecutions undismayed;
And our good friend, "the Common Scold,"
May ply, secure, her roaring trade.
For blood from turnips none shall draw
Henceforth by screw of Common Law!

Old Common Law is dying fast,
His undefined dominions fade.
See HOLKER sounds the trumpet-blast,
And wields his Code as battle-blade.
BARRY behind, and BLACKBURN rush,
With STEPHEN and the force of LUSH.

Ye parishes whose bridges fall,
Whose highways, unrepaired, decay,
Lift up your voices, one and all,
With a triumphant "Hip, hooray!"
For prosecutors now no more
Shall lay indictments at your door!

The stirring soul who hates the night
When drowsy towns in slumber lie,
May work a fog-horn as of right,
And make dull sleep, affrighted, fly.
No longer kept in abject awe
By the large threats of Common Law!

Poor Common Law! Thy pride is o'er,
'Tis Statute now that rules the roast;
Where ghosts and bogies fled before,
Flee thou, the shadow of a ghost,
To guide, mayhap, the legal helm
Of some pale Rhadamanthine realm!

A DISQUALIFIED LEADER.

ON the word of a "SOLDIER," we have it stated, that Colonel GORDON, C.E., notwithstanding all his abilities and exploits as a military leader, "would never have been allowed to hold a Commission, or even a commandant staff-appointment in the English service; merely because he is an officer in the Engineers, and not in either the cavalry or infantry." As the "SOLDIER" naturally remarks:—

"It is almost incredible, yet strictly true, that Colonel

GORDON, who has shown his power of conquering for the KHEDIVE in North Africa, would not be intrusted with the command of a brigade, or with the office of Assistant-General, in a force of his own countrymen operating against Zulus!"

Why, everybody supposed the British Army to have been reorganised the other day; and yet, whilst engineering is now acknowledged to be of the first importance in warfare, an Engineer Officer, as such, remains ineligible even to the office of Assistant-Adjutant General. Is not this a survival from the days of "crack" regiments, consisting, for the most part, of dandies and dunces? Has Mr. BULL been dreaming of a different survival in the British Army; a new development, with a competitive struggle for existence, and a survival of the fittest? Does he now awake to find the War Office and the military authorities still tied up with red tape as ridiculously as a "SOLDIER" represents them to be?

ON A LOWE VIEW OF LITERATURE.

(By the Boy at the Bookstall.)

"Everybody knows, those lovely yellow books with the beautiful red backs—that charming binding which comes off in your hand before you get to Kilburn. They are inseparably connected in the mind of every true-born Briton with a railway journey. . . . An improvement in this direction might be to the public advantage."—Mr. LOWE at the Annual Dinner of the Institute of Civil Engineers.

BOB LOWE be blowed! My stall-mate, TAPP, who cheeks the old City chaps so, Says 'taint respectful talking in that style of Statesmen. 'Praps so; But when an M.P. goes and spouts 'bout things he's lost the run of, A man who's seen the world—like me—his bunkum *must* make fun of. Yes, seen the world. No sniggering! Don't the world by rail now travel? I tell you there ain't many things as a bookstall boy can gravel.

What I say 's Mister LOWE has missed his tip, and come a cropper; Which he does often, in a style rayther verdant, for a topper. Yellow books, with scarlet backs, that come off—you say, "instantan"— Now, really, that's the stale, stale chaff of the conventional canter; Quite in the Cockney comic style of tuppenny Timon smartness. Which you drop into now and then, for all your classic tartness. Why, bless your innocent old heart, here's TAPP and I could sell you Off our own stall a batch of books none so dusty, I can tell you. We've MILL and MALLOCK, TYNDALL, TAINÉ—stiff enough for any reader— As well as BRADDOCK, TROLLOPE, WOOD, and her BURNAND calls "WEEDER."

Then if a traveller wants to do a grind by rail, I'll venture he, Unless a "Sap," won't want to fly above *The Nineteenth Century*; Or should a sweet Blue-Stocking wish to make her spin pass lightly, She must be precious hard to please if she sneer at the *Fortnightly*. Bonus, my buffer, well-nigh all the news and *news* of London Lies on our stalls, we see the best in Science, Art, or fun done. I keep my eye upon the lot; and, for human nature, why Sir, There's precious few of its small games to which us two aren't fly, Sir. Statesmen, scholars, novelists, poets, them as thunder, them as tinkle, I'll bet you two to one that we could show them many a wrinkle.

Ladies, languid swells, and spoons, may go in for the mustard covers, But heaps of folk that ride by rail aren't tooth-pick toils nor lovers. Old business buffers read their MILL, their BAGEHOT, and their FAWCETT, You should see 'em with their wrinkled brows, their giglamps on and jaws set. Your stiff and snuffy spinsters, too, catch them with two-bob twisters! Not they; their mark is Woman's Rights and Cries of Struggling Sisters. Then gushing girls, with such rum togs, BURNE-JONES riddles all for solvin', Turn up their sweet tip-tilters, save at SWINBURNE, PATER, COLVIN; I hear the funniest things while dusting, folding, and arranging: The pretty pull-backs' chat, quite free, while their books for 'em I'm changing.

I learn to know them by their looks amidst the Station's Babel, Business, sport, science, love, high-art, there's few that I can't label. I know the fashionable fads, the sensations hot and shocking, All that pokes the parsons up, and moves the beauty or blue-stocking. Books, and pictures, jokes and journals, buyer's talk and lounge's patter, There's little takes the town but what I'm posted in the matter. TAPP laughs and cheeks; but I take notes; Society's my study; And I can tell you that your view of railway reading's muddy. It's all one-sided, much like those of that smart slogger, HARRISON, Who paints library so blue, bookstall's rosy by comparison. It's curious how such clever cards *will* lay on colour lumpy, Now all whitewash, then all lampblack, just as they feel gay or grumpy. That's how your Critics miss their mark in Science, Art, Society;

My berth would teach 'em of this Age the feature is variety. You've been down on Metaphysics, scorned the Classics, dear ROBERTUS, And now you're wiring into us. Your wigging will not hurt us. SMITH will survive it, never fear; your hits must be much neater, If you would set the times to-rights; so thinks

Yours, truly,

PETER.

IT WILL NEVER DO.

THE fatal objection to the Electric Light is that it shows things in their true colours! What a world it *would* be if that alarming result should ever come to pass, *Punch* need not waste time, ink, and eloquence in insisting.

HOMEOPATHIC CURE (for the half-drowned people of Szegedin).—WHETHAM.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



LAST spoonful before the recess.

Monday, April 17.—KITCHWAYO—Why not write that distinguished Monarch's name as it is spoken?—says he is ready to make peace, but we don't believe him. So Sir MICHAEL HICKS BEACH informs Mr. RICHARD—that respectable Quaker being as prone to put faith in the first symptoms of peaceful proclivity in Zululand as cynical officials to distrust them.

But the transports with troops have begun to arrive at Durban, and a relieving column will soon be on its way to PEARSON and his beleaguered force. Soon we may hope to have Ekowe answering more distinctly than she has lately been doing, England's anxious questions about the *Bois* and *Blues*—their gallant comrades of the Naval Brigade. "*Bois* and *Blue*" is an honoured combination of colours that all Whigs, at least, will say ought to win.

Second Reading of the Army Discipline and Regulation Bill.

Mr. S. JENNINGS is dissatisfied with its shortcomings, and wants to get rid altogether of secret Courts of Inquiry, and so moves an amendment.

Colonel ALEXANDER and Sir H. HAYDOCK, Sir J. HAY, Colonel

MURR, Major O'BRIEN, Major NOLAN, Mr. HOLMES, and Sir BALFOUR criticised the details of the Bill, from various military or pseudo-military points of view. But all these *minutiae* of comment, these *apices juris militaris*, as Sir W. V. HARCOURT puts it out, are for Committee.

Colonel STANLEY admitted that public Courts-Martial were preferable, *per se*, to private Courts of Inquiry—if the two admit of comparison, which they don't. Courts of Inquiry are investigations necessary for the guidance of commanding officers. As to Mr. BROWN's objection to the Volunteers being placed under the Mutiny Act while drilling with Regulars, Volunteers, situated, were soldiering and not "playing at soldiers," and accept this among other liabilities of the soldier's calling.

The Bill moved on to a Second Reading over the body of O'Baggy, and the House adjourned for the Easter recess.

Much good may its brief holiday do it! If weariness and mess ever earned a fortnight's "interval for refreshment" the House has earned it! May its Easter eggs prove good chickens! And may its Hot-cross buns have a good



AN EXPLANATION.

Sylvia. "I wonder what that old woman meant by saying her cup was overflowing, when mamma gave her the cold chicken."

May. "I suppose she meant her mouth watered."

compensate for their hotness and cross-ness! Poor PREMIER, he will have anything but an easy Easter of it!

Hot they come, and ever hotter, buns their various crosses bearing,
More than e'en *his* strength can carry, past e'en *his* power of not caring;
Hot-cross buns of Zululand, with KETCHWAYO's cross imprinted;
Hot-cross buns of Afghanistan, with YAKOON's cross roughly dinted:
Hot-cross buns of Roumelia, with Cross and Crescent saltire-wise;
Hot-cross buns of Thessalia, with Greek Cross and Slavic halter-wise;
Hot-cross buns of Asia Minor, with the cross in every fashion,
Armenian, Koordish, Turkish, Georgian, Kalmuck and Circassian;
Then the hot-cross buns abaking in Burmah, Egypt, all about,
Whose crosses Ministers can't brag, and don't like to sing small about,—
'Tis evident that BEACONSFIELD has of hot-cross buns his hands full,
And that *his* recess of anything but peace and quiet stands full!

EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY OF
AN (EGYPTIAN) ENNUYÉ.

Monday.—Rose to "*Rule Britannia*," from my private brass-band. Had roast-beef, plum-pudding, and mince-pies for breakfast, to which I invited the English Minister of Finance. Had a long and confidential chat with that intelligent foreigner. Explained that I loved the English, respected Queen VICTORIA, and worshipped the Lord Mayor. Informed the Minister that I had entered horses in my own name for the Derby, and desired above all things to be a member of TATTERSALL'S. Suggested a Cattle Show at Cairo in December, and a University Boat Race on the Nile. Hinted that France and England were natural enemies, and that Egypt looked to England for protection from France. Suggested that the English Minister had a right to unlimited backsheesh, and proposed a new loan. The Minister listened to all I had to say, and told me that he could only act in concert with his French colleague. Much annoyed. Courbashed my household, and kicked my eldest son.

Tuesday.—Rose to a selection from the latest French *Opéra bouffe* produced at my Opera-house. A very *recherché déjeuner à la fourchette* served up by my *chef*, to which I invited my dear comrade the French Minister for Public Works. Had a long and confidential chat with that intelligent foreigner. Explained that I admired the French, believed in all the glories of France, and thoroughly appreciated Republican Institutions. Informed the Minister that I wished to be naturalised a Frenchman, and desired to be buried in Paris as the centre of civilisation. Hinted that England and France were natural enemies, and that Egypt looked to France for protection from England. Expressed my surprise that no attempt had been made to wipe out the stain of Waterloo. Suggested that a French Minister had just as good a right to make his fortune on the banks of the Nile as on those of the Seine, and proposed a new loan. The Minister listened to all I had to say, and told me he could only act in concert with his English colleague. Much annoyed. Gave my household the stick, and kicked my second son.

Wednesday.—On waking ordered my private band to play a *pot-pourri* of Italian, Austrian, German, and Russian national airs. Sent for all the Foreign Consuls (with the exception of the English and French), and entertained them at a banquet. Had a long and confidential chat with them. Explained that I was passionately fond of German sausages, Russian caviare, Austrian dampf-nödeln, and Italian macaroni. Said that I considered it an honour to be connected with the Turk, and was, therefore, keenly interested in the Treaty of Berlin. Hinted that the Western Powers were the natural enemies of the rest of Europe, and that Egypt looked for protection from England and France, to Italy, assisted by the Triple Alliance. Lamented that the Crimean and Franco-Austrian Wars should have caused so much damage to Russia and Austria. Pointed out that France was recovering from the blow dealt her by Germany, and that England was a rival to Italy in the Mediterranean. Suggested that there would be very pretty pickings for any Foreign Consul who gave a cordial support to native and natural Egyptian authority in Egypt. Finally proposed a new loan. The Consuls listened to all I had to say, and told me that they could do nothing without consulting their

respective Governments. Much annoyed. Bastinadoed my household, and kicked my third son.

Thursday.—Got up early, and organised riots in the streets, mutiny in the Army, and a strike in the Public Offices. Sent regiments to insult the English and French Ministers, and to turn out the Members of my Cabinet. Rehearsed speeches to my troops in the morning, and practised them in the afternoon. Alarming outbreaks, which I suppressed. On restoring order, proposed a new loan. The English and French Ministers laughed in my face, and the Foreign Consuls turned their backs upon me. Much annoyed. Spent the evening and a great part of the night in kicking my household and all my sons.

Friday.—Hard at work all day apologising to everybody. Sent telegrams to Paris, London, St. Petersburg, Berlin, Vienna, and Rome, expressing my sincere regret for what had occurred yesterday, and promising never to do it again. Announced my settled resolve to follow the orders of the English and French Ministers. Embraced everybody with effusion, and proposed new loans all round. Heavy fall in the Funds. Obligated to sell for the settlement. Greatly annoyed. Courbashed and sticked my household, and regretted I had no more sons to kick, having kicked them all into the middle of last week.

Saturday.—Insulted England and France. Defied Europe. Upset everything. Declared myself independent, my policy, "No Surrender!" and proclaimed a new loan. Waited to see what would turn up.

Sunday.—General collapse! Packed up my portmanteau.

INJYABLE INJIA;

OR,

NOTES AND SKETCHES OF A SPECIALLY-COMMISSIONED ARTIST.

BY

FUZZELI PRINCEPS.

CHAPTER IV.

A Little Sport—Jolly—Turban—Rummi—Spec—Tin—Difficulty—Solicitors—More—Rajahs—Smashas—Hippodrome—Injyable Jokes—Bustahs—Local Colour—Expression—Slidodja—Early Marriages—Mehuggur—Simla—Riddle—Another Bustah—Difficulty—Forwards!

Monday.—Called on Sir JIBJEEJEE JHOKKIBHOY, who is getting up the Kilapore Fellah Steeple-Chase. A great sportsman, and a regular *Hovclah* (i.e. tiptop Indian swell) is Sir JIBJEEJEE. I advised him strongly not to ride himself. If he did, I entreated him to abandon his gigantic turban.

He's as obstinate as a mule. And the more I pressed him *not* to ride, the more he would. So what was left for me but to bet against him, and make the best out of him I could? My man RUMMI attended Sir JIBJEEJEE, and I promised him a handsome per-centage if all should turn out well. Poor Sir JIBJEEJEE!

There was a high wind blowing directly at him, and as he came at full speed, it caught his jolly old turban, which was firmly glued on to his bald pate, and literally turned his head. Had the wind veered round, with equal force, to the opposite quarter, he might have been saved, but fate had ordered it otherwise, and he fell at his third fence, with his head regularly embedded in this abominable turban. However, 'tis an ill wind that blows no one any luck; and on going round to collect my debts, I found I had made a cool *thou*, one way and another. Unfortunately, my success was discounted by RUMMI having taken upon himself the office of Collector before I began, and when I came to settle up with him afterwards, he presented me with such a list of bills, which he swore he had paid for me since I had been in Injia, that I was quite staggered; and, as they were all receipted, I could not dispute his word, and was compelled to take twenty-five pounds, ready cash, as representing all that remained to me of my winnings after payment of just debts.

Private Note in Diary.—Must get rid of RUMMI. As yet had no reply from my solicitors, Messrs. PETTIE AND MIEN.

Wednesday.—Asked BIGAWAR, the Maharajah of Chattabore, to sit still, but he wouldn't, and nearly talked me to death. I tried to fix the Rajah SHIRKAR, but having been once frightened by a photographer, he always hid himself at my approach, and my only chance was to take a one-eyed view of him through a keyhole. I found, however, that it was dangerous to trifle with SHIRKAR; as the photographer in question had been beaten to death by the *Smashas* (a sort of flat spade, with a bamboo handle, used for killing flies) carried by his attendants.

Thursday next.—Called on Her Highness BHOBEL. She is very showy, as is everything about her, and the style in which she lives "reminds me," as I observed to Rajah GHIGGELAR, "of some splendid scene in a grand spectacular drama at MYERS'S Hippodrome, which," I added, "is a Circus everyone *ad-myers*."

GHIGGELAR understands English, and screamed with delight. Then he clapped his hands, and a thousand ebony slaves rushed in, to whom he told the joke, which, I must say, is a first-rate one, and made me laugh at it myself, which shows it must be a regular *bustah*, as we say in Injia. They all bowed themselves to the earth with laughter, holding their hands to their sides, all except one man, who was immediately taken out and executed. Subsequently, it was discovered that he was deaf.

"What it matter?" exclaimed GHIGGELAR, carelessly. "Here to-day, gone to-morrow! *Don't hear* to-day, gone same day! Eh?" It was a stupid joke, but I screamed like a macaw, out of compliment to GHIGGELAR, and also remembering the fate of the man who didn't laugh at the right time. Such is life—in Injyable Injia!

Here is my portrait of GHIGGELAR. One of the best things I've ever done.



The following Day.—Followed Her Highness BHOBEL everywhere. She is a beautiful creature, but very shy and reserved. Through a grating in the palace she whispered to me,

"Me like you. You nicey-picey. Followers no allowed." I said, "O beautiful Bird of Paradise, whose eyes are like the morning star, and whose nose is like the setting sun, let me take you!"

She replied, simply, "Whar?"

"Here!" was my answer. And in less than half a jiffey I had produced pencil, paints, canvas, etcetera.

"More than head worth," she cried, pointing to her own.

"It will be when it's finished," I replied, painting away with all my might and main.

"If head seen at grille," she murmured faintly—

"There will be a chop," I interrupted, knowing the fate

of all the ladies of the Zenana, who dare to smile on anyone save their liege lord. And she *was* smiling at me like winky! But I am adamant.

"Is um stake worth it?" she asked, archly.

I pressed one hand to my heart, while with the other I dashed her eyes on to the canvas.

Scarcely had I dotted her eyes, than she uttered an exclamation of horror, and disappeared.

Behind me stood the Parharajah FROUZE-SHAH, her lord and master, a horrid old fellow, followed by his favourite, MUSTIPHA WIRZA. Their "caparisons were odorous."

I secreted my sketch adroitly, and whistled a tune. But it was a narrow escape. I have known a man strangled for less.

I caught my servant RUMMI outside, laughing. He belongs to a sect called the *Chuk-lars*. They take a cynical view of life, and enjoy the misfortunes of others.

N.B.—*Private Note.*—Must get rid of RUMMI. Wire PETTIE AND MIEN.

Saturday.—I make this, as a rule, my Sitterday—if I can get anyone to sit. A notion has struck me, which I shall try to carry into effect—Mesmerism or chloroform for sitters. Patent the idea.

This afternoon tried it on GHIGGELAR. Got the laughing-gas, and under pretence of giving him something to drink, made him inhale



it. The effect was electrical. *But he couldn't sit.* No. The laughing-gas had an extraordinary effect on him. It played "the merry blazes" with him. He danced, raved, roared, ranted, laughed, and made such a noise that all the Court rushed in to see what was the matter.

Fortunately, SLIDODJA, the chief of the Brahmins—whose duty it is to keep the sacred locks of Brahma well oiled—looked at me, and held up a rupee, unseen to the rest, to which I replied, significantly by spreading out three fingers of one hand. He understood me, and, calling for silence, he explained to them that GRIGGELAR was now inspired. They all withdrew solemnly, and I paid SLIDODJA three rupees down on the nail, and bolted. Life was cheap at the price. I don't try laughing-gas again. N.B.—RUMMI not "in it," this time. I'm getting too jolly clever by half.

Evening.—Hired a *gharry*, "which," as I said to the *Karbhoy* (or driver) "is licensed to set down one and *gharry* two."

I didn't pay for the *gharry*, but left whistling "*Gharry-owing*," while RUMMI informed the man that we should be back again soon, if he'd wait, and in the meantime he could "put it down to me."

The Rajahs generally wear slippers. They are a slippery lot. (*Sydesplittah* this. I roared at it when I first made it. Even now I can scarcely repeat it without a smile.)

Early marriages are the Cuss of the Country—not of the town. Every marriage takes place at about 4 A.M. I always get myself up in first-rate style for a wedding; but to get myself up at 4 A.M. is asking rather too much.

The wedding to-day was to take place at *Mehuggur*, which is to the Injians, what *Gretna Green* used to be to us. Here we saw several *Chits* (spinsters under forty) who had arrived, clandestinely, with their young and devoted lovers.

Well, I am quite safe here, for I cannot forget—But no matter. Oh, my heart—and Loot!! All at *Mehuggur* are "persons about to marry," and only waiting to take their turn, when the *Spisars* (the ministers licensed to marry any one—I mean licensed to perform the marriage ceremony) are ready to operate.

Drove on from *Hereweah* to a well-known spot, where I said to POLKAR, who had just dropped in (what was he doing here, the slyboots?)—

"Why is one place in Injia like another?"

POLKAR replied, "Me not know dat, Sar."

"Because," I answered—"because its *Simla*."

He had never heard it before, and bought it on the spot. RUMMI was very nearly interfering, but I said (on my fingers), "Halves!" and he held his confounded tongue.

Private Diary.—What on earth shall I do with RUMMI? I can't form him, or re-form him; I must chloro-form him, and leave him behind. My solicitors, PETTIE AND MIEN, don't answer. When I find my solicitors don't answer, I change them.

POLKAR's an ass; or, as they call him here, a *Duffadar*, which means about the same thing.

Tuesday after.—Visited the Sacred Well. The well is very deep—several thousand fathoms; and at the bottom, so they say, is The Truth hidden. Of course I couldn't get at The Truth. The pious

* From Editor to F. P.—Sir, I don't like this expression "merry blazes." Let me erase it.—Yours sincerely, Ed.

F. P. to Editor.—Dear old boy, no jolly error. The expression is quite harmless. Let you have a peck of 'em at half the price. It gives local colour. If I wrote like anybody else, what should I be worth? Eh? I won't swear that I haven't heard a very reverend pal of mine use precisely the same expression. Keep it in, or chuck it up, and then where are you, eh, my boy?—Yours heartily, F. P.

Women's Work in the Parish.

CANNY Yorkshiremen are far too far North to do anything unwise; We may therefore rejoice to learn that—

"In the Buckrose Division of the East Riding of Yorkshire the Magistrates have appointed Mrs. ANN SIMPSON as Surveyor of Roads for the parish of Kirby Grindalys, on the Wolds."

Let us hope that the influence of Woman will induce the parochial authorities of Kirby Grindalys to mend their ways.

A SEAT OF LEARNING.

IGNORAMUS says he wonders that accidents do not more frequently happen at Cambridge, where, what with Classical and Mathematical Tripos, there must be the constant danger of coming down between two stools.

A STRAIGHT TIP FOR THE SPIRITUALISTS.—The thing to lay Ghosts with:—A Spirit-Level.

JOINT OCCUPATION.—Carving at a School-table.

Showman, who is always in tears, makes a *lac per diem*, by exhibiting the well.

"Aha!" I exclaimed immediately this was told me, "That's why he is always weeping. His cry must be '*Alack and a well-a-day*!'"

All India resounds with this *bustah* (a most laughable *jeu de mot*), and Rajahs who had a previous knowledge of English are already beginning a course of instruction in order to come out with this in the best society. I am becoming famous for *bustahs*.

As the Rajahs will insist on sitting for their portraits as early as 4 A.M., I am compelled to be up at three every morning. That's the only way they can "get a rise out of me." Aha! Another *bustah*!

I thought I had got over the difficulty by sitting up all night with my servant RUMMI, who had to mix my colours and cut my pencils. I think he must have mixed my colours too strong, as I have a vague recollection of having sketched several Rajahs at once. Here's one of them, at all events:—



MY SKETCH OF RADISHAN RAJAH AFTER I HAD SAT UP TILL 4 A.M. TO PAINT HIM.

I can't quite recognise my own signature. Still, the picture is undoubtedly clever, and, when enlarged, will draw a heap of coin into the treasury of Yours Truly.

Tuesday Evening.—Just received a private note from BHOBEL. She asks me to fly with her. Not if I know it. Write back to say, "Very sorry—can't. Engaged."

I must leave this and get on, or when a slighted Injian Princess gets madly jealous, she has more than two strings to her bow, and one of 'em might be round the neck of this gay cavalier before he can say knife. Off to next place. Early.

A Duck of Ten Thousand.

We read in a recent number of the *Berwick Advertiser* that

"The Duck of NORTHUMBERLAND has promised £10,000, and the Bishop-Elect of DURHAM £3000, towards the foundation of the Bishopric of Newcastle."

We have often heard of the "Cock of the North," but the Duck of Northumberland is quite a novelty. It is a comfort to know he means to take the new Bishopric under his wing.

AN EXCELLENT SUBSTITUTE FOR "CABBAGE."—The "every-day practice between tailors and customers," confessed by one of the former, of re-supplying servants with their old liveries as new ones, and charging their masters full price a second time.

HARD WORK FOR THE EGYPTIAN BOND-HOLDERS.—To hold their Principal to his Bonds, and to get their interest out of them.

AWAITING LORD CHELMSFORD.—Victoria Cross.



AT MADAME ALDEGOND'S (REGENT STREET).

First Dressmaker. "DO YOU—A—WEAR CHAMOIS LEATHER UNDERCLOTHING?"

New Customer. "NO; CERTAINLY NOT."

First Dressmaker. "OH! THEN PRAY TAKE A SEAT, AND I WILL SEND THE *SECOND DRESSMAKER!*"

POOR FELLAH!

POOR patient victim of a grinding yoke!
Mirth at thy piteous plight repents its joke.
Since Israel's children in the self-same land,
Under the harsh taskmaster's heavy hand,
Toiled, groaning at their toil in dumb despair,
What human beast such burden ever bare,
With limbs so weak, and sinews so relaxed,
By ruffians tortured and by rogues o'ertaxed?—
O'erladen ever, whatsoever shift
Of rulers promises the load to lift.
The Turk long tortured thee; now East and West,
In cold co-partnership of interest,
Combine to crush thee with a double load.
Promise to spare the burden or the goad
Avails thee little yet, that hopest in vain
Mercy from Mammon, help from false chicane.
Pashas and politicians counterscheme,
Bondholders beg, and wily statesmen dream,
Spouters declaim, philanthropists denounce,
But is thy burden lightened by an ounce?
The lure, the lash, have they not both one end?
The bait, the bastinado, both but tend
To the same issue of more toil for thee.
But there are Englishmen who blush to see
Britons, in name, mixed with the motley league
Of grasping greed, and infamous intrigue.
Without firm footing on the side of right,
Or power unshackled with shrewd wrong to fight,
JOHN BULL's befogged; he knows not how he stands,
Mixed with the peddling plots of far-off lands,
Like GULLIVER, with myriad threads ensnared,
Reaching all ways, yet ever unprepared.
'Tis not his function freedom to oppose,
Or to strike hands with that poor Fellah's foes,—

Aid arch-rogue ISMAEL in his ruthless rule,
Or, duped by him, play the check-mated fool,
Bound in an unsought quarrel to appear,
Or to throw up the cards in shame or fear.
And yet, entrapped in Policy's sly maze,
Half-blinded by Imperialism's craze,
He knows not, hour from hour, what hated part
May be prepared for him by statecraft's art,
But loses hold on all his high traditions,
Prey to a policy of false positions.

A WORD TO THE CRAFT.

AMONG the candidates for one of the annuities in the gift of the Freemasons, under his own obscurer name of RICHARD HENRY MARSH, is Mr. HENRY MARSTON, so well-known to all London playgoers of a few years ago, as one of the leading actors in the company of SAMUEL PHELPS, during the palmy days of Sadler's Wells Theatre. In age and poverty, disabled by rheumatism from following his profession, and with a wife and daughter dependent on him, he now seeks the aid of that Masonic charity which never fails the deserving. *Punch* has been asked, as one of the perpetual Grand Masters of the Order, to urge the case on the attention of the brethren, and does so with hearty good-will, in the name of good work well done, for many a year, in the cause of good Stage-Art, in one of its worthiest and bravest enterprises.

Not so Easy.

ONE of the ceremonies at the consecration of a new Prince of the Church, is that known as "opening and shutting the Cardinal's mouth." In Cardinal NEWMAN's case, the POPE won't find it so easy to perform the latter operation. If he opens his mouth, he will do it to good purpose; and if he shuts it, it will be, not at any third party's bidding, but because he sees no good reason for opening it.

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—APRIL 19, 1879.



POOR FELLAH!



METEOROLOGY FOR THE MILLION.



AMONG Mr. Punch's Easter Offerings must be one of thanks to the Clerk of the Weather. That great functionary—one of the most important in the United Kingdom, hardly inferior in utility to the Earl Marshal, or the Lord Privy Seal—has recently made it known that "Any person may obtain by telegraph from the Meteorological Office the latest information as to the weather in any district of the United Kingdom by payment of a fee of 1s., in addition to 2s., the cost of the message to the Meteorological Office and the reply. The telegram containing the inquiry must not exceed twenty words in length, and must be addressed, 'Meteorological Office, London.'" Examples of the sort of telegram to be addressed to the Meteorological Office

were appended to this notice, purporting to come from an ideal JONES, and an imaginary SMITH; but they possessed no interest, either public or domestic.

Mr. Punch, who forecasts that a nation, the staple of whose conversation is the weather, are sure to pour in their telegrams by the thousand to the Weather Office, has drawn up a few specimen messages, all within the prescribed limits, which he hopes may be useful to those of his fellow-countrymen (and countrywomen), who wish to address inquiries to the Clerk of the Weather.

EXAMPLE I.—From Rose Eleanor Darling, *Sicansdown, Brenchamleigh, North Devon*.—"Will there be sunshine here next Thursday morning, about half-past eleven? G. laughs at me for being so superstitious." (If sunshine cannot be promised to this applicant, telegraphing on the eve of the most momentous event in her life, it is hoped that no cynical Clerk will indulge in untimely jesting about the certainty of "moonshine" following.)

EXAMPLE II.—From R. H. G. Baily (Captain of the Eleven), *Rev. Dr. Martinett, Under Norwood*.—"We want to play the 'Amalgamated Jingles' either Tuesday or Wednesday week. Which day will be the finest?"

EXAMPLE III.—From Millicent Mary Frances Hammerton, *Admirals, Bishopsleigh, Herts.*—"Mamma wishes to ask the BELLS, CHYME-ELLISES, BLISSINGTONS, and other friends, to lawn-tennis. What day do you recommend?"

EXAMPLE IV.—From Mrs. Posselchylte, 4, *Cranberry Street, N.*—"Dear Sir,—Do say whether Monday will be fine. We have a three weeks' wash. ROBERT JOHN is so grumpy."

EXAMPLE V.—From Miss Thoby, *Market Place, Wharfsmoore*.—"I am crossing the Channel to-morrow. How will the sea be? Saunders, my maid, is such a bad sailor."

EXAMPLE VI.—From Rev. Horace Pink, *Charmside Rectory, Windover*.—"Committee very anxious for splendid weather for Flower Show. Can you help us to a date between now and thirtieth?"

EXAMPLE VII.—From the Mayor of Newland-under-Edge.—"First stone of new Town-Hall to be laid, with Masonic honours, on Tuesday. Will morning or afternoon be best?"

EXAMPLE VIII.—From Major Hooper Wingham, *Four Parlours, Odbury, Suffolk*.—"Want to have a shooting-party either the second or third week in September. How will weather be then?"

EXAMPLE IX.—From Sir Hubert Fane, *Reynard's Court, Huntingdon*.—"Hounds not been out for a month. When will the frost go?"

Our White Elephants.

A CORRESPONDENT of one of the daily papers advocates the employment of elephants in Africa. We have at least one white one, if not two, there already, and the Government have several on hand elsewhere—in Afghanistan, for instance. Could not something be done with these embarrassing animals in these hard times? Burmah might take a few off our hands. The animal is highly prized there, which is more than can be said of it anywhere else.

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

A Protest in Advance—Observations—Notes and Notices—Coming Events.

SIR.—Now that the Pantomime Season—a very short one this year—is well past and gone, and the Italian Opera season is on us, I wish to record a protest.

My protest, then, is against the persistent and annually-recurring use of certain well-known Fairy Tales as the subjects of Pantomime.

Cinderella has latterly been deeply sinned against. Poor old *Cinderella*! I am sorry for her. She was—nay, she is, in herself, apart from Pantomime, a very charming, lovable person; but now I have too much of her, and she bores me horribly. Not her fault, by any means, I admit that. I own to being as much bored, and in far less time, by the eternal pictures of certain Society and Theatrical Beauties—specially those of Society—as I am by *Cinderella* quā a subject for Pantomime. I turn away from the Photograph shops where I know these Beauties, in various costumes, and often with as little costume as decency will permit, are displayed. If, when having stopped to examine certain wonderful photographs of interiors of Foreign Churches, or reproductions of the frescoes of BERNARDINO LUINI, I am suddenly confronted by the face of the lovely Mrs. OXIDE, or the Beautiful and Honourable Mrs. LANGUISHER—perhaps in fancy costume as a *Languisher Lass*—or the charming Duchess of FLIRTSHIRE, in a swing, I sigh wearily to myself, "Ah, here they are again!" and retire with a sense of injury against the shopman who has attracted me with a Madonna, and then thrust before my eyes a thing of a beauty which has ceased to be a "joy for ever."

And so I turn away from the Pantomime play-bills. Is there anything new under the gas batterns in the sky-borders? Am I compelled, if I would see a Pantomime at all, always to see some "new and original" version of *Cinderella*, or of *Jack the Giant Killer*, or of *Jack and the Beanstalk*, or of *Blue Beard*? If I go to a West-End Pantomime Theatre in London, at Christmas time, I am safe to meet one of the family—probably *Cinderella*. If, in the hope of seeing something quite different, I go to a Circus, there she is again. If I cross the water, or visit an East-End Theatre, there she is again. *Hic et ubique*! If I go out of town, and hope to find a real novelty at a theatre by the sea-side—Brighton, for example—there she is again. *Toujours Cinderella*! If between December and February I travel North, South, East, or West, and in the evening send for a bill of the play to see what is going on in the particular provincial town where I happen to be sojourning, ten to one but when the smirking Waiter brings in the programme, there stares me in the face "the New Grand Original Spectacular Pantomime, entitled *Cinderella*"—with a variation in its second title (this is where the sole difference exists)—which will probably be "*Or, Harlequin and the Little Glass Slipper, and Old Mother Hubbard in the House that Jack built, and the Seven Champions of Christendom*,"—which proves that the Author, or the Manager, intended to leave as little as possible for any rival show that might happen to start up in the same town.

At another house, in another town, will be found *Cinderella*, in quite different company. Here the title will be the "New and Original Grand Spectacular Pantomime entitled *Cinderella or Harlequin and the Glass Slipper; and Little Red Riding Hood or Jack and Jill went up a Hill; and the Seven League Boots and the Fairies of the Silver Well*." Poor *Cinderella*! She hasn't much chance when mixed up with these celebrities. But the alternative titles only serve to show how unattractive the simple story left to itself has come to be considered in the experienced judgment of Pantomime Writers and Managers.

If it is necessary to disguise her in the clothes of *Red Riding Hood*, and instead of the simple little glass slipper, to give her the seven league boots, in order to make her "go" at all, then *Cinderella's* day is o'er, and the sooner she and *Jack the Giant Killer*, and *Jack and the Beanstalk*, and *Red Riding Hood*, and *Blue Beard*, are all relegated to a *Limbo Fabularum Pantomimicarum* the better for the theatres and the public at Christmas. They need only stay in this *Limbo* for a certain space, and issue thence like *Jack and Giants*, refreshed. Let the field of nursery story lie fallow for a while. Depend upon it there are pastures new which will be found just as prolific in attraction, and which will offer plenty of space for the exercise of the imagination.

Henceforth and for many years to come, farewell, a long farewell, to the friends of our childhood, and of our children's childhood, for the youngest of the latest generation do not want to be perpetually seeing *Cinderella* at Christmas time. 'Tis not her fault, poor thing! she is more *Cind-erella'd* against than sinning. Managers, look to it while there is yet time. Reform your Pantomime Bills!! Let us have novelty. You've got nearly three-fourths of the year before you, take the question in hand at once.

The Hunchback, at the Adelphi, put up for twelve nights only, has made such a hit that it will probably continue in the bills for a



DIET.

Village Doctor. "WELL, ARE YOU BETTER? HAVE YOU TAKEN YOUR MEDICINE REGULARLY, AND EATEN PLENTY OF ANIMAL FOOD?"

Patient. "YES, SIR, I TRIED IT, AND SO LONG AS IT WERE BE-ANS AND O-ATS, I COULD MANAGE FOOTY WELL, SIR; BUT WHEN YOU COME TO THAT THERE CHOPPED HAY, THAT RIGHT-DOWN CHOKED ME, SIR!"

couple of months. Such is the glorious uncertainty of Theatrical Management; and though everything is prepared for *Amy Robsart*, she will not, in all probability, be required for some time to come.

The Spring seems to be giving quite an impulse to the theatres.

Our *Boys* make way—as a matter of politeness, *place aux Dames*!—for *The Girls*, at the Vaudeville. *Esmeralda*, brand new, brilliant and beautiful, smiles on Mr. JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD'S "Jeunesse stage-doorée;" and *Truth* is in a well of which they have not yet reached the bottom at the Criterion.

A new Burlesque on the *Lady of Lyons* is to be given at the—no, not Lyceum—at the Aquarium, and Madame SELINA DOLARO—whose name always calls to my mind the chorus of *Lillibullero*.

Laro—Laro—
Dolly Dolaro!

opens the Folly Theatre with *Les Dragons de Villars*—that's the name, I think. It looks formidable and pantomimic until you remember that the French *Dragons* are only dragoons. Success to her troupe and her troopers!

At the Court *The Ladies' Battle* is admirably played by night, and for his matinees Mr. HARE announces *The Queen's Shilling*, which is, I fancy, our old friend *The Lancers* in a new uniform—or, if the uniform is not entirely new, the buttons have been furnished up a bit. Mr. EDGAR BRUCE and a talented company will soon appear at the Royalty with a new farcical comedy, original, by Mr. SIMS (without the REEVES), and Dr. SULLIVAN'S *The Zoo* revived for the occasion. The fate of Drury Lane—poor Done-Dreary Lane!—is still undecided, but, as there is already a Court Theatre, why not re-open Drury as "The Bankruptcy Court Theatre?" Not a bad title. Commissioners in Bankruptcy to take the tickets and passes, sheriffs' officers in full uniform to replace the sentinals on duty outside, and, of course, the first revival to be, *A New Way to Pay Old Debts*. The, Drury Lane Renters could assist by perambulating London as Sandwich-Islanders carrying bills. By the way, it is a libel on the men of Sandwich—that ancient loyal port—to style the boardmen—"Sandwich-men." Poor Sandwich Islanders, poor day-boarders!—

Hereditary Boardmen! know ye not,
Who would be free themselves must strike—for wages.

But they are earning an honest penny, and diffusing useful knowledge, and, if uncertain of their lodging, they are at least provided with their board.

The Strand produces a French *Opéra bouffe*, called *Madame Favart*—of which I know nothing, and so can only observe that one may go *Favart* and fare worse; and this *jeu de mot* proving that I am in *extremis*, I conclude my enlightened remarks by signing myself now as always,

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

SUMMUM JUS SUMMA INJURIA.

THE liability of trustees holding shares for their *cestui que trusts* in companies of unlimited liability to the full extent of their own property, as well as that of their *cestui que trusts*, confirmed by the judgment in *Muir and Others v. The Glasgow Bank and Liquidators*, is no doubt good law, according to the decision of the House of Lords in *Lumsden v. Buchanan*.

That such is the law, according to the decided cases, is the best reason why the law should be altered as soon as may be.

Now that the gulf between Law and Equity has been bridged over in Courts Procedure and Forms, it seems absurd that a decision, which to the naked eye of lay reason is in the very teeth of Equity, should continue to be good Law. Let the House of Commons step in to right the grievous wrong which the House of Lords has proclaimed to be Law in the case of trustees holding shares in unlimited Banks. Better still, let it lay its axe to the root of the tree, and cut down such unlimited companies into limited ones as soon as may be, and that in the interest of creditors quite as much as of shareholders.

EXPRESS FROM LONDON TO CHELMSFORD.
—The Giant amongst military Pigmies—
Lord Blunder-bore.



FROM THE EMERALD ISLE.

Visitor. "MRS. BOBITOL AT HOME?"

New Irish Footman. "MRS. BOBITOL IS NOT AT HOME, SIR. BUT I DON'T RIGHTLY KNOW IF SHE WON'T SEE YOU!"

CAIRO-MANCY.

(*A Prophecy à l'Egyptienne.*)

THE KHEDIVE, in a commendable fit of patriotism, having announced his intention of making several personal sacrifices with a view to restoring the financial integrity of his country, *Mr. Punch* suggests the following historic forecast:—

1879. Egypt declared solvent by Act of Parliament. Departure of *Mr. RIVERS WILSON* and *Mons. DE BLIGNIÈRES*, by deck-passage and third-class night excursion train and P. O., for London and Paris. The era of economy commences.

1880. The Coptic Patriarch first seen walking about in calico on a week-day.

1881. Pensions after fifty years' service pronounced a luxury, and abolished. "*Faust*" played at the Grand Opera at Cairo without a *corps de ballet*, and with a chorus of four.

1882. General reduction of official salaries. The Ministers of Agriculture, the Interior, Foreign Affairs, Education, and Public Works, receive a five-pound note each, in full of all demands, on New Year's Day. Rise of one in Unified Stock.

1883. Progress of economical reforms. The Ministry of Finance abolished by Firman. Personal collection of taxes by the KHEDIVE.

1884. Solvency of the State inaugurated by a public banquet of *Revalenta Arabica* and Imperial Pop. Three generals of division receive an instalment on account of arrears of pay for the year before last amid indescribable enthusiasm.

1885. Popular prosperity commences. The KHEDIVE suddenly collects six years' taxes in advance, purchases five ironclads, builds three new palaces, and produces *Le Prophète* at the Grand Opera, with a full band, and chorus of three hundred and seventy.

1886. Prosperity at its zenith. Patent leather boots reappear at official receptions. The new Consolidated National Twenty-five per Cent. Loan offered on advantageous terms to a banking-house in Copenhagen, and declined.

1887. No signs of decrease in national prosperity. The use of fireworks on holidays made compulsory. Third era of new financial reforms begins. The KHEDIVE again collects personally another three years' taxes in advance, and mortgages the Nile and its Banks to the House of ROTHSCHILD after a solemn religious function by the Grand Ulema.

1888. Offensive and defensive National Alliance concluded between Egypt and Monaco. Failure of the KHEDIVE to prosecute further financial reforms. Panic.

1889. General exodus of everybody for the interior of Africa; and first appearance of the late Viceroy in Messrs. MASKELYNE and COOK'S Entertainment at the Egyptian Hall favourably noticed in the Sunday papers.

But *Mr. Punch* need not continue his prophetic research much further; the above, no doubt, being quite enough for the moment to satisfy the most sanguine believers in the astute ruler whose "plighted word" has just proved of such marketable value at Cairo, and elsewhere.

PHRASES FOR ENGLISH TOURISTS TRAVELLING IN ROUMELIA DURING THE MIXED OCCUPATION.

To be Translated into German and Russian.

I HAVE only come to see the country, and have no intention of proclaiming myself King of Bulgaria.

I do not wish to seize the Treasury, or to upset the Administration, or to raise a revolt against the SULTAN, I only want to find a respectable hotel.

The three Ladies (one of them elderly), two Boys, and the Man, are merely my family. I most solemnly declare that they are not troops in disguise.

I do not wish to take the Capital by surprise, but merely to discover a good *table d'hôte*.

I have the greatest possible respect for the Treaty of Berlin, and would not embroil the Signatory Powers in a dispute for worlds. I may say the same for my wife, daughters, sons (both of them travelling half-price as under twelve), and my servant, who is a native of Hackney.

I love the Austrians with all my heart and soul, and feel that while England and Austria are united, nothing is to be feared from Russia.

I know that the Austrians were pleased to hear of our victories in the Crimea, and that they hate the Russians as much as we do.

It certainly was delightful that the Russians should have been kept out of Constantinople by a British Fleet.

What England has done once, she will do again, when the time comes.

What! Why are you taking me to be shot?

What have I done? I had no intention of giving offence!

You a Russian! On my word of honour, I believed you to be an Austrian!

Please, Sir, let me off this time; and I won't do it again!

Extravagance or Economy?

SOME landlords have been complaining of the extravagance of the farmers in keeping Governesses for their children. But is there any domestic "slavery" as cheap as a Governess? If they had complained of the farmers keeping Cooks!

Read this from the *Daily Telegraph* of the 4th inst.:—

GOVERNESS WANTED (daily), hours from nine to six, to teach the rudiments of Latin, French, Music, and English, and to take charge of two little boys, ages six and eight. Salary, £18. Apply, by letter, &c.

And this offer comes from the eminently genteel region of the Regent's Park, too. *Punch* would be glad to know what servant in that Regent's Park household is expected to do as much work for as little pay as the Daily Governess.

AFTER READING LORD HARRIS'S LETTER TO THE DAILY TELEGRAPH.

PUNCH's advice to Australian Cricketers:—Do unto Lords as Lord's did unto you.

MIXED PICKLE.—Joint Occupation of Eastern Roumelia.

LITERÆ HUMANIORES.

(New Model.)



government art of combining "severe censure" with "unlimited confidence."

I.

To an Enterprising Architect who has improved on his instructions.

MY DEAR SIR,

It is now, I think, about nine months since I commissioned you to prepare me the plan, get out the prices, and settle the contract for the erection by a respectable local builder of an eight-roomed villa, the whole cost of which should not exceed the sum of £900. You may imagine my surprise, therefore, on going down to-day to look at the work to find that, owing, I presume, to your desire "to do something original" at my expense, you have built me a stately mansion with five Italian *façades*, a campanile, and the largest ball-room but six in London, on account of which an eminent firm of London contractors are, as I write, requesting my cheque "by return" for £10,000! Of course, as you have made this strange mistake, and the thing is built, there is nothing more to be said about it. But I must add, that I *think* you have been a little *injudicious* in not letting me know what I was probably in for. However, I have no wish to distress you by any recrimination, and am, believe me, though somewhat dazed,

Still yours with all confidence,

&c., &c., &c.

II.

To a spirited Captain who has lost his Ship through an over-sanguine temperament.

MY DEAR CAPTAIN,

NEVER mind. I am your Admiral, and can understand it all. The fact is, you know, you *would* take her in too close, though you were warned off by the charts, by every rule of seamanship, and by reiterated orders. However, it's done now, and there's an end of it; and it's no good crying over spilt

UNDER THE SUGAR.

(In the Easter-Egg Basket.)

MR. DILLWYN.—The private telegraphic correspondence of "Her Majesty and Her Viceroy" (*Imperial quarto*), handsomely bound in imitation *Russia*.

MR. RIVERS WILSON.—A saloon passage in one of the P. and O. Company's steamers from Alexandria to Southampton.

LORD CHELMSFORD.—An anti-narcotic.

SIR ROBERT PEEL.—Companion full-length *silhouettes*, in black, of a Commander-in-Chief and a High Commissioner. Fancy Portraits.

THE EARL OF BEACONSFIELD.—The new and amusing game of *Mixed Occupation*, with juggler's bag of tricks, coronet, stout-bottle, ermine, and gilded balls, complete.

THE SCOTCH TRUSTEE.—An expression of sympathy, with a request for a large cheque at present, and ruin *in futuro*.

SIR H. LAYARD.—An upper box order, for two, for the *New Babylon*.

And SIR BARTLE FREKE.—A fire-escape.

Spain and Shoddy.

ACCORDING to the *Imparcial*, Spanish newspaper, such quantities of adulterated wines have been sold in Madrid, and discovered in the Provinces, that orders to examine all wines imported from Spain have been given to the French Custom-House authorities. What next? Those Authorities, perhaps, will be ordered to examine all calico, provisions, and other goods capable of adulteration imported from England. We cannot pretend to congratulate our sherry-drinkers that English ideas, on the subject of adulteration, at least, appear to be progressing in Spain.

THE perusal of certain official correspondence recently published having suggested to Mr. Punch that even the most "complete letter-writer" may be the better for a supplement, he begs to offer a few models for the use of those who are as yet inexperienced in the new but useful Go-

vernment art of combining "severe censure" with "unlimited confidence."

Yours cheerily, &c.

III.

To a speculative Stockbroker who has ruined his

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,

You ought to have put it all into the *Times* Cents., as I instructed you. It is such a *disagreeable* surprise to me to discover suddenly that every *halpenny* I possess in the world has disappeared in a *South Sea* can mine! However, I know that the *Rio de Janeiro* *Thirty per Cent. Consols* were always a hobby of yours, and I can not reproach you. I suppose I shall have to take to a "crossing"—*mais que voulez-vous!* The brokers will be Stockbrokers. So, wishing you a great number of customers, and just a little more caution,

I am always yours most truly, &c.

IV.

To an active Agent who has been a little hasty.

MY DEAR MR. —,

I SEE that instead of announcing my intention of remitting the Spring rents, out of consideration for the hardness of the times, you have evicted me on the shortest possible notice. I think that perhaps been a slightly mistaken policy on your part, my house was yesterday evening burnt down on my head, while to-day, as I was inspecting the ruins, I have been shot at four times, and badly hit. I do not, of course, complain of this, for I am quite satisfied that you have ideas of your own as to the management of my affairs. Should anything more serious occur, I have made all arrangements that you should be communicated with by telegraph; for I am quite sure that whatever happens, you have done your duty conscientiously and energetically, if—I hope you will excuse my adding—somewhat too prompt and energetically.

Believe me,

V.

From a Secretary of State to a High Commissioner who has set a Colony in a blaze.

MY DEAR SIR,

INJUDICIOUS, perhaps. But there—never mind. Have another innings. Yours, &c.

CETEWAYO AND KETCH.

THE Zulu Monarch's name, by its lett'ring to speak, As if 'twere a proper name, Latin or Greek, And pronounce CE—TE—WAY—O, is not the right way. We are told that KETCHWAYO is what we should say.

KETCHWAYO's accounted a barbarous wretch; And his name also puts us in mind of JACK KETCH. In one thing King KETCHWAYO and JACK KETCH agree! They were both little babies once, even as we.

Ay, and both of those babies their nurses, perchance, In their arms were accustomed to dandle and dance, And hush them, and rock them, and lullaby sing, And cry "Ketchy-Ketchy" to each little thing!

OUR CONSUMPTION OF CLARET.

It is stated that our consumption of French wines in 1879 was only half per cent. of the total production of wine in France. This is well, notwithstanding any quantity that may be drunk of Gladstone.

THE COMMANDER WE ALL WISH TO SEE SUPERSEDED IN AFRICA.—General Incompetence.

WHERE THE FELLAH'S SHOE PINCHES.—Where the heel is—in Egypt!

BLACKLEGS OR BLACKGUARDS?



ANCE OF THE MINERS' STRIKE.—
Durham, Sunday Night.—The ranks of the strike hands will be swelled in the morning by the stoppage of upwards of a score of collieries. It seems that Messrs. JOICEY & Co., who have thirteen pits in the western coalfields, have kept their hands employed since the strike began, it being understood between them and their men that whatever reduction might be agreed upon by the county should

be adopted as a final settlement. During the week, however, a combination of men, known as the 'Rebecca' gang, has been formed at the village of West Stanley, and the men at work have become so alarmed, that they decided to cease work, and throw in their lot with the unionists in other parts of the county.

"A Seaham correspondent telegraphs, visiting to-day several large collieries in North Durham where 8,000 miners are on strike:—'I find that more than one-third would gladly resume work on the masters' terms, but are afraid to do so, under the threats of violence freely and fiercely uttered against the 'blacklegs,' as non-unionist workmen are called. There are thousands of men, women, and children at these collieries quite destitute, and many tradesmen have closed their doors against credit.'—*Birmingham Daily Post.*

Non-Unionist Miner loquiter.

I'm a free-born British blackleg,
And I'd sooner be that same,
Than I would a British blackguard,
Though in the Union's name.
"A blackleg!"—well, I know it—
And a blackleg still I'll be:
Tyrant man or tyrant Union,—
Neither makes a slave of me.
This ain't the time for striking.
Market's bad, so wage is low.
Because I can't get pastry,
Shall I let the bread-loaf go?
Shall I watch my children pining—
Read starvation in their cry?
See my Missis slowly clemming,
And with folded hands sit by?

They tell me Britain's business
Is forsaking the old shore,
That Yankees, now, and Germans
Do the work we did before,
All a cos they do it cheaper.
What have strikes cost boss and men?
Though prices run up quickly,
They come slowly down agen.
More we'll pay for food and clothing;
More for baccy, rent, and fire;
More for furniture and fixings;
More for all things we require.
Strike I won't! and there's an end on't!
Day's work shall earn day's pay:
Blackleg *versus* Blackguard be it!
Let's see *which* shall have their way!

RUSSIA'S CHOICE.—*Aut Cesar aut—Nihil.*

BELLS AND THEIR BAPTISM.

THE Author of *Flemish Interiors*, in a note on the performance, in certain Protestant Churches of a ceremony called the "Blessing of Bells," informs us, respecting those sonorous summoners, that "in Catholic countries they are still baptised." In what way bells can be any the better, or made capable of bettering anybody, by their baptism, is a question perhaps not to be asked in a country where it is customary to christen the Queen's ships.

There are a few other inquiries, however, in reference to the baptismal rite as applied to either kind of vessel, sonarise, or sailing or steaming, which we have no reason to refrain from asking. What conditions are needful to the validity of their baptism? Will lay baptism, masculine or feminine, suffice for either in point of orthodoxy, or is it absolutely necessary that the christening of a ship should be performed by a lady? With what matter are bells to be baptised? Could wine be used in the baptism of church bells; and would water do to christen a man-of-war with? Is intention on the part of the officiating minister requisite for baptising them effectually? Is there any controversy about their baptismal regeneration? Of course, neither bells nor ships have souls to be saved, and, as the former may crack or topple down and get broken, whilst the latter are not too apt to go to the bottom, baptism can scarcely be supposed to contribute much to their temporal salvation.

Whatever may be the good of baptising church bells, would not as much good be done by baptising muffin-bells, or dinner-bells, and other house bells? Might not a town-crier as well get his bell baptised? Would it be reasonable to baptise dumb-bells?

If there is any use at all in baptising ships and bells, why not also baptise great guns? The Woolwich Infants, we fear, remain unbaptised, though not, perhaps, in consequence of any peculiar views entertained at the War Office touching Infant Baptism. Are Godfathers and Godmothers usually required for the bells or the ships to which baptism is administered, and are they expected to stand any silver forks and spoons?

Mr. SPURGEON is a Baptist. Ask him to baptise a bell. Get somebody to bear him that message on some First of April.

PUT THE SADDLE ON THE RIGHT HORSE.

"A CENTURION" writes to complain of a brief article in *Punch's* last Number referring to a statement, which appeared in the *Times* under the signature of "A SOLDIER," that all GORDON's distinguished Chinese service would not have procured him the opportunities of command which his abilities ought to have secured, because he was "only" an Engineer Officer.

Now *Punch* merely quoted the letter, and expressed his incredulity that such a survival of prejudice could be true. "CENTURION's" quarrel should be with the writer of that letter, not with *Punch*.

At the same time, *Punch* is bound to say that he has often heard the same complaint of injustice to the Engineer in the selection for military honours and commands. He would be too glad to be as satisfied as "CENTURION" seems to be, that it is unfounded. He is aware of the fact that Lord NAPIER OF MAGDALA was an Engineer, and that his case is usually quoted in disproof of the charge of unfair treatment of that distinguished Corps.

"CENTURION" trusts that *Punch* will refute "A SOLDIER's" statement. He had better do this himself, through the same channel by which that statement was given to the world.

UPSIDE DOWN.

Le Monde talks of "Sir FRERE BARTLE." Perhaps it is only a neat way of expressing *Le Monde's* opinion that the distinguished High Commissioner's name should be turned topsy-turvy, the better to correspond to his policy.

BRITISH MISSIONS TO THE HEATHEN.

Old Style—HENRY MARTYN.

New Style—MARTINI-HENRY.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



• WHEN THE WIND IS IN
THE EAST—IT'S NEITHER GOOD
FOR MAN NOR BEAST—

On going into Supply, Mr. CARTWRIGHT temperately, but forcibly, presented the indictment against the Government for obtaining the forbearance of Greece on false pretences; inducing her to refrain from open hostilities to Turkey by promises to back her claims in Epirus and Thessaly, and then throwing her over—fobbing her off with the “recommendation” of a rectified frontier at Berlin, and pointing out to her that the recommendation was not binding on anybody in particular, least of all on the Turks.

Lord E. FITZMAURICE supported the indictment.

Mr. GLADSTONE showed that to the long list of unredeemed pledges scored up against the present Administration must be added the unfulfilled promises to the Greeks. He warned the Government that Greece had many friends in England, who were disgusted with the treatment she had received, and would take an early opportunity of showing it. If Greek at home would not meet Greek abroad in better spirit, the tug of war would come with a vengeance. Let them carry out the one right requirement of the Berlin Treaty—rectification of Greek frontier.

The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER pleaded “not guilty”—or, rather, as the proceedings are civil, and not criminal—“in occasion and avoidance.” Government were all for friendly relations of Turks and Greeks; thought a rectification of frontier necessary to such relations; but thought the best road to such rectification would be by direct communication between the Powers. The Government were promoting, and hoped it would be successful.

“Hope springs eternal in the human breast.”

If, after all their disappointments in re Turk, the Government can still get up a hope out of Constantinople, it would be to throw cold water on it.

“Hope on, ye sanguine dreamers, while ye may,
Till the light comes, that drives all dreams away.”

SIR CHARLES DILKE said hard things of the Government—that they were the worst obstacle in the way of the arrangement proposed to be promoting. Messrs. MONK, BAXTER, and SHAW-LEFEVRE followed suit; and Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT did case against the Beaconsfield Cabinet and policy with the spice and sauce in the use of which he shows himself so consummate. “he who peppers most highly is sure to please,” Sir WILLIAM should be the most popular performer in the House.

The POSTMASTER-GENERAL essayed to answer the ex-ATTORNEY-GENERAL—with more of Manners than meaning.

RETURN of the Commons (Thursday, April 17) from their morning quarters—not smiling. Weather broke up with the House, whose holiday has been as dreary as its work before the holidays have been wearisome and wasted.

First night was all question, and no answer. It was asking how many things the Members wanted to know what the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER could not tell them.

First, Mr. FAWCETT wanted to know if MAUDE's Column had been ordered to advance on Cairo.

Government didn't know, it hadn't given any orders for an advance.

(Sir BARTLE FREE should have taught them that the advances of the servant are not always limited by the orders of the master.)

Dr. KENEALY wanted to know if Mr. CROSS wasn't going to do something for his unfortunate Client. Mr. CROSS did not want to reopen either the cell, or the case, of the Claimant, who, in fear, will soon be *Clamamus in Deserto*, in spite of the impossible Doctor and his Hyde Park Demonstrations.

Sir JULIAN GOLDSMID wanted to know no end of things. Whether Mr. RIVERS WILSON had refused to take his discharge without consent of his own Government. Whether the SULTAN had been asked to give the KHEDIVÉ the sack. Whether the Government proposed any, and what, action in Egypt in conjunction with France.

Ginx's Baby wanted to know whether papers, throwing light on Egyptian darkness, would shortly be laid before Parliament, and whether the Italian Government had made representations, or expressed opinions on the subject.

The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER didn't know anything about anything, or anybody, in Egypt, except what the wires had told everybody.

“So the Egyptian plague—spite of questioning close and unwearied—
Continues to be, as it was in MOSES' time, darkness Cimmerian.”

Then Mr. FORSTER took his turn at the screw, but with no better success in squeezing anything out of Sir STAFFORD.

The only thing in the East that won't get “mixed,” seems to be the occupation of Eastern Roumelia. That region has a mixed population, a mixed vocabulary, a mixed coinage, a mixed cuisine, a mixed *toilette*, mixed liquors, mixed biscuits, mixed pickles; its mixed occupation it cannot and will not be permitted to have. The various Diplomacies and Governments have quite “mixed occupation” enough in stroking down or stirring up the Turk and stirring up or stroking down the Greeks, Bulgarians, and other Christian subjects of the Porte.



"BUT, LORD! THEIR CONFIDENCE!"

Pepys' Diary.

Lady (Amateur). "I'VE SENT SIXTEEN PICTURES IN TO THE ACADEMY."

Painter (Professional—aghast). "BUT, MADAM, I THINK THE ACADEMICIANS THEMSELVES ARE ONLY ENTITLED TO SEND EIGHT!"

Lady. "OH, THEN, THEY CAN CHOOSE THE BEST EIGHT OF MINE."

Mr. CARTWRIGHT's Motion was narrowly negatived, by 63 to 47—a division too near to be pleasant.

Sir H. SELWIN-IBBETSON explained to Mr. RITCHIE the delay in reorganisation of the Customs; and Mr. LOWTHER postponed his defence of mixed education in Ireland.

More "mixed occupation" for the Government!

Friday.—In Committee of Supply. No demand for seats. A handful of Members and a night of small things, including the outlay on the old Ladies' apartments at Hampton Court, the rabbits in Richmond Park, and the Police in the House, whom Mr. JENKINS would like to have replaced by liveried attendants. He has seen the sort of thing he wants at Versailles, where he found that the friends of Deputies "were treated with every consideration, irrespective of sex." Has Bobby in the lobby been uncivil to any of Mr. JENKINS's Dundonians—or their gude-wives?

The House, such as it was, fought over a big batch of builders' bills—a class of items not more satisfactory in public than in private accounts.

GOING FARTHER AND NOT FARING WORSE.

It looks very much as if the KHEDEVE was about to have the best of it as regards the slap of the face which he has so pluckily given France and England. "*Que diable allaient-ils faire dans cette galère,*" seems to be the question that comes to the public lips, rather than the one anticipated on the Stock Exchanges of London and Paris—"When is the coercing to begin?"

Suppose, having gone so far, the KHEDEVE were to go a step further, and answer the threats of his European threateners by throwing over his European creditors altogether? The SULTAN has done so, and what is he the worse for it? It is true, he can't get the Giaours to lend him any more money; but no more he could before his repudiation. Why should not his most respectful subject the KHEDEVE imitate his suzerain, and follow up his dismissal of the French and English Ministers by applying the sponge to his French and English debts? We really see no very sufficient reason. And only think what a relief it would be to the poor Fellahs under his authority to be thus left under the weight of Egyptian bonds only, and not of European ones as well!

THE ILLS OF GREECE.

Jingo Leader loquitur.

THE ills of Greece, the ills of Greece
By glowing GLADSTONE warmly sung!
Lord B. brought honour back with peace,
And Greece aside is coolly flung,
For wider boundaries yearning yet,
Which don't she wish that she may get?

Vague promise might awhile amuse,
Make her for fight less resolute;
Now help or counsel we refuse,
And even Sympathy is mute.
We've urgent bothers East and West,
And Greece's claims may be—well, blest!

Lord B. Lord SALISBURY looks upon,
And SALISBURY looks on Lord B.
"Our promise? All my eye!" says one.
"Aid?" cries the other; "Fiddle-de-dee!"
"Hellas expect our hands to save?"
The wildest joke, the merest 'shave'!"

We have to look to our own fame,
To power and pelf, *prestige* and place;
Uphold the Jingo-patriot's name,
Keep cock-a-hoop the British race.
And what is left the statesman here?
For Greeks a joke—for Greece a jeer.

In vain—in vain are pleading words,
Fill high the cup with Cyprus wine!
We must back up the Turkish hordes,
Twist the Bulgarians fix the line.
Hark to humanitarians' squall!
Humanity don't count at all.

We hear of British Interests yet;
What odds where British honour's gone?
Of two possessions, why forget
The safer and more paying one?
Some one Supremacy must have—
Better the Turk than Greek or Slave?

Fill high the bowl with Cyprus wine!
Hang hopes of Nationalities!
The SULTAN's much more in our line,
He serves some schemes of 'cute Lord B's.
A tyrant?—Well, perhaps; but then
He plays our game, my countrymen!

Look not for freedom to JOHN BULL,
He has a Premier sharp at sell.
He wants to keep his coffers full,
To charm the Jingoos and the Swells;
And Turkish force, stock-riggers' fraud,
He must condone, if not applaud.

Lord B.'s designs are grand and deep,
Although their purpose few descry.
The "interesting race" must keep
Their souls in patience. Hushaby!
Dear land of dupes, your hopes resign—
Dash it! don't kick up such a shine!

Light in Darkness.

IN proof of the allegation "that numerous 'departed spirits' are around us," a contributor to the *Spiritualist*, by name CHARLES BLACKBURN, refers to certain "photographs taken in darkness by Count de BULLET of Paris." Etymologically, a picture taken in darkness would perhaps be better named a scotograph than a photograph; only that scotograph might be mistaken to mean something Scotch. Now, Mr. BLACKBURN hails from Parkfield, Didsbury, near Manchester; but one imagines that a Gentleman who can talk of photographs taken in darkness should rather be associated with the neighbourhood, say, of Cork, or Dublin.

Catch for the Law Courts.

THE Law of Trusteeship, as now read, needs must
Soon abolish both parties concerned in a Trust.
For a *cestui que trust* how can anyone be,
When you can't get a soul to become a Trustee?

QUESTIONS AND QUOTATIONS.



SINCE Mr. Punch has read the ingenious Questions and Quotations propounded weekly for the public enlightenment, he has been fired with a laudable ambition to contribute his quota to so useful a fund of instruction and rational recreation. He has, therefore, during the Vacation, expended incredible labour and research in the preparation of a series of interrogatories which he now submits, with "a light heart," (who said this?) to the family circle, the youth of both sexes, public and private schools, the student in his library, the lady of rank and fashion in her boudoir, Fellows of the Society of Antiquaries, readers

of *Notes and Queries*, and, in a word, all who are treading the "primrose path" of poetry and the *belles lettres*, or scaling the sterner heights of history, geography, chronology, and general information.

The prizes, offered as rewards to the successful competitors, will be varied and valuable. They will include all the most recent inventions in telephony, tasimetry, phonography, microphony, and megaphony, as well as the latest novelties in Spring and Summer costumes. They will be selected from the first factories and houses in London, Paris, New York, and Amsterdam, and will be on view at the Crystal and Alexandra Palaces during alternate fortnights. Due notice will be given of their exhibition, by advertisement, and by placards in London, on the Monument, the Duke of York's Column, and the pillars in front of the Royal Exchange; and in the country, outside Town Halls, and on the School Boards which have been kindly lent for this special occasion.

The prizes will be awarded by judges selected from the Professors at our Universities, the Head Masters and Mistresses of our Public Grammar, Collegiate, and High Schools, the Athenæum Club, and the Committee of Privy Council on Education.

The answers to the Questions may be sent through the General Post-Office.

Questions and Quotations.

1. Who wrote *The Beggar's Petition*, and what answer was returned to it by the Mendicity Society?
2. Give, this fine Spring weather, passages from the poets introducing the daisy, daffodil, violet, primrose, cowslip, and buttercup.
3. "I saw him die." These are the closing words of one of the stanzas of an old and pathetic ballad. Supply the rest of the verse.
4. Point out the probable source (in one of our Cavalier poets) of the following lines:—

"I could not love thee, JANE, so much,
Loved I not JENNY more."

5. Give the date and duration of the reign of King COPENHAGEN, both in Arabic and Roman numerals.
6. Who was it that declared that, when she died, "Servants" would be found written on her heart?
7. Who is the Author of the apophthegm, "Punctuality is the thief of time"?
8. About what period was H.R.H. Duke HUMPHREY giving his *recherché* dinner-parties?
9. One of the most famous characters in the masterpiece of Spanish fiction, invokes a blessing on "the man who first invented sleep." Who was this Man?
10. Who is said to have had "a pair of black worsted stockings which his maid darned so often with silk that they became at last a pair of silk stockings"?
11. "And one could whistle and one could sing,
The other play"—
On what instrument?

12. Where do we find mention of Messrs. ROWLEY, POWLEY, GAMMON and SPINACH, and what was the Christian name of the senior partner in the firm?

13. Calculate the exact height to which the elderly female ascended

who was "tossed up in a blanket seventeen times as high as the moon."

14. Give the latitude and longitude of the island of Bantam. Who was its first and greatest Governor?

15. A great orator very recently introduced in one of his speeches this quotation—"A matchless intrepidity of face." What a word, indicating a feature in the human countenance, would convey exactly the same meaning?

AN UNPREMEDITATED DUET.

Mr. BRIGHT at Birmingham.

Sir W. HARCOURT at Sheffield.

Bright. Meeting "Brums" once again 's a delight beyond measure.
Harcourt. I'm "York," and to greet brother "Yorks" is a pleasure.
Bright. We're assembled, of course, to pitch into the Tories.
Harcourt. Five years of bad trade, costly wars, and sham peace.
Bright. Making mischief abroad, doing nothing at home.
Harcourt. New rows from fresh quarters continually come.
Bright. That mad Russian Bogey's at bottom of all of it.
Harcourt. Repose? Why, we've had one perpetual squall of it.
Bright. They've lowered our character, squandered our cash;
Harcourt. Poltroons in finance, and in policy rash.
Bright. They bargain and bully, and bluster and bray,
Harcourt. Our Imperial posers who can't pay their way,
Bright. Whilst blunder on blunder comes faster and faster,
Harcourt. Debt, danger, disquiet, distress, and disaster;
Bright. The strut of a bully, the soul of a sneak;
Harcourt. But the Jingo, like Pistol, will yet eat his leek.
Bright. Our North-African policy's nought but a do.
Harcourt. In South Africa things look exceedingly blue.
Bright. We have treated the Afghan ill, there's not a doubt of it;
Harcourt. Having entered his land, we don't see our way out of it.
Bright. As for India, at present, it's scarce worth its salt;
Harcourt. Its Government's cross, its finance all at fault.
Bright. We're proposing to lend her two millions of money,
Harcourt. And loans, without interest, always look funny.
Bright. So our credit is lost, and our money is spent,
Harcourt. To help would-be snatchers of sixty per cent.
Bright. We are sabring or swagging all over the maps,
Harcourt. To the good of no soul, save the stock-jobbing chaps.
Bright. Our thirty-four millions can't stand such a strain.
Harcourt. Peace with honour, on tick, brings nor glory, nor gain.
Bright. They have blood-stained VICTORIA'S mild reign of peace.
Harcourt. Reshackled Roumelia, jockeyed poor Greece.
Bright. They've been foolish at home, they've been wicked abroad.
Harcourt. Ever sapping our strength, and increasing our load.
Bright. And, in fact, they are quite the worst Government out.
Harcourt. Rather in; but their tether runs short, there's no doubt.
Bright. Still I would not assail them: you'll note I have not.
Harcourt. Though we fervently hope they may soon go to pot.
Bright. My eloquent scorn on such wind-bags why waste?
Harcourt. Or my epigrams salt, or my rhetoric chaste?
Bright. I'll leave them to Heaven, to History, and you!
Harcourt. Let the Nation decide, as 'twill speedily do!

THE MAY MEETINGS.

WE understand that these Annual Festivals of the various religious Societies will not be held this year. Those who would play first fiddle (clerical or lay) in the Exeter Hall orchestra, in the month of merry (May) meetings, feel that until the Sanjivan Frontier in Afghanistan is settled, the Zulu War disposed of, the history of both forgotten, the less said for the spreading of the Book which prohibits the removal of land-marks, stealing, or coveting our neighbours' goods, the better.

With regard to Africa, in particular, the case is the more serious as the various Missionary Societies were on the point of commencing to dispatch a considerable relay of labourers to the recently discovered vineyards in the interior of the Dark Continent. It is to be feared that this is not the time to preach Christianity, with effect, in the benighted regions; whether on the spot, or in Exeter Hall.

Just the Man for Him.

"The KHEDIVE has issued a decree appointing General Sir Director of the Land Survey, *vice* Mr. COLVIN."—*Daily News* Tuesday, April 15.

THE poor Fellahs have been asking for Bread, and not the KHEDIVE has given them a STONE.

THE BURMESE MASSACRES, IN BRIEF.—"Le Roi

NINE REASONS WHY.



IMEDIATELY after dismissing his European Ministers, the KHE-DIVE dispatched to his high and mighty Suzerain, the SULTAN, a confidential Envoy, Pasha TALAT, charged with the KHE-DIVE's reasons for taking so decided a step. The approval by the Padishah of the KHE-DIVE's action was prayed on the following grounds (*inter alia*):—

1. Because sauce for Egypt was sauce for Turkey.
2. Because the KHE-DIVE, as an admirer, servant, and humble imitator of the Father of the Faithful, held his faith very dear; and could not bear to think that any of his creditors should lose a farthing of their guaranteed interest.
3. Because if Egypt failed to pay her debts, the credit of Turkey would be seriously impaired.
4. Because the English and French Ministers would insist on wearing hats, thus insulting the SULTAN as well as the KHE-DIVE, who never wear anything but the fez.
5. Because the KHE-DIVE could really feel no confidence in the representatives of Powers who had failed to assist the SULTAN with men during the late Russo-Turkish War, and with money since its termination.
6. Because the KHE-DIVE was under the impression that Mr. RIVERS WILSON and his French colleague did not believe in the prospects of the Ottoman Empire, or look forward hopefully to the execution of the Anglo-Turkish Convention.
7. Because the financial reforms of the European Ministers did not include an increase in the amount of tribute paid by the KHE-DIVE to the Padishah.
8. Because Mr. RIVERS WILSON had declined to advise the house of ROTHSCHILD to float a new Turkish Loan.
9. And, lastly, because of the very weighty, and, as the KHE-DIVE trusts, sufficient reasons contained in the eight chests which TALAT PASHA is charged most respectfully to place at the feet of the Padishah.

HONOUR AND BUSINESS.

MR. PUNCH, SIR,

A NOTE has been sent me from the French Embassy pointing out that the Cross of the Legion of Honour being an entirely honorary distinction, not to be confounded with the medals distributed by the Exhibition Judges, I am expected not to use it as a means of attracting attention or obtaining publicity, and to avoid representing it on my advertisements, invoices, labels, &c.; although I am at liberty, if I think fit, to add my title as Chevalier of the Legion of Honour to my signature on my commercial papers or bills.

Certainly I shall think fit; else what's the use of the Cross of the Legion of Honour to me? I beg to differ altogether from the French Embassy, as I consider a colossal representation of that Distinction would form a most Attractive Element in a Poster, and would be a Addition as Ornamental to the Public View as useful to the Interests of, Sir, Your Most Obedient Humble Servant,

CRISPIN SNOBBLETON,

Boot and Shoemaker, and Chevalier de la
Légion d'Honneur.

The Golden Last, April 18, 1879.

For the Home-Rulers.

LORD ROBERT MONTAGU and The O'CONNOR DON have formally notified their secession from the Home-Rule party in Parliament. If BIGGAR, PARNELL, and O'DONNELL would but follow their example! A prospect opens to the Party at last!

"NOT A FOOT BETWEEN 'EM."

WHAT is the difference between an M.D. and a Bargee?
One follows the healing, the other the towing, path.

COBDENITES V. CANADIANS.

"It is impossible to contemplate the new Canadian Tariff without a feeling of shame and humiliation."

So reads Mr. Punch in his Times of Friday last, and, in his capacity of Zeus Oikonom, casting his eye over the tariff in question, he is inclined to acquiesce. As, however, he finds in another part of the same paper that "so peculiar and without a parallel in the wide world" is the position of the Dominion, that "even avowed free-traders in principle," after paying it a visit, admit candidly that there is nothing left for it but protection, *pur et simple*, he puts forward the following pass paper.

To Cobdenites like himself, who doubt whether they are as yet educated up to the new standard, it may prove highly useful:—

1. Define "Avowed Free Trade," and trace in detail the series of calamities that have fallen on this country from the repeal of the Corn Laws.
2. Explain the working of a "Reciprocity Tariff," and show how, if A. refuses to buy new-laid eggs of his neighbour B., B. betters his own condition, under the circumstances, by getting a bad hat and paying double the price for it.
3. What is "Retaliation," and how does the non-producer like it? Illustrate your subject by giving an imaginary social sketch of England, suddenly deprived of sardines, claret, *opéra-bouffe*, kid gloves, and chocolate and caviare.
4. An enthusiastic Protectionist, who is interested in the production of carpet-bags, finds some difficulty in managing, at present prices, on £1,200 a year. A revised Commercial Treaty does not enable him to thrust his carpet-bag upon the European market, but obliges him to pay an additional 170 per cent. on all the necessities of life. How long will his enthusiasm last?
5. Analyse the normal miseries of the "unhappy consumer," and show that he is morally bound
 - (a) To go to the worst market;
 - (b) To regard the producer as a dear and dependent relation;
 - (c) To provide comfortably for his declining years.
6. I live in a deserted road with three friends, who smash all the lamp-posts and put out all the lights before their houses. Show, on strict Protectionist principles, how the road will be infinitely more safe and cheery for all four of us when I, in my turn, have smashed and extinguished the lights before mine.
7. Given a thermometer ten degrees below zero, and a five months' Canadian winter. Point out the advantages to the community generally of the Coal-owners getting an import duty of fifty cents a ton tacked on to foreign coal.
8. Put into plain English the meaning of a "National Policy," as understood by the present Dominion Government; and say how long it will take, with a good steady dunder-headed blundering, administration, to kill off the whole trade of the Colony.

MR. PUNCH'S WEATHER FORECAST.

ONE of the most respected of Mr. Punch's contemporaries now daily furnishes its readers with a tip about the coming weather. The Sage of Sages has determined, after much consideration of the subject, to follow this excellent example. The following is his weather forecast to the middle of next week.

1. SCOTLAND, N. South-easterly winds, with fog, thunder, intense heat, and sharp snow-showers at intervals.
2. SCOTLAND, E. } Sleet and rain; cold south-east wind, with
3. ENGLAND, N.E. } intervals of ethereal mildness.
4. ENGLAND, E. Very fine, with occasional snowstorms.
5. MIDLAND COUNTIES } Bitterly cold, with gusts of intense heat,
6. ENGLAND, S., AND } Wind blowing from the N. and S.
7. CHANNEL ISLANDS }
7. SCOTLAND, W. Nice dry summer weather, with an occasional hard frost at noon.
8. ENGLAND, N.W., AND N. WALES. Dense fog.
9. ENGLAND, S.W. Showers of shooting stars, with waterspouts, occasional whirlwinds, and rapid variations of temperature.
10. IRELAND, N. Intense heat, followed every half-hour by intense cold.
11. IRELAND, S. Same as Nos. 6, 7, and 3, 4, 5.

8 P.M.—The above programme is subject to alteration as the Clerk of the Weather may decide.

FIDDLE-DE-DEE.

SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT playing on the fourth letter of the Alphabet, in his invective against "the system which has brought us nothing but Death, Danger, Disaster, Distrust, Disquiet, and Distress!"



TIT FOR TAT.

Mamma (to Hamilton, who has been put in the corner because he would not say "Please"). "YOU MAY COME OUT NOW, HAMILTON!"
Hamilton. "NOT TILL YOU SAY 'PLEASE,' MOTHER!"

"ON VIEW."

"THE 'PEOPLE'S' TRIBUTE TO THE PREMIER.—The gold Laurel Wreath intended for presentation to the Earl of BRACONSFIELD, as the People's tribute to the PREMIER, may now be seen, by ticket of invitation, at Messrs. HUNT AND ROSKELL'S, 156, New Bond Street. Mr. TRACY TURNERELLI, with whom the idea of presenting this Wreath originated, wished it to be entirely the gift of working men and women throughout the United Kingdom, and the amount of each person's subscription was limited to one penny. The Wreath, which has been executed by Messrs. HUNT AND ROSKELL, is valued, cost-price, at £220, and it will therefore represent the contributions of 52,800 persons. The Wreath weighs rather more than 20 oz., and the gold used is 22 carat—of the same fineness as a sovereign, only the alloy in the Wreath is silver instead of copper. There are forty-six leaves, and on the back of each may be seen, on turning over the Wreath, the names, one, two, or three on each leaf, of the eighty towns in the United Kingdom that have sent or promised contributions. As subscriptions continue to come in, it is proposed to add a stand for the Wreath, an oaken casket, and an illuminated address, and the names of future contributory towns will be engraved on these. Arrangements have been made to exhibit the Wreath publicly at the Crystal Palace soon after Easter, namely, from Saturday, April 19th, to Saturday, April 26th, inclusive."—*Times* (not of April 1st, but April 12th).

(Lord B.'s Reflections at Hunt and Roskell's.)

"A CHARMING Wreath!—But bay-leaves?—*Pramia belli*?
Of 'Peace with Honour' scarce appropriate guerdon.
Had I seen Mr. TRACY TURNERELLI,
The choice of leaf I should have had a word on.
Why not a sprig of cypress intermingled,
Plucked near the foam-born Goddess's blue bays:
At touch whereof BRITANNIA'S ears had tingled,
To hear another foam-born Godhead's praise?"

"But cypress smacks of mourning—*teste* HORACE,
And this, the Turnerelli tribute fair,
Should not be ranked among *memento-moris*,
But with mementos of successes rare,
Long life, large honours, orders, titles high,
Golden deserts set forth, as fits, in gold,

"Twenty-two carats—extra quality,—
By Messrs. HUNT AND ROSKELL, so I'm told.

"Forty-six leaves, two towns to each they say.
'Twas to leaves fairy-gold, of yore, would turn;
Which leaves to dust would shrivel soon away;
Their sole reward who sought such gold to earn.
But though this gold be to its purpose suited,
Twenty-two carat, fine as fine can be,
Query the copper whence it is transmuted
By TRACY TURNERELLI'S alchemy?"

"Are the fifty-two thousand pennies there?
Not promised only, but cashed up, put down—
Tribute in real bronze to brass paid fair,
Solid substratum of less solid crown?
For that we've only TURNERELLI'S word—
Doubtless as good as TURNERELLI'S bond—
Well—his wreath's pretty, though his name's absurd.
'All's gold that glitters'—wherefore probe beyond?"

Tilley Slowboy.

MR. TILLEY, Canadian Minister of Finance, has distinguished himself by drawing up a Protectionist Tariff, more than commonly tending to raise the cost and so diminish the consumption of the manufactures you design to encourage. Tilley-valley! but a good deal more Tilley than "valley." Commercial views, more worthy of a narrow-minded shopkeeper than an enlightened statesman, denote Mr. TILLEY more competent to a till, than an exchequer.

Botanical Fancy.

At the "Working Men's College," Great Ormond Street, the other evening, a free lecture was delivered by Mr. FRANCIS DARWIN on "Self-Defence among Plants." As plants peculiarly distinguished for this self-defending, may be mentioned the thorns, the thistles, and the stinging nettle. But, perhaps, the best emblem of self-defence in the vegetable kingdom would be Box.



“ON VIEW.”

(AT HUNT AND ROSKELL'S.)

“‘WREATH’?—H’M! INTERESTING OBJECT!

“‘FIFTY-TWO THOUSAND EIGHT HUNDRED PENNIES.’—GRATIFYING TRIBUTE!!

“‘TRACY TURNERELLI.’—REMARKABLE NAME!!!”

INJYABLE INJIA;

OR,

NOTES AND SKETCHES OF A SPECIALLY-COMMISSIONED ARTIST.

BY

FUZZELI PRINCEPS.

CHAPTER V.

Sir Jarge Orghustus Salar Jung—Applications—Portrait—Character—Dialogue—Offer—Refusal—Odd—Pony—Misunderstanding—Imperial—Tippoo—No reason—England—Shidhodja Rajah—Had—Painting—Autocrat—No trifling—Thermometer—Scaffold—Alteration—Change of Colour—Bayonets—Tiffin—Diary—Protest—Guns—Rummi—Solicitors—Treaty—Superstition—Caste—Down again—Off to Sumwar.

THIS morning induced SIR JARGE ORGHUSTUS SALAR JUNG to give me a sitting. It is quite the best thing I've done for years, and I have had already five hundred applications from various societies to exhibit it, and from the best engravers for permission to reproduce it. Here it is:—



SIR JARGE ORGHUSTUS SALAR JUNG.

He is a wonderful fellow, and has a really marvellous command of the English language. I doubt, though, whether he always understands everything that is said to him, I mean when given in colloquial English. For example, I will reproduce a short conversation I had with him yesterday.

"Ah, SIR JARGE! How are you? Jolly?"

"I present you, my dear MR. FUZZELI PRINCEPS, with the assurances of my most distinguished consideration, and I am enabled, from interior knowledge, to assert without fear or favour that I am in the present enjoyment of the most perfect salubrity."

"Glad to hear it, SIR SALAR JUNG. Things looking well in the City?"

"Why, Sir, the shares which a benign Providence has allotted to me in various estimable and trustworthy associations of honourable merchants, as I am informed by those with whom no dread of consequences would prevail as against the interests of truth, have risen to a height of profit rarely exceeded in the history of mercantile transactions."

"I am delighted to hear it, my dear SIR SALAR JUNG, as I can now ask you to lend me a pony, which I assure you shall be returned punctually next Saturday afternoon."

"I regret, my dear and accomplished MR. FUZZELI PRINCEPS, that

in my stabulary equine collection I do not number the sort of animal that would carry a person of your dimensions and ponderosity."

"When I say a 'pony,' SIR SALAR, I mean twenty-five pounds."

"Now I see you are jesting. Why, Sir, no pony weighs so little as twenty-five pounds; and if you wish for such a rarity, it is my deliberate opinion that you should first make every reasonable endeavour to find a donkey. When you have secured the latter, I have little doubt but that the former will soon be within your reach."

"But, SIR SALAR, you can lend me twenty-five sovereigns till to-morrow?"

"Why, Sir," he replied, solemnly drawing himself up to his full height, "if it is a question of sovereigns, you should call to mind that you and I alike own allegiance but to one Imperial Sovereign, the Empress of INDIA." Here he raised his hand to his turban, and saluted. "And rather than listen to one single expression of anything that might for one moment savour of disloyalty to Her Imperial Highness, I must wish you a very good morning, and there's an end on't."

With which he stalked majestically from the room. I really do not think he could have understood me.

I heard him, as he went out, speaking with RUMMI at the door, and I could almost swear I saw him place a *tippoo* (i.e. small gift of money) in RUMMI's hand.

RUMMI has not mentioned the matter to me. I wish I could get rid of him. But how? There's the Injia rub.

By the way, in a book recently published I find the Author blaming one of the Rajahs because "he imprisoned people without any reason." Good gracious! Isn't this in itself sufficient reason? Don't we in England look up idiots and lunatics?

Wednesday.—Called on SLIDHODJA RAJAH. "You are the perfect picture of a Rajah," I said to him, flatteringly. "Shall I paint you?"

"You shall," he said, "if you paint the palace first."

"Willingly," I replied, foreseeing a little job on my own account, or rather on his. It's a fine place, and would look well in a landscape. So I pulled out my box of paints, block, &c. "I'm ready," I said.

"So we," he rejoined. "Here materials."

And he pointed to twelve fierce-looking ebon slaves, each with a bucket of gamboge-paint and whitewashing brushes.

"What's this for?" I asked.

"To paint palace with," he answered, grinning from ear to ear.

"What!" I exclaimed, indignantly—"I, an artist, a—"

"You painter. Then paint. You said you paint palace: here palace—paint! Here paints: paint palace!"

And he added, significantly, seeing me about to utter a further remonstrance, "Scaffold up for painting palace. If painter no paint palace, scaffold up for painter! Painter hang picture of Rajah. Painter say me picture of Rajah. Picture of Rajah hang painter."

He was not a man to be trifled with. An autocrat is not to be trifled with; and, boiling with rage, and in a temperature of 180° in the shade, I was forced, at the point of the scimitar, to comply.

Thursday (Extract from Diary).—Still working at the palace. Heat intense. Rajah watching from a verandah, and drinking iced beverages. Men with fixed bayonets and drawn scimitars, keeping their eye on me. He won't let me stop for tiffin. I stop to make this note in my diary. I am painting it yellow.

Friday.—Rajah SLIDHODJA changed his mind. He will have it blue. I protest. No good—fixed bayonets and muskets out. He won't let me stop work for tiffin.

"Take tiffin while touchin' up," he says, brutally. Slept on scaffold. Guards all awake, relieving sentries every hour.

Saturday.—Temperature 190°. Rajah thinks it will look better if red. Must paint it red. I protest. No use: fixed bayonets, muskets loaded. I begin to paint it red. He is pleased. Temperature changes. Colder. Rajah says—

"So cold. Palace want two coats of paint."

At it again, under protest, and under the guns. Where is RUMMI all this time? If he would only arrive with the English Resident and a detachment of troops. But no, he never is here when he's wanted.

Sunday.—Nearly finished palace. Just colouring the roof. From the top I get a clear view of distant country. See RUMMI in the plain. Wave handkerchief to him, like *Sister Anne*. He comes! He mounts the scaffold, and asks me if I will make it worth his while to release me. Yes. I sign a promise to pay, and renounce all proceedings through Messrs. PETTIE AND MIEN, my solicitors (of which somehow he has got wind). He descends. He interviews Rajah. Result, I am free.

The Rajah, I understand afterwards, is an inferior caste to RUMMI, and RUMMI can make it uncomfortably hot for him, *in futuro*, if he does anything to offend him here on earth. Thank goodness, the Rajah is superstitious. But he has got his palace painted for nothing, and that is all he cares about.

Leave to-day. Go to Sumwar.



THE EGYPTIAN QUESTION.

Pat (who has come to London with a view to emigrate). "SURE, I'VE COME ABOUT THAT SITUATION YE'RE ADVERTISIN'!"

News-vendor. "WHAT SITUATION D'YOU MEAN?"

Pat (pointing to poster). "IT'S THIS WORN IN AGYPT I'M AFTHER!"

News-vendor. "POOH! THAT'S ON THE STATE OF AFFAIRS—"

Pat. "DIVIL A HA'PORTH I CARE WHOSE ESTATE IT'S ON! BEDAD, I'LL TAKE IT!"

SHAKSPEARE AT STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

WEDNESDAY of this week is the Saint's day of St. George, which is also the birthday of SHAKSPEARE. On this day, sacred to England's chief of Saints and first of men, will be first put to use at SHAKSPEARE's birthplace—that remote and rustic little town in the Midlands, which owes all its interest to the house in which SHAKSPEARE was born, and the grave in which he is buried—the new building in which it is sought to commemorate, in a form more permanent than Jubilee or Tercentenary boards and canvas, the most memorable work ever wrought by mortal brain—the work done between the birthplace and the grave which make Stratford-on-Avon a place of pilgrimage for the English-speaking world. Mainly by strenuous local labour and large local liberality there has been built, and this week

will be opened, in Stratford, a Theatre, though not large, not unsuited, as regards elegance and convenience, for presentation of the plays of the great son of Stratford. A series of these plays, including *Hamlet*, *Much Ado about Nothing*, and *As You Like It*, with a recital of the *Tempest* and a Concert of Shakspearian music, will be given in the new theatre between the 23rd of April and the 3rd of May. Miss HELEN FAUCIT and Miss WALLIS, Mr. BARRY SULLIVAN and Mr. BRANDRAM, among others, will give their services for acting and reading; Mesdames ARABELLA GODDARD and ANTOINETTE STERLING, Mrs. OSGOOD, Miss MARY CHATTERTON, Miss KATE FIELD, Sir JULIUS BENEDICT, Messrs. SANTLEY, W. SHAKSPEERE, CUMMINGS, and COWEN, for music and song.

England is invited to assist at this festival of her greatest poet. Unluckily, England, always very busy, is just now very low in heart and pocket, and very little in the mood for inaugurating anything but unwelcome economies, and tardy repentances. However, we hope she will still find a public for the inauguration of the Shakspeare Theatre in SHAKSPEARE's native town. The Theatre is to be associated, in due time, with a Library, a Gallery, and a Museum—in which the books, pictures, and other objects of interest shall have, as a right, first and chief reference to the immortal WILLIAM. There are designs, too, which many will call dreamy, and more, over-ambitious, of a Dramatic School to be associated with the Theatre. Whatever may come of these hopes and projects, the theatre is a fact, and the £12,000 that have been spent on it, are a fact also. Both of these facts have chiefly to thank for their achievement the scions of the same good stock, which bore the heaviest burden of all that was done in honour of SHAKSPEARE at the Tercentenary Festival, and which links the name of FLOWER with more good works, local and Imperial, than *Punch* has here room or need to catalogue.

The name is one of sweet savour; and the works of the venerable head of the family that bears it are of the kind that, after he is gone, will—

"Smell sweet, and blossom, in the dust."

Among these titles to respect he and his have a right to reckon the enthusiasm—the *religio loci*—which has taken form in the Shakspeare Theatre this week inaugurated at Stratford-on-Avon.

Everybody can give the best reasons why nothing of the kind should have been attempted, and why nothing of the kind that may have been attempted and done can ever be of the slightest use. *Punch* may have something to say on these topics hereafter.

The point with the House of FLOWER, and their friends and fellow-labourers, was to get the thing done. That they have achieved so much already is greatly to their credit. That they may carry out all they contemplate for the study, illustration, and honour of SHAKSPEARE, in the quiet town in which he was born, and where he closed his days, should be the wish of the myriads who, in their several ways, find their highest and most profitable pleasure in SHAKSPEARE's work. If they carry their good wishes further than the wishing stage to substantial help, so much the better. Twelve thousand pounds have been raised and spent; twenty thousand pounds are asked for, to complete the group of buildings, of which the Theatre is to be the centre. Good use, they may rely upon it, will be found for every pound with which they think fit to entrust the Messrs. FLOWER and their fellow-workers.



"WE ALL EXPECT A GENTLE ANSWER," &C.

SHAKESPEARE.

Mrs. Ponsonby de Tomkyns writes:—"MY DEAR MRS. TALBOT BROWNE, WE ARE SO DREADFULLY DISTRESSED; BUT A HORRID PREVIOUS ENGAGEMENT PREVENTS US FROM ACCEPTING YOUR QUITE TOO DELIGHTFUL INVITATION TO DINNER ON THE—" (*Vied voce.*) "PONSONBY!"—"YES, MY LOVE."—"WHAT DAY WAS IT THOSE TALBOT BROWNES' PEOPLE ASKED US FOR?"—"THE FIFTEENTH, MY LOVE."—"THIS MONTH, OR NEXT?"—"NEXT MONTH, MY LOVE."—"(*Writes.*) 'FIFTEENTH OF NEXT MONTH. I CAN'T TELL YOU HOW WRETCHED WE BOTH ARE IN CONSEQUENCE; AND WITH OUR KINDEST REGARDS TO YOU BOTH, &C., &C., &C.'"

"LIGHT, MORE LIGHT!"

(See the Prayer of Achilles in the *Iliad*.)

PUNCH, always glad to welcome allies in a good cause, begs to claim the *Daily News* as a supporter of his reiterated demand that more extended usefulness should be given to our street-lamps by painting on them the names of the streets, as those of the stations are already painted along some lines of railway, and should be painted along all:—

"In London," so says the *Daily News*—by way of much needed ditto to Mr. Punch—"the names of the streets are posted up so rarely, that it is only by favourable chance that the inscription can be found. When found, it is next to impossible to make a note of it, being written in characters too small, and at a height too great for the range of ordinary eye-sight."

If the numbers of the houses could be painted up by tens below the names of the streets, so much the better.

Punch has been pressing this cheap and easy improvement for years. Again he urges it on the Improving Members of our Vestries and District Boards. A very few pounds added to the rates would turn the London lamp-posts into London guide-posts, now far more sorely wanted, and as completely wanting, in the streets of this over-grown, and ever-growing Metropolis, as in the remotest region intersected by a net-work of country cross-roads.

Let all drivers-out, on their way to be diners-out, who have suffered under the plague of drivers' inevitably and blamelessly ignorant of the constantly extending chaos of the ever-spreading London streets, back Punch's cry for more light from our street-lamps—light not only on the darkness of London streets, but on that deeper darkness of London street-naming and house-numbering.

Punch means to go on knocking at this door till somebody comes

RANGE-FINDERS AND RED-TAPISTS.

WE are a practical people. At enormous cost of time, pains, and money we provide our troops with the best procurable rifle, and then we tell them to blaze away with it as they best can—hit or miss—happy-go-lucky, by movable sight or more movable guess, by rule of thumb or rule of eye, as the case may be. And all the while, we have had for years in the service little instruments called "range-finders," the invention of clever officers, easily carried, simple, and uncostly of construction, ensuring, with comparative certainty, that every bullet shall find its billet, were a certain proportion of men trained to use them and give the range to the rest. But we prefer to go on in the old happy-go-lucky style, trusting to eye-measurement of distances, which give yards of error to the range-finder's inches.

Yes, we are an eminently practical people, meaning thereby a people who get into and out of more scrapes at more cost, and with more fuss, than any nation of Europe. But the favourite field for display of our practical superiority is the War Office. And the favourite art of that Office is the art of shutting the door when the horse is stolen, and throwing the cucumber out of the window after spending the utmost pains and cost in dressing it.

If you want proof of this, look for it in General WRAY's letter on Range-finders in *The Times* of Monday, April 14, and see what past-masters are our Military Rulers in the art "How not to hit it."

The One Way.

"The KHEDIVE's Secretary, who arrived yesterday from Alexandria, has had an interview with several Ministers, but his efforts to obtain the SULTAN's approval of the attitude the KHEDIVE has assumed have very little chance of success."—*Telegram from Constantinople, April 17.*

THERE is only one attitude of the KHEDIVE's likely to obtain the SULTAN's approval. Let him put his hand in his pocket!

Suzerain and Vassal.

OF course, the announcement that the SULTAN, at the instance of the Western Powers, intended deposing the KHEDIVE, must have been a hoax. Engaging the Grand Turk to depose his Viceroy would be, if not exactly like trying to cast out Old Scratch by Beelzebub, very like seeking to cast out Beelzebub by Old Scratch.

DEFINITION FOR A DINER-OUT.—An Unlicensed Wittler—Quoth our worthy 'ost.—ARRY.

to answer him—by doing as has been done already in the Queen's Gardens' district, till lately one of the most labyrinthine in London, but now comparatively easy of nocturnal steering, thanks to the names painted on the street-lamps. Without such inscriptions, these now serve little better purpose than to make darkness visible; though, thanks to the latest improvements of lamp-posts and burners, they make the darkness, at some points, a little more visible than it used to be.

The Co-operative Movement and the National Anthem.

DEAR PUNCH,

My signature will show that I must, as a matter of course, hate the Co-operative mania as much as I love my Queen. On both grounds it is impossible that I can continue calmly to listen to, still more join in, the National Anthem, while it continues to include the line, "Thy choicest gifts in store." I trust that the Parliamentary Commission, lately appointed, will see that the necessary change is made in this most offensive and objectionable attribution of the gifts of Heaven to any source but the shop.

Yours truly,

AN INDIGNANT TRADESMAN.

Wanted, a "Flaught" of Fire-damp.

THE Ironmasters in Cleveland are "damping down" their furnaces in consequence of the scarcity of coal and coke, produced by the strike of the Durham coal-miners. If only common sense and hard necessity combined would "damp down" the striking spirit among the hewers and putters of our Northern Black Diamond district!

"BOYS AND GIRLS COME OUT TO PLAY!"



UR irrepressible wags, the happy Managers of the Vaudeville, with a fine irony, announce to their friends that, "notwithstanding the continued popularity of the new Comedy of *Our Boys*, its career must be 'cut short,' to make room for *Our Girls*."

"New" Comedy is a relative term. Most people would call *Our Boys* the oldest Comedy recorded in the dramatic register of births. It is all very well for Messrs. JAMES and THORNE to talk of cutting short its career, after they have cut it longer than any career ever run on the boards since theatres came into being. We do not know that we should wish kindly in wishing that *Our Girls* may live as long; nor are we sure that

such a life would be the likeliest to bring in the largest harvest, either of gain or glory, to *Our Girls'* parents, authorial and managerial.

"Old Girls" are not, as a rule, so popular as "Old Boys." At a certain stage they pass, *per force*, into the disagreeable category of "Old Maids." Better "A short life, and a merry one," than as long a one as *Middlewick's* or *Methuselah's*, with that terminus at the end of it. Is it not so? *Punch* puts it to "Our Girls" throughout the kingdom.

ART-MEDICINE!

(*Cuique in sua arte.*)

A MEETING of the Members of the General Scientific and Artistic Association for the Promotion of Mixed Occupations was held a few nights ago, to listen to the reading of a Paper by Mr. HERRIES SCURRY (the well-known painter), upon "Medicine from the point of View of an Outsider." The room was well filled. Mr. *Punch* occupied the Chair.

The Chairman expressed his great pleasure in joining that evening's gathering. He dearly loved a joke, and considered the Association, in whose name they were met, one of the best jokes of the day. The idea that persons eminent in one profession should lecture upon matters connected with other professions was a very happy one, and could not fail to subserve the higher purpose of amusement, if not promote the lower object of instruction. They had lately heard a distinguished General Practitioner upon Art; to-night they would hear a not less eminent Artist upon Medicine. He believed that it was in contemplation to follow up the present evening's entertainment with others of an equally mixed character. An Indian puisne Judge had promised to lecture upon English farming; the clerical head of a College at Oxford was about to give his views upon manœuvring an army in the field in a country infested with hostile savages; and a distinguished lawyer of well-known yachting proclivities had consented to jot down his ideas upon the best manner of manning and navigating a P. and O. steamer from Southampton to Bombay. It would thus be seen that a rich harvest of amusement, if not instruction, was in store for the members of the Association. Without further preface, he begged to introduce Mr. HERRIES SCURRY, a gentleman of wide-spread popularity and distinction in the world of Art.

Mr. H. SCURRY said, that in his opinion, it might be said of the Doctor, as truly as the poet, *nascitur non fit*. He must be born to the business, or he is never fit for it. Although Art was his profession, he was satisfied he was a born doctor. He had given as much of his time as he could spare from the practice of his own laborious and singularly exacting profession to the study of phisic and surgery, in some of what were often called their minor branches, but which he took to be, if not exactly their trunks, some of their most important ramifications. Then it was often said that a fever patient should be fed, rather than bled. Though this opinion had been maintained of late by the most celebrated practitioners, he felt himself unable to agree with it. Why should you feed a fever patient? When a man is ill, he surely is not hungry—at least,

he ought not to be. If JOHN HUNTER, ABERNETHY, BENJAMIN BRODIE, ASTLEY COOPER, ERASMUS WILSON, MACKENZIE, HARVEY, ANDREW CLARKE, and RISDEN BENNETT, were called in consultation—

The Chairman here interposed. Did the Lecturer mean that the eminent men he had mentioned *could* be called in consultation together? Would it not be rather a difficult matter to get them into the same room? Chronology was so absurdly exigent.

Mr. SCURRY did not quite understand the force of the Chairman's remark. He was speaking without notes, and did not profess to talk by the chronological card. The meeting would see the idea he wished to convey. To resume—some surgeons said, that in performing an operation, it was better to administer chloroform before, instead of after, using the knife. He must say, emphatically, that he found himself unable to agree with them. As a draughtsman upon wood for many years, it was his deliberate opinion, that chloroform might more safely be administered after, than before, an operation. The patient would by this means, at least, secure a comfortable sleep when he most wanted it.

The Lecturer then gave some very interesting practical demonstrations, upon a lay figure, of his views as to the best methods of amputations, bandages, and treatment of gun-shot wounds, with his ideas of the principles on which such operations should be conducted, after which the proceedings terminated.

The audience, composed largely of artists, showed throughout the most respectful, if at times somewhat puzzled, interest.

Altogether, it is difficult to convey an idea of the vigour and sustained energy which animated alike Mr. H. SCURRY's oral explanations, and his practical demonstrations, so singularly interesting, as the work of one, the serious business of whose life has lain in so entirely different a channel.

RANK AND ITS RESPONSIBILITIES.

MR. PUNCH, SIR,

As a strenuous supporter of the British Aristocracy, a firm believer in the Blue Blood of England, and one who counts legitimately upon "The Upper Ten," I cannot sufficiently express my regret at the publication, in a recent trial, of a letter from Her Grace the Duchess of WESTMINSTER giving a character to a person bearing the extremely plebeian name of JONES. Why, Sir, that note might have been written by ninety-nine middle-class mistresses of a house out of every hundred. There was nothing in it, I regretted extremely to observe, showing that Her Grace adequately appreciated the duties and privileges of her exalted station. This is not the way, Sir, to preserve the gloss and glory of the strawberry leaves! Were every Duchess to write in the same quiet, lady-like, if slightly ungrammatical manner, we might expect soon to find the levelling institutions of America acclimatised amongst us. What is the use of the *Morning Post*, and other organs of the Old English Aristocracy, if Ladies of real rank are to stoop in their epistolary correspondence to the level of Mrs. BROWN, JONES, or ROBINSON?

You will, perhaps, ask what is the use of diagnosing the disease, unless you can suggest the remedy? Allow me, therefore, to jot down my idea of the sort of letter that should have been sent on the occasion to which I have alluded. Of course, it ought not to have been written by the Duchess herself, but by her Servants' Hall Secretary's Assistant Secretary, in something like this form:—

MADAM,

I AM desired by the Secretary of the Servants' Hall of Her Grace the Duchess of WESTMINSTER to inform you that Her Grace has a faint recollection of having once had a person in her service of the name you mention. To the best of Her Grace's belief, she was, &c. &c. [Here might have come the character.]

This letter would have been sent earlier, had Her Grace had leisure to give her direction in the matter.

I am, Madam, yours, &c.

(Signed) TREVOR HOWARD BARRINGTON,
Assistant Servants' Hall Secretary of Her Grace
the Duchess of Westminster.

Had Her Grace directed such a letter as the above, the prestige of our Old Nobility would have been maintained, and I should have been satisfied.

Yours, indignantly,

PLANTAGENET MONTMORENCY FIGGINS.

Pinchbeck Lodge, Good Queen Anne's Road,
Kensal Green, North Kensington.

"Another Star Gone Out, I Think."

AT Berlin, DIZZY's star, in the ascendant,
On tinsel "Peace with Honour" shone resplendent;
Now with ZULUS and BARTLE FRERE to master,
His star is dimmed, and must be spelt *Diz-aster*!



ORTHODOX!

The Rev. Alexis Tonshier (going round his new Parish). "OF COURSE, YOU OBSERVE LENT, MRS. RICKYARD?"

Mrs. Rickyard. "OH, YES, SIR, WE ALLUS HEV PANCAKES O' SHROVE TUESDAY!"

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

The Girls—The Folly—The Hunchback.

SIR.—Of course it was absolutely necessary to go and see *The Girls* as soon as possible. Mistrusting the enthusiasm, or prejudice, of a first night, I waited till the third representation; but I could not shake off the feeling that, play what they would, it couldn't help being, somehow or other, a pendant to *Our Boys*. Up to the very last I indulged in a vague hope that Mr. DAVID JAMES would throw off his wig, whiskers, and moustache, and appear as *Perkyn Middlewick*, acknowledging that, after all, he had only been "puttendin." When in the last Act he actually did take off his sham whiskers and beard, I began to think my anticipations were on the point of being realised. But no,—he never reappeared as *Perkyn Middlewick*, but remained *Mr. Plantaganet Potter* to the end. As to Mr. THORNE, I had seen him in some such part before—in what I forget—but I think in some piece of Mr. ALBERRY'S, where as a carpenter, or a bookbinder, or something between the two, he got up a ladder in a library, and from the top of it informed the company generally that he was guilty of some frightful crime, which had really been committed by Mr. DAVID JAMES—familiarily known in the piece as "Old Snowball"—and then slid down the ladder, had a fit, and the Curtain descended on this touching tableau. Well, whatever was the character in that piece, Mr. THORNE'S part in *The Girls* is much the same as the one just mentioned, only without the ladder, the accusation, and the tableau.

The character of *Plantaganet Potter* is a libel on the ordinary City man. So let us hope he is not a City ordinary, but an importation from some "Thikhty-per-thent-my-boy" establishment. He is not even a type of the class to which he is supposed to belong. Then what people he knows! as for example "Alderman Jumbo"—which sounds as if the Corporation of the City of London had selected as a member of their Order one of those London blacks who do always perform out of St. James's Hall, and generally on the Downs and at the doors of public-houses.

The names are not in the Author's happiest vein. *Potter* recalls *Old Potter* in *Still Waters*, and *Judson* is to everyone unfortunately suggestive of "dyes." Long life to *The Girls*,—but *Judson* dyes. *Absit omen!*

The Girls has not that genuine touch of nature in it which undoubtedly

made the success of *Our Boys*. The title, unfortunately, invites comparison, to the advantage of our old friend. Yet Mr. JAMES is so irresistibly droll as this Israelitish Thikhty-per-thent-my-boy cad, that everyone in search of several hearty laughs—at intervals—will undoubtedly get them at the Vaudeville. The best Scenes in the piece are in the First Act, where the bashful *Judson*—(here *Judson* blushes, and his cheeks are dyed,—it's inevitable)—proposes to Mr. FARREN for one of *The Girls*, is accepted, and immediately afterwards *Potter*, the Mock-auctioneer—thikhty-per-thent-muthic-'all Thvell, enters to propose for the other.

The contrast is striking, and the entire scene between the moneyed *Muthic-all-Arry* and *Clench* would be still funnier, and might be even true to nature, were Mr. JAMES representing the sort of man I have just named. But to be quite true to nature, *Mr. Clench* would have kicked him out of the house. Even as it is, Mr. BYRON has been forced into making *Clench* say, aside, "I could strike him," or words to that effect, and hesitate about accepting such a thorough-going repulsive cad for his son-in-law, so as to tone down, to some extent, the outrageous character of an amusing scene.

Miss LARKIN is as good as ever—always staid, yet always larkin'; and Miss KATE BISHOP plays the elder of the girls charmingly, and Miss CICELY RICHARDS is, of course, the Chambermaid in the usual Third Act poverty-stricken scene, where all begins miserably, and ends happily.

What has induced Mr. IRVING to produce the *Lady of Lyons*? His success as the *Courier of Lyons*? Or is it that he is in training for *Romeo*, and is getting at it *via Claude Melnotte*? However, this must stand over.

The *Woman of the People* was a good start for Easter, for the Olympic, under the management of Miss FANNY JOSEPHS, and the success of *The Hunchback* is not one whit abated at the Adelphi, where it will continue its career with four nights of Miss NEILSON as *Julia*, and two of Miss BELLA PATEMAN in the same character; then three nights of Mr. NEVILLE as *Master Walter*, then three nights of Mr. VEZIN. A mad world, my masters!

Messrs. GATTI should publish a theatrical version of *Who's Who* in 1879. *Hoi Adelphoi* are Messrs. NEVILLE and VEZIN. With which I commend myself to your graces, and am

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

SHALL LORD BYRON HAVE A STATUE?

Nor if the Vestry of St. George's, Hanover Square, know it—that is, within their district. They resolved on this last week, by 33 to 20. It is probably no loss to London, unless the statue would be guaranteed as far better than anything of the sort we possess at present, or that were exhibited as specimens at the Byron Memorial Exhibition in the Albert Hall. But the ground of its rejection—causing the rejection of the ground by its proprietors—was that a great poetic genius holding such opinions as were held by this great poetic genius, ought not to have a memorial in any Christian parish. What a howl would this very Vestry have raised against Papal intolerance, had the Cardinal-Vicar in Rome opposed the erection of a statue of LUTHER within the Square of St. Peter's! Lord BYRON should have a statue as a poet, not as a distinguished member of the Established Church.

Quoth the Jolly J.P.'s of Aberystwith.

"SIR W. LAWSON asked the SECRETARY OF STATE for the Home Department whether his attention had been called to the proceedings of certain Magistrates at Aberystwith, who are alleged to have attended a supper which was lately held at the Lion Hotel in that town, and, when the hour of eleven approached, are stated to have there and then signed an order for an extension of hours for the sale of drink on the premises, in order to conclude the festivities of the evening."

Who with Law should make free,
If not your J.P.—

Being Cynic of blood and convivial of habits?
The statute let's shelve,

And keep open till twelve
The house where Welsh lions wash down their Welsh rabbits!

BACK AGAIN FROM BAVENO!—London to VICTORIA—
"Welcome, little stranger!"



DISASTROUS RESULT OF BEAUTYMANIA.

THE LAST NEW BEAUTY, HAVING AN INNOCENT CAST OF COUNTENANCE, HAS BEEN PAINTED, SCULPTURED, AND PHOTOGRAPHED WITH HER HEAD ON ONE SIDE, SUCKING HER THUMB.—(N.B.—THE GENTLEMEN ARE JOINING THE LADIES AFTER DINNER.)

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



VITESSE, grande vitesse! (Monday, April 21.)
Lords met, and up and away by twenty-five minutes past five. But in those few minutes they had managed to exact a disclaimer of an intention to advance upon Cabul, and to forward several Bills a stage. *O si sic M.P.'s.* But—

"Division of Labour our System affords—
The talk to the Commons—the work to the Lords."

(Commons).—Oh ye DILKES and DILLWYNS of little faith. How often must the Government organs play over to you—

(Air—"We Don't Want to Fight.")

"We don't mean to advance upon Cabul—if we do, The Cabinet will tell the House, and for an advance ask too."

Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE explained to Sir J. GOLDSMID that Mr. RIVERS WILSON had not "refused to be dismissed." A man can't "refuse to be dismissed," any more than he can refuse to be kicked down-stairs. There was no question of refusal on his part, or sanction on ours.

In Supply—on Civil Service Estimates. Vote of Costs of Civil Service Commission all but docked by the Salary of a Commissioner. The odour of jobbery still hangs about the appointment of Lord HAMPTON, though all his colleagues and ex-colleagues declare he is a model of administrative activity and efficiency at eighty-one. Nevertheless, his salary was only carried by 100 to 94. Such a Division

means that the thing is really *too* strong to be defended much longer. People are beginning to feel that the Examination hobby is being ridden more than a little too hard when he is trotted out to carry Office messengers to their situations round by the Office of the Civil Service Commission. Some picking at the increased expenses of the Audit Office and the Local Government Acts' Office, but no hole picked in either vote. Scotland asks for more than the £10,000 now voted to her for medical charity—not that she troubles herself to prove that she

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THE DANGERS OF DILETTANTISM.

Mr. Snippe (of "*Snippe and Padwell*," *Pall Mall*). "GOOD AFTER-NOON, MY LORD. I'M PROUD TO SEE YOU LOOKING AT MY HUMBLE SKETCHES."

Noble Client. "ULLOA, SNIPPE! YOU DON'T MEAN TO SAY THESE CARICATURES ARE BY YOU?"

Mr. Snippe. "YES, INDEED, MY LORD."

Noble Client. "BY GEORGE! WHY—THEY'RE ALMOST GOOD ENOUGH FOR PUNCH!"

Mr. Snippe (modestly). "THEY OUGHT TO BE, MY LORD. I GIVE THE WHOLE OF MY MIND TO THEM."

Noble Client. "THE DEVIL YOU DO! IT'S A PITY YOU DON'T PUBLISH THEM TO THE WORLD, SNIPPE."

Mr. Snippe (much flattered). "I DARE SAY I SHALL SOME DAY, MY LORD."

Noble Client. "AH, I WOULD, IF I WERE YOU! AND LOOK HERE, SNIPPE, WHEN YOU DO, I'LL BUY A SET. BUT I'LL BE HANGED IF YOU SHALL EVER MEASURE ME FOR ANOTHER COAT!"

requires an increase, but because she is not getting her fair share with England of "what's gaun" in the way of bawbees to the M.D.'s and G.P.'s.

The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER brought in his Bill to facilitate the lightening of unlimited Joint-Stock Banks of their first syllable—a change which *Punch* hopes needs only to be commended to the common sense of J. B., to be at once, in all cases, insisted upon, alike in the interest of bank shareholders and bank creditors. It means, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, the substitution, not of a less security for a greater, but of substantial security for illusory. After the Glasgow catastrophe, no sensible man will continue to hold shares in a bank of unlimited liability. The alternative is between "Limited Liability" with ability to pay, and "Unlimited Liability" without ability to pay. Besides limited and unlimited banks, the Bill will give facilities for creating what it cumbrously christens "Reserve Liability" banks,—that is, banks with a liability limited by some multiple of the value of the shares.

But note-issuing banks are not to be allowed to re-register when they have an establishment in any other part of the United Kingdom than that where their principal office is situated.

This is a side-stroke at the Scotch banks established in London. These Scotch banks, which are banks of issue, have, with Scotch sharpness, stolen a march on the English banks, which are not permitted to issue notes. The Scottish banking interest will kick, and it is a strong one. But it is the deficiency of Scottish banking principle which has upset the coach, and brought the law about the bankers' ears.

The banking organs in the House generally, though guardedly, approved the Bill. It is one of the few cases in which everybody says that something must be done, yet in which the doing of something seems really necessary.

No doubt there will be an attempt made to limit the liability of trustees by special provision.

Tuesday (Lords).—The good news of the relief of Colonel PEARSON at Ekowe read to the House, with the chequered news from Colonel WOOD, and list of the killed and wounded. The House, like England, thankful, but the reverse of triumphant.

The EARLS of REDESDALE and KIMBERLEY, and the DUKE of MANCHESTER, against the DUKE of RICHMOND and the MARQUESSES of RIFON and HUNTLY, on the principle that should govern the taxation of upland owners to prevent lowland floods. Their Lordships held owners liable by 41 to 19.

(Commons.)—The Zulu news received. Cheers for Colonel PEARSON's rescue. The House feels like JOHN BULL, that it has much to be thankful for, nothing to be triumphant about. It hails the not disastrous issue of the first stage of a business ill begun, with no very visible good consequence in prospect.

For the choice of its Select Committees, the House prefers its Whips to anything that the House can put in their place. Nothing like knowing whips to head-back the bafflers and barkers, and see that the staunch old dogs are well kept up to their work.

MR. RITCHIE moved to introduce the small end of the protection-wedge into the sugar-cask—in the shape of a Select Committee. "Candid inquiry" is all the sugar-refining interest asks, of course. But if the candid inquiry were to result in a proposal of a duty to counterbalance the Foreign Bounties which are so bountifully enabling the British consumer to buy his sugar at one farthing a pound cheaper, MR. RITCHIE considers that such a duty would be in perfect accordance with Free Trade principles.

DR. CAMERON and MR. SAMPSON LLOYD are quite clear on that point.

MR. SAMUDA doesn't agree with them, but would shut out all Austrian and French sugar not refined in bond.

MR. BURKE, for Government, promised the Select Committee, but protested against countervailing duties and exclusions.

Messrs. COURTNEY and LOWE pointed out the cloven hoof of Protection under the disguise of "Candid Inquiry." Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE dittoed all that MR. BURKE had said against countervailing duties. MR. MCIVER protested against "Brummagem and one-sided free-trade." How about your friends' Brummagem system of Protection, MCIVER, son of the Mist? MR. FORSTER asked the Government to back their disclaimer of "compensatory duties" by an exclusion of them in the terms of reference; but Sir STAFFORD declined the proffered pinch of salt; and after speeches from MR. MARTEN, Sir J. HOGG, MR. BALFOUR, and Sir J. LUBBOCK, in favour of inquiry, the Committee was granted on the Government terms of reference, and the small end of the Protection wedge driven home by Sir STAFFORD, with due disclaimer.

Wednesday, given up to the carrying—*mirabile dictu*—of one Irish Bill, for the Registration of Voters, and the almost carrying of another, for the introduction into Ulster tenant-right, from the English Agricultural Holdings Act, of the presumption in favour of tenants' right to improvements.

Sir J. LESLIE, MR. J. LOWTHER, MR. GREGORY, and MR. D. PLUNKET thought the presumption of Irish tenants went too far already, and the Bill was thrown out by 146 to 131. With these figures—

MACARTNEY, take your Bill away—
'Tis bound to pass another day.

Thursday (Lords).—Lord NORTON re-introduces his Bill for protecting the payments to Friendly Societies from the claims of Boards of Guardians. When men who have made such payments, become paupers, by sickness, lunacy, or other causes, the Guardians now claim a lien, before the paupers themselves, or their wives or relations, on any moneys they may have paid to Benefit Clubs or Friendly Societies. This is a direct discouragement of thrift; but Lord REDESDALE declares that it is in strict accordance with the principle of Poor-Law relief, and must be maintained.

Lord KIMBERLEY agrees with him. But the Lords, undeterred by this formidable opposition, vote for thrift against principle—as understood by Lord REDESDALE.

A fight between Narrow and Broad Gauge on Irish lines.—Lord LIFFORD Champion of the Broad, Lord REDESDALE, as of right, of the Narrow.

Lord CRANBROOK interposed with a modification, in the spirit of the old "Horns" oath at Highgate, only allowing the narrow gauge when the broad would be difficult or unremunerative.

(Commons).—RYLANDS the Rasper introduced his famous Resolutions condemning the increase of the national expenditure, censuring Her Majesty's Government for it, and calling for reduction. The year's expenses had risen to £91,000,000, the largest sum ever spent, except when the country was in the throes of a great Continental war. The CHANCELLOR had tried to "bubble" the country by his Budget, which shirked payments and postponed liabilities. The depression of trade and commerce throughout the country was aggravated by the uncertainty of peace, engendered by the "Imperial policy" of the Government, consisting of annexation, interference, and aggression.

Mr. BAXTER seconded the motion. He quoted statistics to show the rapid decline of English trade and agriculture, the growth of pauperism, the falling off of traffic and business activity, the loss of old markets. The time had come to revise taxation and cut down expenditure, and we were trifling with the one, and increasing the other.

The FIRST LORD of the ADMIRALTY, most intrepid of the large family of SMITH, fit foster-father of iron-clads, advanced against the Rylandian clawhammer and the Baxterian blade, his breast clad in oak and triple brass, and hoisting the flag of "Peace, Retrenchment, and Reform," contended that nobody had a right to twist Government with extravagance, seeing that large majorities had sanctioned every step of the policy which had to be paid for. He analysed away the expenditure, denying that any Government could diminish the Army by a man, or the Navy by a ship. The charge of the great armies and navies of Europe had risen far more than ours, from £73,000,000 in 1870 to £97,000,000 in 1878. As to new taxation, the Government had only put in the poor man's pipe an extra twopence on his pound of baccy. Altogether the national interests could not have been guarded, and the national honour maintained for less than the Government was spending.

Mr. LAING stigmatised the Budget as an operation in thimblery.

Mr. HUBBARD quite approved the Budget, and didn't see his way to reducing Army or Navy.

Dr. KENEALY gave the Government the benefit of his support, maintaining that, after the House had repeatedly approved ends, it would be self-stultification to stint means.

Mr. RITCHIE argued that the Resolutions ran in the teeth of the truth, seeing that the pressure of pauperism, crime, and taxation had not increased.

Mr. DODSON dissected Mr. SMITH's estimate of the financial situation—contended that the Debt had increased, in spite of Sinking Funds; denied the existence of a Surplus, and doubted if the honour of England could be maintained by a policy Government had not the pluck to ask the Nation honestly to pay for.

Mr. SCLATER-BOTHOT maintained that the Government had done its best under difficulties—and that the Resolutions amounted to censure, not of the Ministers, but of the Majority and the Country.

Sir J. LUBBOCK put the figures the other way, insisting that the extraordinary expenditure of the Government was unnecessary, and its policy prejudicial commercially, without counterbalance of political advantage. Mr. GRANTHAM maintained that taxation had diminished under the present Government, and the debate was adjourned on Mr. GOSCHEN's motion.

Friday (Lords).—Arma Virumque. Lord CADOGAN said the Government knew all about the sale of arms in Africa, but it would be unfair to name the man or men who sold them before the Zulu War; and they had taken measures to prevent the sale since.

(Commons).—Sir STAFFORD shirked Sir J. GOLDSMID's question—Whether Pot had turned on Kettle; in other words, whether the SULTAN had offered to depose the KHEDIVÉ. We infer from Sir STAFFORD's fencing with the query, that he could not say "No."

Is the Attorney-Generalship of Victoria an office under the Crown, acceptance of which by Sir BRYAN O'LOGHLEN vacates his seat for Clare? A Committee has reported that it is. Sir J. GOLDSMID challenges their conclusion. After a long scrimmage of mixed Irish and legal forces, the House supported its Committee by 180 to 11, and a new writ was ordered for Clare.

Common sense ought to be satisfied.

In Supply,

A movement to make charity begin at home—by the Charity Commission paying its own expenses—was negatived by 72 to 52.

D. D. D. D.

(The Premier's Policy; or, Sir W. V. H. improved.)

ABROAD.—Death, Danger, and Disease, Disaster and Distrust.

At Home.—Disquiet, Deep Distress, Dishonour, and—Disgust.

SHOOTING, NOT WITH THE LONG-BOW.

Dr. Carver at the Crystal Palace.



INCE PUNCH called on the Directors of the Crystal Palace Programme to give him a new sensation—almost as hard a demand as ALEXANDER's for a new pleasure—they have girded up their loins to the task, and have given *Punch* and the public a sensation, in the shooting feats of "Dr." CARVER, which quite satisfies *Punch*, and ought to satisfy the public.

It is a pity that Dr. CARVER should be heralded by a book professing to describe his life and adventures, which, if it be not a piece of unmitigated Barnumising, reads like it. At all events, it strikes one as quite out of keeping

with the wonderfulness of Dr. CARVER's performances, and the modest, simple, and honest manner of the man, whom you cannot exchange ten words with without liking, and believing all he says to you. You have only to see "Dr." CARVER go through his incredible "shoot" to feel that "Doctor" or "Medicine Man," "Dakota-bred" or "Down-Easter," he is simply the most marvellous master of the art of "drawing a bead" that ever lifted a rifle.

To break a hundred glass balls, of about three inches diameter, thrown up in the air, in front of him, across his line of sight, high up, low down, towards him, from him, with varying forces, and at changing distances, with a rifle bullet, without a single miss—as Dr. CARVER did the other day at Sandringham—or with a proportion of misses, varying from five to seven, and that in less than five minutes, seems a feat quite beyond any attainable steadiness of human muscles, and any achievable accuracy of human eye. But Dr. CARVER has done this, over and over again. Twice a day—at 3 and at 5.30, weather permitting, and even in the teeth of an East wind fit to cut you in two—you may see him outside the north end of the Crystal Palace, break fifty balls so thrown up in less than two minutes, with three or four misses at most, and sometimes without one. He smashes a couple of such balls from the saddle, thrown up as he rides past at full gallop, over and over again.

His fancy shots, from the hip, from the top of the head, lying back over a chair, with his back to the mark, sighting by help of a looking-glass, are tricks of showmanship, looking more wonderful than they are.

The incredible accuracy of eye and steadiness of hand are shown in the breaking of balls springing from a trap, or thrown by the hand in a given time. Everybody—rifleman or no rifleman—should see this, as an example of the perfection to which very exceptional natural gifts can be carried by practice. There is intense interest in watching this champion of all rifle-shots that are, or ever were, or ever will be—as one cannot but think—through one of his performances, as there is delight in watching any other achievement of consummate skill; and the perfect quietness, simplicity, and refreshing absence of all bounce and braggadocio, adds greatly to the pleasurable nature of the performance.

Here are no wretched pigeons, with tails twitched out to make them zig-zag, or half-starved to cripple their speed, being blown to pieces, or, worse still, wounded and left to a lingering death; here is no neck risked, as in walking the high rope, or daring the aerial dive. We are looking on at an achievement of perfectly disciplined human senses, and human muscles, their natural keenness sharpened, and strength strengthened by consummate temper and self-control, by regularity of habits, by mastery of appetites—in, short, by keeping down the baser, and keeping uppermost the higher, of the two natures, which doubtless claim their part in Dr. CARVER as in the rest of us.

He throws the lasso almost as dexterously as he aims the ball; and I am told is as consummate a master of the bow as of the rifle. There is, however, nothing of the long-bowman in what he does with the latter.

Punch asked for a novelty at the Crystal Palace. He has got two in one—a shooter unequalled among riflemen, but an exhibitor unique among Yankee performers—a modest, quiet, and unboastful doer of things even more wonderful in the reality than in the description.

EGYPTIAN LOANS AND EGYPTIAN BEANS.—Ill-lent and Lent-ill.



THE TABLES TURNED.

Lady Clara Robinson (née Vere de Vere) is subject to fits of Radicalism. After suddenly informing her daughter Gwendoline that kind hearts are more than coronets, and simple faith than Norman blood, she gives her permission to go and play with "those nice daughters of the People."

Gwendoline Robinson. "YOU MAY PLAY WITH ME, LITTLE GIRLS!"

Small Daughter of the People. "IF YOU PLEASE, MISS, MOTHER DON'T LIKE US TO PLAY WITH STRANGE CHILDREN!"

"AUT CÆSAR, AUT NIHI!"

Or, Tyrant v. Terror.

A DREAD alternative! Yet one which is
Autocracy's eternal Nemesis.
Poor Cæsar! Though he pose as present God,
Though serf-born serfs stand trembling at his nod,
Though purchased cheers and prayers his ears salute,
Though long the voice of Mutiny be mute,
There comes a moment when Hate's whispers swell
From muffled murmur to triumphant yell.
And Cæsar, though his sword be swift of stroke,
And his tense hands lay weight upon the yoke,
Yet, in the darkened chamber of his mind,
Dreads the grim shadow which no bonds can bind,
More than the solid ranks of leaguéd foes,
Whom steel may smite or policy oppose.
Lo, Cæsar Liberator, where he stands
Clutching the fetters! But the hundred hands
Of that pervading phantom mock his gyves.
A foe that fears not death hath many lives.
When you can shackle shadows, bind the cloud,
Or prison the north wind when piping loud
Over your frozen wastes, then, Cæsar, hope
With the raised spirit of Revolt to cope
By chain, and gag, and scourge. The thing is bred
Of age-long tyranny; its hopes have fed
On food you furnished when your hosts went forth
To fight for freedom, and so learn its worth.
'Tis blind and bloody, as are all things born
Of cold oppression and of callous scorn.
As is the tyrant, must his victim be,
First, sacrifice, then scourge of tyranny.

Sedition's spirit but reflects the mood
Of the oppressor; hate breeds hate, and blood
Is bloodshed's bitter spring. The grisly shade
That darkens o'er your path is but arrayed
In your own terrors, and its acts are fraught
With the bad lessons Tyranny has taught.
Cæsar, this is no ghost, which you may lay
In the Red Sea of State revenge, or stay
With bonds or barriers. Secret, steadfast, stern,
As is the rule it aims to overturn,
Wide-ranging, subtly spread, hid deep from sight,
As some swift-growing poisonous parasite,
'Twill paralyse the arm that strikes at it,
Or, smitten, swift its severed joints re-knit,
Nor die till ordered freedom's healthier growth
Supplants the Tyrant and the Terror both.

National Tribute to Lord B.

(Reduced to L. S. D.)

THE Subscribers to the TRACY TURNERELLI Wreath—in for a penny.

THE Subscribers to the Taxation of England—in for a great many pounds.

Hint to a Hero.

MY GARIBALDI, rest content,
Let your friends look at home;
To wage war for Trieste and Trent,
Might be the loss of Rome.

THE PATRON SAINT OF RAILWAYS.—St. Pancrash.



“AUT CÆSAR, AUT NIHIL!”

COLLOQUIAL METEOROLOGY.



IT has long been usual for people who wish to say something to one another, but are at a loss for a subject, to talk of the weather. On this topic there were formerly but few ideas to be interchanged, and therefore little could be said; but now the progress of popularised meteorology has enabled NOAKES and STYLES to maintain a conversation of some length if not much liveliness; as thus:

Noakes. Here's another dull day, old man.

Styles. Just such another as yesterday was. Dull as ditchwater.

Noakes. Yes; but, however, it seems to have been bright in the north of Scotland—of all places.

Styles. Rain at Yarmouth, Holyhead, and Valentia, though.

Noakes. Ditto this morning over the whole of the south-east of England.

Styles. Thermometer last evening on south-west coasts and at London 51°. Lowish.

Noakes. At Shields down to 40°. Low; very low.

Styles. Mean temperature five or six degrees below the average of the month. Shamefully mean.

Noakes. Wind in northern parts easterly. A gale.

Styles. Regular Euroclydon.

Noakes. Backing towards south in Bay of Biscay. South and rough.

Styles. Rough, of course.

Noakes. Barometer rising slightly in the west of Paddyland.

Styles. First flower of the earth and first gem of the sea. Fair in old Oireland.

Noakes. Erin go bragh! Slight recovery this morning at Hurst Castle.

Styles. Elsewhere mercury falling, though. Yah!

Noakes. General depression, barometrical and business.

Styles. Let us hope things will look up. Band of high pressure lying over North Sea. Too much high pressure in most quarters.

Noakes. You may say that. Any ozone in the atmosphere?

Styles. Clerk of Weather Office doesn't say. No meteors last night. No aurora. What's the prophecy from New York?

Noakes. Cyclone to reach these coasts in a day or two; thunder and lightning, and then fall of temperature. Down again!

Styles. As if it wasn't low enough already. Ugh!

Noakes. Expect the Derby this year will be run in a snow-storm.

Styles. If a continued black frost doesn't prevent its being run at all.

Noakes. By the way, which is the favourite for the Newmarket Spring Meeting?

Here the dialogue, by a natural transition, turns on Horses, and thence extends to things in general.

'ARRY ON CRUTCHES.

DEAR CHARLIE,

THANKS many and large for the prime birth-day present you sent. You must ha' bin nobblin' the ochre so much on your chum to 'ave spent. A crutch-handled stick is percisely the very hidentical thing As I wanted to put the last touch to my brand new tog-up for the Spring,

Which if I've a taste—arter gals and good smokes—'tis for toppers in sticks; They do give a chap sech a hair, don't yer know, when they're up to the nicks. I've a tidy collection myself, but this last lardy fashion,—well, there,—It wouldn't quite run to it, CHARLIE—I 'adn't the spangles to spare.

I went for an arternoon prowl on'y yesterday, CHARLIE, and Lor'! The gals eyed my nobby git up with a mingling of rapture and hor. Yaller ulster and elbers well crook'd on the high perlite pump-andle plan, With a toothpick, ong sweet. Oh! I tell yer the Toffs wasn't in it, old man.

On'y wish yer wos with me, dear pal, to do ditto; becos, don't yer see, To nick the thing up to the nines yer want two, or, still properer, three; Then yer wobbles along in a line, hands behind, in Pall Mall or the Park, Like the three little stiff 'uns in wood wot yer find in a kid's Noah's Ark.

That's the form; and it isn't a line you'd 'ave 'it on, permiskus, I guess; It's *genius*, that's wot it is, spots new fakes in deportment and dress. There must be a rare lot knocking round, though the Swells don't git credit for much.

For it wasn't no or'nary mind as developed the toothpick and crutch.

'Ow rum things come round! I remember my granny, a game-leg'd old gal, Sort of Old Mother Hubbard, 'ad jest sech a crook 'andled stick, my dear pal; I used to ride cockhorse upon it,—and nab it sometimes on my nut, Lor', 'ow she'd 'a goggled to see it adornin' a Swell's morning strut.

I suppose if the Toffs took a fancy for chewing a stor or a twig, Like a tout or a hostler, or tumbled to carryin' a bludgeon as big As a crib-cracker's nobby persuader, Pall Mall would be jolly soon gay With blue-blooded blokes a green Cop might mistake for foot-pads on the lay.

'Owsomever, in course, style is style, and I've done this ere trick to a turn, Though the hattitude's funny at fust, and the knee-wobble's orkurd to learn; I practised it well in my den, like I do cellar-flaps, or walks-round, And if you could see me, you'd say as it suits me right down to the ground.

That's where I've the pull, my dear boy—I've the tastes of a Toff of the day, And that's why I tumble so slick to most hevery new park-prowler's lay. It's nice that the Nobs don't go in for the nonsense some noodles call *grace*, Which a feller can't get a fair holt on, as mucks yer in going the pace.

But you on'y wants tin to git togs, mate, and not so remarkable much, For the Snips cut it finer and finer; and as for yer toothpick and crutch,—Well, I wish wewos chums on the crawl, and I'd show yer, old flick, 'ow to carry The swell stick in silver and black sent to

Yours obligatedly, 'ARRY.

HORROR IN HYGEIAPOLIS.

"SIR W. TREVELYAN has bequeathed his cellar of choice wines to Dr. RICHARDSON, the well-known assailant of alcoholic indulgence in all forms, and the Author of Hygeiopolis, the City of Health."—*Newspaper Paragraph.*

April 28th.—Arrival of "Bequest." Bulk of it taken to cellar. Choice specimens arranged carefully on specially prepared shelves, in Laboratory.

29th.—Commenced analysis on a bottle of "Oporto wine," bearing the date of "1824."

30th.—Continued investigations in Laboratory. Microscopic tests show *infusoria* in solution at a temperature of 270° Fahrenheit. Applied Spectrum analysis. Protoxide of iron discoverable in deposits. Drank an ounce at intervals. Range of pulse from seventy-two to seventy-six. *Memorandum.* Found the after-taste not unpleasant. Had a couple of glasses (oz. 5'004—about) at dinner. Effect on *sensory motor* centres peculiar.

May 3rd to 15th.—Finished specimens of '24 Port. Replenished shelves with several good brands. Tested "Imperial Tokay" for the phosphates, with interesting results.

16th to 23rd.—Still testing the Tokay for phosphates. Drank from retort (oz. 15.0172—about), at normal temperature—very refreshing—but could detect nothing. Pulse steady at eighty-four. Capital wine.

27th.—Friends dropped in to lunch. Had up some Hermitage, and drank to "Scientific Research." Refused to wait and try test for nitrate of soda. (*Mem.*—Arranged to go to the Derby next month, and try the "fizz.")

June 4th.—Continued the analysis in dining-room. Tested, with a few more friends, one or two excellent samples of Clos Vougeot for perchloride of copper. Found none. Settled to come to supper on the 15th.

6th to 15th.—Busy investigating sparkling wines. *Formula as under:*—Amount of carbonic acid in dozen of Moselle at 64s. (excellent wine) about '300l. (For further particulars, see *Notes.*)

16th.—My birthday. Broke the retort. "Sample" supper a great success. Took notes at table. Amount of oxide of soda-water in five-gallons champagne-cup? Give it up. Test with tumblers for—per—perchloride? QUEEN's health? Now, then—one more! What say finish up evening Laboratory? Carried.

20th.—Still investigating. Cap'tal fun! Have up dozen of everything—test dozens? Thash waygetthrough't quick. Eh? Now, then, threestmthree!—herestschience. Down with comp'nees dult'ration—thatsnort thing! Down p'rechloride—down ev'r'thing! All ri'. Tesht'nay. Fact'n sen'srymotonevry? Eh? 'Esolutelynil. Goo'nigh'.



"REVENGE IS SWEET!"

Party (who had rung the night-bell at 3 A.M.). "OH, SO SORRY TO DISTURB YOU AT THIS HOUR; BUT THIS PRESCRIPTION"—(beseechingly)—"IF YOU'LL KINDLY—IT'S A MATTER OF LIFE—"
 Tradesman. "WHO ARE YOU?"

Party. "OH, I LIVE AT NO. 4 IN THE CRESCENT. MY NAME IS—"

Tradesman (recognising former Customer). "OH—AH—TO BE SURE—I KNOW. WELL—YOU GO AND KNOCK 'EM UP AT YOUR CO-OPERATIVE STORES!!" [Shuts window viciously.]

TO FIND THE RANGE-FINDERS.

CUSTODIRE custodes is an old standing official difficulty. To find the Range-finders seems the last new form of it. To Lord TRURO's questions on the supply of this very important and long-pigeon-holed aid to effective firing, Lord BURY was instructed to reply, that "a great many Range-finders had been served out to the troops." General WRAY writes to the Times:—

"Forty-four or forty-five instruments have been made, or are in hand, for infantry purposes, including twelve for the Government of India and a few for private issue. Altogether twenty-one sets had up to a few days ago been ordered for Imperial service, just sufficient for the same number of companies."

Now twenty-one companies is better than nothing, but it is hardly "a great many," having regard to the companies in the British Army. Unless Lord BURY claims an official right to exceed all ordinary limits of deviation allowed in the case of Range-finders, he had better keep closer to facts in his future answers on this matter.

IN TRAVAIL OF A 'TRIBUTE.'

It is too bad, because a man has a name that sounds absurd, and has inaugurated a Tribute that seems absurd to the Statesman of his idolatry, that he should be charged with putting to the credit of the people's pennies what is really due to their wire-pullers' pounds.

Mr. TRACY TURNERELLI who, so far from shirking observation, has shown the utmost desire to direct the full blaze of publicity upon himself and his doings, has published a "detailed statement" of sums received, "exclusively for wreath" up to April 16th, to the amount of £181 12s. 3d., in amounts ranging between the magnificent £10 of Bristol, with £7 9s. 7d. as a second contribution from that "London of the west,"—to Burstal's modest six bob, and Birlley's cheerful eight-and-fourpence. This record is followed by a list of towns which have "guaranteed or promised, some £5, some smaller sums," to the amount in all of about £100, "dependent," as Mr. T. T. cautiously adds, "on promises given." Towards "Accessories," garnish, or trappings of the Tribute, i.e., Casket, Address, &c., the sum of £6 10s. has been "contributed by friends," who seem hardly to have "parted" so freely as the friends of the great T. T. the Tribute-founder, might have been expected to do.

The expenditure "made, or required," we are informed, with that admirable mixture of candour and exactness which characterises Mr. T. T.'s utterances throughout, is as follows:—

"1. The Wreath, £220. 2. The Casket, £50. 3. The Illuminated Address, £15. 4. Outlay made by Committee up to above date, £70. Making a total absolutely required, £355."

Putting what is required against what has been received or promised, we have as result, Deficit £73 7s. 9d.

A Deficit is not exactly the dominant for a Triumphant Overture to close upon, and, therefore, we cannot wonder if Mr. TRACY TURNERELLI should append an appeal and a suggestion in italics, to which *Punch* is glad to give all the benefit of his publicity, feeling that he owes Mr. T. T. at least as much as this in return for the Cartoon with which the T. T. T. last week supplied him.

"The Chairman trusts that a few other towns, who have not yet sent in their names, will aid him, immediately, by at least a small contribution, to cover the above very trifling Deficit."

"To ensure an early presentation, probably Presidents, Secretaries, or Editors will advance the sum—the 'pennies' for which may be collected later among the people."

"TRACY TURNERELLI,

"Chairman of the People's Tribute."

So, let the word be, "Advance pennies!—Presidents, Secretaries, and Editors!"—and then "Present Tribute! Attention! Eyes—right! Take the word and the movement from TRACY TURNERELLI!"

AT LEAST TWO WAYS OF LOOKING AT IT.

From the Point of View at Berlin.—"Peace with Honour."

From those in Afghanistan and South Africa.—"War with Dishonour."

THE COURSE OF RIVERS.—From the National Debt Office in Cairo, back to the National Debt Office in London.

CAVALRY OFFICERS' FIRST CHARGES.—The Military Tailors and Outfitters.

INJYABLE INJIA;

OR, NOTES AND SKETCHES OF A SPECIALLY-COMMISSIONED ARTIST.
BY FUZZELI PRINCEPS.

CHAPTER VI.

Indore—Games—Dodges—Chess—Mate—Sans—bans—marce—Sittings—Nautch—Chance—Accepted—Beautiful—Description—Poetic—Charming—Jolly—Rummy—Jam Sukee—Archbishop—Canterbury—Apparitor—Nash—Jolly—Joke—Rhyme—Awfully—Awful—Cocoa—Nuts—Cherub—Rome—Khan—Khan—Descent—Disguise—Khik—Uphi—Drums—Trumpets—Bis—Millah—Rummi—Pootih Sing—Jealousy—Whiskers—False—Sneekhar—Fakawazahs—Danger—Intense—Rapid—Action—Done—Private—Off—Next Day—Breakfast—Day After—Zenana—Dhoodheen Shah—Models—Chancellors—Notes—Eminent Models—House Surrounded—Peelaks—Treachery—Danger—How to Escape—Peril—Away.



NDORE.—Charming place, when it rains. Was here before, when H.R.H. visited Injia. No change

—as I say to anyone who asks me for the loan of half-a-crown. Here I stop all day, playing at bansmarce with the Rajah's daughters, who are the jolliest girls out. "Bansmarce" is a dangerous game to play unless you know your society



ROUGH SKETCH, MADE ON THE SPOT, OF OUR THREE SELVES SEEING THE DANCE OF A THOUSAND NAUTCH-GIRLS BY TORCHLIGHT.

remarkably well, as an inexperienced hand might find himself landed in as tight a fix as if he had been united to a blushing beauty, by special licence at St. Bride's. It is difficult to describe all the dodges in the game. It is not unlike chess as far as the object goes, which is to mate in as few moves as possible.

If notice is given three times beforehand of your fair adversary's intention, then you either refuse to play, on the spot, or, if she wins, it is a genuine case of *Bansmarce*. If notice is not given, then your adversary may aim at *Sans-bans-marce*, and this requires some dexterity. No one, who has never seen it played by adepts, can form any idea of the skill required on both sides.

Ath.—Took the opportunity, and called on AZURE HIRZA, and asked him to sit. He asked me to sit. I sat. While we were chatting, old MUSTAFUN SUMMOW came in with HIRZA LARKHIZIB.

They invited us to a *nautch*, which was to take place the same evening in MUSTAFUN's apple-grounds. A "nautch" in a *nautchard* (that is, apple-garden).

I accepted at once. Here is a chance!

Same Evening.—Went with AZURE HIRZA to MUSTAFUN SUMMOW'S. Both of these the rummiest old cusses I've met for some considerable time.

A lovely scene! Imagine a *Nautchard*, bright green with full-blown red roses, and ruddy golden pippins such as the Dragon might have eaten in the garden when the Hesperides were not looking, while, in the blue distance, pale lemon-coloured bulls disported themselves, friskily, over the saffron-clad meadow, and crimson Hedge-Hogs (the half-sacred pigs of the country) were feeding on luscious, sunset-tinted, full-ripe porky-pines (a diet that gives the bacon here such a magnificent flavour), and revelling among the variegated colours of the peacocks' outspread fantails, as they strutted about the auburn gravel-path, or perched on the red sandstone walls. The gorgeousness of the scene was mellowed by the deep-toned bay of the mulliga-tawny watch-dog, as it announced the arrival of strangers. Never before, never since, have I beheld so fair, so strange, so enchanting a scene! It was like a magnificent spectacle at the Victoria Theatre on Boxing-Night!

"Brayvo! Brayvissimo!" I cried, enthusiastically, as, forgetful of time and place, the tears rose to my eyes, and I clapped my hands aloud with joy. In rushed a thousand nautch-girls!

MUSTAFUN smiled; for, by clapping my hands, I had given the signal before the appointed time.

It was a marvellous effect of light and shade; and the foregoing sketch conveys a very correct idea of the entertainment.

Oh, that Nautch-girl, RÂL JAM SUKEE! My! didn't she dance! What eyes! What feet! What a stunner altogether! And one of the jolliest girls I ever met anywhere! No blooming affectation!

There's nothing improper in a Nautch dance—nothing. I wouldn't mind dancing it, myself, before the Archbishop of CANTERBURY and with his Apparitor in the Jerusalem Chamber private *seance*. By the way, until I knew him personally, I had always thought there was something ghostly about the Apparitor. I think I considered him as a male bogey, the female bogey being termed an Apparition. However, this has naught to do with the Nautch. So on we go again, jolly as ever!—or as jolly as The Jolly Nash.

A propos of Jolly Nash, I've seen a dark-skinned beauty in a rage show her white gleaming teeth, and give such a "jolly gnash" with them! My! Forwards!

Being called on for a song, I gave them—

Go away, Nautchy gal! Go ever so far!

You are so awfully awful, you are!

in my raciest style. They enjoyed it immensely. Which was the prettier of the two, I don't know—RÂL JAM SUKEE, or POOTIH SING.

DHOONDER ED RAJAH is uncommon cocoa-nuts on the latter, and thinks of making this captivating little gipsy his Sultana—

A Gitana
His Sultana.

But— Well, at present I think there's a sweet little cherub of the true British breed who smiles up aloft, and who keeps his eye on POOTIH SING, who, in turn, if I mistake not, is rather spoons on the Bold British Artist. When I say, as above, "little cherub," let my readers think how they are deceived by the appearance of the Little Cherubs in St. Peter's at Rome, and then they will have some idea of my meaning. Aha!

The Nautch was only the first step (so to speak) towards the great religious *fête* of [the *Fakawazahs*, called the *Bôl Mosque*. Everyone goes in disguise. The great dance of the evening derives its name from the

fact of its being performed by the Khans eminent for piety, and is called the *Khan-Khan*. If anyone, except a native, is found dancing it, he is at once *shikaree'd* on the spot.

The place where the *Ból Mosque* is held is reached by several steps downwards. It is something like one of our London underground theatres, where you descend in order to reach the Upper Circle; and, I can tell you, only the Upper Circles are allowed here. No jolly error. But it's the rummiest place I was ever in—taken as a hole.

Trusting to my disguise, and my thorough acquaintance with *Fakawazah* manners, customs, and dialect, I went to the *Ból Mosque*, and danced it with pretty RÁL JAM SUKEE, executing the



great step, *Khik-Uphi*, so admirably, as to draw rounds of applause from the usually stolid natives. Whack went the drums, clang went the cymbals, while the trumpets sounded a fanfare of triumph.

"*Bis! Millah!*" they cried, meaning "encore," or "again, Millah!"—I was dressed as a Millah—"Bis! Bis! Bis! Millah!"

RÁL JAM SUKEE's eyes glowed with unwonted fire. At that moment I caught sight of my servant, that accursed RUMMI, with POOTIH SING. He was telling her who I was, and making her as jealous as only an Indian Nautch-girl can be when she likes, and when she loves!

Just as I was doing the *Khik-Uphi* for the last time, POOTIH SING put out her foot and tripped me up. Off came my false nose and whiskers!! In an instant I had recovered myself, but not before SNEEKHAR SHAH, my rival with RÁL JAM SUKEE, had recognised me.

RUMMI and POOTIH SING had disappeared. But in another second the whole *Ból Mosque* would have been alarmed, and I should have been sacrificed to the fanatical fury of the *Fakawazahs*, had I not rushed at SNEEKHAR, pretended to embrace him frantically, as my long-lost brother, and, hugging him so as to smother him, while I squeezed his windpipe to prevent his uttering a sound, I dragged him from the *Ból Mosque* into the garden, when, suddenly producing from my pocket a little phial of chloroform, I applied it to SNEEKHAR's mouth and nose, and, in another second, he lay at my feet more senseless than he had ever been before.

Watching my opportunity, I dragged him into a side refreshment-tent labelled "private," propped him up in a chair, placed a bottle of wine (empty) on the table by his side, and then left him to his fate.

Next Evening.—Breakfasted on *charpoy* (that is, a pie made of lake-fish potted), and left early. RUMMI nowhere to be seen. I think he has got into difficulties with POOTIH SING, the Nautch-girl. If so, I don't pity him. Heard no more of SNEEKHAR and the *Ból Mosque*.

Day after the Fair.—This morning ate a *Zenana* for breakfast. First time I've tasted one. They say it's an acquired taste. If so, I acquired it very quickly, as I liked it at once.* No news of RUMMI or POOTIH SING, or SNEEKHAR. Am I free? or not? I must keep my eye open, and hook it if necessary.

Tuesday.—Called on DHOODEEN SHAH. He was looking very

* From Editor to Fuzzeli Princeps.—Dear F.,—When you say "Zenana" you surely don't mean Zenana, as that you have alluded to already in these papers as a harem, where the Sultanas reside. I just draw your attention to what seems a mistake, and am yours very truly, THE EDITOR.

Reply from F. P. to Editor.—No jolly error. Allow me to draw your attention—and I can draw that as well as I can anything else—to the fact that there are more meanings than one attached to the word *Zenana*, depending on circumstances and pronunciation. You can find plenty of parallels in English. But you must find 'em for yourself, as I haven't the time.—Yours jollyly, F. P., 6ft. 4in.

black. Took a portrait of him, highly coloured. Noticed about the Court-yard several fine, jolly-looking fellows, who would have made handsome fortunes as models in London.

It is not perhaps generally known that one of the most lucrative professions in town is that of a model. Almost all the Chancellors and most of the Judges began life as models, and I trust they will always continue to be models to the end of their days.

One eminent Judge was known as Apollo Belvidere, another as Adonis, and a third as Hercules. The most extraordinary example of a professional model is the M.P. who sits for *Parliament*.

On returning to my bungalow, I heard a confused murmur. What could it mean? "No jolly larks?" I whispered to myself.

RUMMI's voice!! The native *Peelaks* (that is, Indian Police) were searching for some one. Me! by jingo! SNEEKHAR had been only half chloroformed, had woke up, and told the whole story of the *Ból Mosque*. POOTIH SING had quarrelled with RUMMI, and charged him with the crime, but RUMMI had pledged himself to find the true culprit, and SNEEKHAR had engaged the *Peelaks* (Indian Police), at so much a day to discover me, and bring me to justice. Failing this, within a certain time, SNEEKHAR and RUMMI would both be executed, as having attempted to deceive Justice.

Hurried Diary, which I jot down while rushing from one window to another, to ascertain best mode of escape.—Not a minute to be lost. Escape by the street impossible. Escape by road? Not a chance. By rail? Not a line within twenty miles. By river? Ha!

My bungalow is situated on a most healthy elevation at the summit of the Great Torrent, which has a fall of two thousand feet into the placid river below. No time for hesitation. How to descend? Out of my kitchen-window. 'Tis but a drop of a few yards, including the back yard, to begin with. Then the drop into the fall will be but as a drop in the ocean after that.

No boat can live in that awful boiling current!

I don't care whether a "boat can live in that boiling current"—the question is, can I live in it; that is, sufficiently long to live out of it afterwards?

The *Peelaks* are hammering at the door. Down it must come with a crash. And then—I am a lost man. Come, desperation, lend thy furious hold!

Ha! I see my way—I see the plan! I am a man of resources—and in another second—

LIBERTY A LA Russe.

Now that the worse half of Russia is under martial law, and the citizens of the more important towns have to provide spies to watch their own houses, other coercive measures may be confidently expected. Without pretending to share the secrets of the Czar, Mr. Punch may hint, that the following regulations will be shortly promulgated:—

1. Agents of the Government will be placed under the dinner-table at banquets of six or more persons.
2. Every keyhole will be furnished with an observer, whose duty it will be to listen to all conversations held in the room to which the door belongs.
3. All letters will be opened at the Post Office, and copies kept thereof, with the exception of correspondence passing between engaged persons.
4. An Inspector of Diaries will be appointed to every ten houses, whose duty it will be to read and take notes for the Third Section of the daily records of meals, amusements, conversations, businesses, and pleasures, which the residents will be required to keep, on pain of arrest and imprisonment in a fortress.
5. When a person is suspected of disaffection to the Government, an agent will be stationed in his bedroom (at the expense of his family) to listen to any remarks he may make in his sleep. Remarks of a compromising character will render the speaker liable to arrest.
6. Duplicate keys of all cupboards, bureaux, and writing desks, must be kept by householders, and handed to the agents of authority on demand.
7. Births, deaths, and marriages, will not in future be permitted without the sanction of the General Commanding the District.
8. All persons will be required to think aloud in the presence of a Government official.
- And 9 and last. A licence will be required for everything—the right to pay taxes included.

The Island of Matacong.

"SIERRA LEONE, April 7 (*via Liverpool*).—The French authorities still hold Matacong, and the excitement here has not subsided. It is rumoured that General Row is going over to again hoist the British flag on the island."

A WAR with France about Matacong! The One Thing wanted—to complete the Imperial Cycle.



"IN RANGE."

Old Gent (in Omnibus). "I TRUST YOUR RIFLE IS NOT LOADED, SIR, BECAUSE WITH THIS SHAKING IT MIGHT GO OFF!"

Volunteer (nettled). "NO, IT'S NOT LOADED, SIR. AND IF IT WERE TO GO OFF, IT WOULDN'T HIT YOU!"

Old Gent. "OH, JUS' SO, SIR. BUT—YOU'LL PARDON ME—I WAS NOT CONSIDERING MYSELF SO MUCH AS THE POOR PASSENGERS ON THE ROOF!"

"MAGNA EST VERITAS."

"We do not argue the doctrine of Free Trade. We do not argue that the earth is a globe."—*Times.*

SCENE—A smoking-room. Political Economists discovered arguing.

First Political Economist (hotly). Well, I read all the speeches—every one of 'em. BATEMAN had a long way the best of it. You can't let the whole trade of the country go to the dogs, you know.

Second Political Economist (who has read ADAM SMITH). Ah! that's just where you're all wrong. You don't understand. The fact is (boldly) it's the very going of trade to the dogs which proves it's most flourishing. (With more caution). At least, that's what I make of FAWCETT.

Third Political Economist (impressed). Just so. Still, if your imports exceed your exports, where are you?

First Political Economist. Of course. That's the point. It's the excess of imports that does it. (Bitterly.) Look at sugar!

Third Political Economist. Exactly. Look at sugar. What's happening to that?

Second Political Economist (slightly nettled). Well, I don't exactly know—or care—beyond that it's twopence-halfpenny a pound at the stores.

First Political Economist. Yes, that's what every consumer says. It ought to be double the price. It's beggarly.

Third Political Economist. And ruining the trade. How is the producer to live, I should like to know?

Second Political Economist (warmly—with a flash of FAWCETT). Well,—not as a commercial pauper supported by other people's charity.

First Political Economist. And you call yourself a political economist! Why, it's as plain as A, B, C. Let me put a case. Suppose

A QUESTION TO BE ASKED.

"Sir W. FRASER asked the Vice-President of the Privy Council whether his attention had been called to the evidence taken at the inquest on the body of EMILY HULBERT, who died of glanders, showing that a younger sister died of the same disease, and that fourteen glandered horses had been kept and sold by BACON, cab-proprietor, of Colville Mews, Bayswater, and whether he considered the system of inspection of cab-horses, particularly as regards night use, to be effectual.

"Lord G. HAMILTON explained that the case referred to had been under the consideration of the Privy Council, whose chief veterinary inspector had investigated it. As the result of this investigation, and that of the Medical Officer to the Board of Health, the local authorities had decided to prosecute Mr. BACON for frequent violations of the regulations laid down in the Act of last year. The inspection of cab-horses was not within the province of the Privy Council, but within that of the Home Office."

WHY exalt Hygiene to the Heavens,
To hold inquests on the corpses
Of babes, packed, sixes and sevens,
Over stalls full of glandered horses?

Turkish horrors no one excuses,
And Russ rule is not the thing;
But of glandered children our Mewses
Have got their own song to sing!

And it isn't a pleasant song
For a people great in the Arts,
And in the Sciences strong,
And with what's called "blood" in their hearts.

And as *Punch* breathes the Mewses' breath,
And hears of our careful inspection
To save swine and kine from death,
It awakes in him this reflection—

If those mothers and children there
O'er these poisonous stables pent,
Had a little of the care
On the swine and the kine that's spent!

An Easy Mistake.

QUOTH the *Daily Telegraph*—"As a matter of fact, the Berlin Treaty is to-day marching step by step towards assured success." Query if our friend the *D. T.* has not mistaken for "marching step by step," the movement called "marking time"? Or perhaps it was the goose-step he describes.

I can build bathing-machines at Birmingham at twenty-five pounds ten a-piece, and the same thing, and better, can be turned out in Belgium for just half the money, what am I to do? Starve?

Third Political Economist (to Second Political Economist, with irony). Precisely. Starve, I suppose. And so you would if Government didn't step in with a heavy protective tariff, to give you fair play.

Second Political Economist (still clinging to FAWCETT). Yes, but if I want to bathe in the cheapest market?

First Political Economist. Cheapest market? Nonsense, Sir, what has the commercial greatness of the country to do with markets! What we want nowadays is blow for blow, Sir; red-hot reciprocity, and a good thundering protective tariff, to stimulate and support the national industries that make us what we are.

[Selects a cigar, for which he pays the Waiter sevenpence, and is left using unparliamentary language in reference to the Tobacco Duties as the Scene closes.]

Doctor and Donor.

THE Obelisk, ERASMUS WILSON's gift to Mr. JOHN BULL, is said to be undergoing the application of a "coating of a vitreous nature," in order to protect its surface, which had already begun to show signs of "scaling," from the action of the atmosphere. Did the donor of Cleopatra's Needle himself prescribe the remedy for it? If so, the prescription of an expert in cutaneous diseases may be expected to answer.

A SEASONABLE QUEST.

WHERE is the Mayflower?
Gone on pilgrimage to America in search of the Spring.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



(Lords, Monday, 5 April 28.)

WHEN Lord BURY had snubbed Lord TRURO for asking more questions about range-finders, he gave General WRAY something as like the lie for speaking the truth as a young War-Office official could give an old General. The art of official answering has been very conspicuously illustrated this Session. Lord BURY seems to have even bettered Lord SALISBURY's instruction.

The sufferings of cattle in sea-transit exercised the humanity of Earl DE LA WARR, and the explanatory euphemism of the Duke of RICHMOND. He declares the arrangements for cattle-carrying between this country and

the United States are most satisfactory, but that the Atlantic *will* take liberties, and that "accidents *will* occur in the best-regulated ventilating apparatus."

It is a great comfort to think the poor bullocks are being looked after; but how about JOHN BULL, *in transitu* across the Channel, when the double-ship is not running!

Lord STRATHEDEN wants to make the Militia moveable. He forgets what it has cost us to make the Army mobile.

"*Donna e mobile*, my Lord, if you like" (says Lord BURY) but *not* Militia-man. He "savours of the soil," as the old law phrase ran, and can only be shipped over sea, at his own good pleasure, as a volunteer; and there are always plenty of Militia regiments to volunteer when wanted.

So Lord STRATHEDEN AND CAMPBELL, as usual, having elaborately beaten the air, and been good-humouredly wigged by the Duke of CAMBRIDGE—whose wiggings are *not* mortal—retired *re infectâ*.



REVOLTING MEANNESS!

Nurse (examining Christening Present, just received). "LOB, MA'AM, IF MR. MACSTINGY HAIN'T SENT DEAR BABY THE CUP HIS COCHIN-CHINA FOWL WON AT THE POULTRY SHOW!"

(Commons).—Adjourned Debate on the Rylands Resolutions.

Mr. GOSCHEN, the great gun of the Debate, thus far, fired off the heaviest charge that could be fired against the Government, packed into forty minutes.

"The First Lord of the Admiralty asked, with much emphasis, whether if the Liberals were in office they would diminish the armaments by a single man or a gun. He would answer that question. If it were his misfortune to be responsible for the acts of the present Government—if he had an Afghan war on his hands; if he had left a Viceroy in charge who moved a division of the army half way to Cabul on sanitary grounds; if he had a High Commissioner who dreamed a dream of establishing a second India in Africa, whom he had censured but not yet removed; and if he had to provide for garrisoning Roumelia in consequence of engagements at Berlin; if, possibly, he had to send men to Cyprus in order to meet his engagements in Asia Minor,—no, he certainly should not think of reducing the armaments with which he had to face those engagements."

This is the pith of the matter. Accept the policy, and you have no right to complain of the expenditure. Still, the Government ought to meet their Bills. But what was their financial policy? It simply postponed the excess of expenditure and liabilities over income to a future day; it renewed bills; it prolonged liability. They had, in fact, avoided unpopularity.

Sir H. SELWYN-IBBETSON, to a House growing small by degrees and beautifully less, read a long brief for the Government, bristling with figures, but blank of facts, and blander of style. But as nobody listened while Sir SELWYN read, and as certainly nobody has read since, it did not much matter, and the infliction was by no means so bad as it looks in the *Times*.

Mr. GLADSTONE said the Government was not arraigned for not putting on more taxes, but for spending more money than a wiser policy would have required. They had augmented military charges by six millions, and, if they had contemplated a reduction this year, it was a case of death-bed repentance. Unluckily, KETCHWAYO had stepped in. By the habit of supplementary Budgets, the Government was destroying Parliamentary control of the purse. Sound financial policy had been turned upside-down, and the longer reaction against the Government, its finance, and its foreign policy, was in coming, the worse it would be when it did come.

Then, after a lot of small fry, *pro* and *con.*, and after CHILDERS had boiled down Mr. SMITH's facts into a very thin jelly, and analysed away his figures, he brought out the disagreeable total—according to his figures—five millions increase of military, and twelve of general expenditure.

The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER replied. The Government had done nothing that was not necessary to maintain the credit and provide for the safety of the nation. Their object was not aggression, but tranquillity and prosperity. They had avoided war by mere expenditure and demonstration of strength, and they had deserved well of their country.

And so the House divided, by 303 to 230, and then cheered itself lustily.

Tuesday.—A remarkable night in the Lords.

LORD BATEMAN tried to dig up Protection in the form of Reciprocity, whereupon LORD BEACONSFIELD spoke his funeral sermon, and, like the Sicamber, kicked what he had once adored.

Punch has given its own column to his loving ballad of LORD BATEMAN.

LORD BATEMAN considered Reciprocity the coping-stone of Free Trade. He would not restore the Corn Laws, but would levy "a small customs entry" on wheat coming from abroad. He repudiated Protection, but would impose "a small restrictive tariff" on all countries which would not enter into reciprocal arrangements with us. He objected to be called a Dodo—though he

admitted it might be a compliment to be called a "Do-do" to Prince BISMARCK. So far from being one of the Seven Sleepers, he, and those who agreed with him, were the only people wide-awake. He couldn't see how a country would get richer if its imports were greater than its exports—as Professor FAWCETT contended—it being his experience that people's wealth was not to be measured by what they bought.

LORD AIRLIE said that LORD BATEMAN's Reciprocity was only Protection in disguise.

The Duke of RUTLAND went as far as LORD BATEMAN, and a good deal farther. Free Trade meant national ruin. So far from believing with Mr. BRIGHT that the distress in 1842 was ten times as bad as now, he believed the distress now was ten times as bad as in 1842. Landlords and tenants were going to smash on all sides. And no wonder. The more wheat we grew, the more wheat other countries would grow; and the more cattle we raised, the more cattle would be imported. Ergo: The cheaper bread and beef got, the worse off we should be. In short, everybody was being shipwrecked, and the only life-buoy was "Protection."

LORD DUNHIVEN submitted that bad seasons, idleness, drunkenness, improvidence, wars and rumours of wars, standing armies, and strikes might together have more to do with bad times than Free Trade. LORD MORLEY thought that "Reciprocity" would, in practice, come to cutting off your nose to spite your face.

LORD BEACONSFIELD finally put the extinguisher on the Duke of RUTLAND, LORD BATEMAN, and their friends. The policy of fighting hostile tariffs with free imports was deliberately and finally adopted in 1846. Reciprocity was barter; and barter belonged to the lowest form of civilisation. His honourable friend had quoted some of his own "musty phrases," thirty years old. But thirty years ago we had a complicated tariff, with a great many dutiable articles. Now, the tariff included twenty-three dutiable articles only. We had no longer the materials for a system of reciprocity. The "most favoured nation clause" was in all our commercial treaties, and forbade it. Reciprocity was dead. Best it should be buried—once and for ever!

LORD GRANVILLE congratulated LORD BEACONSFIELD on having put down his foot to stamp out the rising hopes of Protection.

(Commons).—Mr. BURT went into the very serious and ugly subject of loss of life from boiler explosions, and insisted upon the necessity of compulsory inspection, and more stringent enforcement of the responsibilities of boiler-owners, who, from niggardliness or carelessness neglected their duty to have their boilers kept in proper repair, and used with proper care.

Messrs. HERMON, COWEN, Sir T. BAZLEY, Mr. MACDONALD, and Mr. SHERIDAN, supported Mr. BURT.

Mr. CROSS quite agreed with him in his end; the only question was as to means. He doubted if the way was yet open to compulsory and general boiler inspection, but he

would see personal responsibility brought home in all cases, and this, he thought, would come to much the same thing as compulsory inspection. In short,

Better let boilers bust,
With inspection *ad libitum*,
Than that Law should say "must,"
And from busting prohibit 'em.

Wednesday.—Sir ROBERT PEEL, much annoyed that he was not allowed to couple a side-long sneer at Mr. GLADSTONE with a savage onslaught on Russia, in a question mixing up Mr. GLADSTONE's complaint of Neapolitan prison-horrors in 1851-52 with the Nihilist terror and the state of siege under the martial law of the Czar ALEXANDER in 1879.

The SPEAKER emphatically gave Sir ROBERT to understand that even he must observe the rules of the House as to questions.

Mr. SULLIVAN tried to crown the edifice of the Irish Sunday Closing Bill with a Saturday Restricting Bill—to shut the rural Irish publicans at eight, and the town publicans at six. One would have thought Irish Members had had enough last year of fighting over liquor-limitation law, but they managed to keep up a very purty scrimmage over Mr. SULLIVAN'S Bill till Mr. CALLAN talked it out by a quarter to six.

Thursday (Lords).—Ought landlords, or tenants, or both, to be rated towards the conservancy of rivers? A nice debateable point, with a great deal to be said on all sides. "Landlords," say Lords KIMBERLEY, GALLOWAY, MORLEY, and REDESDALE; "Both," say the Duke of RICHMOND and the Marquis of RIPON, and carry their Lordships with them by 57 to 36.

(Commons.)—Sir J. GOLDSMID wanted to know if the Serjeant-at-Arms had the right to order or take Honourable Members out of their Committee-rooms into the House to make a *quorum*?

The SPEAKER said it was so laid down in the books. He could send round the Serjeant-at-Arms without the Mace to ask Members to make a House, and, if they didn't come, then *with* the Mace, to make them! So "the bauble" has its uses—one is glad to know.

In Committee on Army Discipline Bill, Sir H. HAVELOCK moved that no officer should be put on half-pay or removed from an appointment on report of a Court of Inquiry, without opportunity of trial by a Court-Martial.

Sir W. HARCOURT agreed that Courts of Inquiry might be used in an unfair and oppressive way, and ought to be carefully regulated, but he did not see how they could be abolished.

Colonel STANLEY offered to issue regulations binding on these Courts; and a brisk controversy arose among the soldiers and would-be soldiers present, whether this offer went far enough. At last, being sore pressed, Mr. CROSS, for Colonel STANLEY, was fain to promise that the regulations should be laid before the House, before Third Reading of the Bill.

Then the House got through nine clauses of the Bill, after some discussion of the billeting allowance besides.

A real stroke of business done, if a small one. *Laus Deo!*

Friday (Lords).—All Government can tell Lord GRANVILLE about our South-African High Commissioner and the chances and terms of Peace, is that he has been expressly warned,

"We don't want to fight,
And, by Jingo, if you do."

Her Majesty's Government have had more South Africa than they can digest, and positively "won't take any more." So let Sir B. put that in his pipe.

As to terms of peace—Good heavens! how should Her Majesty's Government know anything about them! Let Sir B. settle it the best way he can, and get rid of the business, which has been more bother and annoyance and danger to the Government credit and *prestige* than it can ever be worth.

In the oft-threshed matter of poor men's payments to Friendly Societies, Earl FORTESCUE tried in vain to get their Lordships to follow him along the strait way of Poor-Law principle, far away from the broad and the flowery path of humanity. Their Lordships stand by the last settlement of the matter, which, it is to be hoped, will be now accepted. Poor men's payments in the hands of Clubs and Friendly Societies, will *not* be forfeit to Boards of Guardians, if they come to "the House" by pinch of sickness, loss of wits, or any other of the ills flesh—and poor man's flesh above all—is heir to.

(Commons.)—Sir R. PEEL tried again to hit at Mr. GLADSTONE and his protest against Neapolitan tyranny, some eight-and-twenty years ago, under cover of a question why Government don't remonstrate with Russia on her domiciliary severities. But Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE very properly put him down. Naples was a bad little boy, Russia is a bad big one. Besides, we can't be thrusting our fingers into all the messes. We have them in messes enough already. Sir ROBERT found a congenial "backer" in the Major—*Arcades ambo*—but the Major is the more amusing Arcadian. His proclamation of the Czar as the ideal "Edile" was irresistibly funny. South Africa on the tapis, and Mr. KETCHWAYO'S little cheque

to the end of March—£1,539,000, if you please—and everybody would be obliged by an early settlement.

And then, strange to say, on Mr. SHAW-LEFEVRE'S Motion for giving more power to the Bright-Clauses of the Irish Land Act (which help tenants to buy their holdings), came the most satisfactory Irish night's talk and night's work the House has had since the Land Act passed.

There was really quite a tone of hope and cheerfulness about it; and it was a comfort to see Tories and Whigs, Radicals and Home-Rulers, Mr. ERRINGTON and Mr. PLUNKET, Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. KING-HARMAN, Mr. MACARTHY and Mr. LAW, and Mr. BRIGHT, all laying their heads together in something like friendly consideration of the best means for turning discontented Irish tenants into industrious and peaceful small owners, with hope to light up their lives, and give them something better to do than listen to agitation. Of course Mr. LOWTHER could hardly be looked for to go far on this road; but he went farther than might have been expected. And Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE says the Government will make a proposal before the end of the Session. *Punch* for once has got something like pleasure over an Irish Parliamentary palaver.

ATHLETICS AS THEY OUGHT TO BE.



IELDING to the consideration that it is their mission to test the endurance of humanity to the utmost, the Directors of the Urbs-in-Rure-Hall Company have decided upon holding, in their spacious premises,

A GRAND SCIENTIFIC AND ATHLETIC CARNIVAL

of an unique description. Hitherto, only races for comparatively short periods of time, and under easy conditions, have been presented to the athletic public. On this occasion,

A SIX MONTHS' RACE OF THE MOST REALLY TRYING CHARACTER

will be inaugurated. The following will be the

Rules and Regulations.

1. The competitors during the first month will walk upon their knees.

During the remainder of the time they will be permitted to hop on either leg they may select. The leg, once selected, not to be changed during the remainder of the race.

2. No competitor to be allowed to sleep more than one hour in twenty-four. The competitors to take their rest in chairs. During the first month the chairs to have no arms.

3. Any competitor accepting the services of a doctor, to be disqualified.

4. When the Public are present, the competitors will be required to smile six times an hour, and generally to appear cheerful.

5. During the last two months the competitors will be expected to keep step with the brass band, and (when the Public are present) to indulge in a playful caper once in every four "laps."

6. The competitors, before entering upon the contest, will sign a paper, releasing the Directors from responsibility for any fatal consequences. They will bind themselves to throw all possible difficulties in the way of proceedings instigated or taken by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

7. On admission to the contest, the competitors will pay a small fee, to cover the expenses of inquests, &c.

These rules will be strictly observed. On the conclusion of the Race, will be awarded the following

Prizes.

First Prize.—Champion's Belt and a fourth of the gate-money.

Second Prize.—A ticket of admission to the Royal Hospital for Incurables.

For every competitor who completes two months—a first-class carriage funeral.

By Order,

(Signed) { A. SMITH, Secretary to the Directors.
B. BROWN, Manager of the Race and Funeral Department.

OUR OWN ACADEMY GUIDE.

Prefatual remarks—Advice—Starting on the round—Galleries.



THE One Hundred and Eleventh Royal Academy Annual and First Exhibition under Sir FREDERICK'S Presidency.

With that disregard of rank and title which should always characterise Art, the Academicians give priority of visiting to the distinguished Private View before they admit the General Public. There is also a "Press day," and the Private View is a "Crush day" after two o'clock, when the Academy, having lunched, is full.

Of course, on Private View day everybody goes to see every other body. As to the Pictures—hang 'em!

I will start the visitors with just one observation, which each person can adapt according to his company. Here it is:—

There are as many Ages of Art as there are of Man; but the chief Age is the *Aver-age*, and since the very commencement of the Academy, it may be fairly said that this is the first year when the show of Pictures is, on the whole, far above (or below) the average.

I will only add that my purpose, as your Guide to the Academy, is to save your valuable time, by directing your wandering attention to Number So-and-So in the books; not by any particular rule, but at haphazard.

General Advice.—First look at a Picture without reference to the Catalogue. Settle in your own mind all about it, its subject, what it ought to mean, its drawing, its painting. See if you recognise the style. Then refer to the Number in the Catalogue, and prepare for astonishment. Your immediate remarks will generally be—"Is it, indeed? Well, I should never have thought *that* was the subject! And whose is it? No! Surely not!! Well!!! I had no idea it was *his*!!!" I will not begin with "Number One"—that may safely be left to see after itself; but I will point out

No. 22. *A Well-stocked Larder.* H. M. PAGE. How the Page in the larder must have gloated over these provisions! Visit this picture about luncheon time.

Then go at once—for I'm sure you're dying to know what Professor HART, R.A., has painted this year,—go at once to Gallery No. III., No. 198.

It is difficult to find: almost a hidden gem. "Not half a bad picture," said some kindly disposed critic. He was right. It is not half a bad picture, it being only about a quarter of the size of the one last year. "Small by degrees and beautifully less." He is evidently taking *his own line*, instead of that devoted to the Academicians; and the Hanging Committee, acting on my advice, given cordially and gratuitously last year, have done their best *celare Hartem*. Perhaps it is Professor SOLOMON HART's own suggestion. If so, I admire not so much SOLOMON's *h'art* as the "Judgment of SOLOMON."

Pass on to

No. 208—and guess what it is. My first impression was that various coloured Boys,—such as the "Blue Boy," &c.,—having been painted by various distinguished artists, and named after their clothes, some rare original genius had hit upon the idea of depicting a Yellow Boy without any clothes—a Bilious Boy. Then his attitude is that of rapt attention to something in the distance. Now then, Ladies and Gentlemen, who is the only historical Boy who ever listened in rapt attention—this "wrapt attention" serving him for clothes—to anything?

You will, of course, answer, "WHITTINGTON," when the distant bells rang, "Turn again," &c. Of course, WHITTINGTON was very poor, and he might have pawned his clothes. But—no—it is not WHITTINGTON, and for what it really is, I refer you to the Catalogue, where you will find what Mr. J. R. HERBERT, R.A., meant by it. To me it will ever be, "The Bilious Boy."

No. 261. *A Marionette at rest when the organ isn't playing.* This

is the idea suggested by the central figure. It is called *A Justice in 1500*, and is by Mr. CHESTER LOOMIS.

This picture, by LOOMIS, Not the best in the room is.

GALLERY No. IV. And look at—

No. 294. "*Ahem!*" CHARLES LANDSEER, R.A. "*Ahem!*" is not its title; but after one glance at the figures you will find that to be the expression. Pass on quickly to—

No. 307. *Nausicaa and Her Maidens Playing at Ball.* ED. J. POYNTER, R.A. A disap-Poynter. The visitor will, probably, have heard, that, in this picture, are to be seen all "*The Beauties of the Day.*" Perhaps so; he may find *them*, but it will take him all his time to discover the Beauties of the Picture.

No. 379. *Science and Measurement.* H. S. MARKS, R.A. Elect. His diploma picture. Capital. Very glad to find that Mr. H. S. MARKS is "*one of the Elect.*" One of these days we shall see his likeness in the painted window of a Cathedral.

GALLERY No. V.

No. 394. *Gehazi, servant of Elisha.* J. E. HODGSON, A. Evidently the first of an intended series of Comic Scripture Characters. From this point of view, a success. But hardly sufficient to encourage its continuance.

No. 398. One of the many gems in this Gallery. Stay, Visitor, and try to make out what it is intended to represent. Its title might be *His First Cockle*. Dedicated to Captain BURNABY. Mr. HERBERT SIDNEY is the author of this medical composition. But, really, one may expect anything from a gentleman who will provokingly call himself HERBERT SIDNEY, instead of SIDNEY HERBERT.

No. 442. Painted by ROBERT BATEMAN. A prize of a free admission on any day will be given to the person who hits on the subject of this picture in the first twenty guesses. Queer materials—a Bogle—a sheep's head, and a Gentleman on the ground suffering from a violent fit of indigestion.

Only one more with which to conclude the first visit. Go to Gallery No. VII. and see—

No. 613. By ERNEST CROFTS, R.A. Historical picture, showing how Madame TUSSAUD obtained NAPOLEON's carriage. Her emissary has awaited his opportunity, has ridden up and said to the Emperor, "Sir, you must come out; we've bought it." "Oh, then," replies the Emperor, rather annoyed, "I'll come down at once." And he did. The carriage is now at the TUSSAUD's, Baker Street. Bravo, ERNEST CROFTS! In Real ERNEST, CROFTS! So ends the first visit.

MUSTY PHRASES.

"But when he taunts me with his quotation of some musty phrases of mine thirty or forty years ago, I must remind him that we had elements then," &c., &c.—Lord BEACONSFIELD on Reciprocity.

WHEN Venus yields to us her "place of arms,"

JOHN BULL must own he pins small faith upon her;

Though from Berlin, instead of war's alarms,

Somebody (who was't?) brought us "Peace with Honour."

And still we seek, by help of *Tancred's* views,

Of which we are doomed to bear the cost and brunt here,

From dark Afghans, and not less dark Zulus,

That blessed boon, "A Scientific Frontier."

What joy, when to the winds reporters scatter

Speeches and sayings of more show than quality,

We are free to laugh to scorn the "idle chatter

Of" (thanks, Jew!) "irresponsible frivolity."

So let us own, as fact's hard ground appears

Below the glare of rhetoric's firework-blazes,

We need not go back for quite forty years

To feed to heart's content on "musty phrases."

Nosology.

AFTER the recent deaths of children lodged over stables, it is no wonder that public attention should have been called to the fact that "a sneeze from a glandered horse in the shafts of a Hansom cab may be certain death." Of course that depends a little on circumstances; but the probability of it is strong enough to warn anyone to take care how he trusts himself in a Hansom cab. It is wise, no doubt, never to look a gift-horse in the mouth; but it would be wiser always, ere you seat yourself behind a possibly infectious animal, to look a Hansom cab-horse carefully in the nostrils.

THE FASHION OF THE SEASON.—Letting Houses—alone!

THE KITCHEN-RANGE-FINDER.—The Policeman!



PERILS OF ÆSTHETIC CULTURE.

Uncle John (suddenly bursting on newly-wedded pair). "HULLO, MY TURTLE-DOVES! WHAT'S THE ROW? NOT QUARRELLED YET, I TRUST!"

Edwin. "OH DEAR NO. WE'VE BEEN GOING IN FOR HIGH ART, THAT'S ALL."

Angelina. "AND DRAWING FROM CASTS OF THE ANTIQUE."

Edwin. "AND ANGY'S NOSE TURNS UP SO AT THE END, AND SHE'S GOT SUCH A SKIMPY WAIST, AND SUCH A BIG HEAD, AND SUCH TINY LITTLE HANDS AND FEET! HANG IT ALL, I THOUGHT HER PERFECTION!"

Angelina. "YES, UNCLE JOHN; AND EDWIN'S GOT A LONG UPPER LIP, AND A RUNAWAY CHIN, AND HE C-C-CAN'T GROW A BEARD AND MOUSTACHE! OH DEAR! OH DEAR!"

[With difficulty restrains her sobs.]

MR. BULL ON FREE TRADE.

THE more I've to pay for my imports, the worse;
The less, why the better, of course, for my purse.
Best of all 'twere to get them for nothing, no doubt—
And I couldn't lose money by doing without.

If I can do without them, perhaps 'twould be well
Not to buy goods at all where in turn I can't sell.
Prohibition's mere thrift; I save all I don't spend,
Though I mayn't force my neighbour his tariff to mend.

But suppose I can't do without this thing or that,
If I don't get it cheap as I can, I'm a flat.
Did I not let it into my ports duty free,
E'en Lord BATEMAN must own that a donkey I'd be.

He who sells me things cheap in so far does me good;
Though not doing so much as he might if he would.
Because I can't get all I want of the man,
Fools would have me refuse to get all that I can!

Trade free upon both sides beats Trade free on one;
But by half if 'tis better, half's better than none.
And who but a simpleton e'er can suppose,
That for spiting my face I would bite off my nose?

NOTE.

WHAT we want for the British Drama generally is not so much native talent as imagi-native talent.

THE REASON WHY.

(According to M. POUYER-QUERTIER.)

THERE is a depression in French trade—

Because Civilisation is jealous.

Because M. BRASSEY is a *farceur*.

Because *MM. les Anglais* drink ginger-beer *en malice*.

Because a "treaty is the negation of liberty."

Because the consumer will not fraternally kiss the producer.

Because Frenchmen are *chassés* from Lestarré Squarr by "le 'igh price."

Because the Captain of a Boulogne and Folkestone boat is *un gros Bouledogue d'Albion*.

Because French Political Economists are so much *trop généreux*.

And, lastly, because an export trade of fifteen millions a year with *ce gros bête* JOHN BULL is a mere *bagatelle* that does not count.

May and her Minstrels.—A Dialogue.

MAY to Punch. They sang the "merry month of May,"

Those utterers of false notes!

Punch to May. And what did you do?

May to Punch.

Up at once,

And caught them by the throats!

AUDACIOUS 'ARRYISM.—OUR friend 'ARRY objects to the title of a recently-published novel, *Airy Fairy Lilian*. He says that he can't imagine a fairy all over 'air, though he might an 'obgoblin.



DIZ-INTERRED.

HAMLET (*taking the Skull in his hand*). "ALAS, POOR YORICK! I KNEW HIM, HORATIO. * * * * HE HATH BORNE ME ON HIS BACK A THOUSAND TIMES; * * * * AND NOW, HOW ABHORRED IN MY IMAGINATION IT IS! MY GORGE RISES AT IT!!"—*Hamlet*, Act V., Scene 1.

INJYABLE INJIA;

OR, NOTES AND SKETCHES OF A SPECIALLY-COMMISSIONED ARTIST.

By FUZZELI PRINCEPS.

CHAPTER VII.

A difficulty—Hurried diary—Waterproof—Balloons—The Joggah—Polkar—Expense—Jimmivizlah Hills—Landscape—Hard lines—Poetry—Prose—Guddee—Guddee—Races—Sillih—Zenana—Question.

FORTUNATELY, I always travel with two waterproof pillow-cases, which can be rolled up the size of a walnut-shell, or be expanded into giant balloons. Filling these quickly, I climbed on to the window-sill, and just as RUMMI, SNEEKHAR, and the *Peelaks*, led by BOBHI KHAN, were breaking in the door of the back kitchen, I floated like the celebrated Mr. HOME, the spiritualist, out of the window. On arriving at the torrent, I carefully placed beneath me one of the inflated bags—(another time I shall carry inflated bags with me—balloon breeches, so to speak, Turkish fashion—but I'll have 'em made)—so as to protect me from the rude sharp-pointed rocks, and



RESTING, AND BEING THANKFUL.

I landed at a small village on the south side of the lake, far away from all turmoil. Here I purchased a *Joggah* (a small pony, about 12 h. 2 in.), and went out for a ride to explore the (to me) new country, much cheered by the natives, specially the youngsters, who always admire pluck.

Wednesday.—POLKAR has turned up again. He is a regular *duffadar*, and no jolly error. I can only get him in profile, as he puts on more "side" than any other Injian swell of my acquaintance. He has £254,321,000 a month, which is more than I spend in six weeks.

Friday.—Jolly hot, as it always is on a Friday in this country. Came in sight of the Jimmivizlah Hills and the Grove Nahgalaree. The Jimmivizlah Hills are not an A.R.A. ngement in colours, but a rhapsody in blue, green, and yellow. (If I ever catch RUMMI again, I'll make his eye an arrangement in much the same harmony.) They are one of those gorgeous bits of colouring that every artist has attempted, and no fellow can understand. Let me pause to describe the scene, and no extra charge for the style. Behold—



The sunshine quickly streaks the sky with a Tangerine-orange-like glow, while the snow-tipped peaks deepen with an increasing lilacky hue, tender and soft as the blush of a cabdriver when offered sixpence under his legal fare, bringing out into strong relief such

holding the other in my hand, shot the torrent of two thousand feet, amidst the enforced admiration of even my greatest enemies. This was the best shot I ever made.

I was indeed jolly grateful to reach the calm waters below, when, placing my bags so as to form a floating water-bed, I calmly floated on, like the picture of the Christian Martyr.

"hard lines" as are only known to the first-class player, who has lost a close game of billiards by his adversary's fluke. The background forms a vista of aerial blue of a gentle honeydewed limpidity; while, lucid as my own glowing description of Nature's wonders, up jumps, hot and hot, from his Owenly bed, the Sun, red as the one underdone side of an eightpenny chop on the bars of the silver gridiron in a City grill-room. He is not to be trifled with, this Sun-God! Here he is, not rising, but setting for his portrait to me, who love him dearly.

Sunday.—Went to hear GUDDEE GUDDEE, the native missionary. Could have done it a jolly sight better myself.

Went to the Races afterwards, and had a bet with SILLIH BILLIH, who really knows nothing at all about the odds. *Experientia docet*, and I *docted* him hot.

Left a card on the Zenana. She is one of SOBADDI SING's Queens. She came to the window. Cocked my laughing eye, and shot a glance at her out of it. She disappeared. Poor Zenana! how she'll miss this bold Britisher when he has gone home again.

"Though I'm an Artist," I said to a whole *Harum Skarum* full of 'em, "though I'm an Artist, I can't take you all!"

How she cried, and laughed, and went into hysterics! But I couldn't stop. Too jolly clever by half for that!

* *The Zenana.*—From Editor to F. P.—Dear F. P.,—Didn't you say that Zenana was something to eat, and also that it meant a harem? Isn't there some confusion here?—Yours truly, THE EDITOR.

F. P. to the Editor.—No confusion with yours jollily. "Zenana" (*vide* HOOKHI WARKAN's *Injian Dictionary*) means "a luscious fruit; the Queen of the Seraglio; and the Seraglio itself." Now, then, where are you? Eh?—Yours triumphily, F. P.

THE NEW BALLAD OF LORD BATEMAN.

LORD BATEMAN was a noble Lord,

Wot held Free Trade pure fiddledee;

So he up and he moved in the House of Peers,
In favour of Sweet Reciprocity!

He maundered here, he meandered there,

For a good two hours, or, some say, three,

In the style of oration called roundaboutation,
Until his hearers they wot wearee.

For forty long years he had held the opinion,

And still his belief in that same wot strong,

That the jade Free Trade, deemed so fair and lovely,
Wot was a vain delusion wot led men wrong.

We'd abandoned our old lady-love, Protection,

In favour of a minx wot wot was far too free:

We had boasted of her beauties unto foreign countries,
Wich those foreign countries had failed to see.

He would not go back to the old love wholly,

He wasn't quite a dodo, ah! nay, not he.

The name of Protection he would rather not mention,
But he warmly recommended Reciprocity.

Wot wot right in love must be right in Commerce.

Wot man would marry an unloving bride?

He failed to see wot wot was only in trading

That the reciprocity wot was all von side.

Then up and answered another noble Lord,—

Wich his name like vays it began with a B,—

And he "sat on" poor Lord BATEMAN in a scientific manner,
Wich filled the beholders with mirth and glee.

Says he,—"Reciprocity's a hollow phantom,

Though I swore 'twos a substance vonce, I know;

But you wot raise the dead with a dusty recital

Of my musty phrases of forty years ago."

Then Free-Trade's old lovers they cheered and chuckled,

And the gallant GRANVILLE he smiled for to see

The Bogey young DIZZY so solicitously vamped up,

So ruthlessly demolished by the old Lord B.

But the crusted Lord BATEMAN, his sad face veiling

From his country's sorrows and his party's crimes,

Vent homevard, and endeavoured to solace his sorrow,

By buying a stuffed dodo, and by burning of his *Times*.

THE RUSSIAN ARMS.

On the Shield—An Iron Crown. *Supporters*—A couple of Drum-Majors wielding Knouts proper. *Motto*—"Nothing like Russia leather."



RATIOCINATION.

Country Doctor. "DID YOU TAKE THAT BOTTLE OF MEDICINE TO OLD MRS. GAMBRIDGE'S?
—BECAUSE IT WAS VERY IMPORTANT—"

Surgery Boy. "OH, YESSIR. AND I'M PRETTY SURE SHE TOOK IT, SIR!"

Country Doctor (after a pause). "WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY THAT, SIR?"

Surgery Boy. "WELL, I SEE THE SHUTTERS UP AT THE 'OUSE AS I PASSED THIS MORNIN', SIR!"

Tributes, and How to Acknowledge Them.

In these hard times, when everybody who can do anything is getting up performances for something, suppose Mr. GLADSTONE and Lord BEACONSFIELD, on the give-and-take principle, were to show their gratitude to their Tribute-payers, and their sympathy for suffering, by getting up a performance of *'Twixt Axe and Crown* for some suffering body, or place, or country, or craft, or interest, or other?

Suppose Mr. TURNERELLI were to set the idea going!

THE FIDDLER'S PECULIARITY.—The longer bow he draws, the truer his note!

OUT OF RANGE.

LORD BURY has attained a rare and rapid proficiency in the great official arts of snubbing and sneering. The other night he snubbed Lord TRURO for being curious about Range-finders, and General WRAY, for saying that only twenty-one sets had been served out to the Infantry. He began by sneering at General WRAY as "some-what of an enthusiast:"—

"He was formerly Chairman of the Committee on Range-finders, and, like many persons who took up a crotchet somewhat warmly, he was extremely enamoured of all the recommendations made by his Committee."

Now, seeing that this Committee had tested the effect of Range-finders, and found that their adoption meant accurate firing instead of random, the unofficial mind would be apt to conclude that General WRAY's eagerness to see Range-finders brought into use was rather to his credit than otherwise. But Lord BURY ingeniously makes it appear that the General is a troublesome and conceited person, who is only angry because "a great many details recommended by the Committee had not commended themselves to the judgment of those responsible for the administration of the service, and had consequently been rejected," after the Committee's central recommendation for the adoption of Range-finders had been carried out.

So far is this from being the case, that General WRAY, finding the formal adoption of the Range-finder at the War Office had not been followed by its adoption in the Infantry, writes to the *Times* to say so. Lord BURY calls this, in the regular official style, "devoting a portion of his time and talents to writing letters to the newspapers against the War Office," and then proceeds to expose General WRAY's recklessness of statement:—

"General WRAY maintained that only 21 sets of Range-finders had been ordered in all. Now, the fact was, that 179 sets had been ordered, and there would have been 279 ordered had not Captain WATKIN desired 100 of them to be kept back in order that he might introduce into them some slight improvements which he had invented. Range-finders had been ordered in considerable numbers, and 179 had been either ordered or served out to the troops. General WRAY had evidently omitted from his calculations the Artillery Range-finders, and considered only those served out to the Infantry."

It will hardly be believed, in the face of this crushing exposure of the wretched General, that General WRAY's statement was, precisely, Lord BURY's admission, that only twenty-one sets of *Infantry* Range-finders had been served out—*Infantry* Range-finders being a distinct article from *Artillery* Range-finders! Thus Lord BURY, in this masterpiece of official snubbing, contrives to charge General WRAY with a gross mis-statement, while himself admitting the truth of what General WRAY had stated! *Could* the art of official answering go farther? Unfortunately, General WRAY has devoted another "portion of his time and talents" to a letter to the *Times*, not "against the War Office," but explaining Lord BURY's explanation.

It is to be hoped that Lord BURY will sit corrected—not merely in this particular matter, but for the future. Besides *Infantry* and *Artillery* Range-finders, there seems to be a third kind of range-finders much wanted—range-finders for official dealing with facts.

A MORE RISKY GAME EVEN THAN LOO.—Zulu.



HEDGING.

Rector. "AND WHAT ARE YOUR VIEWS?"

Candidate for Curacy. "WELL, SIR, I'M AN EVANGELICAL HIGH CHURCHMAN, OF LIBERAL OPINIONS."

SALISBURY ON THE SITUATION.

(At the Biennial Banquet of the Middlesex Conservative Registration Association.)

SIR CHARLES, and the rest,—in your presence my attitude is one of profound and unspeakable gratitude. We've been five years in office: foes wish our removal; But while we retain your support and approval, We stand in small fear of that fractional faction Whose only desire is to hamper our action. We found England's honour a-tremble, like jelly, Now 'tis firm as Mount Atlas,—just ask TURNERELLI. We've shown "proper pride," as the servant-girls say, When they're sore at not having it all their own way. We know our right place—at the top—and have taken it, And snarling of Russians or Rads has not shaken it. You wise men of the South like our course in the East (That up North they're such noodles is funny, at least). You're awake to the Nation's true honour and glory, Intelligent, loyal—in short, truly Tory. Foes say we're aggressive. Such malice one scorns; But we're bound to hit out if men tread on our corns—Or interests—and we've so many of those, That we cannot let strangers step too near our toes. That Bulgarian business! I will not revile Those Britons whom Turkish atrocities rile. They're the noblest of fellows,—the *silent* ones, namely; But as for their *spokesmen*, the few who fought gamely On platforms, in pamphlet, and speech, why, their action Was simply the outcome of blackguardly faction. They pooh-poohed our advice to our client the Turk, And helped him our claims and his duties to shirk, Till my delicate counsels he would not pay heed to, And,—but stay, where the deuce will *this* argument lead to? I will not pursue it, but simply remark Bulgarian's bite may be worse than Turk's bark,

PATERNAL PUNISHMENT.

A CLAUSE in the new Mutiny Act, identical with one in the old, awards capital punishment to any soldier who "misbehaves or induces others to misbehave in manner in this Act not specifically mentioned." This, according to Major NOLAN, is popularly known in the Army as the "Devil's Clause." Empowering Courts-Martial to punish an obnoxious party for an offence created for the nonce by judge-made law, perhaps may appear extremely diabolical to civilians; yet, certainly, an inclination to administer justice in such sort is not entirely peculiar to the military mind. Perhaps it would be rather too often exemplified in the sentences of ecclesiastical tribunals if the presidents were Clergymen authorised to convict accused persons of heresy or misconduct for deeds and doctrines "not specifically mentioned" in any legal document, but decided in Court to be wrong or false dogmatically, off-hand. Of course it would not do to say that a condemnation of that kind was a judgment pronounced under a "Devil's Clause," although, to be sure, the victim of it might well be pitied as a poor devil.

Royalty Set to Music.

THE *Athenæum* of April 26th, among the contents of *Blackwood* for May, enumerates "The Life of the Prince Consort." Who can the "Prince Consort" be? The only Prince we know answering the description would seem to be H.R.H. the Duke of EDINBURGH—the only scion of Royalty, as far as we are aware, who frequently figures in the orchestra.

Though to say so *may* make hot philanthropy gush. Then as for our Treaty. I care not a rush. What the Rads or what REUTER may say; we intend By that compact to hold like grim death to the end. We have given up lots, some may fancy too much, But let them look out who our Treaty would touch! If we stick to our text, 'tis our earnest and sure hope The Turk will yet turn out a blessing to Europe. Now then for home politics! What *would* you do If the Libs should come in? They're the raggedest crew. There are scarce two among them subscribe the same credo, So they cannot pull sweetly together, as we do. (Lord DERBY? Pooh pooh!—a good riddance, of course. Eh! The Derby-Day's near? Yes, but *he's* not the horse.) Lord HARTINGTON? Squeezeable! Leaders who yield To their followers, fail in a well-stricken field. No, GLADSTONE—yes, goose him!—will rally, and then With his henchmen, those smart but most pestilent men, Messrs. FAWCETT and CHAMBERLAIN, *he'll* make it hot; And the country will go at express pace to pot. We, we are the men, and your duty is plain, Ne'er to let gushing GLADSTONE befool you again. But keep in (for a little while longer) Lord B., And after him, hand the reversion to *me*!

From Egypt.

DECREE.

WE, KHEWIVE OF EGYPT, by the advice of our Council of Ministers, decree that—

ART. I. No taxes of any sort shall be levied henceforward from the population of Egypt, whether native or European.

ART. II. The Creditors of the Government shall be paid in full.

ART. III. The KHEWIVE is charged with the execution of the present Decree.

ISMAT.

CHERIF, President of the Council of Ministers.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY'S "HONORARY MEMBERS."



THE recurrence of another Exhibition of the Royal Academy, with its varnishing day, and its Press day, and its private view, and its stately banquet, and its large Catalogue, and its small Catalogue (for which we can never be sufficiently grateful), and its small Catalogue bound in cloth, with pencil, and its umbrellas, parasols, and (crutch) sticks, with their neat numbers and perfect string adjustments, seems to be a fitting opportunity for satisfying a growing desire on the part of the Public to be supplied with some account of the duties, privileges, and prerogatives of the "Honorary Members." These are five in number; namely, the Chaplain, Professor of Ancient History, Professor of Ancient Literature, Antiquary, and Secretary for Foreign Correspondence. We shall treat of each of them *seriatim* and seriously:—

Chaplain.

Besides saying the Grace at the Annual Dinner, the Chaplain's presence is indispensable at all christenings and weddings in the families of the Academicians. He is at all times ready to form a class for reading the Fathers with any Members of the Academy who may desire to investigate the patristic literature of the first four centuries; and he is the acknowledged referee on questions of casuistry and controversial theology.

Professor of Ancient History.

It is his prerogative, in conjunction with the Professor of Ancient Literature, to be present when the Paintings and other works of Art are arranged by the Hanging Committee. The two Professors have to satisfy themselves that every picture or sculpture which purports to represent some ancient historical incident or character is correct both in its conception and details. If any mistakes are detected, they have absolute power to remedy them on the spot. The Professor of Ancient History is at home in his dressing-gown every Monday morning, from half-past ten to twelve, through the Season, to suggest subjects to artists both in painting and sculpture; and at all times he may be consulted either by letter or telegram.

Professor of Ancient Literature.

His duties are, in all respects, the same as those of his Brother Professor, but, in addition, he is willing to read the great Authors of Antiquity in the original tongues (including Sanchoniathon, Orosius, and Manetho) with any Members or Students of the Academy who may wish to profit by his assistance, twice a week, from seven to eight, A.M., during the months of November, January, and February.

Antiquary.

The Antiquary must be, at least, sixty years of age. Like his two colleagues, the Professors, he assists the Hanging Committee by

scrutinising all the details of armour, weapons, costume, furniture, personal ornaments, and kitchen utensils—Cinque-cento, Renaissance, Jacobean, &c. His private collection is at the service of any intending exhibitor, one evening in each week, between Michaelmas and Lady Day. On these occasions, the Antiquary, who always appears in a fancy-dress, after tea and coffee have been handed round, and cigarettes distributed, gives oral explanation of the more remarkable objects in his museum.

Secretary for Foreign Correspondence.

He prepares all the letters, invitations, diplomas, and complimentary addresses, which the Academy despatches to Foreign Sovereigns and Ambassadors, and to the Honorary Foreign Academicians. He devotes one morning a week to this duty; and has a small table set apart for his use (with dictionaries, &c.) in the Lecture-room. Privately he renders inestimable service to the Academicians and Associates by assisting them in their correspondence with foreign purchasers, critics, and connoisseurs, with the principals of the scholastic establishments at which their sons and daughters may be receiving their education, and with the proprietors of furnished-houses and lodgings when the time arrives for visiting the various agreeable sea-side resorts with which the Continent of Europe abounds.

The Honorary Members receive no salary, and there are no great perquisites attached to their offices, for the beautiful old custom of presenting them with early dew gathered on May morning by the two junior Associates and the Secretary has been for some time in abeyance. They are invited to the Annual Dinner and Evening Receptions; tickets of admission to the Exhibition, as also to the Winter Lectures and Winter Exhibition of Old Masters, with copies of the Catalogues (the 1s. 6d. edition), are sent to them by the hands of the Academy Beadles; and they have the privilege (by which they may be readily recognised) of entering the galleries with a stick or umbrella in their hands,—a privilege which is not extended to their wives and families.

OUT OF COMPLIMENT TO THE ORGANIST.

IN the last Number but one of the *Saturday Musical Review* occurs this paragraph:—

"The Duke and Duchess of EDINBURGH paid a very high compliment to Mr. E. J. HOPKINS; for, after hearing a performance on the fine organ at the Temple Church on Saturday"—

Well, what do you think was the compliment to Mr. HOPKINS? That their Royal Highnesses expressed themselves, &c., &c., or gave him something for himself, or stood a drink, or encored the performance? No; this was it—

"They attended divine service on Sunday."

And, we suppose, worshipped HOPKINS. What was the hymn? Was it this, to the old tune—

"Pretty, pretty, pretty Player HOPKINS,
How do you do-oo?
How do you do-oo?"

Fancy attending divine service "out of compliment" to HOPKINS or HOPKINS, or any "kins" whatever! Sermon, for the occasion, by the Right Rev. Dr. SNOBB.

Strong Imagination.

WRITING on Mr. HENRY IRVING, the *Theatre*, says—

"In the words of a scholarly critic, Mr. IRVING is the most imaginative actor of our time."

We quite agree with the scholarly critic. That Mr. IRVING must be the "most imaginative actor" has been sufficiently proved by his "imagining" he could play *Macbeth* and *Claude Melnotte*, and it will be set beyond all doubt if he only appears as *Romeo*.

By the way, who is the "scholarly critic" abovementioned? He must be rather a satirical rogue.

Infants for Confirmation.

Two of the hundred-ton guns bought by the Government are announced to have arrived at Woolwich. They are to throw projectiles of 2,000 lbs. each, propelled by a proportionate quantity of powder, and expected to pierce at least three feet of iron target, on which they are now awaiting trial. Let us hope they will stand it; for, otherwise, after all they have cost, they will prove mere two-penny busters.

CARRYING COALS TO NEWCASTLE.—The Government throwing cold water upon Rivers (WILSON).

THE MAY QUEEN SITS CORRECTED.

(With the Clerk of the Weather's Compliments to the Poet Laureate.)



HEY must wrap and cloak me warmly, cloak me warmly, Mother dear,
For to-morrow is the iciest day of all the sad new year;
Of all the sad new year, Mother, the snowiest, blowiest day—
And I'm to be Queen of the May, Mother, I'm to be Queen of the May.

Spirited Foreign Policy.

QUERY—Could Mr. GLADSTONE'S Government, or any Government that ever was, put up with a more contemptuous and complete snubbing from the KHEDIVE than Lord BEACONFIELD'S has done? *Que diable allaient-ils faire dans cette galère*, if they meant to allow themselves thus quietly and unresistingly to be thrown overboard?

THE TOUR OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

SECOND VISIT.

Visitors personally conducted by our Own Guide, Counsellor, and Familiar Friend.

No. 64. *Portrait of an English Gentleman*, who is going to write to the *Times* to complain about the confounded East wind. He is holding a rough draft of the letter. Expression admirable. W. W. OULESS, A.

No. 102. *Esther*. EDWIN LONG, A.

One hundred and two.
O *Esther*, for you
Who'd not be a Jew?

A Jew, Esther!—no, *au revoir!*

No. 124. *Adversity*. JAMES SANT, R.A. Adversity! Pooh! not a bit of it! Only made up for the part. Look at the light in her laughing eye. Just the sort of Beggar Maid that a King might do worse than fall in love with. A regular Slyboots, who knows that pity is akin to love.

No. 152. *Freedom and Imprisonment*. J. S. NOBLE. Hounds in kennel, and Huntsman outside.

"Oh," said a Lady, standing by me, "look at this picture of POYNTERS!"

Politely I explained to her, her very natural mistake.

"Hounds, Ma'am,"—which is better than the old-fashioned "Zounds, Ma'am!"—"not pointers."

GALLERY III.

No. 173. *Interviewing the Member*. ERSKINE NICOL, A. The Artist may give it this title, but it is really an unreported incident in the life of the Emperor LOUIS NAPOLEON, who is here represented in our national hunting-dress—pink and tops—trying to induce some Irish peasants to accept him as their countryman. They are straining their ears to hear how he pronounces "Arrah!" and "Bedad!" They evidently don't believe him.

No. 188. Sir F. LEIGHTON, P.R.A. Do not refer to the Catalogue to see

What P.R.A.
Meant to convey,

but examine the picture. Here is an angelic creature, or a genie, of French extraction, who has rubbed her wings against a rainbow, and taken off some of the colour, using her finger as the stopper to a green bottle, while she regards an athlete writhing in agonies at her side, with pitying but somewhat puzzled expression, as though she were saying to herself, "He has had half the bottle; it didn't agree with him. Will the rest keep till to-morrow, if I cork it up?"

Now refer to the Catalogue, and prepare for a pleasant surprise.

No. 214. *The Right Honourable W. E. Gladstone, M.P.* JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS, R.A. Brayvo, J. E. M.! But where was your motto for this first-rate portrait? It should have been "Resignation."

While Resignation gently slopes the way
And all his prospects brightening to the last,
He'll be in power ere next three years are past.
GROSSMITH'S *Deserted Greenwich*.

No. 245. *Ripening Sunbeams*. VICAT COLE, A. Charming subject to treat, and charmingly treated. Let me suggest a few others of a kindred nature, such as, *e. g.*, *Ripening Cucumbers*, *Forcing Strawberries*, *Earthing Celery*, *Cutting Teeth*, &c., &c. Observe the ripening Sunbeams in the foreground!

No. 254. *Major Le Gendre Starkie of Huntroyde*. JAS. SANT, R.A. Looks more Staringy than Starkie. Evidently LE GENDRE is saying to his *belle-mère*, "Oh, ya-as—aw—ya-as—don'tcherknow?" &c.

No. 274. *Portrait of a Lady*. J. E. MILLAIS, R.A. Give it a name, Sir. I will. Call it *Chloë*.

"Better be off with the old Chloë, before you are on with the new."—JEREMY TAYLOR.

Of course this is the New Chloë.

No. 310. *An Interesting Story*. Portraits of Mrs. WILLIAM ARBUTHNOT and Family. JAMES ARCHER. The work of an Archer who can draw belles as well as bows. But his title should have been *Not in these Boots*. Look at the central object in the picture, the little Girl's bronzed leather boots. The sweet child, who has been compelled to wear them, is looking up imploringly at her mother, evidently wondering why on earth she should have been made to get herself up like this, "when it isn't Sunday, you know, Mamma?" Perhaps Mamma is reading aloud *Puss in Boots*, which they've all heard before.

No. 331. *The Laurel Walk*. H. T. WELLS, R.A. Now, Mr. WELLS, look to your Laurels.

No. 374. *By the Seaside*. Portraits. WILLIAM F. YEAMES, R.A. Three boys by the sea—not the size of life-buoys by the sea—with a Lady and a baby all sitting on the top of a walking-stick-stand, on the sea-shore. It might have been called *Harbour Dues*, or *Sea-port-rates*.

No. 369. *Portrait of a Gentleman in Disguise*. DEWEY BATES. DEWEY BATES? Who gave him that name? His fairy Godmother must have been some Dewy Eve. The name of the "Gentleman in Disguise" will be found in the Catalogue. Observe the pipe in his hand. It wants colouring.

No. 396. *Enid and Geraint*. H. M. PAGET. "He would dine out last night with a bachelor party at some City tavern!" sighed his patient wife ENID, as she sat next day by his bed-side. "And what a headache he has got, poor fellow! But it serves him right. It's a lesson that'll do him good."

No. 402. *Nellie*, daughter of ARTHUR BASS, Esq., M.P. JAS. SANT, R.A. Charming, rosy-cheeked little girl, anything but "Bass's Pale,"—though, I'm afraid, those four apples will be too much for her. "What ho! Apothecary!"

No. 403. *The Return of the Victors*. Sir JOHN GILBERT, R.A. The Return of Thee, Victor, Sir JOHN! Here we are again!

Happy and glorious,
Merry, uproarious!

This is what "The Wearing of the Green" was in the olden time. Here's a motto:—

"Sir JOHN. Fear no colours!"

Henry IV., Act v., sc. 5.

No. 404. *Companions*. F. S. WALKER. With verdure clad, or Greens to the Green, superfluous.

"And wheresoe'er we go, like June's twin peas,
So we are coloured and insufferable."

As You Don't Like It, Act i., sc. 2.

No. 409. *The Roum-i-Sultana*. VAL C. PRINSEP, A. A very Rummy Sultana—as she's a delicate-skinned European. She is lying helplessly in a Red Room—the Red Roum-i-Sultana—while a brown slave is kneeling before her with a feather fan. Evidently "jolly hot," and thermometer up to 180°.

Says the Roum-i-Sultana, "In this here weather,
My girl, you might knock me down with a feather."
Which the girl did—there—you see them together.

No. 422. *Study of H.H. Sujjan Sing, Maharana of Oodeypore*. VAL C. PRINSEP, A. A Brown Study, of course Capital picture of SUJJANA SING. But I don't think much of his study, which is evidently most faithfully represented. There's only a carpet on the wall, another on the floor, and a very uneasy chair—no writing-table, and no books! I don't call this "a study." While rapt in his brown study, he is sawing off one of his fingers with his scabbard.

No. 451. *Rev. R. R. Choje, M.A., Vicar of St. Augustine's, Queen's Gate*. ARTHUR S. COPE. Portrait of a Clergyman dressed for some Fancy Ecclesiastical Ball. He wears a Gothic surplice, a highly ornamented stole, a Master of Arts (Oxford) hood, and the beard of an Archimandrite. Quite first Choje!

"What Artist shall paint me
In vestments?" cried CHOJE.
"No better investment
Than getting A. COPE."

MIXED OCCUPATIONS.—Those of the Members of the Legion of Honour.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



(Lords, Monday, May 5.)

COULEUR DE ROSE picture by Lord SALISBURY of the Treaty of Berlin moving to execution; a showy, if not solid, work of High Art, fitting this Season of Exhibitions—the general impression being that the progress of poor B. T., to execution, like most such progresses, is at a pace rather funereal than lively.

Lord SALISBURY's picture—if one could quite trust it—must be admitted to be a cheerful one. But the more common view, we fear, comes nearer the mark. Like another celebrated subject of the hangman's high art, who, as the poet sings—

"Oft fitted the halter, oft traversed the cart,
And often took leave, and was loth to depart,"

the Berlin Treaty seems—not to put too fine a point on it—in no hurry.

Inter alia, Lord SALISBURY tells us "a Commissioner has been sent to Asia Minor to ascertain the reasons for local reforms there—upon a better footing!"



"THE GENTLEMAN THAT PAYS THE RINT."

Tourist (who is staying in the Neighbourhood for the Fishing). "IS IT POSSIBLE THAT YOU KEEP THE PIG IN THE HOUSE WITH YOU?"
Pat. "AND WHY NOT, SURR? SURE, ISN'T THERE IVERYTHING IN IT THAT THE CR'ATHUR WOULD WANT!?"

"The Greek Kalends" used to be the classical synonym of "to-morrow-come-never." "The Turkish pay-day" ought to be the modern equivalent.

Lord THURLOW called attention to a working-men's petition for the "opening of Public Museums and Picture-Galleries in London on Sunday afternoons," in a Resolution that—

"Seeing the excellent results that have followed upon the opening of such institutions on Sunday afternoons in Dublin, Birmingham, Manchester, Middlesbrough, Hampton Court, Kew, &c., this House is of opinion that it is highly desirable that the prayer of this petition should be granted, even if only in part and as a tentative measure, in order to provide the working-classes of London with an alternative to the public-house on the many inclement Sunday afternoons when places of out-of-doors recreation, such as the public parks, are of no avail for the purposes of health and recreation."

Lord THURLOW summed up with pith and point the case for public galleries against public-houses, as places of Sunday resort and recreation. *Punch* has long held a general retainer on the same side, and is quite satisfied with the argument of his noble junior on Monday.

Lord POWERSCOURT bore witness for the change, on behalf of Dublin, where the National Gallery has been open on Sunday afternoons for fourteen years, without a single complaint.

The Earl of ABERDEEN said that publicans were in favour of the opening of such places, which didn't look as if they looked on the public gallery as the natural enemy of the public-house. He was against anything that tended to secularise the Lord's Day—and turn the London Sunday into a Parisian one. He would extend Saturday half-holidays, and keep such places longer open on the sixth day of the week instead of opening them on the seventh.

Lord RYON said that Sunday, in his view, was a feast, not a fast. The real alternative for the poor man in bad weather, whatever Lord ABERDEEN might think, was Public Gallery v. Public-House.

The Earl of BEACONSFIELD said the change wanted more consideration than appeared on the surface. We have fifty-two half-holidays in the year as it is. The most divine of institutions is that which secures a seventh day's rest for man. You can't keep up that without the religious sentiment. This step has always been resisted

in the other House. A majority of the Members for great towns have opposed it. The working-classes regard it with suspicion. There is no evidence that the great body of the people want it. Under these circumstances, he must oppose it.

The Duke of SOMERSET could not see on what principle the doors of the British Museum and the National Gallery could be kept shut, when those of Kew and Hampton Court were set open.

Lord DERBY followed on the same side, and threw the weight of his cool common-sense into the scale of the Resolution. "If public-houses were to be open on Sunday afternoons, they should not have a monopoly."

The Archbishop of CANTERBURY summed up, clerically, *contra*. If their Lordships gauged the opinion of the working classes, they would find that they shared the alarm that the change would deprive them of their day of rest.

On Division, the Resolution was lost by 67 to 59—no more—with all that weight of Bishop and BEACONSFIELD the other way! In other words, the Resolution, lost for the moment, is marked for carrying—as a blazed tree for cutting down—in the near future. *Punch* rejoices, and, *en attendant*, leaves the Archbishop to exchange congratulations with Brother BUNG. (See his Cartoon.)

(*Commons*.)—Sir WILFRID LAWSON, in compliance with the sensible suggestion of Lord HARTINGTON, postponed his Motion arraigning the foreign and colonial policy of the Government. Sir WILFRID, had he not done this, would have proved himself Sir Wilful. The Government policy having been threshed last week, does not need to be threshed over again.

Sir STAFFORD assured Mr. FORSTER that Sir BARTLE FRERE had been distinctly told what he was *not* to do—i.e. annex—and what he *was* to do—i.e., protect our South-African Colonies. (But who can say if Sir BARTLE FRERE will see his way to obey the positive instruction without violating the negative?)

Mr. CROSS informed Dr. KENEALY—that zealous guardian of our laws and liberties—who naturally feels for the oppressed, and the really deserving, that he had satisfied himself that MORAN, the Chester labourer, condemned to prison for not contributing to his children's support in the Workhouse, was not a proper object of

public sympathy. He was in communication with the Chester Magistrates, whose sentence on the man had, he thought, been too severe.

Before going into Ways and Means,

Mr. GLADSTONE rose to give his reasons for thinking that the Government ways of raising the wind were bad ways, and their means mischievous means. In 1860—which year had been referred to in favour of the policy of the Budget—heavy war expenses were provided for, partly out of new taxes, partly out of balances, or loans. This year, except £2000 for cigars, not a penny was to be raised by new taxation. All was to be met by postponing payments, and incurring new liabilities. The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER defended himself, and contended that so far from contradicting, he had actually followed the financial principle of 1860. On this point Chancellor and Ex-Chancellor pelted each other with figures, long after the weary House had cried, "Hold, enough!"

Sir W. HARCOURT said the Opposition's principle was briefly, "Meet your liabilities;" the Government's, "Shirk them."

Mr. LOWE did a little dissection of the Budgets with his own sharp scalpel. There were two opposite principles—tax or borrow. "Tax" was the sound and unpopular principle—that of himself and his friends. "Borrow" was the unsound and popular principle—that of the Cabinet.

Before a small knot of legal Members, the Criminal Code was brought on for Second Reading.

Sir HENRY JAMES regretted the small attendance; praised the Code as a whole, but contended that on many points it would still want careful attention *in transitu*.

After a general consensus from the Lawyers present that the Code had been much improved by careful judicial overhauling, but that many points in it would still be better for Counsel's opinion, and a rather alarming promise of a general concentration of their lights upon it in Committee, the Bill was read a Second Time.

On this,—the first step towards the greatest legal advance in our time, which the country owes mainly to our last-appointed and anything but "puny" Judge—*Punch*, as Solomon—embodiment of Judicial wisdom—congratulates STEPHEN, embodiment of codification clearness.

Tuesday (Lords).—Earl CADOGAN assures Lord GRANVILLE that Sir BARTLE FREER is effectually tied up, as far as H.M. Government can tie him, not to make more war or mischief in Zululand than he can help.

But still Lord GRANVILLE did not seem happy; so, "*Deus ex machinâ*," Lord BEACONSFIELD descended to say that Sir BARTLE

is fully informed of the leading principles on which the Cabinet would wish peace to be established between His Majesty King KETCHWAYO and Her Majesty Queen VICTORIA.

(The nuisance is that Sir BARTLE, as a second with a taste for leading, is apt to pooh-pooh the leading of his principals.)

Some of their Lordships actually had the audacity to try and upset a decision of Lord REDESDALE'S, who said if any noble Lord ventured on that sort of thing, he should throw up the Chairmanship of Committees then and there. The House shuddered, shrunk, and succumbed amidst a chorus of repentant submission, led by Lord BEACONSFIELD.

Jove in his chair,
Of the sky Lord Mayor,
As a mighty big-wig may show;
But a greater than Jove
Is Lord REDESDALE, the cove
Who rules Lords' Committees below!

What has come to the Lords—or what are the Lords coming to? Last night, all but opening the Public Galleries and Museums on Sundays, and to-night all but letting men loose to marry their wives' sisters, and getting the Prince of WALES and the Duke of EDINBURGH to fly in the face of the Bishops, and presenting monster petitions in favour of the unhallowed change, on behalf of the Bucks and Norfolk farmers, of all people! Bucks might be supposed to hanker after matrimonial licence—but solid Norfolk dumplings!

Anyway, Lord HOUGHTON was allowed to move the Second Reading of his Bill to legalise marriages with deceased wives' sisters, and to give his reasons for it; and though the Bishop of LONDON—and fourteen Bishops at his back—protested, they could only muster 101 to 81—a miserable majority of 20! What is that against the chance of consolidating two mothers-in-law into one!

(*Commons.*)—After letting a Steam Tramway Bill through Second Reading, the House actually did a stroke of work other than asking questions, and not getting them answered, and passed several sections of the Valuation Bill through Committee. But in the Lower House, too, the Demon of Destruction is loose. Think of the Commons, by 106 to 65, accepting Mr. HERSCHELL'S Resolution for doing away with Actions for Breach of Promise!

Oh, ye gods of love and little fishes of law! Oh, ye injured females! Oh, ye attorneys, big with bills of costs and righteous indignation! Can such a thing be? But have not Indictments at Common Law gone; and why should Actions for Breach remain? And, after all, it is only "an Abstract Resolution."

There's many a spill 'twixt Resolution and Bill. On the

MRS. GINGHAM EXPOSTULATES.

"I believe—at least it is the popular belief—that there is only one article a cabman never returns, and that is an umbrella; and I think that is quite fair."—*The Prince of Wales at the Meeting at Willis's Rooms, in aid of the Cabdrivers' Benevolent Association.*



There is a loyal party, Mr. *Punch*, which that is me, As you'll never ketch a-making rude remarks on Royalty;

But when I read sech words as these a-falling from our Prince, It ain't no use disguising it—it reglar makes me wince.

Which what the dear had got to do a-wasting ryal time, Along o' sech a hojus let, ekal to any crime, I can't conceive, but do believe he must ha' bin misled By them as should know better, or was off his ryal 'ed.

Jest fancy Cabbies—drat 'em!—bein' feasted, and the rest,

At Willis's—the williums! and along o' England's best, With Cardinals, and Lords, and Turks, and Prooshians!—deary me, If I'd a' bin among 'em, wouldn't I have let 'em see!

I'd a' hup'd with my umbrella, and 'a said, "My noble Nobs, A cabby is a bragian brute what sarces, cheats, and robs; Take a lone woman's word, my Luds, they're wile deceiving dodgers, Which the proper sort to deal with 'em is me and Mrs. PROGGERS.

"Honest and pussewering? Bless yer Ryal 'Ighness' heart, Old Nick hisself 's a saint to 'em. You jest as well might start The Burglar's Own Benevolent, as aint a mossel wus, Than scamps as drink and overcharge, and chaff and cheat and cuss."

That 's jest 'ow I'd a put it, and the Prince, which 'e aint no dunce, Would soon a seed as I was right, and chucked it up at once: Bless 'im, he is the sweetest dear and werry best of fellas, But I do not like his notions 'bout the stealing of umbrellas,

Which if there is a willany I'd drop on 'ot and strong, That 's it,—a haggawatin' game, as common as it 's wrong, You a-palliating on it—and in *Cabbies*!—ALBERT E. I! Could I deem you was but joking, what a relief 'twould be!

Your hutterance in the Ouse o' Lords concerning o' that Bill About Diseased Wives' Sisters, I must own, give me a chill, If folks may go and take their Wives and 'brellas where they likes, Why what a hawful world 'twill be! It's wus than wars and strikes.

Do think of it, my dear, dear Prince, and drop them 'orrid Cabbies! To lose my 'brella 'd break my 'art, like partin' with my tabbies; And to let a *Cabman* bone it, and be told 'twas all quite fair!—No; I can't believe you meant it: it's too dreadful, I declare!

An Error.

THE KHEWIVE speaks excellent French, but his English is not so perfect. He says he never accepted the Rivers-Wilson policy, that he was misunderstood, and he reports the conversation thus:—

His English Friend. KHEWIVE, you accept the Rivers-Wilson policy?

Khehive. Sare, I shall go in for de Reverse Wilson policy, a *s'explique*.

EASILY DONE.—Lord BEACONSFIELD says he would like to see English Art employed on historical subjects. Let him buy *Punch's* Cartoons of his own Political Progress.

whole, though he firmly believes, with Colonel MAKINS, that the persons who would chiefly suffer by the change in the law would be eloquent junior counsel, speculative attorneys, and newspaper proprietors—and the Colonel ought to have added, knowing and disagreeable females—*Punch* is inclined to back these against the law-reforming energy of the House, even with Mr. HERSHELL "up," and declines to halloo over the abolition of Actions for Breach, till he sees them abolished. Threatened laws, like threatened men, live long; and the Action for Breach has a tremendous array of bad reasons at its back, if it have some very good ones warring against it.

Wednesday.—Another day of wonder. A Bill read a Second Time, without a division, and with the formal consent of the Government, legalising the formation of Volunteer Corps in Ireland. Perhaps a General Election may account for more than a Borrowing Budget. But in any case it was a comfort to see Orange Lions lying down with Home-Rule Lambs, — O'CLERY, and KING-HARMAN, and O'SHAUGHNESSY, and Major NOLAN, and MITCHELL HENRY, in harmonious chorus for once with PLUNKET, and MACARTNEY, Black-Protestant BRAUN, and Attorney-General GIBSON!

What with to-night's Bill and Mr. SHAW-LEFEVRE's for giving more power to the Bright-Clauses of the Land Act, last week, *Punch* is constrained to ask himself, are we coming back to the days "when MALACHI wore his collar of gold," or is the Millennium on its way to us, in Milesian garb? Anyway, an Irish night that ends in a Second Reading instead of a row is such a comfort, that *Punch* can hardly get over the recurrence of two such miracles in a fortnight sufficiently to return thanks for them in properly devotional and grateful language.

Thursday (Lords).—Lord SHAFTESBURY Moved Second Reading of the Habitual Drunkards Bill, authorising dipsomaniacs to consent to their own confinement in dipso-lunatic asylums, with due provision against foul play.

Anything that can be devised for the restraint and cure of these most miserable of all maniacs,—now treated among us as responsible and rational beings,—is worth trying, and there is experience in America which seems to warrant some hope from such places of restraint and treatment, duly inspected and secured against abuse,—to which like private lunatic asylums they are obviously open, unless closely watched. But will so purely permissive a Bill work? Doubtful.

(*Commons.*)—The most noteworthy among the rush of questions

was Dr. KENEALY's as to the authority for an alleged message of sympathy from Her MAJESTY to Lady BARTLE FRERE.

Sir M. H. BEACH did not see why Her MAJESTY should not express her sympathy with any of her subjects—nor does Mr. *Punch*.

Mr. RYLANDS, too, elicited the interesting intelligence that Government did not see why they should be in any hurry to fill up the six vacant seats this Session.

We don't ourselves contemplate immediate Dissolution, then?

Lord HARTINGTON and Mr. FAWCETT mean to step between Mr. DILLWYN and any Liberal acceptance of his Motion implying that the QUEEN has been acting with unconstitutional independence of her Ministers in Indian matters.

The House did a stroke of work in Committee on the Discipline Bill.

Two strokes of work in three days in the Commons—to say nothing of the Lords' doings! This is indeed a week of wonders!

Friday (Lords).—Has the Christian Briton been doing the Heathen Chinee? Lord CARNARVON says he has. Lord HAMMOND agrees with him (and he ought to know, having held all the keys of the F. O. ciphers for so many years); Lord SALISBURY doesn't.

Punch does not pretend to unravel the skein of complicated interests in dispute between two equally sharp customers. JOHN BULL and JOHN CHINAMAN must be left to settle their difficulties over the Chefoo Convention; and may the best man win!

(*Commons.*)—A night to be noted of the British Landlord, and not with a white stone. The Beginning of the End of Distress. The abolition of that ancient feudal Landlord power—of making a clean sweep of everything on a defaulting tenant's holding to the exclusion of all other claims—moved by Irish BLENNERHASSET and backed by Scottish BARCLAY, was resisted by Norfolk Conservative C. S. READ, only on condition of changes which will transform the law from harsh and unfair to comparatively mild and just. Before long English Distress will have to follow Scottish Hypothec, and then the biggest nail will have been driven in the coffin of Landlordism as it is. The sole defenders of the present law, case-hardened lawyers like Mr. GREGORY and Mr. RODWELL, fought as men do in covering a retreat. There is no mistaking the extra-Parliamentary signs of the times, and last night's debate told the same story. Mr. PELL's speech and Sir W. BARTHELOT's and Sir THOMAS AGLAND's, and those of all the English Squires with heads on their shoulders, proclaim that Distress is doomed. Would *Punch* felt as sure of its disappearance from England as from Law!

ASTROLOGY v. METEOROLOGY.



UNDER your lave, Mr. *Punch*, Honner'd Sur, I bags to pur-test agin them there Voorcasts as appares vrom daay to daay in the *Times* pyaaper. I got a speciment o' one on 'um afoor me now, in witch there be no less nor 'leven proffysize fur differ'nt dixtrix in England, Ireland, Scotland, and Waales. Very offun fair's foortold fur one, foul fur another, waarm here, cold there, in zum parts snow, in others raain, starm, or caam, frost and snow, or thunder-an-lightnun, as the case med be, and wind in zo many quarters oppersite waays. Now, Mr. *Punch*, you must know I reglarly takes in *Zadkiel's Almanac*, and have a took 'un in, man and buoy, a matter o' varty year. ZADKIEL, hegies the same sart o' proffysize as them voorcasts, what a calls his "Weather Predictions," in

a teeable for aitch munth in the year, one arter another. Ees; but there bain't no differ'noe in they for north nor south, aist or west, in the British Hunds. They be all alike in the same month for all over the United Kingdom, and simmunly all over the world. What's the sense, then, o' foorcaston peculiar weather in pur-tickler plects, hereabouts or thereabouts? and what do the Clerk o' the *Times* Weather Office mane by flyun like that there in ZADKIEL's veass? Meteorology? Yaa! What's that to the Vices o' the Stars?

I be, honnerd Sur, yure umble Sarvant to command,

JACOB HOMEGREEN.

P.S.—I belaves in ZADKIEL, I do. Why, in coorse a Prophet as can foortel the news must be yeable to purdict the weather. Stands to razon.

SUNDAY IN LONDON.

SCENE—London. TIME—Sunday. Intelligent Foreigner and CHARLES (his friend) discovered perambulating the streets.

Intelligent Foreigner. My faith, but yours is a wonderful country! But why are the streets so deserted? Where are your artisans? They are not at work?

Charles (his friend). Of course not. It is Sunday.

Intelligent Foreigner. I see, they are at your noble British Museum, admiring its natural history, its superb statues?

Charles (his friend). Well, no. The Museum is closed on Sundays.

Intelligent Foreigner. Then they are in your fine National Gallery, enjoying your grand pictures?

Charles (his friend). Well, no. The National Gallery is closed on Sundays.

Intelligent Foreigner. Then they are at your spacious South Kensington, studying the industrial arts, eh?

Charles (his friend). Well, no. The South Kensington Museum is closed on Sundays.

Intelligent Foreigner. Then of course they are at home?

Charles (his friend). Well, no, the truth is, our prolétariat have not much of a home for Sundays.

Intelligent Foreigner. Ha! Hold! How stupid I am! You are religious, you English. They are at church!

Charles (his friend). Well, no. They don't go much to church. Besides, it is past one, and all the churches will be closed by this time. They always are after service on Sundays.

Intelligent Foreigner (puzzled). Then where are they? What is open on Sundays?

Charles (his friend). Oh, the public-houses. You will find plenty of them open on Sundays, after the hours allowed by the Act!

[Changes the conversation.]

A Right-Down Clever Horse.

(With Mr. *Punch's* Compliments to Mr. Lorillard.)

HOWEVER much you lose on him,

You can't be in the hole;

Their tin though all the talent drop,

'Tis only on Parole.



THANKS WHERE THANKS ARE DUE.

(Mrs. Ponsonby Tomkyns at Home.)

Mr. Ponsonby Tomkyns. "HOW KIND OF MADEMOISELLE SERRURIER TO COME TO US, MY LOVE, AND SING TO US IN THIS FRIENDLY WAY, WITHOUT BEING PAID FOR IT, I MEAN! I'LL GO AND THANK HER."

Mrs. Ponsonby Tomkyns. "GOOD HEAVENS, YOU GOOSE, DON'T THANK HER! TELL HER SHE HAS MADE A GOOD IMPRESSION, AND THAT WE HOPE TO HAVE HER AGAIN SOON—AH, YOUR GRACE, GOING AWAY ALREADY!"

The Duchess. "YES. THANK YOU VERY MUCH FOR A PLEASANT AFTERNOON!"

Mrs. Ponsonby Tomkyns. "THANK YOU, DUCHESS! HOW KIND OF YOUR GRACE TO COME TO US!! MADEMOISELLE HAS A NICE VOICE, HAS SHE NOT?"

The Duchess. "CHARMING! I ONLY WISH I COULD AFFORD TO ENGAGE HER FOR TUESDAY! I'VE ONLY GOT AMATEURS, YOU KNOW. BY THE BYE, I SHALL BE HAPPY TO SEND YOU A CARD, IF YOU CARE TO COME."

Mrs. Ponsonby Tomkyns. "OH, THANK YOU, DUCHESS! WE SHALL ONLY BE TOO DELIGHTED, &c., &c., &c."

Mademoiselle Serrurier and her Mother, who think Mrs. Ponsonby Tomkyns a tremendous Swell, are waiting for her Grace's departure to say,
"NOUS VOUS REMERCIONS INFINIMENT, MADAME DE TOMKYNs, DE VOTRE SI AIMABLE ET SYMPATHIQUE ACCUEIL!"

To which Mrs. Ponsonby Tomkyns will reply, "OH—ER—NE LE MENTIONNEZ PAS. JE SUIS SI CHARMÉE DE VOUS ÊTRE UTILE, VOUS SAVVY! ER—BONG JOOR!"
(Clever Mrs. P. T.!!!)

PRINCIPLES AND PREPOSITIONS.

"THE dreariest duty of humanity" is, according to—

The Earl of Beaconsfield (when called upon to do so)—To ex-plain.

Mr. Gladstone (when there's a chance of getting in a word)—To re-frain.

The Czar (with the Holy Empire on his shoulders)—To sus-tain.

Sir Wilfrid Lawson (in front of a glass of water)—To ab-stain.

The Khedive (offered accommodation at seventy-five per cent.)—To dis-dain.

Sir Garnet Wolsey (after six months in Cyprus)—To re-main.

The Chairman of Committees (after the Lords have once questioned his authority)—To re-gain.

Sir Robert Peel (when he has lost his temper and has to keep his dignity)—To main-tain.

And Her Majesty's Ministers (losing their grip on Office before approaching Dissolution)—To re-tain.

THE SAME THING.

"THE Treaty of Berlin not being executed? Fiddlesticks! Don't we see it 'hung up' in all directions?"

More Light!

(To the Metropolitan District Boards.)

A PROPOS of the exhibition of the Electric Light at the Albert Hall—how about the painting up of the names of London streets on London street-lamps? Must we wait for an electric shock to set that great small improvement going?

As an inducement, *Punch* hereby promises to associate with the improvement the name of the District Board that inaugurates it, as the names of the inventors of electric lighting apparatus—JAB-LOCHKOFF, and RAPIEFF, and LOUTIN, and WILDE, and SIEMENS, and WERDERMANN—have been coupled with their luciferous inventions.

The Other Way of Looking at It.

PATERFAMILIAS (log.).—We've been passing through a period of depression. Bread has been cheap; coals comparatively cheap; most necessities of life, except meat, and even most luxuries, cheap. In the meanwhile we've passed through a period of depression. Now, they say, there seems to be a turn of the tide, business reviving, and some signs of a beginning of better times. Um! I suppose that will mean a plaguy rise in the price of everything!



“FRIENDS IN DEED!!”

MR. BUNG. “WE’VE HAD A NARROW SQUEAK THIS TIME, MY LORD! DON’T KNOW WHAT WE SHOULD HA’ DONE WITHOUT YOUR GRACE AND THEM THREE BISHOPS!”

INJYABLE INJIA;

OR, NOTES AND SKETCHES OF A SPECIALLY-COMMISSIONED ARTIST.

By FUZZELI PRINCEPS.

CHAPTER VIII.

Lalla Rookh—Chicken Hazard—A Trio—Unequaled—Auctioneers' Joke—The Muggars—Croplin—Hat—Subscription—Tiger—Rail—Maranatha—Bargain—Off—Anecdote—Consultation—Judicial Appointment—Congratulations—Brilliant Design—More next week.



PORTRAIT OF RATLAM, WITH THE DICE-BOX.

Sir ORGHUSTUS SALAR JUNG is the best-dressed man here. I always said so. The next best is his great rival, who rejoices in the name of the Rajah RITOO-RALLOO-RALLOO-RALLEDDI-FALLOO-RALRI-TUMTOO-RALFALLOO-RAL-LI-DOO.

Last Sunday, when we all three went to hear *Guddee-guddee*, each one of us *endimanchés*.—My! It was a caution!—all the people, as we walked along the street, exclaimed,

"Gollee, ain't um *spisee-spisee*!"

Sir SALAR had on a blue necktie, but the Rajah RITOO-RALLOO, &c., sported a flaming amber satin scarf, with a Star of India pin. The whole lot he bought cheap in the *Lofar Arcade*, a celebrated lounge for *fâneurs* in these parts.

I came upon him on Saturday night, buying them a bargain, and tapped him on the shoulder. He blushed a deep crimson; and when an Injia does blush, he frightens a thin-skinned, lily-coloured European. It's for all the world as though he were going into a volcanic apoplexy. However, I promised, for a consideration, not to tell where he got the bauble and the scarf.

"*Arcades ambo!*" said I to him, alluding to the fact of his having bought both the articles in the Arcade. But the Rajah didn't laugh. He is a man of no education—can scarcely spell his own name, and is what Sir SALAR told the Government he was—a regular out-and-out *Duffadar*. However, as it was a real picture to see us three going to *Guddee-guddee* all in our Sunday best, with RUMMI's brother, the Rajah's head-servant carrying our devotional library, I drew it, and I really think it is, if not the biggest, at least the best thing I've ever done.

Several offers already for it, but I'm still open to another. The hammer isn't down yet, for, though a simple cuss, I am downey as a hammer. (This is a *burstah*, i.e., an overpoweringly uproarious jest that sets tables in roars, splits sides, and, in fact, plays the "very joose" with a convivial party. It is well worth one-and-sixpence an hour, as a joke, merely for auctioneers.)

Spent the evening with MUSTAFUN. There is no theatre here, but a travelling company of *Muggars* (play-actors—chiefly low comedians) gave us a performance in the Great Hall.

This was quite a little surprise for MUSTAFUN, who had, fortunately, invited a party of over a hundred people to drop in during the evening.

Knowing this, I had previously arranged the programme to finish with a performance of Nautch-girls in the grand Nautchical burlesque of *Black-Eyed Susan*, in which I myself had coached the representative of *Captain Crosstree*, with an imitation of whose cocked-hat I afterwards went round to the Rajahs, the Khans, and all the tip-top swells, for a subscription *pour les pauvres*.

I had arranged with the Manager of the *Muggars* to share, after deducting ten per cent. of the gross receipts for the poor, ten for the Author, and ten for the *Entrepreneur*. To this he, with a truly liberal spirit, had agreed, also undertaking to take the part of *Captain Crosstree* himself. And while he was having his great scene, and the audience were in ecstasies of delight and in the greatest good humour, I went round with the hat. Didn't they stomp up! Rajah!—I mean Rather! I took a cool hundred on the spot; and anything cool in Injia—except the conduct of the *coolies* (whence their name)—is, I need

hardly say, real *jam*, *Jam-Jam*. After deductions, as above mentioned, this still left seventy pounds clear to divide between the Manager and myself; so that I didn't make a bad thing of it, he having undertaken to pay all exs., including special Nautch-girl ballet, new scenery, dresses, and a few Stars of India for the first piece.

I left early, before the entertainment was over, being rather pressed for time, &c., in fact, having business of importance in quite another district, more than three hundred leagues from this.

I hear there were difficulties after my departure, and that the Manager of the *Muggars* was caught in an attempt to escape by a back window, with his share of the money, and without having paid his company. Such is life in Injyable Injia!

I hear, also, that the mean, cowardly rascal attempted to incriminate me! This was base of him, knowing full well that at the very moment he brought his cruel charges against me, *I was miles away from the spot, and not likely to return.*

What became of him I have not inquired.

On by rail to-morrow.

Diary for Two Days.—Pumped out with work. Railed to Thar and back again. Don't like the railing here. Not my line at all. If it were, wouldn't I make a *pottar mhunni* (that is, a considerable sum in rupees) out of it. Dusty, dirty, hot as be blowed.

At the third Station I was awoke out of a short nap by, what I took to be, a gruff voice asking for my ticket.

Before I had pulled myself together, I found that the gruff voice was a roar. The roarer was at the window. It was a tiger taking the tickets! He had taken the other passengers' tickets—poor devils! and, luckily, was too unwieldy to get through the narrow window. He was a first-class tiger. I had the presence of mind to look out of the other window, and shout "All right! go ahead!" and



the sudden jerk of the train, as it moved on, threw the beast under the wheels. This is a curious story—quite true.

Arrived, and called on the Maranatha. He is a furious old cuss, and much addicted to strong waters, and stronger language. In a hospitable humour he asked me,

"What you take?"

"Your portrait," I replied, readily.

"Rupees?" he inquired, silyly.

"Certainly!" I answered. "A pint of fresh rupees; and the sooner you shell out, the better."

He shrieked with laughter, for he understands English. When he had partially recovered, he said,

"I buy that joke with picture."

"Done!" cried I. And we shook hands over the bargain.

He paid half down on account, and then sat for his portrait.

Left sitting.

I will here give a little anecdote, which exhibits a nice trait in my character, and speaks well for the Government.

I was one day chatting with a few notables—who were not nameless *there*, but shall be so *here*,—and, in the course of conversation, someone observed that there would probably be a vacancy on the Indian Bench.



AT THE R.A.—TRIUMPH OF REALISTIC ART.

Blenkinsop (complacently gazing at a Bust of himself by a fashionable Sculptor). "It's NOT SO MUCH AS A WORK OF ART THAT I VALUE IT, BROWN; BUT THE LIKENESS IS SO WONDERFUL, YOU KNOW!"

I smiled, but made no reply.

"It's easy work," observed the eminent individual, who was then on his way back to England to advise the Government. "A Judge out here has a pleasant time of it. Cool drinks, and a nice bar. No Wigs."

"That exactly suits the present administration," said I, with an uncontrollable twinkle in my left eye. "No Whigs, eh?—all Tories?"

They had a jolly appreciative laugh at this.

"Who's the right man for the left place?" asked the second Head Swell, suddenly.

It was not for me to speak out, so I thought the more, like *Sir Paul Parrot* in the play.

"You're a good judge," continued the same distinguished individual, turning to me.

I blushed.

"I am," I returned, modestly; "I own the soft impeachment." And, to hide my blushes, I quaffed a beaker of the best iced *punkah* (a delightful drink, which ought to be introduced into England), and heaved a gentle sigh out of my hubble-bubble.

"We want," said Head Swell Number Three, "an unbiassed, unprejudiced sort of cuss."

"That's me, GEORGE," I replied, good-humouredly, and then hummed

"Who shall be fairest?"

Then the chief put it squarely to me,

"Would you accept the place?"

Now, I am not every man's money. I'm not to be had cheap. So I shook my head dubiously, and replied,

"Well, if the Government were in a difficulty—if they were reduced to such straits that to serve them would become a duty—then *noblesse oblige*—and, if asked, I would give them the straight tip."

"You would?" he returned, heartily shaking my hand.

"I would," I replied.

He sailed next day.

Imagine my astonishment when the first vacancy on the Injian Bench was offered to Mr. DOUGLAS STRAIGHT, Junior Counsel to the Treasury.

My friend, the Injian Swell, met me in the street.

"Thank you for your advice," he said. "We've acted upon it."

"Hm!" I exclaimed.

"Why, you gave us 'the straight tip' for the appointment, and I thoroughly understood what you meant by that, though it was so wrapped up."

"I'm delighted," I replied—for I knew there is something in store for me, just a penn'orth of patronage; but "mum" is the word,—though for myself I do not care for JULES MUMM, but I swear by *Pomméry très sec*, and *Vive La Veuve Pomméry!*—but this by the way—"I'm delighted. The Government, reduced to straits, has selected the very best Straight of the lot. Straight's his name and straight's his nature. He goes straight, he'll keep straight, and return straight to England. Brayvo, Sir! and, to quote the Bard of *Trial by Jury*, let me add—

"And a good Judge too."

And that's how it's done. Of course I don't go into motives. The surface does for me. I'm satisfied with STRAIGHT, and don't descend to the *Strata*.

I wish Mr. Justice STRAIGHT all success, and hope he'll find Injia as injivable as I did.

Private Diary.—Wonder what's become of RUMMI? *A propos* of the small book in which I make my particular and confidential entries—my "aside book," so to speak,—I am thinking of getting up a Company for painting Injians. Not on canvass; but for painting themselves, an operation in which swells of both sexes at present are most lamentably at fault. They don't understand how to get themselves up; and, the result is, that a dark Lady who has been at the rouge-pot, is made game of by all the little boys, and they call her *rouge et noir*.

Now I see my way to a Beautiful-for-Ever scheme. Establish a Company. Capital, 300,000 rupees. Cards of admission to Subscribers only, to whom alone will the address be given. We shall name it after the small note-book in which the brilliant idea was originally registered—*Our Private Dyery*. Secret entries.

Next Day.—Wet. At home preparing Prospectus and designing a pictorial advertisement. Thinking hard. Will "thinking hard" lead to *softening* of the brain? Question. Refer it to a sub-committee, and go on thinking.

A Cheer for Cabby.

WE may soon be enabled to take a cab without fear of incurring an overcharge, or the alternative of an altercation. At the Dinner of the Cabdrivers' Benevolent Association, eaten on Monday last week under the presidency of the Prince of WALES, it was announced that the moral character of Cabmen generally had greatly improved, and that they had of late, as a body, become remarkable for honesty, of which some remarkable examples were cited by His Royal Highness. It is agreeable to receive this good account of Cabby, which ought to secure, at least, Hansom contributions to his Benevolent Association.

SIGNS AND SQUALLS.

WE learn from the Almanacks that the Sun in May is in Gemini—the Twins. Of late it has been impossible to see him anywhere. His sojourn with the celestial infants, however, may have accounted for the late squalls.

A SAW FOR THE TIMES.—No man should live beyond the means of his Creditors.



MARCH OF EDUCATION.

Newsboy. "PALL MALL, GLOBE, STAND—"

Old Gent. "ANY NEWS, MY BOY?"

Newsboy. "ECHO, SIR, OR EVENING STAN—"

Old Gent. "BUT IS THERE ANY NEWS THIS EVENING?"

Newsboy. "YOU WANT ME TO GIVE YOU A PRESSEE, DO YOU?—SHAN'T!" [Exit.

Old Gent (to himself). "DEAR ME! A 'PRÉCIS'! THIS COMES O' THOSE SCHOOL BOARDS!"

THE WREATH IS NOT IN PAWN.

THE Liberal Press ought really to know its duty better than to abuse the earnest and energetic promoter of the Working Men's Tribute to Lord BEACONSFIELD—the unwearied TRACY TURNERELLI—to whose complaints *Punch* feels bound, by every consideration that should weigh with a good citizen, to give the fullest publicity.

Not only has T. T. been (as he writes to *Punch*, "his best friend") the mark for the slings and arrows of "outrageous abuse" from "certain sections of the Radical Press," but the august "Tribute" itself has been made the butt of wholesale falsehoods:—

"These manifold misrepresentations have at last culminated in the public assertion, that 'THE GOLD LAUREL WREATH IS "IN PAWN!"' and that, the money not being forthcoming, 'the manufacturers refuse to part with it!'"

"To this assertion—which Messrs. HUNT AND ROSKELL, as you will see in their letter, designate as 'a calumnious invention, entirely devoid of truth in every way'—I beg you, in common justice, to allow me to state in your paper—whose readers are Englishmen, and, no doubt, lovers of truth—that, at this moment, about £200, the proceeds of 'penny' subscriptions, are in the hands of the Leamington Priors and Warwickshire Banking Co., Leamington; that £100 more, the fruit of penny subscriptions also, are daily expected, and that, having amply secured the cost of the Wreath, I have ordered a MAGNIFICENT CASKET to contain it, the price of which is also nearly covered, and of which I beg to be allowed the honour of sending you for your acceptance a free, complimentary copy of a Photograph, by the Autotype Company, London."

Punch is proud to acknowledge the receipt of the Photographs here alluded to, that of the Wreath, whose cost is thus amply secured, and that of the magnificent Casket thus magnanimously ordered in the faith of the great heart of TRACY TURNERELLI!

WEARERS OF THE GREEN.—If the rude street-boys call the English red-coated Volunteers "Red 'Errins,"—will they call the Irish Volunteers, who, of course, will wear the national colour—"Green 'Erins?"

TAKING STOCK.

JOHN BULL loquitor.

HOLD hard a bit, my clamorous friends!
I'm sick and tired of show and shouting,
I must take stock of means and ends,
And noise won't ease my grave misdoubting.
How do I stand? Who'll tell me that?
I want to see how things are going;
When times are hard and business flat,
You can't set matters square by crowing.

We've had a lot of that of late,
It's pretty pastime while you're at it;
But its net profits, up to date,
I own I can't quite reckon, drat it!
Now he who crows and don't know why,
I hold to be a noisy noodle,
So I'll look round before I try
Another bout of Cock-a-doodle.

To be top-sawyer everywhere,
Seems, I admit, a niceish notion;
But I must say I do not care
For such continual commotion.
I fancied I so strong had grown,
That, not desiring raid or robbery,
I might in quiet hold my own,
And not go kicking up a bobby.

The Liberals' *laissez-aller* style
Maybe set foreign critics sneering,
But could not BULL afford to smile
At bogus journalistic jeering?
French *blague* and German banter? Pooh!
Would Russia make a *casus belli*,
Of endless cock-a-doodle-doo
From my smart friend, the *Daily Telly*?

And now they tell me I'm A 1,
Cock of the walk, and all the rest of it,
Somehow I don't enjoy the fun;
The crowing seems about the best of it.
Account of the hatched eggs I ask,
Since with the hen-house costs I'm saddled;
The tellers rather shirk their task,
Till one suspects that half are addled.

And really I can't see the pull
Of paying through the nose for crowing.
I know I've stumped up lots, but BULL
Likes some clear notion of *what's owing*.
STAFFORD is shifty, I'm not clear
About his new book-keeping system.
That both ends don't quite meet, I fear;
Figures ain't facts,—not when you twist 'em.

Tancred's large dreams my fancy fired,—
Views have a charm, when they're extensive,—
But can he make 'em good? I'm tired
Of fireworks that come so expensive.
The daring game asks daring hand,
Good business needs close calculation;
Big bounce and bad finance might land
Even JOHN BULL in liquidation.

(Left thinking it over.)

Just the Difference.

THE Portsmouth Correspondent of the *Daily News*, wishing to reassure the inhabitants of ports and coasts where stray torpedoes may be picked up, explains that "these projectiles are perfectly harmless, their heads being empty."

There is just this difference between torpedoes and those in charge of them: the one are dangerous for the very reason which makes the other harmless—namely, *because their heads are empty*.

Over a Grave.

"His heart we have broke with our rancours and spites,
And Obstruction invented to worry him;
But the Saxon we'll show what Home-Rulers unites
For once round their Leader—to bury him."

GREAT KNOX AND KNOX-LITTLE.



THE following announcement in a diurnal newspaper may perhaps in particular concern persons of the Romanesque persuasion:—

"ST. BARNABAS, PIMLICO.—The Rev. Mr. KNOX-LITTLE has announced to his congregation at St. Alban's, Manchester, that he has declined to accept this London vicarage."

A KNOX-LITTLE capable of accepting a cure of Ritualistic souls would seem to be so much less than a little KNOX, as to be nothing of a KNOX; that is to say, a JOHN KNOX. Only, were the Rev. KNOX-LITTLE, a member of the brotherhood comprising Mr. MACKNOCHIE and Mr. TOOTH, there would at least be one point of resemblance between the little KNOX and the great KNOX—the Ritualist and the Reformer. If the Presbyterians expressly repudiate Prelacy, the Anglican sacerdotalists practically set their Bishops at defiance. So far, it may be said that—

"New Priest is but old Presbyter writ small."

WHAT WE HAVE COME TO—NEARLY!

(A not very exaggerated Report of recent Proceedings.)

THE Barnes Mystery was yesterday, again the subject of inquiry before the South Surrey Bench of Magistrates. The Counsel already engaged in the case reappeared for the Prosecution. The Prisoner was defended by Mr. BROWE BEATER.

Mrs. CONSTANCE GOODMAN, the next witness called, said that she was the wife of a Linendraper who had been established in the neighbourhood for five-and-twenty years. She remembered speaking to the last witness at his house between five and six in the afternoon of the first Sunday in March.

Cross-examined by Mr. BROWE BEATER. She had never been a Respondent in the Divorce Court.

Mr. BROWE BEATER. Oh, I suppose you are too drunk to remember? You know you are dead drunk now?

Witness (indignantly). I was never tipsy in my life.

The Chairman. Really, I can see no ground at all for bullying the Witness in this way. The Bench feels it right to interfere for her protection.

Mr. BROWE BEATER (interrupting). You shut up! (Laughter.) However, I have taken a note of your objection.

Cross-examination resumed. The Witness said that her husband had never been in the Bankruptcy Court. She denied that he was in the habit of using short measures. She had six children. None of them had been convicted and sentenced to penal servitude. Her daughters were perfectly respectable. They were married women.

Mr. BROWE BEATER. Oh, I dare say! (Laughter.)

Counsel for the Prosecution. I really must protest against the line of examination my learned friend has adopted. It leads to nothing, and can only cause pain to a number of perfectly innocent persons.

Mr. BROWE BEATER (hotly). I will not be bullied. (Laughter.) My learned friend had better mind his own business.

The Chairman. I really think that—

Mr. BROWE BEATER (interrupting). Who cares what you think? (Laughter.)

The Chairman. You really must not speak to the Bench in that disrespectful manner.

Mr. BROWE BEATER. I shall speak as I think proper. I have a duty to my client. (To Witness.) You know that you have come here to swear away the life of my client!

Witness (in tears). I am sure I would do nothing of the sort. I would not hurt a fly.

Mr. BROWE BEATER. Hurt a fly, indeed! Come—how many glasses of whiskey have you had this morning?

Witness. I never drink whiskey.

Mr. BROWE BEATER. Never drink whiskey! Don't tell me that. Everybody drinks whiskey when they can get it. (Laughter.)

Cross-examination resumed. She was sure she had seen the witness between five and six. It was not between eleven and twelve at night. She had never kissed him.

Mr. BROWE BEATER. Your husband is not very jealous, eh? He doesn't mind you kissing other men, I suppose?

Witness (indignantly). I am a respectable married woman with a large family of children, and—

Mr. BROWE BEATER. Married or not, you are not here to bully me! (Laughter.) You have a married sister in Australia whom you have not seen for twenty years?

Witness. Yes. She has not corresponded with us for a very long time.

Mr. BROWE BEATER. Now be careful and tell the truth for once, if you can. Was this sister of yours transported?

Witness. Certainly not. She paid her own passage-money—or her husband for her. She did not go out at the public expense.

Mr. BROWE BEATER (to Clerk). Put that down. Her answer is the most important bit of evidence we have had yet.

Cross-examination resumed. Her sister was a respectable married woman. She had never been in prison. Her parents were dead. She had not been accused of poisoning them. She washed her face and hands more than once a week, many times more. She was not bald on the top of her head. No brother of hers had been convicted of obtaining money on false pretences.

Mr. BROWE BEATER said he thought that would do for the present, the Bench agreed with him, and the Court adjourned for refreshment. After luncheon the cross-examination of the Witness was resumed by Mr. BROWE BEATER with increased vigour, if possible.

Conversions.

THERE are advertisements about Town, representing how a sinful Jockey was converted by seeing *New Babylon* at the Duke's, (this no doubt took the Prince of WALES to see it the other night); and how somebody else was converted by seeing *The Woman of the People* at the Olympic.

Yet another Conversion. All the people who declared that *Niniche* could never be converted into a possible piece for the English Stage, have been to *Boulogne* (at the Gaiety); have witnessed the conversion of *Niniche* into *Zuzu*; have acknowledged the errors of their ways; and have entirely recanted their former opinions. Who shall say that the Stage is not a great moral teacher?

Pleasant and Cool.

DEAR PUNCH,

I AM so astonished to hear my visitors—comparatively few, strange to say, for the time of year—abuse the weather! For my part, I consider it particularly seasonable. I have been here in this den longer than I can remember, and never felt so comfortable, except occasionally at a rare Christmas like the last, which doesn't yet seem over. The bracing temperature makes me feel quite in the latitude of that region whence I derive my familiar title of

THE POLAR BEAR.

The Zoo, May 8, 1879.

(*Thalassarcos maritimus*.)

NOT SO BACKWARD AFTER ALL.

WHEN we are told that the Kentish hop-grounds, "like everything else, are very backward this year," in one point at least they seem to be more forward than their Kentish neighbours, the labourers, and their Northern countrymen, the miners. "Many of them," we read, "have finished striking."

THE TOUR OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

(Personally Conducted by Our Own Guide.)



No. 80. *Orphans*. G. A. STOREY, A. Orphans! Well? And who made them so? Oh, you Storey!

No. 213. "Shall I throw him over, or shall I not?" ALFRED ELMORE, R.A. Young Girl bored by an admirer, who is lying in a very insecure position on a parapet behind her, reading a little composition of his own aloud. With one sudden jerk of her head or hand she can instantly topple him over into the river.

No. 220. *The Prescription*. JOHN PETTIE, A. Four Doctors having been called in, depute their senior to read the Prescription to the bilious young Prince. N.B.—A very fine and striking picture, but it certainly might be this, just as much as *The Death Warrant*. *Tris-grand*, PETTIE.

No. 233. "Queen's Bishop." His Lordship's name is TROLLOPE, which recalls that eminent Bishop of Barchester, Dr. PROUDIE. Observe the Bishop's little kids—I mean in his left hand. FRED. G. COTMAN.

No. 416. *Summer Time*. MARCUS STONE, A. Stone being sat on by a young Girl.

No. 362. *Some other Time*. MARCUS STONE, A. Same Girl grown up. Five o'clock tea out-of-doors. She is wishing she hadn't put on those blue boots, as she can't walk about on the damp grass, and the stool will be of no use to her. "But all the same," she says, to herself, "I am a very pretty girl."

No. 367. "Bathing not Allowed. Police have Strict Orders," &c. ALFRED ELMORE, R.A.

No. 421. "Love me, love my Dog." G. A. STOREY, A.

GALLERY VI.

No. 464. *Sundown*. CECIL LAWSON. Unless "Sundown" is a misprint for "Sandown"—the Catalogue is under revision—this picture is meant to indicate the time of day as seen by Mr. LAWSON, who must, surely, have been "up to the time of day" very late the night before. Some people have described it as "after TURNER," but it is more suggestive of "After Supper."

No. 465. *Hesitation*. C. W. COPE, R.A. "The Girl who hesitates is lost"—and a pity this Girl wasn't, on her road to Burlington House.

No. 477. *A Sussex Village*. J. W. OAKES, A. Just the place for Oakes.

No. 487. *The Nervous Knight*. BRITON RIVIERE, A. "I see you!" he exclaimed, peering forward into the darkness. "Here, I say! Come! No larks!" There were no larks: it was a bat.

No. 507. *Taking their Leaves*; or, "I feel just as happy as a bright Sunflower!" ALFRED PARSONS.

No. 509. *No Bodies! or, Rainbow Bridge*. W. G. DAFFARN. Only two peacocks' tails visible, the poor birds being out of sight, wedged into the rocks.

No. 528. *Subject from Crabbe's "Tales of the Haul"*. JOHN G. NAISH. What three nice clean respectable fishermen! So true to nature—or to Naish-er.

No. 531. Lady in a reverie, unconscious of the approach of a goblin bird through the open window. Motte. "Keep up your pecker!" Or if that isn't an open window at the back, and if it isn't a goblin bird, then what is it? *Goblin* tapestry, perhaps. For further particulars ask the Artist, JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS, R.A.

No. 540. *Turnips and Tops*; or, *How my Mother sold her Mangel*, by JOHN E. REID, which has been purchased by the President and Council of the Royal Academy, under the terms of the

Chantry Bequest. It ought to be the *Do-try* Bequest not the *Shan't-try*.

No. 549. *My Native Land, Good Night*. H. O'NEIL, A. Hope both mother, with the toothache, and child, are going for a change of hair.

No. 555. *The Place to Catch a Jolly Good Cold*. STUART LLOYD.

GALLERY VII.

No. 559. *Miss Noble*. J. C. HORSLEY, R.A. Very kind of her to sit. *Noblesse oblige*.

No. 579. *Signor Piatti*; or, *Reading at Sight, and Puzzled by a Foot Note*. FRANK HOLL, A.

No. 582. *The Remnants of an Army*. ELIZABETH BUTLER (née THOMPSON). The picture of the year. Let us write Mrs. BUTLER, R.A.—i.e., "Really Admirable!"

No. 599. As the Picture tells its own story, I have nothing to say for it. E. BLAIR LEIGHTON.

Nos. 609, 614. *The Two Alexanders*; or, *the Bilious Brothers*. JOHN PETTIE, R.A. What ALEXANDER is 609? No, not "what ALEXANDER," but ALEXANDER WATT.

No. 628. *Hiding Behind the Door*; or, *Practical Joke in the Olden Time*. R. HILLINGFORD.

No. 651. *John Hare, Comedian*. VAL. C. PRINSEP, A. A hare from the Artist's brush.

No. 663. *On the Wye*. Wye not? HERBERT LYNDON.

No. 779. *What's o'Clock?* LINNIE WATT.

Little Miss HORNER

Sat in a corner,

Eating a bit of cheese

She put up her thumb,

To a boy who cried "Come!"

And asked, "What's o'clock, if you please?"

Watt's Hums.

No. 832. *A Moment's Reflection*; or, *in the Swing of it*. HENRY HOLIDAY.

No. 857. *Adam*. Also by H. HOLIDAY. In spite of the quotation which this is intended to illustrate, this is quite a Holiday view of ADAM, who is represented as taking it very easy, or to quote the apposite line of the venerable *Josephus Miller*, it is, "ADAM taking his otium cum dig."

GALLERY IX.

No. 1218. *Mrs. Langtry*—after E. J. POYNTER, R.A. J. J. CHANT. Happy POYNTER, R.A., with Mrs. LANGTRY after you!!

No. 1221. *Portrait of a Gentleman*—after SEYMOUR LUCAS—Etching. VICTOR LHUILLIER. I suppose that SEYMOUR LUCAS was trespassing as well as etching, or else why should the Gentleman have been after him?

GALLERY X.

No. 1380. *Going to the Front: India, 1878*; or, *Training in the Way they should Go*. I hope the Artist is following the example of his own soldiers, and also "going to the front." WALTER C. HORSLEY.

No. 1391. *A Turk trying to Find his Way to the North Pole*. ALBERT GOODWIN. On dit, purchased for the Colney Hatch collection.

No. 1385. "Absconded." FRANK HOLL, A. "And so as to escape observation," said the cunning swindler, to himself, "I have put on a pea-green overcoat, a light grey frock coat, yellow trousers, a very decided white waistcoat, and, to make assurance doubly sure, I am wearing a brilliant scarlet necktie with two big ends!"

No. 1395. "All safe—barrin' the Door!" LASLETT J. POTT.

No. 1423. *The Right Rev. Christopher Wordsworth, D.D., D.C.L., Lord Bishop of Lincoln*. EDWIN LONG, A. Property crozier against the wall—evidently for ornament not use, and a metal cross fastened by an evident elastic band round his Lordship's neck. He wears also his scarlet Doctor's University hood. Bravo, Mr. LONG! "Keep up the Christopher!"

No. 1426. *Geo. Grossmith, Esq., Senior*. WEEDON GROSSMITH.

There was a little man,

And he had a little son,

Of whom, if you've not seen him, you have read, read, read;

And then he had another,

The former's little brother,

Who has taken, as you see, his father's head, head, head.

No. 1430. *A Sardine Fishery*. ROBT. W. MACBETH. Fishing for sardines, and let us hope, at the same time, making the tin.

No. 0000. "Not in it!" W. P. FRITH, R.A.

Newman Among the Red Hats.

(By a change of FORT.)

His virtues are so cardinal and rare,
We wonder how the dickens he got there!

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



MONDAY, May 12 (Lords).—What are suburban "gate meetings?"

Hear, in reply, the Report of Lord ENFIELD, which, as an Enfield, should hit the mark. They are speculations of Sporting Publicans, for the benefit of low bars, low betting-men, welshers, sharpers, roughs, and pickpockets, at which

the scoundrels who swindle are the only things lower than the screws that run. Such are these "gatherings," properly so called—foul sores, in which all the evil humours of the "Great Wen"—as COBBETT called London—come to a head. The low publican, and his still lower customers, call the varieties of villainy that go on at these places, "Sport." "What is sport to you, is intolerable nuisance to us," say all decent people within the radius of these Saturnalia of scoundrelism. Of all the noxious growths of the Turf, these suburban "gate-meetings" are about the most poisonous. The Jockey Club has power to knock them on the head, and doesn't.

A Bill has passed the Commons, putting these focuses of foul play, for ten miles round London, under magisterial licence.

Lord ENFIELD moved Second Reading of the Bill to-night. The Jockey Club opposed, through the Duke of RICHMOND, Lord ROSEBURY, and Lord RIBBLESDALE.

Punch could wish noble Lords better employment.

Lord GRANVILLE and Earl MORLEY felt constrained to back the Bill. They loved sport, but thought these meetings anything but sport—decidedly, a serious nuisance. So, though the Jockey Club opposed, and the Government—in the Lords—cold-shouldered,

(Mr. CROSS and his Under-Secretary having supported the Bill in the Commons,) and Lord ST. LEONARDS protested against interference with the profits of publicans and the sport of sinners, the Lords, for very shame, passed the Second Reading by 84 to 57.

Punch, in the name of all decent dwellers in the suburbs, thanks them.

(Commons.)—Questions and notices. The pleasantest bit of news elicited to-night was that the Whitsun holidays would begin on Tuesday, the 27th—the day before the Derby—and last till the Monday week after.

Then into Supply.

Mr. RYLANDS tried to cut down the Secret Service Money. If he only knew the excellent uses that money is put to, he would hardly expect *Punch* to support any movement for stopping its supply. Why the very furniture (in the highest æsthetic style) of the luxurious apartment in which Mr. P. is now writing; the very *Pommery très sec*, with which he slakes his overkindled imagination; the very Havannah, on whose blue clouds his spirit floats heavenward, like Venus in Mr. E. BURNE JONES's picture at the Grosvenor—only that she is coming down, and he goes up—where were all these, but for the S. S. M.?

"But that we are forbid
To tell the secrets of our Downing Street,
We could a tale unfold!"—

But Mr. *Punch* is not the man to take and tell.

Various Scotch and Irish bones—Queen's Plates, Fishery Board, &c., &c.—snarled over by various jealous dogs, Irish and Scotch—but nothing got by either out of the other's mouth.

Tuesday (Lords).—Lord SALISBURY assured Lord STANHOPE that he did not believe the SULTAN had renounced any of his rights. (Or his wrongs either—*Punch* is prepared to add.)

He might not see his way to exercise his right of garrisoning the Balkans just now, but not seeing your way to exercising a right was very different from renouncing it.

(Commons.)—Mr. DILLWYN and Mr. COURTNEY raised the Prerogative *Ignis Fatuus*, which the House had the pleasure of hunting from five till half-past two in the morning. Very funny to see Mr. FAWCETT, Mr. GLADSTONE, and the Marquis of HARTINGTON vainly trying to clap their several extinguishers on the random sparks that went playing through the waste places of Constitutional history in the most erratic and bewildering manner. To complicate matters, Lord ROBERT MONTAGU started a Will-o'-the-Wisp of his own, the illegality of the Cabinet, in place of which he wants to bring back the Privy Council with its old Constitutional functions.

Everything was done to snuff out Lord ROBERT's Will-o'-the-Wisp. They even tried to count him out—in vain. The House liked the evening's play so well that it is going to have another night's Will-o'-the-Wisping.

Much good may it do the Collective Wisdom.

It will at least save *Punch* the trouble of distillation. There is no such thing as essence of *Ignis Fatuus*,—though some have assigned this origin to *Flap-doodle*, the well-known fools' feeding mixture.

Wednesday.—To put all Ireland into an Ulster is the purpose of Mr. SHAW's Irish Landlord and Tenant Bill—a survival of poor ISAAC BUTT. Its end is fixity of tenure; its means to make Ulster Tenant-Right compulsory all over Ireland.

This is rather more than Government can be expected to stand, even with a General Election before it, and the Irish vote still open to arrangement.

Mr. WATERLOW opposed for the City Companies, Sir J. LESLIE for landlords in Ireland, Mr. WHEELHOUSE for landlords in general, Mr. J. LOWTHER and the Irish ATTORNEY-GENERAL for the Government. Sir P. MCKENNA and Col. COLTHURST, Lord F. CONINGHAM and Mr. MACARTHY, Sir P. O'BRIEN, Mr. BLENNERHASSET, and Mr. JUSTIN MACARTHY supported, in the name of Home Rule, and the general desire of the Irish tenant to make it as "aisy" for himself, and as hard and hot for his landlord, as possible. Of course, the elements of Opposition were too strong for the mover, and the Liberal bigwigs standing aloof, Mr. SHAW had to submit to be ridden down by 263 anti-rent-chargers to the 91 he managed to muster between Irish Home-Rulers and English Advanced Liberal vanguard.

Thursday (Lords).—In the approaching joust between Lord BRACONFIELD and the MACALLUM MORE, the barriers will be set up outside the "scientific frontier."



TWO ASIDES.

"AH! THERE GOES BROWN, WHO USED TO LIVE IN NEWMAN STREET! NOW HE'S AN A.R.A., AND EVIDENTLY FAR TOO GREAT A SWELL TO REMEMBER THE LIKES OF ME!"

"BY GEORGE, IF IT AIN'T JONES!—A Q.C., IF YOU PLEASE, SINCE WE LAST MET AT PADDY GREEN'S, AND OF COURSE MUCH TOO HIGH AND MIGHTY TO RECOLLECT MY HUMBLE EXISTENCE!" [Think meanly of each other, and pass on.

A little episcopal passage-at-arms *à propos* of cathedral foundations. The Bishop of CARLISLE wants to give Deans and Chapters of "new foundations" the same powers to revise their statutes as Deans and Chapters of "old foundations." The Archbishop of CANTERBURY protests against the farce of empowering Divinity Doctors to doctor themselves. Not a Dean and Chapter of an old foundation had ever shown the least disposition to do anything of the kind. What was wanted was a Royal Commission to look into all Cathedral foundations, new and old alike, and say where they wanted repairs.

The PREMIER agreed with the Primate, and solemnly promised the Commission.

(Commons.)—Among to-night's "mixed occupations" was Army Discipline Bill Committee, in the course of which the Member for Dundee, much trodden on, turned, and smote the Member for Oxford between the joints of his harness, to the great joy of the House—not that it loves Mr. JENKINS much, but that it hates Sir W. V. HARCOURT more, and is glad to see him get what he is in the habit of giving—sharp sauce. All the same, let the fearless JENKINS look out for squalls, and—

"Take care what he's at, nor with HARCOURT make free,
Or 'tis oh for the Member for Bonny Dundee!"

Then the O'CONNOR DON moved—as a DON had the best right to do—the Irish University Bill, another of the BUTT survivals. The New University is to include only four faculties—Arts, Law, Mechanics, and Engineering; is to have Professorships, Scholarships, and payment by results. Religious Teaching is to be under the most stringent safeguards. Its expenses, to the tune of from £40,000 to £50,000 a year, are to come from the Irish Church Surplus Fund.

The Bill was received with general civility, and general reserve. Thus far it has not got further than promise, from its start in compromise. It is true, the £50,000 a year may do a good deal to grease the way for it.

Friday (Lords).—

"And thrice he routed all his foes,
And thrice he slew the slain!"

Such, in Essence, was the gallant deed of the MACALLUM MORE to-night. He summed up into a slashing two hours' speech all the Opposition has been saying in all its arraignments of Lord BEACONSFIELD and his Cabinet-men, since "Peace with Honour" was brought back from Berlin. And very well the MACALLUM MORE did it. The only question that occurs to one is, "Was it worth doing, all over again?"

To be sure, ill-used MACALLUM MORE has been out of it all, nursing his gout on the shores of the Mediterranean; and it was hard upon him to be kept in that state of suppressed speech, which is as bad as suppressed gout. Now that he has blown off the steam, let us hope he will be better.

But it was something to have the pleasure of leaving that sting in the tail of a two hours' talk:—

"Yes, my Lords, you are beginning to be found out. The people of this country are beginning to see that you have not obtained for them what they expected. It is not we, the Members of the Opposition, who are accusing you. Time is your great accuser; the course of events is summing up the case against you. What have you to say—I shall await to hear—what have you to say why you should not receive an adverse verdict at the hands of the public, as you certainly will be called upon to receive it at the bar of history?"

INJYABLE INJIA:

OR, NOTES AND SKETCHES OF A SPECIALLY-COMMISSIONED ARTIST.

By FUZZELI PRINCEPS.

CHAPTER IX.

Advertisement—Walls—Suggestion—Visit—Imperial—Payment—Sahib—Shoes—Umbrella—Booty—Bowers—Silence—Albany—Royal Highness—Tie—Hank—Chamberlain—Khanoodlars—Sallee—The Roof—View—Difficult—O' Richard—Hit—Sittee—Piano.



STARTED in my last the idea of a Private Dyeing Company, Limited, for Injia complexions. My advertising picture beats Pickles hollow. Injia complexion one side, European t' other. Look on this cheek and on that. How do you like my cheek?

A propos of walls, what a place for advertisements the Great Wall of China would be! It would be worth Mr. WILLING's while to send out and speculate.

Let him start this one of mine. I'm ready, he's WILLING.

Went to see TOOBOB ANDAR [TIZZI, at one time the most powerful among the dusky Native Rulers. He was formerly a full sovereign, but has lost quite seven-eighths of his power. Poor TOOBOB ANDAR TIZZI owns only the power of a Half-Crowned potentate now. He was a great gambler at one time, and lost the bulk of his property to RAJAH TOSSAR. This makes him penurious and stingy. He asked me whether Government would pay him for sitting. I replied that I would lay his claims before the Imperial Government on my return.

No one is allowed to approach him with shoes on. I left mine, with my umbrella, at the door. There were two holes in my stockings, which annoyed me, because it shows that she . . . no matter—it reminded me of home, where my roughest expression is "Darn my old socks!" When I came out again, they were gone. No one knew anything about them. No one had ever seen the Sahib's shoes, or umbrella.

No wonder Lord BEACONSFIELD called this, "if not malevolent, envenomed." The venom is what makes stings sting. It would be as idle to attempt bottling, in the shape of Essence, Lord B.'s stale defence, as the Duke of ARGYLL's stale attack, or Lord KIMBERLEY's *crambe repetita* served cold to empty benches, or renowned SALISBURY's oil of vitriol. Only *Punch* must preserve Lord GRANVILLE's dash of *sauce piquante*, that the MACALLUM MORE had not been "flogging a dead horse," as the Marquis had elegantly put it, but flogging something in the shape of a Government, which was not dead yet,—whatever it might be after Dissolution.

It was quite an "extra night," and no wonder the galleries were crowded, with such stars in the bill, however stale their parts.

(Commons).—In the morning, Committee on Army Discipline Bill.

In the evening, Sir W. V. HARCOURT tried to put the Government in the hole, on their concession to the Russians of three months over the Berlin Treaty limit for evacuation of Bulgaria and Eastern Roumelia. But Sir STAFFORD held on tight to the SALISBURY interpretation, that when you talk of "an evacuation in nine months," you mean one that begins at the end of nine months, not one that's finished in the course of them.

Mr. KNATCHBULL-HUGHES tried to get a Committee on Brewers' Licence Duty, which he thinks a hardship. The House agreed with Sir STAFFORD (by 115 to 53), that Brewers were rather let off too easy than weighted too heavily, and that, on the whole, as Sir WILFRID put it, they were the best-off trade going.

And why not, while they brew the best of beer? grumbles a *Basso profundo*.

"Was the Sahib quite sure he had them on when he came?" they asked. Yes, the Sahib was. And the Sahib was equally sure he had not got them when he left.

I have never seen them since. Catch me taking off my shoes again as a matter of Court etiquette. If I do, I'll pocket them. The Rajah's head-man—or rather foot-man—as it is he who collects all the visitors' shoes, and gives them to his grasping old master—said to me,

"Rajah be as big as Sahib some day. Take Sahib's place."

"Why?" I answered, unsuspectingly.

"'Cos," he replied, "Rajah stand in Sahib's shoes."

And then, ere I could recover, he had bolted. It suddenly struck me that I had heard his voice before. Could it have been RUMMI? No time just now to inquire. But I will.

His master has got quite a wonderful collection of the shoes which he has taken as his booty. Side-splitter this; a trifle old, but all the better for keeping.

This morning saw the Bowers of Silence. As there are "sermons in stones," I am delighted at the notion of these Bowers. The head keeper is a functionary well known all over Europe by the name of DHUMM KRAMBHO. A more charming retreat for one whose ears have been pierced by the idiotic chatter of Society, I cannot imagine. I have taken rooms in the Bowers of Silence for some time.

It is an establishment something between the Albany and an almshouse, where your poor bedesman will ever pray. Only here they don't ever pray, but ever play, at Double Dummy. There are three others besides myself, and, as we are perfect Trappists in our observance of the rules—never speaking except with our fingers, and occasionally our noses—so all our repartees are down on the nail—and you can imagine what a jolly quiet time we have of it, and, living by the rule of Thumb, what is the silence of the Bowers in these Bowers of Silence.

The name is supposed to be derived not from the English word "Bower," meaning an Arbour of Refuge amongst honeysuckles and roses, but from an Anglo-Indian word signifying the Polite People—that is, the Salaamers, or Bowers. Here is the illustration of my meaning. This is how the Silent Bowers salute one another whenever they meet.

Monday Morning.—I have never seen a more perfect specimen of Injia beauty, even in this land of perfect specimens, than H.R. WYEREE SALLEE HOO RAO, the lovely Princess Regnant of the Khanoodlar people. She is herself a true Khanoodlar, and, heart-whole as I am, and proof against all assaults of the fair enemy of mankind, yet I own I was very nearly taken prisoner by this Gracious Lady. I might this day have been King of the Khanoodlars, and monarch of all I surveyed, had I only popped the question.

The Khanoodlars are, however, a rum sort of people; and when I said I wanted to paint their Queen, I was given to understand that no interview could be granted to a foreigner, except in the sight of all the people.

I was not sorry to hear this, as had our interview been a *tête-à-tête*—her head against mine—why, I should have lost my own utterly, and have been now FUZZELI PRINCEPS, the First King of the Khanoodlars. So, of course, I said to Her Royal Highness that she had only to command, and her humble servant would obey.

She appointed the following morning, early—4 A.M.

"Oho!" thinks I to myself—"no one will be up at that hour. Is this a trap?"

However, at the appointed time, I presented myself, and my box of paints, &c. at her private residence.

I was to be shown up the instant I arrived.

"You are the first person who has ever dared to 'show me up,'" I said, pleasantly, to TIC DHOLA ROO, her head Chamberlain, who replied with a wink. Up we went. Upper and upper.

"Where are we now?" I asked, as I paused, to recover my breath, on the tenth landing of the house, which is higher than any Hanki-Panki mansions.

The Chamberlain—a mute—motioned me upwards. I shouldn't like to have none but mutes about me if I were a Queen. Hang it all, it would be too funereal, or too *ereal* without the fun. "Yet," as I said to old PAH TIKLAH, "with enough mutes I'd undertake anything!"

TIKLAH roared, "No—*si j'étais roi, moi*—mute me no mutes—it should be *mutatis mutandis*."

(N.B.—*Latin jeux de mots*, two rupees extra. Rajahs at a distance, please take notice.)

Presently we passed through a trap-door—(it was a trap, after all, so my surmise was right)—and stepped on to the roof, which is shaped like a gigantic cocked-hat very much turned up at the edges, where the *Ranee-guttars* (i. e., receptacles for catching the storm-drops) are. Perched on the apex, holding a parasol, sat the beautiful and accomplished Queen of the Khanoodlars.

"Here," she observed, "all my subjects can keep their eyes on us, and see what you are doing. There must be no scandal about Queen WYEREE SALLEE HOO RAO!"

From the roof one could see all over India. A magnificent sight, but rather too much of a good thing all at once, and before breakfast. To refuse to paint, and to retire, would have been an insult punishable with death; and the mute Chamberlain was at hand, as grim as the black servant in the drama of *Pauline*, which, years ago, in KEAN's time at the Princess's, used to make me shiver in my boyish pumps. So, keeping my head as best I could, I took up my position in the *Ranee-guttar* on the north side, and set myself to work. She has the loveliest hands and feet, even in this land of beauteous extremities.

Well, if ever I am reduced to extremities, I shall return to Injyable India; and if the WYEREE SALLEE HOO RAO, the Queen of the Khanoodlars, is still of the same mind as she was on the nineteenth of the month, when, in answer to my singing (I always sing at my work) this line—

"Nana, wilt thou gang wi' me?"

she murmured, *sotto voce*,

"*Ma réponse est, deux fois oui.*"

I shall know where I am. By the way, I was astonished at her proficiency in French; and we rattled on pleasantly enough, the blacks not being able to make out what the "merry joose" we were talking about. Then she sang to me—

"O Richard! O mon roi!"

with such feeling, and with such a glance out of her left eye that hit me right in the "gold" of my heart, and nearly knocked me off my perch into the street below—a drop of some two thousand feet, or so.

But I pulled myself together, and observed, "*Ma reine, bien que nous sommes sur le toit, nous ne sommes pas 'tiled'*"—which, though she didn't understand it, she saw was meant to imply how necessary was caution.

I have had three sittings from this lady on the top of her house.

A CARDINAL POINT.

Most Venerable Cardinal NEWMAN, your Eminence has well earned your Scarlet Hat. It is to yourself, probably, that the POPE owes the reflecting portion of his British converts—or reverts, if you please. A thoughtful man, if any dogma that you subscribe appears nonsense to him, naturally asks himself whether is the more likely, that you should credit an absurdity, or that he should be an ass. The strongest argument in the view of an enlightened Briton for the creed of your choice is the fact that you chose it. If, instead of going over to Rome, you had turned Plymouth Brother, no doubt you would have had quite a following.

Yet where would you, with all your influence, now be, but for the working of that very Liberalism in spiritual matters against which you testified so eloquently, the other day, at Rome? You have gone on striving against it "thirty, forty, fifty years." But suppose you had succeeded in confuting that same Liberalism precisely half a century ago. You would have effectually prevented Catholic Emancipation. Would there then have arisen any Tractarian Oxford Movement? Would you ever have written Tract No. 90? Is it probable that you would have stuck tight to the "City of Confusion"? At this moment might you not be Archbishop of CANTERBURY—successor of St. Augustine in that see, instead of succeeding his namesake at Hippo in *partibus infidelium*?

When Christianity was, in your young days, as you say, "the law of the land," was it not the Christianity of the Church by Law Established, and as defined by *Parson Thwackum*?

Your Eminence is a Cardinal who has the courage of his opinions. Mr. DARWIN's Theory of "Development" is not exactly yours. Nevertheless, with regard to sects, if not to species, are you not sufficiently well assured that the struggle for existence will result in the survival of the fittest? May you live to see it!

ENGLAND'S REAL DANGER.

SENSATION SCENE FROM LORD R-B-T M-N-T-G-U'S GRAND CONSTITUTIONAL DRAMA, "ROTTEN AT THE CORE."

SCENE—A Secret Chamber in Downing Street. Cabinet Ministers discovered, in midnight conclave, cloaked and masked.



The Prime Minister (referring to evening paper). Yes, Gentlemen, we are unearthed at last; and our hours, "as an illegal body, assembled in violation of the law," are numbered. But we will die hard. At daybreak I will call upon the Bolivian Consul-General, and conclude one more secret treaty for my own amusement, before I am "dissolved."

The Lord President. Nobly determined! You see I am not prepared easily to yield my authority in the Cabinet. (Throws back his cloak, and displays a belt packed with revolvers.) The spirit of DANBY is still alive here!

The Lord Chancellor. It is pleasant to one who has passed, as I have, a long career in official crime, to note that you, too, are prepared to meet argument by force. (Shakes his hand warmly.)

Lord Privy Seal (producing the insignia of his office). But if there is to be no more chicanery, what am I to do with this?

The Home Secretary. Take it to ATTENBOROUGH'S. If you are convicted, I will square the matter. Take it all in all, we have had a good time of it.

Postmaster-General (grimly). We have. There's not a Chief of Police in Europe who has had

so much tampering with gum and hot water as I. I shall miss my morning's pry. And that reminds me, how are we off for money?

The Chancellor of the Exchequer. Fairly. I have brought all the spare cash in the Treasury with me. I couldn't conveniently carry more in two carpet bags. (Empties gold on table.) See. It is something to be able to renew your bills at a crisis, after all.

Indian Secretary. Excellent. Why, LYTTON doesn't remit us larger sums than this. By the way, what do you say to winking up with a few more frontier wars?

Colonial Secretary. Nothing could be better. I'm game to spring a brace to-morrow myself. (Turning to the War Secretary.) I suppose I can have a corps d'armée or two?

War Secretary. Certainly, if you'll pay handsomely for them, and remember yours truly (bows). Will anybody find him the money?

First Lord of the Admiralty. I will, with pleasure, out of the Navy Estimates. I should like to go out with one good downright job. There'll be a little consideration, of course?

President of the Board of Trade. Certainly. You shall take it out in posts for your relatives. Leave that to me. Is there any more business for us to-night?

Foreign Secretary. Nothing that I know of. I suppose you are all open to that little *douceur* from the Prince of MONACO? I'll send you your several shares. Shall we adjourn then?

(Takes up a dark lantern. The rest put on their masks.)

The Prime Minister. Adieu, then, my Lords and Gentlemen. (Looking from the window.) But let us descend the stairs cautiously, for we are watched. I notice Lord ROBERT MONTAGU and Seventy Members of the Privy Council lurking behind the adjacent lamp-posts. Softly, then! Softly!

(They descend to mysterious music as the Curtain falls.)



"LUCUS A NON." &c.

(AIMING DRILL.)

Musketry Instructor. "Now, THEN! How do you 'XPECT TO SEE THE HORJECT HAIMED AT, IF YOU DON'T KEEP YOUR HEYE CLOSED!"

POLICEMAN "A" ON POPULAR ART.

Royal Academy Constable loquitur.

YES—picturs is peculiar. I've seen a tidy few,
All in the way of business. *Well—I don't care if I do—*
Though I'm no crickit, there ain't much but what I've seen and
heard,

And if you want my views of Art I'll tell you like a bird.
Do I think the people like it? Well, now there you're asking wide.
They fancy that they do, you know, and there we'll let it slide.
A young 'un rayther makes believe in tackling his first weed,
But knowing 'tis the thing to like, in time he may succeed.
There's lots of make-believe about. Bless yer, I've heard remarks
From purty lips, on pictures, as you'd think was meant for larks;
And I've seen your reglar knowing gents a-wagging their eye-
glasses,

And laying down the law like fun, as you might take for asses,
Along o' their queer blunders. But, you see, this Art's a fake
As isn't A.B.C. to folks of ordinary make.

It's rayther up to rumminess, is Art, in many ways,
And a dead hand at starting what I think they call a craze,—
That flock-togethery sort of fad which seizes men in lots,
It may be forrin postage-stamps, it may be chaney pots;
They don't half understand it, and, what's more, Sir, seldom want,
But they gush about it hot as soup, in a sort of stylish cant,
Which their "Ohs!" and "Ahs!" and "preciouses!" and "love-
lys!" and the rest,

Would make you think each beating heart was bustin' from its breast.
Lor! I've seen 'em scrouging round what's called "the picture of
the year"—

It's mostly something awful Swell, or else pertikler queer—
And if I could tell you half I've heard while keeping of 'em moving,
You'd wonder what some of 'em got by all their eager shoving.
You see Art fogs a lot of them—there ain't a doubt of that—
But there isn't very many likes to own it plump and flat.

It's quite the thing to have a taste, while puzzlement's bad form,
So they peeps and peeks and potters, and they gushes soft and warm,

Think mouldy faces quite the cheese, and moony eyes divine,
And vulgarisms lovely,—if they're hung upon the line.
Bless you, the Public's a queer set, they don't care where they're led,
So long as him as marshals 'em has a swell figger-head.
You work the horacle to-rights, and simply peg away,
And you can make the world believe most anything you say.
You see a landscape, or a girl; you know what's what at once,
You don't go asking which to like, unless you are a dunce.
If someone swears your taste's all wrong, you ups, Sir, and says you,
"Humbbug!" And then you tells the chap what he may go and do,
Namely, be blowed. But when it comes to canvas, oh dear me!
I do essure you, Sir, it's quite another cup o' tea.
That's where Art rumminess comes in, and parties lose their pluck,
And lean on one another's minds, and end in getting stuck.
It's like eating what the swells calls caviar—"Eugh!" says you,
"It's blessed beastly; yet I s'pose I ought to like it, too!"
And so you taste and taste again, and swear it's really prime,
Although, perhaps, your stomach goes agen it all the time.
That's just how people who have eyes are got to make believe
That gogglesomeness makes the charm of Venus or of Eve;
That mud and mist are lovely things, and only licked by fog;
That there's worlds of hidden beauty in a bull's-eye in a bog;
That there is something sweet in smudge, or divine in doleful dumps,
When sense can see, with half an eye, they're simply off their
chumps.

However, Sir, if 'twasn't for yer make-believe and fad,
I do believe that, after all, Art wouldn't be half bad.
I'm not a blooming Philistine—that's what the learned Nobs
Call duffers as ain't got no taste and likes to spend their bobs
On something solid—not at all. But this I'll tell you flat,
I don't believe that fudged-up tastes are worth—well, no, not *that!*
Purtended partiality for all that's rum and queer
Don't do no good, and *it* won't draw the Briton from his beer.
White lies and lackadaisy make a sickly sort o' swill;
Honest four-'arf's a king to it.—*Well, yes, I think I will.*

A WARM WELCOME TO MAY.—Keeping up Fires till June.



“A FELLOW-FEELING!”

FARMER GILES. “WELL, SQUIRE, I’VE DONE MY BEST WITH THE FARM, BUT I CAN’T PAY MY WAY ANY LONGER!”
SQUIRE. “IN THAT CASE, MR. GILES, NO MORE CAN I! SO THE SOONER WE LAY OUR HEADS TOGETHER—!”

THE CRUTCH AND TOOTH-PICK CHRONICLE.

(For Stallorum for 1885.)



H.R. Inter-University Boat Race will this year be rowed over a course measuring five hundred yards. The competing crews will be increased to twenty-four in each boat, the coxswains will be supplied with lounges, the strokes with armchairs, and the rest of the crews with air-cushions.

The failure of the favourite to win the last Military Steeplechase is attributed to the languid conduct of his rider. Captain Drowsy was leading until within a score of paces from the Judge's chair, when he dropped off to sleep, and consequently came to grief at the last flight of hurdles.

The Eton and Harrow Match will not be

played this year; a two Elevens cannot be got together from the two schools.

As a shower is predicted in the weather forecast for July, the Rifle Meeting at Wimbledon has been indefinitely postponed.

On the occasion of the production of the new Comedy at the Nil-Admirari Theatre, the stalls were all occupied by the Members of the Afternoon Breakfast Club. The Secretary was present, and, as usual, awakened the members whenever he considered it advisable that they should indulge in a smile.

By permission of H.R.H. the Field Marshal Commanding-in-Chief, Subalterns attending the monthly morning drill at Aldershot will be allowed to carry parasols on parade.

A new "Society Paper" entitled *Simper* is on the eve of production. A large portion of its space will be devoted to the consideration of the proper height and form of shirt-collars.

The hour for the House dinner at the Junior Service Club has been changed, by special request, from 11.30 P.M. to 2 A.M.

After negotiations extending over several years, the Members of seventeen of the more fashionable Clubs have decided upon offering a reward of a silver crutch and gold toothpick in a jewelled *étui* to anyone who will invent a process for getting through the day without any effort whatever, mental or muscular.

B. AND C.

(OR, HOME-RULE IN INDIA.)

Downing Street. Lord B. discovered. Enter to him Lord C.

B. Well, C., what is it? You don't look happy?

C. Another of those troublesome Manchester Deputations—about those wretched Indian Cotton Duties.

B. Tip 'em some Free Trade. Say we'll do what we can for 'em, when we've made our "Scientific Frontier" all right.

C. They've been getting up Working Men's Meetings against them, in Lancashire.

B. Hum!—that's awkward—with a General Election in the wind... and not a year to run, do what we will. (*After a pause.*) Promise immediate reduction, and total repeal the moment we can afford it.

C. But we can't afford it. At this moment we don't know where to turn for a shilling.

B. Go into the market, and borrow. Money's a drug. India has always borrowed.

C. That's the worst of it. She has borrowed till she can't pay.

B. *Solvitur ambulando.* Let her go on borrowing.

C. I'm afraid those Council fogies will never see their way to taking taxes off with one hand, and borrowing with the other. I know 'em.

B. The less reason you should ask their advice. They're not used to being consulted on High Policy. What did they know of our *grand coup*,—the bringing over those seven thousand black fellows to Malta?

C. But the VICEROY'S Council? They're safe to be against us—tooth and nail.

B. Then draw their teeth and cut their nails. There's a clause in some Act authorising LYTTON to override 'em by Executive Order—when he thinks proper—at least there ought to be. . . . In fact, I'm certain there is.

C. There is. But in this case they'd say it was against the spirit of the Act.

B. Let him take his stand on its letter.

C. But when he first went out he committed himself to these infernal Duties.

B. A man should never commit himself. Luckily, a Statesman can change his mind. Let him repudiate his own "musty phrases?"

C. Then, you know, the House has declared against repeal.

B. Oh, the House! I've a great respect for the House . . . but it can't be allowed to stand in the way of High Policy.

C. We shall have all the Press against us, Home and Native. And then the Bazaars?

B. (*contemptuously*). Soho and all? My dear C! The Bazaars! And the Lowther Arcade, I suppose? You know your cue. Take care of Home Interests and Indian Interests will take care of themselves.

C. But "Justice to India"?

B. Is a cry; not a policy. Justice! The people out there are not used to it. They won't kick. They'll only say "it was written on their foreheads." I wish people here were as easily managed. But they're improving. Wire to LYTTON. Total and immediate repeal. My love to the Manchester men. Good morning. (*Exit C.*) A spoke in your Lancashire wheel, Mr. *Juventus Mundi*.

AN ILL-STARRED IRONCLAD.

A QUESTION which nobody yet appears to have asked, may be suggested to some minds by the career of that unfortunate vessel, H.M.S. *Iron Duke*. Christened after the no less well-omened than well-conducted Duke of WELLINGTON, she quite contravenes Mr. *Shandy's* theory of names. The *Iron Duke* had scarcely got afloat before she ran into and sank the *Vanguard*. It is said that, since then, serious imperfections have been discovered in her machinery. She was out of commission for a time, then re-commissioned, and despatched, as a flag-ship, to the Chinese waters, where she lately got stranded somewhere near Shanghai. This run of ill-luck may possibly prompt the inquiry which would once have occurred to many sailors—Was the *Iron Duke* launched on a Friday? Is there no naval Member of either House of Parliament old salt enough to put the question to the Admiralty? It would be quite as wise as some of the interrogatories occasionally addressed by Members to Ministers.

PETITS POIS A LA PÉLERIN.

THE following telegram, dated May 11, was wired the other day from Paris:—

"The French pilgrims arrived at Loretto to-day."

And is Loretto looking up again, really—Loretto, that seemed to have been quite snuffed out by La Salette and Lourdes? Little, if anything, had been heard of Loretto since a legend of that sanctuary, *The Pilgrims and the Peas*, was immortalised by Peter Pindar. As belonging to a nation commonly up to cookery, it may be presumed that none of the pilgrims who have lately travelled from France to Loretto forgot to boil their peas before starting.

Horseflesh v. Humanity.

It is announced that the forthcoming Horse Show at the Agricultural Hall will include an additional class formed of Arabs. These, of course, will be all noble animals. The Street Arabs, in the meanwhile, will remain outsiders, in possession of their own Arabia *Infelix* of the slums.

WHICH IS IT?—Fast or Feast (for a High Commissioner)? His *Natal* day.

CHANGE OF NAME.—A party called BROWNE—from VALENTINE to ORSON.

THE HEAVIEST HOLIDAY TASK.—To get through a wet Bank Holiday.

A SAVAGE GAME (*that wants limiting*).—*Zoo-Zoo*.



CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

"WHO'S THAT FRISKY BLACK-HAIRED WOMAN TALKING TO MY HUSBAND ON THE OTTOMAN?"—"SHE'S A MRS. CADDAGAN SMITH."—"I'VE HEARD I HAD A GOOD AT FLATTERING PROVERB, I SHOULD SAY! AND SHOWS HOW TO LAY IT ON TERTLY THIER!"—"I AM I YOU TELL THAT, NO DOUBT, FROM HER ATTITUDE AND EXPRESSION."—"OH SHE'S NOT FROM NEW ZEALAND!"

CAROL BY A COAL MERCHANT.

MERRY May as Christmas cold!
Thunder, lightning, hail and rain!
Still I'm happy to behold
Pointing North and East the vane.

For the wind that keen and chill
Blows, whichever way it be,
If it blow my neighbours ill,
Bloweth precious good to me.

REPPS AND SARNET, o'er the way,
Linendrapers, did not well
Spring stocks in so soon to lay—
To miss a sale and mourn a sell.

Winter goods are still the wear,
As in time of frost and snow.
In their furs and wraps, the Fair,
Warmly muffled, wisely go!

Shoot the scuttle on the fire,
Fast of coals use up your store;
Then, since more you will require,
At my wharf apply for more.

Let insensate miners strike,
Free to work their foolish will;
Coals, at whate'er price I like,
You must buy of RUBBLY still.

NOTHING LIKE GAS.

THE following in the *Times* seems only natural:—

"Mr. C. WOODALL, Engineer of the Phoenix Gas-Light Company, writes respecting our abstract of his evidence before the Select Committee of the House of Commons,—‘I am represented to have “admitted the superiority of Electricity for lighting small areas.” Such an admission would have been directly opposed to fact and my own experience, and was never made by me. I know of no place, large or small, that would not be better and more cheaply lighted by Gas than by any application of Electricity at present available.’”

Fancy any Engineer of any Gas-Light Company admitting anything better than Gas for lighting any area whatsoever, large or small. Anything like Gas As well imagine a currier acknowledging anything like leather.



EASIER SAID THAN DONE."

Stout Traveller (in the Eastern Counties). "MY LAD—WHICH IS THE—QUICKEST WAY—FOR ME TO GET TO THE STATION?"

Street Arab. "WH' RUN BO! 'TH' ELSE YEOW 'LL SARTAIN'Y LEWSE TH' TR'INE! THERE GOO TH' BELL!"

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

(In Paris, at the Ambiguous Comie, to see *L'Assommoir*.)

SIR,—Taking advantage of the first promise of Spring, I went to represent you, Sir, in Paris, where, on Sunday, the 11th, everybody, following my excellent example, was abroad, and all Paris *endimanché* was enjoying itself in the Elysian Fields, crowding the race-course, and refreshing itself in view of the little Niagara in the Bois.

I stood in sore need of this picking up, for on the previous night I had assisted at the hundred-and-twelfth representation of *L'Assommoir*. By this time every novel-reader is acquainted with M. ZOLA's roman, which Messrs. BRUSNACH and GASTINEAU have dramatised.

I had been told that there was so much in it of a slang peculiar to French *ouvriers* and *rôdeurs de la barrière*, as to render the dialogue almost unintelligible to any but a thorough Parisian. This, however, is not the case. Anyone familiar with GABORIAU's novels will find nothing to puzzle him in the drama of *L'Assommoir*, whatever there may be in the novel, which I have not read.

L'Assommoir is not so much a drama, as a series of dramatic pictures strung together by the strong personal interest felt for each of the principal characters.

The audience is never once *intrigué* by any subtlety of plot, but, from the commencement, our sympathies are enlisted for the unhappy heroine—admirably played by Mme. HÉLÈNE PETIT—and our interest in the fate of the chief *dramatis personæ* is in proportion to the development of their individual character.

As far as "plot" goes, I may safely say, that, with the exception of the two final Tableaux, any one of the Acts, seen by itself, would at once convey what must necessarily have preceded it.

The Eighth Tableau stands alone as the most marvellously acted, most hideously repulsive, and, on account of the extraordinary force of the actor's art, most sickeningly revolting scene I have ever seen on any stage. In fact, nothing that I remember approaches it.

It is a marvellous tribute to the artist, M. GIL-NAZA, to say that the spectators, Parisians who go to a theatre *pour s'amuser, pour se distraire*, and who are not easily revolted or scandalised by a stage representation, were so appalled by his entry in the Eighth Tableau—when *Coupeau* returns from the *hôpital des fous*—that it was some seconds—it seemed minutes—before we could summon up sufficient courage to regard steadily that hideous mask of a face, that blotchy, ape-like caricature of what the man had once been; those fearfully wild, staring, wandering eyes, that mad-looking, rough, unkempt hair, those nervous, trembling hands, and the twitching, restless movements of the whole body. Ah! it was wonderful,—it was fearful,—it was admirable,—it was awful,—it was infernal. I am under its influence now; it is a nightmare I cannot shake off all at once.

Nothing would do but asterisks.

As for the performance all round, it is simply perfect. There is not a fault anywhere. The piece is too long, and, in spite of the best acting I have ever seen in any drama, the Sixth Tableau drags, and would be all the better for cutting. Not that we want any less of *Coupeau*, but some of the other parts might be *coupés*.

How *L'Assommoir*, as it is, can ever be done in English, I cannot understand. It is essentially French, absolutely requiring French actors, representing all the actions and manners characteristic of the *ouvrier* class, and of a class still lower, with a French audience, including crowded upper circles and gallery, thoroughly capable of criticising and appreciating the performance.

I am now speaking mainly of the comic element in the piece. There is the difficulty. The Sensation Scene of the fall from the scaffolding, the realistic scenes of the *Lavoir*, and *L'Assommoir* itself, will be, I believe, quite enough to attract an English audience. But who here, or anywhere out of Paris, can attempt to imitate inimitable imitators? Who on the English Stage can possibly reproduce the incomparable "*Mes-Bottes*," with his "*Où qu'est le pain?*" as played by M. DAILLY, who must have studied it from

the life. The same insuperable difficulty must arise with the other two comic characters, MM. COURTÈS and MOUSSEAU, who play respectively *Bec-Salé* and *Bibi-la-Grillade*. And if their antics, their capers, their genuine drollery, which seem so thoroughly natural, so utterly unforced, could be reproduced at a London theatre with Chinese fidelity, would our Pit and Gallery appreciate and enjoy their fun? I doubt it.

I am curious to see what Mr. CHARLES READE will do with it at the Princess's, and, as it is said that he has not adapted the story to London life, but has left it where he found it, in Paris, I am afraid the actors have undertaken a task which will tax their powers to the utmost.

For my part—that is, in my opinion, for I am not going to play in the piece, and so should avoid speaking of “my part”—I cannot help thinking, that, as the story is much the same as *The Bottle of GEORGE CRUIKSHANK*, if *L'Assommoir* had been adapted to London Life, where equivalents for all the French characters could easily be found, it would have given any Author, who might have chosen to take up the subject, a fine opportunity for pointing a moral *chez nous*, by bringing it home to our people, and for adorning a tale with some powerful writing, and for filling his pocket with well-earned nightly returns.

The moral to most of those who assisted, the other evening, at *L'Assommoir* was, “I say! Dash it! It's too horrible! Let's go and drink!” And the biggest drink I've had for a long time—much needed, I do assure you—was after seeing *L'Assommoir*.

Of other pieces, and of the Paris Salon, I have not now time to write at length; but this I can say, with sincerity, that some of the worst pictures I've ever seen are to be found at this moment in the Salon, and some of the best acting I've ever seen, even in Paris, is to be found just now at the Vaudeville, where they are playing a plotless, undramatic, conversational comedy, by M. GONDINET, called *Les Tapageurs*, in which, by the way, the actresses wear such wonderful costumes as will probably draw the town, in spite of the piece itself being only a *succès douteux*. Who pays for these costumes? They are essential to the piece, and therefore, I suppose, are found by the Management. There are three Acts, and each lady has a different costume, equally startling and superb, for each Act. The first is a dinner-party dress, the second a ball-dress, and the third a morning dress for receiving and paying a visit. The comedy-acting could not be surpassed at the Français; and if the piece has a run, it will be entirely due to the admirable way in which these finished comedians succeed in doing nothing, and making it interesting—or at least amusing—without any apparent effort, and also to the curiosity of the outside world to come and see the costumes.

And so I returned once more to my native home, and am now, as ever,

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

N.B.—The Stage management of *L'Assommoir* at the Ambigu is worthy of the highest praise, specially when dealing with crowds, and the movements of subordinates during the speeches and actions of the principals. It is to be remarked, also—though not as a startling exception—how the cruel, heartless line which brings down the curtain on the drunkard's death—I mean “*Bah! un ivrogne de moins!*”—is given to a character of very third-rate importance in the piece; and so with the “tag” which is pronounced by the *croque-mort* Bazouge, a very minor part, as, with quite a professional instinct, he lifts the body of poor Gervaise, and says, “*Te v'la guérie du malheur . . . Fais dodo, ma belle!*”

But there was a perceptible shudder, and a sigh throughout the house, at these last words.

By the way, what to me was a novelty in Paris, was, that, after the end of every Act there was “a call,” the curtain rose, and the principals bowed their acknowledgments. Surely, surely, this is an innovation—adapted from the English—eh?

Ambigu-Comique! What a lovely name for a theatre! Mr. TOOLE intends starting a new one. Let him call it “The Ambiguous Comic.” Good direction for Cabmen. But it is indeed ambiguously comic when it has such a drama as *L'Assommoir*.

Taxation Made Easy.

THE Chinese system of taxation includes a tax on imports, called *Li-kin*. This, originally a war-tax, has now become a source of ordinary revenue. *Li-kin* is an impost which, if Protectionist, appears to be popular. Naturally. Every one to his *Li-kin*. So CONFUCIUS said. The Chinese tax-payer cannot dislike his *Li-kin*. What fun it would be if Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE could devise a tax as agreeable for JOHN BULL! If Mr. BULL once had, say, a *Li-kin* for an Income-tax, that obnoxious tribute would, for the first time, combine the contradictory characters of a pleasure and a duty.

JANUARY AND MAY (NEW VERSION).

A SEASONABLE ECOLOGUE.

SCENE—*Out-in-the-Cold.* Enter JANUARY and MAY, meeting.



January. Give you good day! Are you indeed young May?

May. I am; and you, methinks, old January.

January. Shouldn't have known you. You're not looking gay.

May. Oh, a young maiden's moods are apt to vary.

January. From smiles to tears; but you look touched with frosts.

And, bless my heart, how very blue your nose is!

May. That is no news. I know it to my cost.

North-easters will produce such ecchymosis.

January. North-easters? Well, I did not know that you

Were ever plagued by Boreas or Eurus.

May. Oh, bless you, yes; and ice, and snow, and storms too.

I feel just now as frosty as Arcturus.

January. How strange! I thought you Flora's favourite, The herald, blest of all that bland and bright is.

May. Hum! yes. But Flora's not in form, not quite; In fact she's laid up with a bad bronchitis.

January. Phœbus! how funny!

May. Do not mention him.

He's cut me dead, the inconstant base deceiver!

January. Nay, do not weep; 'twill make those blue eyes dim.

May. Weep? Oh, that's influenza.

January. Or hay-fever?

Pray sniff my Alkaram.

May. Thank you so much.

January. Not quite so sweet as hawthorn-blossom, is it?

May. Pray don't allude to that. It gives me such

A heart-ache. I've seen none.

January. Well, well, your visit

Will wake the vernal influences.

May. Oh,

I'm not quite sure at present what they are, Sir.

I fear that they are frost, and hail, and snow,

Bronchitis, influenza, and catarrh, Sir.

January. Dear me! You quite surprise me! Oh, I say,

You're all a-shiver! Pray put on my Ulster.

May. Thanks! that is nice! But what a garb for May!

Oh, for one shaft of sun to make my pulse stir,

And check my—well, my chilblains.

January. Ah, indeed,

Baré feet invite them in this shocking weather.

May. But then my rôle's to trip the flowery mead,

And fancy doing that in laced-up leather!

What would the poets say?

January. Well, as to that,

I think they've bubbled us too long already.

Flora in highlows and an oilskin hat—

May. Now, don't be dreadful! [Shows symptoms of fainting.

January (solicitously). Steady, Ma'am, pray steady!

Lean on my arm. There, there! Those bards, you see,

Have pictured us as typical disparities.

But I've a notion that we should agree.

You see we have so many similarities.

May. I'm sure you are most kind. A very nice,

Dear, cosy, comfortable sort of body.

January. I'm flattered. But your lips are just like ice,

Let's go and have a nip of whiskey toddy!

[Exeunt together with bibulous intentions—and small

blame to 'em either.

ADVANTAGEOUS EXCHANGE FOR THE VATICAN.—A New Man for an Old Hat.

PLEADERS IN THEIR OWN CAWS.—The Rooks in Gray's Inn Gardens.

TOAST FOR A TEMPERANCE BANQUET.—“*Phylloxera and Oidium.*”

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



N the Lords (Monday, May 19), Viscount CRANBROOK informed their Lordships that he had

received intelligence that the bases of peace with the AMEER had been agreed upon. Cheers—and no wonder. *O si sic omnia!*

Lord STRATHEDEN AND CAMPBELL was delivered of a ponderously painful argument that, under the 22nd Article of the Berlin Treaty, the Russians had stolen three months' march on England and Europe. He asked for correspondence.

Quoth Lord SALISBURY—

"Occupation ain't evacuation;
The Turkish roads are bad;
Lord STRATHEDEN & Co. he bothers me,
And his prosing drives me mad."

As to correspondence—there was none. "*Où il n'y a rien, Lord S. et C. perd ses droits.*"

Lord GRANVILLE thought Her Majesty's Government had done well to give Russia "a long day," though he read the 22nd Article like Lord CAMPBELL. (As did *Punch*, and ninety-nine out of every hundred who read it at all. But Treaties may be loose, and yet tight enough to secure "Peace with Honour.")

Lord TRURO very much to the point on "Our Boys"—not BYRON's play, but the British Army. Of the "force" sent to South Africa, one-third was under age, and not one non-commissioned officer over four-and-twenty. To make up even this "force," we had had to drain regiments at home, till some were bled down to 200 rank and file, and one of our most important forts was left with half-a-dozen men at their posts—like the House of Commons on an Indian Budget night. He wanted investigation, and more power to call Reserve men to the colours.

Lord BURY deprecated exaggeration, and promised inquiry. We had a Reserve of 58,000 men, all counted, but they could not be

called out, the Law Officers' advised, till a great national emergency was proclaimed by Parliament, or, in the absence of Parliament, by Order in Council. Then our linked battalions had given way at the first pull, and we found ourselves without files at home to fill up ranks abroad, and had to patch the holes with Volunteers "of sorts."

H.R.H. the Duke of CAMBRIDGE spoke in his usual candid but rather helpless fashion. We ought to have as many regiments abroad as at home, but we haven't—not by 15. Short service means bad seasoning. (As large interest means bad security.) We ought to have power to draw on the Reserves when we want 'em, but we haven't. We, at the Office, don't like patchwork, but we can't help ourselves. If you want a better Army, you must pay for it. But you don't like that. No more do we. We do our best. If bad's the best, what can anybody do better?

Lords LANSDOWNE, CRANBROOK, and CARDWELL spoke sensibly; admitting that things weren't as they should be, but that they weren't quite as bad as they seemed. The new system had not had a fair trial, so must not be condemned off-hand. Short Service meant young soldiers; but better young hands with the colours and old hands in the Reserves, if only we had the power to get the Reserves back to the ranks at a pinch.

"J. B. wants little force to show,
But wants that little strong."

The Lords' talk to-night was much to the purpose.

Everybody seems agreed in what direction amendment is to be tried, so let us hope improvement will come of trying.

(Commons.)—Mr. MACARTNEY complained of the pelting of Protestant Mission-teachers by Roman Catholic mobs at Clifden.

Messrs. MITCHELL-HENRY, CALLAN, SULLIVAN, O'DONNELL, and Major NOLAN complained of Irish Protestant Missioners insulting Roman Catholic beliefs, and fishing for Roman Catholic children with old clothes and soup-tickets.

Mr. J. LOWTHER said Government couldn't prevent proselytising by alms—spelt with an "L." But that did not warrant persecution



THE FORCE OF EXAMPLE.

Jones (newly married, to his bachelor friends Brown and Robinson). "No, it's NOT YOUTH, NOR BEAUTY, NOR WEALTH, NOR RANK, THAT A SENSIBLE MAN SHOULD LOOK FOR IN A WIFE. IT'S COMMON SENSE, UNITED TO EXPERIENCE OF LIFE; AND STEDFASTNESS OF PURPOSE, COMBINED WITH A DEEP THOUGHT BY NO MEANS UNPRACTICAL SENSE OF THE FLEETING NATURE OF HUMAN EXISTENCE ON THIS—"

Re-enter Mrs. Jones, suddenly. "I'M SORRY TO DISTURB YOU, MY LOVE, BUT IT'S GETTING LATE, AND YOU HAVE AN EARLY APPOINTMENT IN TOWN TO-MORROW WITH THE CONSULTING PHYSICIAN OF THE—AH!—OF THAT LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY, YOU KNOW."

[Taking the hint, Brown and Robinson depart, each framing a desperate resolve that he will throw himself away on the first good-looking young Heiress of Title he happens to meet.]

by arms—spelt with an "R." (Rather neat for J. L.) They meant to keep the peace, without reference to the faith of those who broke it.

Mr. NEWDEGATE raised—for the second time of raising this Session—the Ghost of Protection, under the plea of a Motion to require the assent of the House to all the Treaties affecting Finance. He argued against the Commercial Treaty with France. It was framed twenty years ago, in anticipation that commerce, all the world over, was about to dance to the tune of Reciprocity. But the world had preferred the old tune of Protection. *Hinc illa lacrymæ.* Hence JOHN BULL'S distresses. BISMARCK was no fool; and if he gave his voice for "Protection," the House might depend there was something in it. He hoped if we renewed the Commercial Treaty with France, it would be with France only,—no more "most favoured nation" nonsense.

Sir WILFRID LAWSON named the new Trinity of Protection,—*"Prince BISMARCK, Lord BATEMAN, and MACIVER,"*—and took a lively little caper over the foreign policy of the Government, to an accompaniment of "Question." He seconded Mr. NEWDEGATE, because he thought if the House had its say it would tend to keep the Government out of messes.

Mr. MACIVER blew the old Protection trumpet lustily and loud, after his wont. If trumpets could bring down the walls of the Free Trade fortress, the Member for Birkenhead might hope to be its Joshua. Luckily, lights are needed as well as trumpets.

Taking a leaf out of Sir WILFRID'S jest-book, Mr. M. favoured the House with an epitaph on JOHN BRIGHT, "Estimable in all the relations of private life, he gave us sour claret cheap, and ruined the weavers of Coventry." "Abuse," he reminded the House, "is no answer,"—nor (Mr. Punch would remind Mr. MACIVER), is stale sophism, a thousand times confuted, argument.

Mr. BOURKE gave the figures which show that our trade with the

Treaty countries had about doubled between 1859 to 1876, while with the non-Treaty countries, Russia, Spain, and Portugal, it had diminished. If the Treaty with France were to lapse, we should be 20 per cent. poorer all round. The more such questions were discussed in the House the better. *Punch* for once says ditto to Mr. BOURKE. "*Magna est veritas,"* Mr. MACIVER, "*et prævalebit.*" A bad lookout for Protection.

Tuesday (Lords).—Their Lordships had a little Irish row of their own—with all the usual accompaniments of that "diversion," contradictions, cross-purposes, wild hitting, and wilder countering—over Lord BELMORE'S little Bill to make tenant-right pleadable in Ulster, even in cases of leasehold. The Judges had differed.

The Bill was negatived without a division, amidst general confusion—after such a lively scrimmage as my Lords seldom have the chance of.

The Duke of RUTLAND tried to "draw" Lord B. with the report of a Huddersfield manufacturers' meeting, dilating on distress, and recommending moderate import duties, those on food excepted.

LORD BEACONSFIELD repeated his "swashing blow" to Protection. We had only twenty-two articles in our tariff. We had thirty-eight "most favoured nation" Commercial Treaties; so that anything we gave one country, we must give thirty-seven. What would be the meaning of a Protectionist tariff that excepted food? If the DUKE wanted to raise the question between Protection and Free Trade, let him do it with proper notice, and have the matter discussed, "as became one of the greatest, weightiest, and largest subjects" (*Punch* would like to know the difference between "greatest" and "largest") "which could engage their Lordships' attention."

(*Commons.*)—In the morning, two clauses of Army Discipline Bill got through.

Mr. HOPWOOD, for P. A. TAYLOR, tried to put down flogging, but failed, by 259 to 56. Sense and experience are against a change



ENCOURAGING!

Farmer's Wife (after a long look). "Now, THAT 'ON'T BE ANY PLACE HERREABOUTS, I S'POSE, SIR?!"

which kindness and humanity yearn for. It can't be done—not yet, not till soldiers have in them less of the child, and less of the brute. We flog both these—as little as possible, but still we flog them. So say all who have practical knowledge of the military machine. We must keep the power of flogging the soldier—letting loose the cat as little as may be, but not putting it out of our reach.

Mr. MITCHELL-HENRY said as much. Whereat Mr. SULLIVAN was savage with him, and gave vent to some highly coloured pictures of the cat and its horrors.

Mr. DODDS called attention to the anomalies of the Probate, Legacy, and Succession Duties, and moved a Resolution to substitute a uniform duty on personal estate. Mr. BARCLAY seconded.

Mr. GREGORY, shrewd and well-experienced attorney, moved Revision, instead of Abolition; and the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER agreeing, the House rejected the Motion, by 131 to 59, and accepted the Amendment by 131 to 24.

Wednesday.—The O'CONNOR DON made a bold push for Second Reading of his Irish University Bill. Ireland wanted higher Education, and money to pay for it. He didn't care where the money came from, so it came. He named Church Surplus because that seemed the readiest pail to dip into. But he wasn't particular. He'd take anything he could get. Ireland had Universities, it might be said, to which Roman Catholics were free to go. But what use was that, if they wouldn't go to them?

Sir GEORGE CAMPBELL moved his Amendment, barring any sectarian application of the Irish Church Surplus. The more he studied the Bill, the less he liked it. It was a cover for the foundation of a Roman Catholic University. Irish Primary Education had become denominational. They wanted to make University Education denominational too. Let the Irish Roman Catholics rate themselves for Education, and welcome. But they wouldn't. They wanted a finger in the public purse. They shouldn't have one if he could help it.

Lord E. FITZMAURICE seconded the Amendment. What was wanted in Ireland was not what would satisfy the Roman Catholics, but what would satisfy justice. Ireland had two secular Universities, including one College with Protestant discipline, and Episcopalian services. While this continued the Roman Catholics might

fairly plead a right to a College with their own discipline and their own services. But it was such a College they had a right to, not a new University, while they had two already.

Mr. KAVANAGH said the new University would not be sectarian. The Bill asked no more than was just.

Mr. McLAREN said the Scotch Universities only get £16,000 from the public purse. If the House had given a Million out of the Church Fund last year as a sop to Irish agitators, that was no reason they should give another Million and a half now. The Bill was being hustled through the House. Scotch students and professors paid their own way; this Bill would tip Irish ones by £20, or even £30, £40, or £50. It was gross injustice, that Ireland should get more of what was gaun than Scotland.

Mr. KING HARMAN begged anybody to be brief that wanted the Bill passed instead of talked out, as he did. He believed it was a good and right measure, and would do his best to have it passed.

So said Mr. O'MORGAN, who could not find the cloven hoof of sectarianism from one end of the Bill to the other. "Ask why Irish Roman Catholics did not go to Trinity College and the Queen's Colleges? As well ask if Mahomedans did not eat pork." Ireland wanted a University. Her people contained lots of gold—in the matrix. All that was wanted was an "Alma Mater" to extract and refine it.

Mr. PLUNKET spoke effectively from his brief for T. C. D., the silent sister, who finds in him so eloquent a tongue. If they were going to touch the Irish Church Surplus, let them think of those whose surplice-fees had been so rudely curtailed. These result fees would bring £114 a year per graduate! This Bill might be better than some that had gone before it, but he wanted more time to consider it, and so did the House.

Mr. SHAW said the Irish University question must be settled, and the Bill laid down the only lines on which it could be settled.

The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER pleaded for a longer day. The O'CONNOR DON said he wasn't particular where the money came from. He, as CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER, was bound to be particular. He suggested many difficulties in details, and matters in which the Bill was open to question. They had hardly had time to ask the questions, much more answer them.

Mr. LOWE advised the O'CONNOR DON not to press Second Reading now, but was all for the Bill. The University it proposed would be very like the London University as regards government. So there would be no jobs. (Oh, ROBERT, *toi que j'aime!*) They had brought Irish Roman Catholic students to the Secular University waters, but they refused to drink. Let them give them what they wanted—a reservoir of their own. It would conciliate. That was what we all wished.

The brave DON asked Sir STAFFORD to give him a Government day. The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER said he would if he could, but he couldn't; and so the Debate was adjourned—doubtful when to be resumed.

Thursday.—The Lords rose out of respect for Ascension Day.

(Commons.)—In answer to the O'CONNOR DON, Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE reviewing the work before the House, showed that the Government had only eighteen Mondays and Thursdays at their disposal, with twenty-eight Bills to get through, and fourteen not read a Second Time! The best chance for his Bill would be to help the Government to pass *theirs*.

The Irish Members, Mr. SULLIVAN at their head, stormed and grumbled, but there was no help for it. "Works and Days" is as good a title for the House of Commons as for HESIOD, and only

a given amount of work can be squeezed into a certain number of days.

Then to the least injurable feature of "Injurable Injia"—its finances.

Mr. STANHOPE brought forward his Indian Budget, making the least of the deficits and the most of the revenue. He admitted that Government's balance stood three Millions and a quarter on the wrong side, and they had determined to make both ends meet, by reducing expenditure all round. Do what they would, however, they could only cut down a Million—£250,000 out of the Civil Service; £750,000 out of Public Works. As to Army they were going to inquire how much could be saved—and as to Home Charges, the only margin for saving by the SECRETARY OF STATE was £375,000. They meant further to reduce the limit of borrowing power from ten Millions to five.

Mr. FAWCETT Mr. LAING, and Mr. GLADSTONE—the biggest wigs on Indian Finance—expressed their satisfaction that the régime of economy had set in, and recommended the future of India to its saving grace.

Mr. FAWCETT withdrew his Resolutions, as superfluous, in the face of the Government admission of his allegations and its anticipation of his recommendations.

INJURABLE INJIA;

OR, NOTES AND SKETCHES OF A SPECIALLY-COMMISSIONED ARTIST.
By FUZZELI PRINCEPS.

CHAPTER X.

Pickles—Painting—Labels—Sketch—Fallals—Joke—No Bargain—Afternoon—Concert—Music—Muttra—Cakes—What next—Blocks—Billih—Letter—Copy—Paint—Friendship—New Portrait—Big Sicell—Tippoo—Situation—Thrilling—Bad Language—Escape.

ORDERED a whole box of Injia pickles at CHILLI AND SWALLAH's, the great Anglo-Injia pickle merchants. Friends in England can give me a few commissions for pickles, and they shall have the real thing hot and hot. CHILLI AND SWALLAH have made a fortune. Which is better—Pickles or Painting? To quote the Injia proverb, in which there is much truth, "Let who will write the labels, I'll sell the pickles." Anyhow, I would rather write "labels" than "libels." My labels will always describe exactly the article within. And my motto, "The greater the Truth the greater the Label."

Note.—Commission for CHILLI AND SWALLAH to do a pictorial advertisement for their new pickle, which is called "Our Own Par Tiklah." Here is my sketch for the label or bottle, which is quite

one of the best things in this line I've ever done. (N.B.—Orders punctually attended to.)

Bought a lot of *Fallals* (ornaments for young Ladies of my acquaintance) this morning at the Bazaar.

"The girls here seem to live a very Bazaar existence," I said to Old JES-WHATIWANT MIBHOY, who chuckled at the *jeu de mot*. I am convinced the old humbug didn't understand it—or else was playing me false—as he wouldn't purchase and make it his own, or even hire it.

"Joke too good for me," he said, winking slyly.

"Let you have it cheap, MIBHOY," said I, ready to clench the bargain.

"No, no," he replied, "joke too good. You keep joke all to self. No want joke me. No. Got 'nother joke—own joke. Keep it self." And he chuckled and winked till I thought he'd have had a fit.

Afternoon.—Concert at HULLAH SHAH's. RAYMIRA DOO sang out like LABLACHE in his best days. ZENANA SOLFA is one of the brightest *sopranos* I've ever heard. HULLAH SHAH got it all up himself, and directed the choir, which consisted of twenty-four choristers dressed in twenty-four sheets. There are always as many as this in HULLAH SHAH's choir. KHANIM SINGH was in excellent voice; and HULLAH BALLOO SHAH, a relation of HULLAH SHAH's, came out as triumphantly as the last trump in an Injia Rubber.

The only fellow who wasn't pleased with the entertainment was MUTTRA, who sat apart, and looked as sulky as an elephant that has lost its trunk at a railway station.



OUR OWN PAR TIKLAH.

(N.B.—NONE GENUINE UNLESS IN OUR OWN RARE JAR.)

After the Concert, cakes were handed round by BUNNEE SING, the Indian confectioner.

Next Day.—Visited ancient Gnutkrakkur (the City of the Shells), which is governed by an old Colonel. A most artistic spot. Everywhere about one sees huge blocks. On all of them I drew. When I had finished, BILLIH DHÔ—who is known here as "The Complete Letter-Writer," and one of the richest natives, suspected of having enriched himself through his extraordinary facility in imitating handwritings—came up and asked me "what I was going to copy next?" Of course, when he said "copy," he meant "paint" pictures, as all mine are original. But I was down on him.

"Copy!" I returned. "BILLIH DHÔ, my old boy, I'm going to copy you."

He looked suspiciously at me, and I went on:—

"Yes, I'm going to copy you, and make money."

He trembled, but, pretending to smile, asked nervously, "How?"

"How?" I repeated. "Why, by drawing."

"On these blocks?" he asked, still nervously.

"No, BILLIH, my old boy, not on these blocks, but on your bank."

He turned yellow, and almost fainted.

Ever since this, BILLIH DHÔ and myself have been on the best terms. Short reckonings establish lengthy friendships. Knowledge is power. "Vide"—as I said to BILLIH, slyly—"vide *Copy-Book*."

He shook.

Invited to paint old RAJAH RAL TIPPPOO TOPPER SUAR KUTUMAH SURWAGGARAH, no end of a blazing swell. He wants his portrait done for his own private collection. I found him in his palace, surrounded by his Royal Black Guards, all armed to the teeth.

I was politeness itself to the old scoundrel. I say scoundrel now, though no one will understand the justice of the appellation on seeing the portrait which is hanging up in his marble halls—an invaluable work—though a trifle injured by an accident which I am about to recount—and well worth the while of any picture-dealer, or

Art-speculator, to take a journey to RAL TIPPPOO TOPPER's Court, and make him an offer. Here is the first sketch of—

THIS STYLE, 500 GUINEAS.

"Five hundred guinea doose large sum," observed TIPPPOO TOPPER, only he didn't say doose, but something much stronger. Doose is a very mild version indeed. In fact, to speak truth, as I can now, I never came across such a thundering, swearing, wicked old reprobate as TIPPPOO TOPPER, and be blowed to him. He's got the best picture I ever painted in all my life hanging in his gallery, and exhibited at a rupee a head, while I got nothing for it, "except," as *Hamlet* says—"except my life, except my life, except my life."

As a painting, the exhibition of that work of Art ought to make my reputation





“CLEARING

ARI.—MAY 31, 1879.



E COURSE."

anywhere; but, as a likeness, I regret to say, I so far allowed my natural politeness to get the better of my veracity in Art as to paint him not only not so black as he really was—the old beast!—but actually to represent him as a gentlemanly creature in evening dress, and *decoré*, instead of being a half-clothed, under-bred, vulgar savage, with no more *decoré* about him than decorum. I give a graphic illustration, which tells its own story.

"Five hundred guinea doose large sum," he repeated.

"No," I replied; "not for such a picture."

"You pay me sittie?" he asked.

I was up to him, the old rogue.

"I couldn't think of insulting the great Rajah TIPPOO TOPPEE—the tall palm among all tall trees—by treating him as a model."

At this rejoinder he started up.

"Make ready! Present!" he shrieked to the hundred blackguards. With one action up went a hundred muskets. I was surrounded. The word to "fire!" was not yet given. There was yet time.

"Capital!" I exclaimed, pretending to be immensely pleased with the manœuvre, though my life hung on a thread; and with the *sang froid* for which I am distinguished, I wheeled about, and saluted in true Volunteer and artistic fashion. There is some one belonging to the Old Maidly Reserves, whose motto is "Ready, aye ready!" And long may it be so—until we're wanted!

TIPPOO TOPPEE saw the effect my military demeanour had on the troops, and proceeded to address me.

"You think TIPPOO TOPPEE no jam swell"—(I substitute "jam" for the word which he really used)—"You think TIPPOO TOPPEE no jam model of a Rajah. You jam fool, Sar! You tell jam lie! Tell black jam truth, or Guards go jam bang-bang, and then jolly old jam painter jam well done for."

I surrendered at discretion.

"TIPPOO TOPPEE not unkind to fool of Painter. TIPPOO TOPPEE sittie man. TIPPOO know value of him jam time. Painter charge five hundred guineas for picture. Model TIPPOO charge five thousand to Painter. Painter pay difference, or Guards shoot Painter; and TIPPOO sittie man keep picture as memory of jam sad fate of Painter."

"Rajah TIPPOO TOPPEE," I said, with all that *suaviter in modo* which I so well know on occasion how to use—"Rajah TIPPOO,



THIS IS MY PRIVATE DIARY SKETCH OF TIPPOO TOPPEE, AND EXACTLY LIKE.

you shall have the picture for nothing. It shall be yours to do what you like with. And I will go everywhere, telling the world



À FORTIORI.

Philistine Father. "WHY THE DICKENS DON'T YOU PAINT SOMETHING LIKE FRITH'S 'DERBY DAY'—SOMETHING EVERYBODY CAN UNDERSTAND, AND SOMEBODY BUY?"

Young Genius. "EVERYBODY UNDERSTAND, INDEED! ART IS FOR THE FEW, FATHER, AND THE HIGHER THE ART, OF COURSE THE FEWER THE FEW. THE HIGHEST ART OF ALL IS FOR ONE. THAT ART IS MINE. THAT ONE IS—MYSELF!"

Fond Mamma. "THERE SPEAKS MY OWN BRAVE BOY!"

what a noble, splendid, gorgeous, kind, beneficent, delightful, powerful monarch is Rajah TIPPOO TOPPEE, and send everyone from everywhere to see this picture."

"TIPPOO jam please. Paint jam picture, and hold jam tongue."

But the Guards had not received their commands to carry arms, and the old reprobate himself was armed with a double-barrelled gun; and I confess that, spite of all my British pluck, the way he handled the weapon, sighting it in a line with the back of my head, and then aiming it at different parts of my anatomy, did cause my hand to shake a little occasionally. But I held on. I polished him off, under pressure, in three hours, and then I left him, admiring himself like a sardine preserved in oil.

While he was intent on the picture, I stole out. Not one of the Guards dared move. Indeed, having been for two hours in this strained position, presenting arms, they had become as stiff as wax-work figures; and as old TIPPOO TOPPEE'S gun had long since dropped from his hands, there was nothing to fear. I must tell the sequel.

The wretched old dog, thinking I was still in the room, and forgetting that his soldiers formed three sides of a square, two of which were pointing at each other, and the third at himself, suddenly called out, "Fire!"

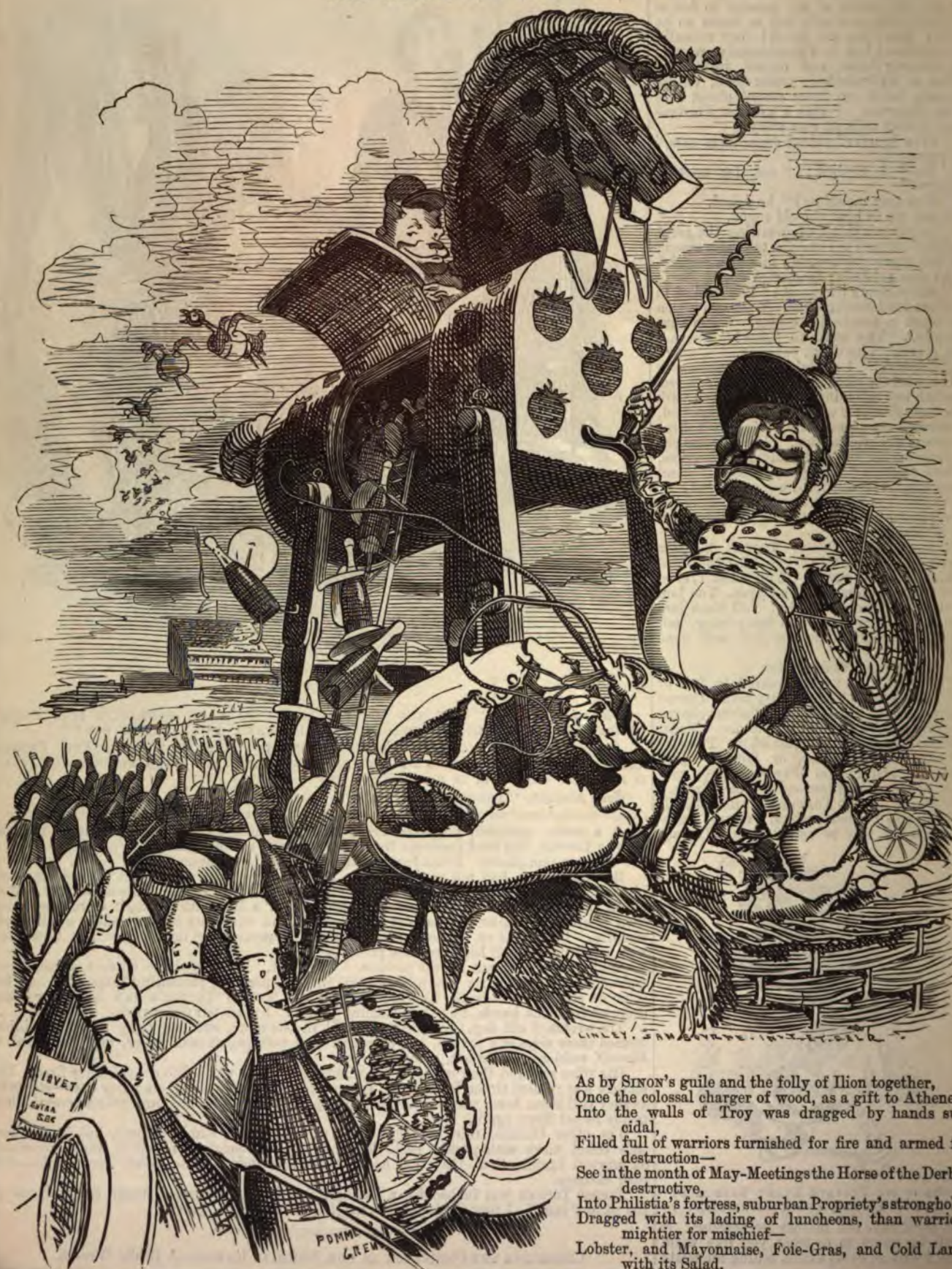
His voice restored their energy. Obedience with them was a first duty. They fired. The picture was riddled through, and poor TIPPOO TOPPEE got two or three nasty ones—*stingahs*, as they call them here, which made him jump up in the air, and turn round several times before he sat down again.

The other Guards, thinking they were all dead men, tumbled down, but finding that they could move with perfect ease, they arrived at the conclusion—which was corroborated on surgical examination—that they had not been wounded. The bullets were all found in their turbans.

TIPPOO TOPPEE was in bed for a fortnight; and, I am informed, made constant use of the word "jam." I fear the lesson has not done him any real good.

CROWN FOR THE CONQUEROR IN OUR ISTHMIAN GAMES.—A Bridle Wreath.

THE HORSE ON THE HILL.



As by SINON's guile and the folly of Ilion together,
 Once the colossal charger of wood, as a gift to Athene,
 Into the walls of Troy was dragged by hands suicidal,
 Filled full of warriors furnished for fire and armed for
 destruction—
 See in the month of May—Meetings the Horse of the Derby,
 destructive,
 Into Philistia's fortress, suburban Propriety's stronghold,
 Dragged with its lading of luncheons, than warriors
 mightier for mischief—
 Lobster, and Mayonnaise, Foie-Gras, and Cold Lamb
 with its Salad,



AN UNFORESEEN MATRIMONIAL CONTINGENCY.

Angelina. "DID YOU EVER SEE ANYTHING SO WONDERFUL AS THE LIKENESS BETWEEN OLD MR. AND MRS. BELLAMY, EDWIN? ONE WOULD THINK THEY WERE BROTHER AND SISTER, INSTEAD OF HUSBAND AND WIFE!"

Edwin. "MARRIED PEOPLE ALWAYS GROW LIKE EACH OTHER IN TIME, DARLING. IT'S VERY TOUCHING AND BEAUTIFUL TO BEHOLD!"

Angelina (not without anxiety). "DEAR ME! AND IS IT INVARIABLY THE CASE, MY LOVE?"

Pommery sec, Ruinart, Perrier Jouet, and Moët and Chandon,
Issuing forth in their might to lay the proprieties prostrate,
Flooring the Snob and the Swell, with the Rough, and the Cad, and
the Coster,
Up on the Hill, by the Ropes, in the Furzes—both gentle and simple,
All, in the largeness of luncheon, o'er-eaten, o'er-drunken, together.

"CLEARING THE COURSE."

"CLEAR it?" By Jove, 'tis a pretty stiff task,
And one that some time and much patience will ask.
Head-Constable DIZZY
Is knowing and busy,

And the men at his orders are fussy and fizzy,
And the big force behind them is sturdy and strong;
But was e'er such a rough and recalcitrant throng,
So motley a mob, or so much in the way,
As cumbers the course upon *this* Derby Day?
"Now, then, you in the fur cap, 'twere well you stood back;
And you feathered and cow-tailed Zulu, big and brown,
Clear out like a shot, or the staff shall come down,
And teach you to tread on the Constable's toes,
And the serried array of BEN's Bobbies oppose.

Move on! Clear the Course!"
But the strength of "The Force,"
Will be taxed to the utmost of footman and horse
By this crowd of obstructives—a regular block!
From workman in fustian, to yokel in smock,—
Prompt to strike and to chivey, that pair, if close pressed!—
And the troublesome Turk, who inertia likes best,
What shall make *him* move on? And PAT, ragged in rig,
As perverse as his country's proverbial pig;
And the Muscovite dodger, as stolid as sly;
And the bothering Bulgar, and Greek with an eye

To possible pickings; and ISMAIL, all oil,
Yet purposing not to be spoiled, but to spoil!
And rowdy Roumelian, and starving Hindoo!—
A precious tough job for that cohort in blue!
It would seem we'd the raffs of three Continents mustered
To-day on the Course, and so crowded and clustered,
That clearing the way for the race of the year
Is a task at which Hercules well might look queer.

But the race must be run;
And a way must be won,
By hook or by crook, half by force, half in fun.
There's the big Derby horse that changed stables—will he
Run at all? In new colours? Be backed?—We shall see!
There are screws in the field, roasters touched in the wind,
And some, it may be, to whom faiths are now pinned,
Pretty safe to break down ere the winning post's gained.
Though backed at long prices and carefully trained.
Meanwhile there's the Course to be cleared! They must do it,
Bobby BEN, and his men. Let us wish them well through it!

Natural Allies.

WE understand that Lord BEACONSFIELD has handed the Archbishop of CANTERBURY a handsome cheque towards the collection to defray the Rev. Mr. HORSLEY's costs. His Lordship remarked to His Grace that he admired the man who had shut up *one* Argyll at least, and only wished he could shut up the other.

WITH A DIFFERENCE.

PUNCH finds that in his Essence he has proposed a new name for the British Army—*Our Boys*. He should have remembered one difference—*Our Boys* ran; the British Army don't.



"A WOLF IN SHEEP'S CLOTHING."

Old Woman (of the ancient Faith, dropping on her knees). "OH, YER RIV'RENCE, GI' ME A BLESSIN'!"

Ritualistic Curate. "AUGH—MY GOOD WOMAN, YOU MISTAKE. I'M—AH—NOT OF YOUR CHURCH!"

Old Woman. "MUSHA, THIN BAD LUCK T' YE FOR A DECAIVER!!"
[Shuffles off in great wrath.]

A RIDDLE FOR THE RACES.

WHAT Horse is he that never stood in loose-box or in stall;
The Horse that ne'er was fed on hay, to oats or beans did fall;
The Horse that always answers to the whip, and ne'er says "Neigh;"
The Horse that without saddle or bridle steers his way?

The Horse whose points and paces no cad e'er yet found out;
The Horse that's unapproachable by tipster and by tout;
The Horse 'gainst or for whom the odds ne'er Turfite gave nor took;
The Horse that ne'er lent sporting scribe a lift towards his book?

The Horse that wants dumb-jockeying, but needs nor whip nor spur;
The Horse that's always in the way, yet ever swift to stir;
The Horse that ne'er could win the Oaks, nor the Turf's blue riband wear;
The Horse that helps to make mare's nests, but never is a mare?

The Horse that never makes a noise, that glanders cannot kill;
The Horse that never said his prayers, for whom Vet. ne'er drew bill;
The Horse that hath not on all-fours the wherewithal to go—
What Horse is he? The Bicycle? The Locomotive? No.

Cudgel thy brains no more to guess the name of that dark prad;
But when thou'rt asked that question next, reply, "His name is Fad."

He's the Horse that men call Hobby-Horse, and most men have their own:
Ride yours, and I'll ride mine, and each the other leave alone.

ALEXANDER OF BATTENBERG, PRINCE OF BULGARIA (to judge by his Photos).—A nice young man for a nasty Diplomatic Party.

DAN KEARNEY.

(A Californian Adaptation.)

OH, did you ne'er hear of DAN KEARNEY,
Frisco's roughs who has led with his blarney,
California's crown
Till they've set, upside down,
On the beautiful brow of DAN KEARNEY!

While Respectables thought he was dreaming,
And pooh-poohed all his Socialist screaming,
They find they were crazy
To take it so aisy,
Now they're under the hoof of DAN KEARNEY!

He's all for the Poor, is DAN KEARNEY,
For the Rich—they may kick or may carney;
They must fork out their tin,
And be thankful to win
Lave to live 'neath the rule of DAN KEARNEY!

Though they thought his red nose looked so simple,
There was mischief in every pimple;
So now bottom's a-top,
And the Rich may shut shop,
In the illigant realm of DAN KEARNEY!

THE HORSE FOR A SWEEP.

If you plaze, *Mr. Punch*, afford me lave to pint out
that among the Hosses enter'd to run fur the Derby,
there's one wi' the zummunt strikun, and putticklarly
plezzunt neam o' *Zut*. Shart and swate. I darsay you
med know why they crissun'd un *Zut*, I dwooan't, nor
'it what colour he's of, but if black, s'pose a was called
Zut praps along o' that. 'Cause why the sayun is "As
black as *Zut*." Therefor, if so be as how *Zut*'s a black
un, *Zut* stands to razon. In that case I should zay *Zut*
med be looked upon as an ixample o' that there "Dark
Hoss" you so often rades about in the "Prophets."
With which except the dooty of, *Zur*,

Your most obagiunt Sarvunt to command,
MATHER WAY.

P.S.—*Zut*! In the old days, when there was witchcraft
in the land, 'oodn't a *Zut* a ben the sart o' Hoss for a
old 'ooman to come ridun upon down the chimley 'stead
of a broomstick?

PACHYDERMATOUS PEOPLE.—Parties in Pig-skin.

A DUEL DANS DEUX FAUTEUILS.

THERE is a fierce fight raging in the French Academy over and
between M. EDOUARD OLLIVIER and M. HENRI MARTIN. M. MARTIN
succeeds M. THIERS as one of the forty, and makes an opportunity
to attack the Empire in his ex-officio panegyric of his predecessor,
the great reviver and consolidator of the Imperial Legend.

M. OLLIVIER, in his ex-officio reply, makes occasion to attack M.
THIERS for not stepping forward to preserve the Empire after it
had thrown over M. OLLIVIER—the most ill-used of Imperial scape-
goats. Viewed through English spectacles, and considering the
relations of the parties and persons at war, the conflict, if it must
include one of the MARTIN family, would seem rather to suggest
Madame BETTY than Monsieur HENRI as one of its combatants.

A Happy Return.

PUNCH's prayer to the Durham Miners was, "Strike, but hear
me!" They have heard him, at last, and have run down—i.e., ceased
striking. He begs to congratulate them on their return to reason—
the reason even of the strongest, who, strong as they may be, are yet
not strong enough to stand more than a very few weeks' knocking
of their heads against a wall.

NOT UNLIKELY.—Large shoals of porpoises have been seen dis-
porting themselves in the Mersey last week. It was supposed they
had run in for Protection—at the invitation of the Honourable
Member for Birkenhead.

THE NOSE FOR THE TURF.—The one with what looks like "a
straight tip," but is a crooked one.



DERBY DAY. (TIME, 11 A.M.)

Swell, from Coach (log.). "NOW, MY MAN, YOU MUST LOOK SHARP, OR YOU'LL SEE NOTHING OF THE RACE!"

Coster. "WHO ARE YOU A-TALKING TO, MR. CRUTCH AND TOOTHPICK? HOW DO YOU KNOW BUT WHAT I HAIN'T A-GOING TO THE HOAKS?"

SCIENTIA DOCET.

(Not a doubt of it.)

SCENE — Smoking-Room. Enthusiasts discovered discussing recent Treaty.

First Enthusiast. I think it's quite the biggest thing DIZZY has done. We have got everything we wanted, and India is safe for a hundred years.

Second Enthusiast (struck with the idea). Ah! I shouldn't wonder. (Refers to evening paper.) Yes, I see we've got the Khurum, Pishin, and Sibi Valleys, and control of the Khyber and Michni. I haven't looked at the map, but that sounds strong.

Third Enthusiast. Strong! I should think so. Why, we are to have an agent at Cabul, and he'll be able to wire to Simla in five minutes. Why, if a hundred thousand Russians suddenly turned up at Herat, we should know it at Bayswater same evening. Look at that!

First Enthusiast. Splendid! I'll tell you what it's done for Russia. It's given her her quietus. No intervening four hundred miles now. If she's quarrelsome, why there she is right alongside of us.

Second Enthusiast. Just so. And Article III. stipulates—

"That the foreign affairs of the AMEER shall be conducted under



SYMPTOMS OF A BANK HOLIDAY.

British advice, and that the AMEER shall be supported by the British Government against foreign aggression."

I like the ring of that.

First Enthusiast. Rather! It will give LYTTON a chance if he knows what he's about. The whole thing's been managed admirably.

Third Enthusiast. Yes. And look at the cost. A mere nothing. Two or three millions down, and a trifling subsidy of sixty thousand a year.

Second Enthusiast. Is that all? More child's play. What's a squeeze more or less of that kind out of a rich country like India?

First Enthusiast. Quite so. Well, DIZZY promised us a Scientific Frontier, and, by Jove, he's got it. He's a wonderful fellow.

[Left cowering.]

SOMETHING LIKE A FAMILY MAN.

We learn from one of our contemporaries that JOHN DUNN has no fewer than seventeen Zulu wives, and "a corresponding number of children." Whatever that may be in precise figures, it is clear that this Gentleman must have added a large increment to the already numerous family of the "Dunn Browns."

THE SPORTING CONTRIBUTOR.—
More Plague than Prophet.



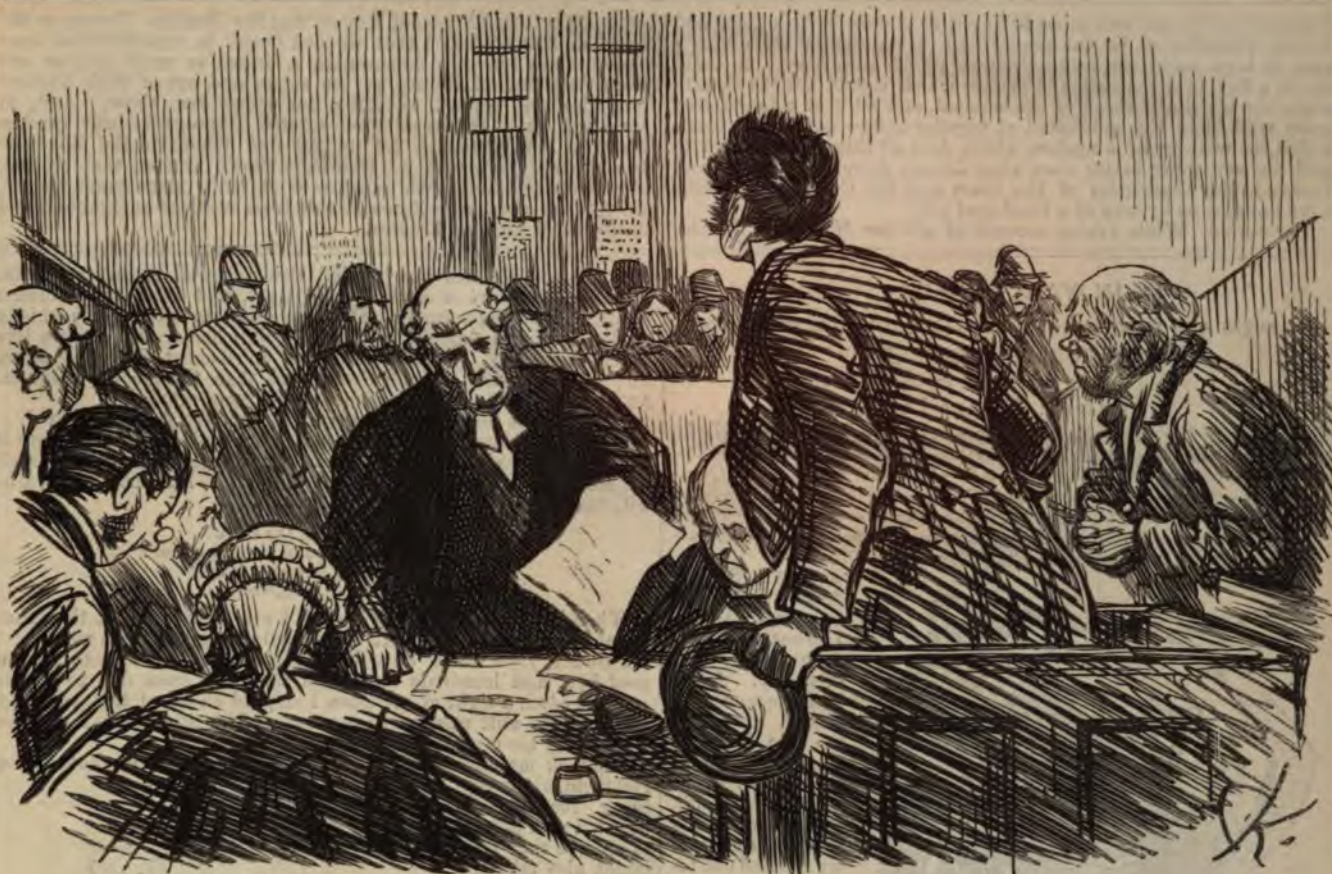
TWO THRONES.

Oh, Beauty, peerless as thou art,
And wild as the passions of thy dart
And mock the creations of the law,
Thou hast made the meanly honest
The proudest heart's extremely so!

Wit, Wisdom, Strength, and Valour meet
(The bard amongst them), at thy feet
To kindle in homage, as of old;
Yet none so true as the old
Whom even is of a poorer gold!

Prize as thou wilt thy feathered line,
A gift is here, by grace divine,
Even more potent to entice,
Than the most precious, than the rare,
The heart and soul of our race all!

And what avail thy gilded crest,
The silver shimmer of thy breast,
The glories of thy painted wing,
If, yielding to the bard's behest,
Thou Nightingale vouchsafe to sing!



'CIRCUMSTANTIAL.'

Counsel for the Prisoner. "AND YOU TELL ME, SIR, YOU SAW THAT BLIND, HELPLESS FIDDLER KICK THE PROSECUTOR ON THE HEAD ALONG WITH HIS OTHER ASSAILANTS!"

Witness. "I DID, SURRE! IN THE THICK O' THE SHINDY, I SEEN THE OULD VAGABONE A-FEELIN' ROUND AN' ROUND THAT HONEST POOR MAN DOWN ON THE FLEWER TILL HE'D FOUND A VACANCY, WHIN HE UPS WID HIS FUT AN' LITS FLY, THE DEVIL'S OWN SHOE-FULL CLANE INTO THE CENTRE OV'T!!!"

PUNCH, INTRODUCER OF AMBASSADORS,

SHOWS IN "LA SOCIÉTÉ DE LA COMÉDIE FRANÇAISE."

"The best actors in the world, either for tragedy, comedy, pastoral" —

Yes, see them in *Phèdre*, *Tartuffe*, and *L'Ami Fritz*, and then say if "the immortal" is not down on it, as usual.

First, Monsieur PERRYON, Administrateur de la Comédie Française.

And you, Les Sociétaires,

Messieurs GOT and MAUBANT and DELAUNAY, COQUELIN Aîné and Cadet, FÈVRE and THIRON and MOUNET-SULLY, LAROCHE and BARRE and WORMS;

And you, the better half of the Comédie,

Mesdames MADELEINE BROHAN and FAVART and JOUASSAIN, RIQUER and PROVOST-PONSIN, DINAH-FELIX and REICHEMBERG, CROISSETTE and SARAH-BERHARDT, BARRETTA and BROISAT and SAMARY;

And you, Messieurs and Mesdames les Pensionnaires, who look to step into their shoes, inherit their parts, and equal their reputations, how could you all be more auspiciously presented to the British public than under the wing of *Punch* and the "Immortal WILLIAM?"

Punch is proud to play *Polonius* for you.

The Sage of Fleet Street takes off his cap and bells to introduce the House of MOLIERE to the Home of SHAKESPEARE.

Happily for us, the House of MOLIERE is to be, for the next six weeks, in the hands of the restorers, cleaners, and decorators. If this rather "eclipses the Gaiety of Nations" in Paris, it illuminates, better even than the Electric Light, the Gaiety of Mr. JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD in the Strand.

It brings within his doors, and those of the British public, for thirty-six evenings and six mornings, the pick of the performances of the best company of Actors in the world.

Polonius did not say a word too much for them.

This is the only "company" of actors that really has a right to the name. Others so-called, are not "companies," but conglomerates.

This is a "Society" of artists, with a past as well as a present,

and a future assured by their present and past; with archives and traditions of glory and of art; art that runs back three centuries, traditions transmitted without a break from the days of the *Grand Monarque*, glory accumulated by an uninterrupted succession of famous players all proud to be associated with the House of MOLIERE.

It is this unbroken chain of memories and traditions; this stability in a land where so many things are unstable; this inheritance of famous names and great resources; this constitution planned by LOUIS the Great and revised by the Great NAPOLEON, which assures modest competence in life as the reward of good service; that admirable school of the Conservatoire which shapes raw material into actors and actresses before they are allowed to present themselves on the boards, instead of leaving them to learn their art under the eye, and at the expense, of the public,—it is all these together that have given to the "Society" of the Comédie Française a sense of respect for themselves and their art, of a common dignity to support, and a common reputation to maintain, of ties of fellowship, obligations to mutual sacrifice and postponement of self-assertion to artistic completeness, utterly impossible in bodies of actors like ours, brought together and scattered by the breath of caprice or the whiff of speculation, blown about by the wind of popular favour, engaged for the run of a piece, or, at longest, for the space of a season, looking to popularity as the sole source of profit, scampering all the world over for gain, usually hurried in the preparation of their work, and unfinished in its execution, without any of the unity that only long fellow-working can give, or of that respect for art which it requires an atmosphere of art to keep alive.

In one word, the Company of the Théâtre Français is a *Society*; the companies of most of our theatres are accidental and brief assemblages of actors and actresses.

Let us all make the best of our present chance of studying the finished and refined art of this Society while it is amongst us. And if it sets the wiser heads of the B. P. thinking that all is not for the best in the British theatre; that we might—if we cannot have our own House of SHAKESPEARE, founded, say, by good Queen BESS, revised by

GEORGE THE THIRD, and so made to reflect at once British glory and British Philistinism, in due proportions—if we cannot improvise a past of high traditions, and a chain of proud associations, or build up, in a day, or a generation, a system which should lift the theatre above the whirligig whims of the moment, and set it on a foundation more solid than the quicksand of popular taste—we may, at least, watch the working of a system which does all this, till we learn to wish for something better than what *Laissez faire*, and Supply and Demand, the Tendencies of the times and the Commercial spirit, have brought us by way of a theatrical art.

Per contra. While taking account of all the *Maison de Molière*

has to show us, let us not forget that the English Theatre is the House of SHAKESPEARE; that we can boast, in uninterrupted succession, from his time downwards, a drama as much greater and richer than that of France, as the actors and art of their Théâtre Française are beyond anything our stage can show. And, in lamenting over the results of scratch stage-packs and random theatrical arrangements, let us pay due honour to the Managers already at work among us, who have shown London that shifting companies, and slap-dash rehearsals, slovenly stage management, and reckless casts, are not inseparable from even our unorganised and unsubsidised English Theatre.

INJYABLE INJIA;

OR, NOTES AND SKETCHES OF A SPECIALLY-COMMISSIONED ARTIST.

By FUZZELI PRINCEPS.

CHAPTER XI., AND LAST.

Beginning of the End—Sport—Jungle—Arree—Joke—Roar—Lairs—Quit—Tiger—Cab—Home—Homer—Time—Pleasure—Delight—Sorrow—Will he return?—Departure—Adieux—Questions—Reply—Advertisement—Publishers—Marked—Hindoo—Business—Injia Character—Ignorance—Perish—Gull—Mogul—Morality—Bayard—Enjoyment—European—Tartarean—Tag—Tableau—Curtain—Blue Fire.



UESDAY.—SHEIK ARREE called this morning. Would I go out for a walk with him? Yes, certainly. As an inducement, he offered to show me the lions. I thought he meant the "lions" of the town. Not a bit. SHEIK ARREE is a sporting cuss, and we strolled out towards the jungle.

10 A.M.—In the jungle. Jolly place. No tigers or lions. Don't believe all these travellers' tales.

"You no fear?" asked SHEIK ARREE.

"What, I!" I exclaimed. "I'd like to see myself afraid. No jolly fears!"

"All right!" replied SHEIK ARREE.

"Besides," I added, just to flatter him, and give him a taste of my fine sparkling complimentary wit, not too dry, but with a fair amount of sugar—"besides, how could I be afraid when I came out armed?"

"Armed!" he cried. "You! armed!"

"Yes, certainly," I returned. "Don't I come out with you? And aren't you a Great Gun?"

That joke nearly cost me my life. It set the Lions in a roar!

The whole jungle was up in an up-roar! I had roused the sleeping lions. Fortunately, they only roared at the joke. But if I had not had the presence of mind to hold my tongue, I believe they would have been out of their lairs, and would have torn me to pieces, not out of anger—*au contraire*—but for the same reason that the boy killed the goose that laid the golden eggs, just to see if there were any more where that sidesplitter came from.



10.30 A.M.—Quitted the jungle. Said farewell to SHEIK ARREE. Should like to get a small Bengal tiger, and start the cabriolet fashion again next season. They are cheap to feed, living chiefly on Bengal lights. Begin to think of going home. I feel more like home every day. I don't mean the spiritualist, but the place. No; I'm more the antique Greek poet than the modern Medium. And why? Because I feel Homer-and-Homer every day.

The time has come for my return. Everybody seems delighted. Say what you will about Injia not being a place of exile, there is something very pleasant about the notion of "going home!" I fancy the notion is jollier than the reality. When I return Home, who will rush to meet me?

Who run to meet me on the shore?
Who crowd my steps, and guard my door?
Who long to see my face once more?
My Tradesmen.

When I said I was "going home," I can hardly repeat the innumerable congratulations that were hourly showered upon me.

Farewell fêtes would have been got up in my honour to bid me good-bye, and hundreds came into the town from day to day in order to catch a sight of me when I stepped on board the good ship. The hoorahs still resound in my ears. The attentions I received were really too much even for me.

One took my umbrella, another my bags, another my hat, and as I let them take everything for me on board, I was careful to observe that they might also take my ticket for me.

This was done by subscription. There was a large surplus, which amply satisfied my hotel bill.

"Was I ever likely to return?" was the question perpetually asked of me. "If so—when?"

I was importuned to name the day of my coming back, but I couldn't. And when I informed them that in all probability I should never return, their emotion knew no bounds—or rather I should say it knew a lot of bounds, as they jumped for joy, being (as was explained to me afterwards) under a misapprehension as to what I had really said.

Their adieux were most hearty.



HOW DO YOU LIKE INJIA? WALK UP!
WALK UP!

"Well, and how did you like Injia?" The first reply that rises to one's lips after this question has been put to me about five hundred times by five hundred jolly stupid people, not one of whom will care the next minute whether I liked Injia, or not—I say, the first reply, very naturally, is

"What's that to you?"

But, on consideration, there are certain interests to be considered—those of the author (myself), and of the too fortunate publisher of my immortal work; so I frame my reply, as an advertisement, on the old and invaluable model of "Do you want luxuriant hair and



THE NEW

(GETTING THEM



DRIVER!!

T OF THE MESS!)

whiskers?" "Parlez-vous français?" "Do you beat your carpets?" "Why give more?" &c., &c. And I answer—
 "How do I like Injia?" Many to whom this question is put would be unable to give any satisfactory information, from the fact of their not having as yet secured a copy of *Injyable Injia*, illustrated with some of the finest engravings ever produced, and published in one unique volume by Messrs. JOLLIOT, MANANALL & Co., Hall Marked (none genuine without this), for the small sum of—well, for far less than its actual value."

Of course I look forward to giving a lecture on Injia, with a panorama. Open to an offer. I have got some first-rate Injia stories, taken from various sources, chiefly TOMMY DOD'S *Injia Peerage*, which I intend to submit to the public; though I fear I may be put down as a prig by those who have either read these tales before, or written them themselves, or become acquainted with them in some other way.

In business the Hindoo and Parsee are first-raters. You can't outdo a Hindoo. There's no Doo anywhere like a Hindoo. A Cockney cheat of a landlord, who speaks of his Inn as a "Hinn," may be a greater Hinn-doo than the real Injia Hindoo, but I question it. And as for work—my!—they are Hindoostrious!

As for the Parsee, their own poet has said—

"Who can as far see
 As any good Parsee?"

And in any ordinary matter of business, like the correct change of a sovereign, or passing off a florin for half-a-crown, or a bright new farthing for a gold piece, you cannot easily beat either a Hindoo, or a Parsee.

Yet in all Injians I have noticed a singular and childish unthoroughness—a deficiency, without which the less crafty European—I am speaking solely from my own experience—would not have a chance. Neither Hindoo, Parsee, nor Mahomedan has yet learned the mystery of the Tossing Shilling and the Lucky Sixpence—and I am not going to tell them. As long as the Englishman has this advantage, let him keep it. Once let Hindoo, Parsee, or Mussulman learn the trick of the Lucky Sixpence, and—perish Injia!

Intricate dodges—springs, hooks, cards up the sleeve—and all

kinds of *mécanique*, they do not rest until they have discovered. But such a transparent trick as that of the Three Cards, or the little Pea under the Thimble, or, as I have said before, the Tossing Shilling, the Lucky Sixpence, and the Confidence Trick—these are, and ever will be, a little fortune to their practisers, as long as the Injia retains the same childish cunning, and the infantine suspicious nature that at present characterises him. The Hindoo has before now done the Great Mogul himself, but then the Great Mogul is renowned for his Mogullibility.

As to morality—well, I, personally, am a BAYARD *sans peur et sans reproche*; a BAYARD who would not be enticed by a *Bayardère*; but, if I were not, I fancy I should not have learnt morality in *Injyable Injia*. I don't say they profess to teach it, and therefore perhaps it is scarcely fair of me to say I should not have been a satisfactory scholar.

O tempora! O mores! O temples! O more ease! This sums up the religion and morality of *Injyable Injia*.

But the European Christian must remember the overpowering heat of the climate, for which he has but one Tartarean and Plutonic simile, and you can't expect much morality in *that* quarter. It's a sad state of things, and arises from the thin end of the wedge having been admitted years ago. Give them then their jolly inch, and they'll soon take their "merry ell."

Injia is a rummy sort of place, not bad, rather jolly than not, and, when you come to know it, a good deal like Kensington, with an occasional touch of Greenwich, Leicester Square, Cheapside, Rotten Row, and the Thames at Woolwich. I can assure my brother artists that Injia is well worth a visit. Let them *all* go in a body, and stop there for some years. In the meantime let them contentedly leave English Art in my hands. I'll undertake all commissions in their absence.

Should they prefer staying at home—and if they do, I'm astonished at them, and blush for them—then I will return to Injia. But if I have only induced all my brother artists, including Professor HART, to go out as one man, and remain in Injia, I shall indeed be rewarded for many a toilsome journey, for many discomforts, for many narrow escapes throughout the length and breadth (33 x 14 for a picture) of



William Lloyd Garrison.

Born in Massachusetts, December 12, 1804.

LIVED TO FREE THE SLAVE, AND TO SEE HIM FREED.

Died in New York, May 24, 1879.

TRUE heart and fearless—Freedom's foes that braved,
 On Freedom's friends when fiercest down they bore—
 Farewell! The citadel of Freedom saved,
 What matter if its GARRISON'S no more?

HONOUR EARNED BY TRIUMPH.

A DERBY-TIP, prophetic for Sir GARNET—"After Palmbearer came Visconti."—*Bulletin of the Derby*, 1879.

Two W's of War.

WHEN WOLSELEY'S mentioned, WELLESLEY'S brought to mind;
 Two men, two names, of answerable kind.
 Called to the front like WELLESLEY, good at need,
 Go, WOLSELEY, and like WELLESLEY, greatly speed!

A GENUINE WELCOME.

Cry of the Egyptian Bondholder (on hearing that the Khedive pays the May Coupon). "Hail, old fellow! Well met!"

A REAL CENTENARIAN.—The Hundredth Derby, 1879.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



MONDAY, May 26, (Lords).—Two comforting tidings to begin with. One from Lord CRANBROOK. A telegram from Major CAVAGNARI announcing the signature of a treaty with YAKOUB KHAN. (If only YAKOUB can? There is the doubt. If he can, let India adopt a new motto—"Cavagnarando tutus.")

The other from Lord BEACONSFIELD. Announcement of the appointment of Sir GARNET WOLSELEY to be Governor of Natal and the Transvaal, and High-Commissioner and Commander-in-Chief of these Colonies, and the lands adjacent, north and east.

Is his commission large enough to undo all the mischief that has been done by a too-high Commissioner and a too-weak Commander between them?

My Lord B's. words in making the communication are worth noting. He said, "it would be convenient, and perhaps interesting

to their Lordships to receive this information." "Perhaps," why "perhaps"? Ah—Punch begs his Lordship's pardon. He forgets this was "spoke sarcastic," as if this bitter B. should say "whether anything can interest your Lordships, considering your intellects and educations, the languor of your debates, and the nothingness of your doings, the times of your sittings-down and risings-up, I really should not like to say; but if anything can, this may." Lord B. did not presume too much. It evidently did interest even their Lordships.

Then followed a pretty and pleasant prelude for the holidays. A *discursus* by the Earl of GALLOWAY—soldier-officer bred and militia-officer born—on the thesis, "Has England an Army, or only the husk of one?" The sum of his answer was clear enough, if the working out of his speech wasn't. "England has only the hollow semblance of an Army," says Lord GALLOWAY. And nobody seemed disposed to deny it.

It is to be hoped that the Commission on which Government is going to fall back for advice how to make brigades working realities instead of costly shams, and linked battalions chain-cables, instead of ropes of sand, will be strong enough for its work. It is further to be hoped that what the Commission may have the wit to devise, Parliament will have the sense to sanction, and Government—whatever Government may be "running" the military machine—the organising head and working hands to set, and keep, a-going.

Anything more depressing than the Lords' Monday talk about the



A PHONETIC RENDERING.

Dunce No. 1 (translating a Fable of La Fontaine). "WHAT DOES 'JE PLIE, ET NE ROMPS PAS' MEAN? IT'S WHAT THE ROSEAU SAYS TO THE CHÊNE, YOU KNOW!"

Dunce No. 2. "OH, I SUPPOSE IT MEANS, 'I PLAY, BUT I DON'T ROMP'—WHAT MAMMA'S ALWAYS TELLING US WE OUGHT TO DO!"

Army, as opened by Lord GALLOWAY and closed by Viscount CARDWELL, with incidental despondency from Lord STRATHNAIRN, Earls ELLENBOROUGH and LONGFORD, Lord BURY and the Duke of BUCLEUCH, *Punch* hopes he may never have to try distilling into Essence. The process can end only in lamentation, and mourning, and woe. Lord GALLOWAY's complaint was like his own description of Lord CARDWELL's Army-Reform—"Which began by being comprehensive; then, for a time, after it had ceased to be comprehensive, was comprehensible; but ended by being neither comprehensive nor comprehensible."

Punch's feeling, on reading Lord GALLOWAY's and my Lords' conversation, is bewilderment; on thinking both over, something as like hopelessness as he is capable of. He sees only one conclusion, that, after all our millions spending and spent, our Army has still to be made, and that we have still to wait for the hour, and the man, to make it.

(*Commons.*)—Received, with cheers, the same good news as the Lords. But Sir STAFFORD did not need to "speak sarcastic," and say "perhaps" it would interest Honourable Members to know that Sir GARNET WOLSELEY had been sent to keep Sir BARTLE FRERE in order, and help Lord CHELMSFORD to a head. There was no mistake about it—it *did* interest them; interested them so much that the best part of the night was spent in asking questions such as "What was Sir GARNET to be, exactly?" and "Where would Sir BARTLE and Lord CHELMSFORD be, exactly, when he got out there?" and "How would they be likely to like it?" and "What would Sir GARNET do with them?" and "What did Government mean him to do—and not to do?" and "Would he be likely to do it—and not to do it?"

To this "process of the question" Sir STAFFORD and Sir MICHAEL naturally resisted being put. Anything they told the House would be telegraphed to South Africa, and get there before Sir GARNET. All they could say was, that he did not go out to annex and to exterminate anybody or anything—not even a High Commissioner's dominion, or a Commander-in-Chief's commission, but to bring things to a good end at the least cost of time, blood, and money compatible with the security of South Africa.

At all events, let *Punch* congratulate the country that it has, at last, got the "right man in the right place," and that what seems to be the brightest jewel in the British Crown—its Garnet—is about to be set in the South-African *fleur-de-lis* of the Imperial diadem.

Tuesday (Lords).—You see, Lord B., their Lordships are really interested. More curiosity about Sir GARNET. Assurance from Lord CADOGAN that no Lieutenant-Governor, neither Colonel LANYON in the Transvaal, nor Sir HENRY BULWER in Natal, has been, or will be, recalled or superseded. Only everything and everybody will be put under Sir GARNET's orders. Sir BARTLE FRERE's High Commission has not been cancelled, "except"—rather large exception—"as regards those districts where Sir GARNET's Commission gives him jurisdiction." Large as that runs, it may be safely said that it overrides all South Africa, and that Sir GARNET will be—

"The GARNET of all he surveys;
His right there'll be none to dispute;
For his ox-wagon where there are ways,
He'll 'whip in' and 'whip out' man and brute."

(See *Punch's* Cartoon, with Sir GARNET getting the South-African ox-wagon out of its *impasse*.)

(*Commons.*)—Even greater press of question about Sir GARNET's powers and instructions than in the Lords.

After Mr. BOURKE had assured Mr. OTWAY that the Government knew nothing about any disagreement or difference of policy between the French Government and our own—a good hearing, if we *quite* knew "*ce que parler veut dire*"—there was a discussion of South-African policy, the action of Sir BARTLE FRERE, and the character of King CETEWAYO, in which Mr. SULLIVAN administered interrogatories to the Government as to the terms of peace to be imposed on the Zulu king—were they to be short and sweet, or long and bitter?—and Lord ELCHO sounded the trumpet for Sir BARTLE and annexation, and gave CETEWAYO the rough side of his tongue, calling him—by way of quotation, it is true—"an armed gorilla," and provoking cries of "Withdraw!"

Whereupon Mr. GLADSTONE, echoing all Lord ELCHO's praises of his friend Sir BARTLE, with a chivalrous warmth that became him,

protested against the notion of curing the cruelties of CETEWAYO, or any other savage monarch, by inflicting upon his subjects the horrors of war; and spoke, as Mr. GLADSTONE might be trusted to speak, in favour of the policy of "mercy and moderation."

Whereupon Sir R. PEEL, feeling a natural disinclination to see the wind taken out of his sails, rose, in the part of *Portia*, and rivalled Mr. BRANDRAM in his recitation of the Mercy Speech. Sir ROBERT seems to feel much for CETEWAYO, and *Punch* quite agrees with him that if the House wishes to see the honour of the country maintained it also wishes to see mercy exercised.

Sir CHARLES DILKE said that the House did not yet see the reasons of the Government change of front, and Sir M. H. BEACH declared that it was quite a mistake to say that Sir BARTLE FRERE had been thrown over—he had only been superseded, wherever we were at war and in a difficulty. He is still High-Commissioner at Cape Town.

We have only sent Sir GARNET to take his place, after he has put himself out of the latitude of "Good Hope."

And then the House rose, happy for once in the prospect of its Derby to-morrow, and its Whitsun holidays the day after.

Ha!—Happy Thought!—Shooting at Bubbles—a Holiday Sport for P. and B.!

Go to the Crystal Palace, Lord B.,
And in Dr. CARVER see what you will see;
A wonderful shooter who smashes glass balls—
That only a stray one unbroken falls—
And shivers oranges, and drills coppers,
All marks one to him, little or whoppers.
See him, and then come home to your P.,
And, after a sit and a smoke, let us see
Of this year's Parliament bubbles how many
Will you back yourself to bring down—if any.
Bubbles enough in your time you have blown,
Some of the biggest and brightest known,
Among them "Peace with Honour." Yes, that
Was a bubble, though now collapsed and flat!
And the "Scientific Frontier."—My eyes!
That, too, was a bubble of something like size,
Though it looks no longer so big or so bright;
'Tis a way bubbles have, to melt in our sight
To a drop of soapuds, a whiff of wet air,
Ere you well know when you have them, or where.
But of bubbles yet blown, or bubbles to follow,
What bubble so big and so bright and so hollow,
So fit for the first place in bubble-story,
As that of your Lordship's honour and glory?
Take care, my Lord, if your shooting's so pat—
You don't blow the bubble-life out of that!

The Lords sat on *Thursday* and *Friday* for a few more last words about their 'Bus Bill, and their Bill to watch over the lives of poor little wretches turned over to Mountebanks to learn how to risk their necks and un-bone their bodies, and their Military Commission in debate, whereof the LORD CHANCELLOR rapped Lord TRURO smartly over the knuckles. And then their Lordships followed the wise example of the Commons, and adjourned for their Whitsun holidays.

FRIEND BUNG'S REMONSTRANCE.

Being the Genuine Sentiments of a Representative Bung, addressed to Mr. Punch.

SIR,—I've been waiting for three weeks just to say a word for my professional friends, who felt themselves considerably aggrieved by your Cartoon about Bung and the Archbishop, where the former is thanking the latter for his valuable aid in keeping the Museums and other places of scientific entertainment closed on a Sunday.

Now, Mr. Punch, you're just and generous. You will admit, I am sure, that there are two sides to every case. Well, there's an outside and an inside; and permit me to say, Sir, that you've hitherto been taking rather the outsider's view of our position, and, let me respectfully add, I'm afraid you haven't troubled yourself much about the inside.

Your Cartoon—admirable it was, though we disagree with it, and think it unfair to us as a body—meant that the Bungs—we don't even shirk the nickname, we own to being Bungs, honest Bungs, John Bull Bungs, but not obstructionist Bungs—I say your Cartoon implied that the Bungs are delighted at the closing of the Museums & so forth, because the folks who, were they open,



DEPRESSION.

First City Man (Optimist). "How's BUSINESS WITH YOU? I CAN'T HELP THINKING THINGS ARE LOOKING BET—"

Second City Man (Pessimist). "DRIFTING FAST TO THE WORKHOUSE! AND WHAT MAKES ME DOUBLY ANXIOUS IS, I CAN'T THINK WHO'LL BE LEFT TO PAY THE POOR-RATE!"

would spend their Sunday in useful and interesting recreation, will now come and pass their Day of Rest in our public-houses, during such hours, that is, as we have permission to admit customers.

This means that we Bungs vote for keeping the Museums shut, in order to encourage Sots.

Now, Sir, I beg to submit that you have no just ground for this inference. When has the voice of the Collective Wisdom of the Bungs—the honest, respectable Bungs—been heard?

At Bethnal Green, to a man, they are in favour of opening the Museum.

We don't want the Sot: he is our curse.

Open the Museums, by all means, and I venture to say our Sunday trade will be trebled without any increase of inebriety, and to the disadvantage of the Sot, who will be elbowed out by honest folk who would come to us for necessary refreshment—just as the Gentlemen would look in at their Clubs for a B. and S.—and would go on their way rejoicing.

We don't want the prohibition on the hours removed. Let the hours of the Publics be for the convenience of the Public.

Poll the Bungs of Bloomsbury, and see if they wouldn't all be for the opening of the British Museum on Sunday.

We don't join hands on this subject with the Archbishop of CANTERBURY, albeit he takes his title from the Hop-Garden of England, nor, on the other hand, do we wish to see a Continental Sunday, such as we understand it to be; for it is a trait in Bung's character that he is a thorough John Bull, and as far as we are acquainted with a Continental Sunday, we don't consider it "*très-Bung*"—if you'll allow me the expression—though I am given to understand that, in Paris, they set open their Picture Academy, which is like our Royal Academy, as I'm told, free gratis to the people whose work prevents 'em seeing it on any of the other six days.

Bungs are glad of rest, and like their Sunday mornings for their wives and families, who are as regular at their place of worship as the Archbishop himself, making allowance, of course, for His Grace going professionally, as it were.

I've been asked to send you this protest, Mr. Punch, and hope that you'll do us the justice to insert it, *pro bono publico*, for the Publican's benefit; and so, wishing you health and prosperity, I remain, for self and friends,

Yours sincerely,

JOHN B. BUNG.



ANALYSIS.

Lady. "WHY DID YOU LEAVE YOUR LAST PLACE?"

Cook. "TIMPER, M'UM."

Lady. "TEMPER! BUT WHEN I'M PUT OUT MYSELF, I SHOW THAT I'M ANNOYED!"

Cook. "OH, I DON'T MIND A M'ROSE TIMPER, M'UM—A REVENGEFUL TIMPER I LIKES; BUT A TIMPER AS GOES A NAG-NAG-NAGGIN' MOENIN', NOON, AND NIGHT, WON'T DO WITH ME!"

ALARMING TO NO COMMON DEGREE!

(According to Professor ODLING.)

SCENE—An Oxford College Garden during Commemoration Week.
Fair Visitors and New Graduate promenading.

First Fair Visitor. Well, if we shall not see you at either of the Balls, the Flower-Show, or the Concert, you will at least secure a boat, and take us down to Nuneham. You will not refuse us this?

New Graduate (moved). Alas! I must; for I do not possess that culture which would enable me deftly to handle the oar, or even the modest punting-pole.

Second Fair Visitor. You surprise us much. We have always conceived the Oxford graduate a man of developed capacity, for whom the word "impossible" had no meaning.

Third Fair Visitor. Yes, there is nothing that is beyond the intellectual grasp of our brother PLANTAGENET. Since he has taken his degree, even *Bradshaw* and the new Lawn-Tennis Rules have been to him no mystery; while you—?

New Graduate (passionately). Nay, chide me not, but consider what is culture. Your worthy brother has been through six books of HOMER, and mastered PLATO with the aid of a literal translation. Nay, he has conjugated the verb *τινω* with but few mistakes. He has, in a word, been grappling with that Greek language, even the partial mastery of which is a condition of the highest educational training.

First Fair Visitor. Yet you wear the elegant gown that denotes the degree of an Oxford Bachelor. Is this an empty symbol?

New Graduate (proudly). No. I can talk to you by the hour of the hyperphosphates, the air-pump, the habits of the Mastodon, and on the advantages of the three-foot gauge. My rooms are the resort

INDIAN NOTES AND QUERIES.

PEACE with honour again! Hooray! Peace with Afghanistan. Not peace at any price. Peace at the price of only sixty thousand a year subsidy to YAKOOR KHAN. Can Sir GARNET WOLSELEY have received instructions to conclude peace on the same terms, if possible, with CETEWAYO?

Peace for India at a pretty considerable price!—but with something to show for it. A scientific frontier, into the bargain. An effectual bar to the advance of Russia at quite a moderate price. Cheap defence of nations!

But suppose now, Mr. BULL, we were in the place of the Russians, and the Russians in ours; they being on the Indian side of our scientific frontier and we on the other: we knowing what we have now come to know about the value of our Indian possessions. Should we in that case, think you, cherish any designs upon India? Shouldn't we rather, in the event of any rumpus with Russia, think it well for us that the occupation of India employed a large portion of the Russian army, and withheld all that number of Russian troops out of the way? Should we desire in the least to deprive the Russians of India; or should we, on the contrary, be most decidedly disposed to allow the Czar to preserve his Indian Empire unmolested, and wish him joy of it?

Can't be Right, any Way.

"SHORT Service systems" GALLOWAY indicts; HAVELOCK wants "the Office" set to-rights. Be "System" or be "War-Office" to blame, JOHN BULL's without an Army, all the same; Which—as he pays for one some Fifteen Millions—If he still stands, he's silliest of silly 'uns!

Very Lucky.

It is announced that the Stratford-on-Avon, Evesham, and Redditch Junction Railway has just been opened for passenger and other traffic. Happily, the exigencies of the Junction Railway did not require that the House of SHAKESPEARE should be demolished in order to the erection of a Station!

QUERY—FOR THE VATICAN.—Was the new French Cardinal PIE chosen for his Pie-ty?

ITALIA IRREQUIETA.—With Etna in eruption, and GARIBALDI in full blast!

of mechanics, chemists, contractors, and philosophers. My bosom friend is an enthusiastic buttermilk with a new patent. Speak to me of these things, and I will respond. But do not try me further.

Second Fair Visitor. But surely, as Canon LIDDON has gracefully pointed out, your education should have aimed at developing a general capacity rather than at attaining a particular kind of knowledge.

Third Fair Visitor. Yes, education should be more careful to discipline faculties than to accumulate facts.

New Graduate (with suppressed emotion). Stay; it is useless to taunt me. I confess it all. I lack those habits of exactness and refinement, without which it is, as the good Canon says, impossible to reach the higher characteristics of an educated man!

First Fair Visitor (starting). Then you are not—a B.A.?

New Graduate (solemnly). No, alas! I am—a B.N.S.!

(Tableau. Curtain.)

"Approach me as the rugged Russian Bear."

"The Academy of Sciences has elected Professor HUXLEY a corresponding Member in the section of anatomy and zoology, in the place of the late Russian naturalist, BAER."

A PROUD tribute to Lord BEACONSFIELD's spirited foreign policy. Even on the neutral ground of Science, the Russian Bear makes way for HUXLEY!

WHAT WE MAY WELL FIND HARD.

To praise an Army without a good deal more Reserve than they have at the War Office.



NINCOMPOOPIANA.

Maud and Clara. "WHAT A LOVELY SUNSET!"
Young Alkestis Trotter. "I—A—CONFESS THAT I'VE NEVER SEEN A SUNSET THAT THOROUGHLY SATISFIED ME YET! AT LEAST NOT IN NATTCHAH, YOU KNOW!"



SYMPATHY—LIMITED.

City Gent (bursting into the Counting-House on Wednesday afternoon, May 28th). "HAVE YOU HEARD?! SIR BEVYS, PALMBEAR'R, AND VISCONTI!"

Second Ditto (Man o' business—the Sporting Partner wasn't in). "BEAVIS, PALMER, AN' VISCONTY! BEAVIS, PAL— SORRY FOR 'EM. BUT WE DON'T DO BUSINESS WITH 'EM— NEVER HEARD O' THE FIRM!"

A LITTLE GAME WITH TURKEY.

As there has been a great deal of discussion about the approaching investiture of the Prince of BULGARIA by the SULTAN, *Mr. Punch* thinks it advisable to publish his own official programme of the ceremony. It will be seen that, as his Sovereignty is the outcome of the provisions of the Treaty of Berlin, Prince ALEXANDER will appear in an international character. This little compliment to the Signatory Powers is sure to be appreciated in London, Paris, Rome, Vienna, Berlin, and St. Petersburg.

Mr. Punch's Programme.

Prince ALEXANDER will wear a combined European costume instead of the fez and straight coat, including a Russian cavalry soldier's cloak, an Italian carabinieri's uniform, a French *kepi*, an English crutch-handled umbrella, and a pair of German cuirassier's boots.

On finding himself in the presence of the SULTAN, His Highness will kiss his liege Lord on both cheeks after the French fashion, and then give him a hearty English shake of the hand.

ALEXANDER will next offer the SULTAN some tea, flavoured with lemon *à la Russe* and a dish of Italian macaroni. Should His Majesty refuse these refreshments, the Prince will substitute Vienna beet, Stilton cheese, French *pain de munition*, and a pipe of German tobacco.

ALEXANDER will then invite the SULTAN to join him in a mixed dance, combining the most effective points of the *Can-can à la Mabilie*, an Austrian *Czardas*, the Slavonic *Mazurka*, and the British Hornpipe. Should the SULTAN express a wish for music, the Prince will offer him a series of dance-movements on the Bavarian zither, and a selection of international airs on the Scotch bagpipes.

After this little concert, winding up with "God Save the Queen," the investiture will take place.

The ceremony will end with a demonstration in favour of England in honour of Prince ALEXANDER's recent visit to Balmoral. His

Majesty and His Highness will indulge in a British cheer. The "hip-hips" will be given by the SULTAN, and the Prince will supply the "hurrahs."

His Highness will then withdraw, after kissing the hand of his liege Lord, who will express a feeling of the greatest gratification at the mixed character of the proceedings.

A PRINCE WITH A PATRONYMIC.

HAIL, Bulgaria's new Prince, ALEXANDER VOGORIDES,

A Physician and Sage of old time bore a name

With thine own patronymic which rhymes—DIOSCORIDES.

In his way he worked wonders; in thine work the same.

He was great in the science of medical botany;

May'st thou prove in State physic a Doctor no less;

Though of herbalist lore not perchance having got any,

In thy practice no simples thou'lt need for success.

Dire disorders dispel, allay fierce animosities;

Dispense equal doses of justice to all—

Turk and Christian alike—that Bulgarian atrocities

Bulgarians, well-governed, ne'er more may befall.

Killing Two Birds With One Stone.

THE *Times* has an article on the difficulties of Japanese writing. Every letter is a picture. This may well make learning to write difficult. But see the set-off. The boy who learns to write among the Japs at the same time learns to draw. Hence the unequalled firmness, accuracy, and deftness of Japanese draughtsmanship. For drawing of flowers and birds, in comparison with their common decorators, W. HUNT was a bungler, and TURNER a tyro! The only letters an Englishman ever learns to draw with are L. S. D.

THE GAY GROSVENOR GALLERY GUIDE.

"Nil admirari's all the Art I know."



Preliminary and Retrospective Address.—The last time I visited the Arrangement in Bond Street I made use of these memorable words, "Never again with you, Robin!" But though it is to be very certainly inferred from this, that, "with Robin I would not go again," yet, on the other hand, I would not have it supposed for one moment, that if I did not go with Robin, I should therefore stay away altogether. "Never again, with you, Robin," but "Once again without you, Robin," just to see how this Day-Nursery of Art—the Bond Street Crèche—is getting on.

Let us mount to the Gallery; I generally prefer the Stalls, but as there is no choice at the Grosvenor, let us go up to the Gallery, and be as Gods. A shilling is a fair price for a Gallery. I grumble not. Sixpence is reasonable for a Catalogue, but you who read this will do well to purchase Mr. HENRY BLACKBURN'S *Grosvenor Notes*, whose illustrations and descriptions are so truthful as to save "Friends at a distance" the trouble of visiting the Gallery itself.

One Word more.—How to form an unbiassed judgment on the merits of a picture. Never look at the name of the Artist. Guess what the picture is intended to mean. If you guess correctly, either it is "bully for the picture" or "bully for you;" i.e., either you are, like Mr. Eccles in *Caste*, "a very clever person," or the painting is a very clever picture. If you are both clever, so much the better.

On this plan I have proceeded. Of course there is no mistaking the notes of the true WHISTLER. There are some imitation Whistlers—mere halfpenny Whistlers, which may puzzle you for less than a moment. Nor could there be any doubt about the brilliant lights of the still Unburnt JONES—the BURNE to which no traveller returns.

At the top of the Staircase:—

No. 193. Right of entrance. I presume that, having paid, your right of entrance is the same as mine; therefore, you'll find the picture at once. It represents, I should say, a Foreigner's idea of a Fine Day near London Bridge. *Bâteaux à vapeur*—and plenty of *vapeur*. This is a Nocturne in blue and gold—including the frame—by our own J. M. WHISTLER. Never desert your colours—such as they are. Here's your own fun in a fog. Bless you, J. M. W.! and may you go on fogging away until you are an old fog-ie yourself, and then retire

"Where the Smudgers cease from smudging,
And the Whistlers are at rest."

No. 200. Left hand of entrance. *Bathing in Hard Water.* ALFRED MORGAN.

No. 205. *Deluded Shrimpers; or, Harlequin mind your own Business, and don't put all your Eggs in one Basket.* Dark Scene from a Serious Pantomime. The Shrimpers have been buying eggs instead of catching shrimps, and returning across the rocks on the sands, the baskets have broken, the eggs have cracked, and the yolks have been spilt all about,—admirably depicted,—on the right hand of the picture. Particularly notice the spilt yolks. In the distance is a small party, probably out for a pic-nic, on whom the stupid

Shrimpers had depended for custom. The pic-nic party, being rather afraid of the weather, take no notice of the Shrimpers, who stand disconsolate. After this, "Will it surprise you" to hear that the subject is *A Highland Funeral*, painted by D. MURRAY? Pooh! not a bit of it! Mr. MURRAY is having a lark with us. Murray come up!

No. 208. *Horses*—after ROSA BONHEUR. ROSA BONHEUR very much in front, however. L. CATTERMOLE calls it *Helter-skelter*.

No. 211. *Violets.* CARLO PELLEGRINI. She's blushing, CARLO, my boy! And so she ought to colour up to her eyes after having painted her lips like that. The bold, forward minx! She's dyed her hair, too, and not yet got it back to its right colour. So young and so—foolish! But when you painted her I suppose you were thinking of Vanity Fair. You're not ashamed of this young lady, are you? No, of course not. Then why keep her so dark? I trust, Signor CARLO, that already some one has said,

"Buy, O let's!
Vi-o-lets!"

But do be a little cheerful next time. You haven't used up all your colours. There's more where they came from. Don't take the shine out of yourself in this way. Take it out of somebody else. Up you go. "*Montez, Carlo!*" as we say at Monaco.

Nos. 162, 163, 164, 165. Panels for decoration, called *Morning; Noontide, Evening, and Night*, which might as well be Spring, Summer, Autumn, and Winter, or Panels for a Jury, or whatever you like, my little dear. Notice the attitude of the gentleman in Summer, or Noontide; also, in the same panel, the position of the Sun. The unfortunate man is "getting it hot." He is, however, safe from a sunstroke, I imagine, which generally lights on the cranium—eh, Mr. WALTER CRANE-TUM?

No. 166 is the work of E. B. J. Eminent BURNE-JONES. His Eminence has given us a heavy angel, grey-haired and quite past work, curiously formed out of such "metal more attractive" as that used for organ-pipes, while the upper part of her wings (or his wings) are fashioned out of ripe artichoke leaves. Being unable to support herself, or himself, on air, the angel has descended, like a collapsed balloon, and been providentially caught in a rum shrub, from which perilous position she, or he, is apparently utterly helpless to extricate herself, or himself, without assistance.

How devotionally this subject *ought* to have been treated is evident from what the Guide tells us it is intended to represent. Do what you like with your Pygmalsions, Galateas, and Venuses, but don't let the Eminent B. J. rush in where even his own artichoked-winged angel would fear to tread. His Eminence has got a Better Angel than this—somewhere at hand. May he inspire him!

Nos. 167, 168, 169, 170. All by E. BURNE-JONES. *The Story of Pygmalion; or, How he Chiselled a Woman out of Something.*

The Eminent B. J. puts it thus:—

No. 167. *The Heart Desires.*

No. 168. *The Hand Refrains.*

No. 169. *The Godhead Fires.*

Then you expect that Venus (she is the Godhead and shoulders, &c.) having fired, has made a hit, like Dr. CARVER at the Crystal Palace—(Pygmalion's a Carver, too, by the way)—but no, we finish with

No. 170. *The Soul Attains.*

There might be—this is merely a suggestion—a classical series, showing how JONES became BURNE-JONES. Thus—

No. 167. *More Jones Desires.*

No. 168. *He Thinks, Doubts, Groans.*

No. 169. *The Godhead Fires.*

No. 170. *Result—Burn Jones!*

This will do for the Gallery next year, and "do for it" very effectually.

No. 145. "Bother that dog! He's strayed again!" said the Lady in a classic dress, looking over her shoulder for her pet, as she walked along the yellow floor, with a dark blue dado behind her. Stop! isn't it the sea-shore? and isn't that the sea? and isn't it Dido looking out for Aeneas? Or, if it is, why not Dido in her palace, on the yellow floor, with the blue wall behind?—*Dido and Dido!* The picture, however, is meant to represent *Ariadne*, not "*The-sea*," but "*By the sea, oh*," and is the work of

Sir COUTTS LINDSAY, Bart.,
Who goes in for High Art.

No. 141. "*The Morning After.*" CECIL LAWSON. I should think so. "*The Morning After*," indeed! Yes, and what a headache poor Mr. CECIL LAWSON must have had, and how everything was whirling and whizzling, and how he said to himself that he would never again paint the morning after, but always do it the night before. An arrangement in "*B. and S.*" *Moral*, for a rising Artist, be an early rising and early bedding Artist, for he who makes a rule—

Early to bed, and early to rise,
Never paints bothering headachy skies.

No. 48. *The Lady Hildred.* J. M. JOPLING. The Artist says he intends to illustrate these lines:—

"Came the minstrel HUBERT," &c., &c.
"And the Lady HILDRED listened hour by hour."

No, Sir! Not this lady you've painted. She might have listened hour by hour to SCHUBERT, but not to HUBERT. "There are chords, JOPLING," said Mr. GUPPY—but they're not the minstrel HUBERT'S.

No. 55. *The Skipper and her Toy.* Portrait of a well-known little Gaiety gal—or, as here, a Gray-ity gal. Probably intended by Mr. JAMES WHISTLER for the outside of some caravan, but not considered sufficiently attractive.

Poor young lady! As one leg is in the air, and the other is an impossibility, he hasn't given her a leg to stand on, though he has significantly supplied her with plenty of rope. As for her eyes—they're the *squint-essence* of portrait-painting, or, considering the subject, *land-skip* painting. O JIMMY WHISTLER, JIMMY WHISTLER, O!

No. 75. *Whitebait at Greenwich: or, Lord Beaconsfield Avenged.* Portrait of Right Hon. W. E. GLADSTONE, M.P. Intended for Lord BEACONSFIELD'S Cabinet—*particulier*, of curios.

One moment before we quit the Gallery. Let us see what Sir FREDERICK the Great, President of the Burlington Academy—I had nearly written Burlington Academy—has sent to Sir COUTTS, the Leader of the Opposition. Quick, come round the corner with me. Never mind the Catalogue. And let us inspect—

Nos. 3 and 4. "Give us something," said Sir COUTTS, "just to show there's no ill-feeling."

"I'll just see what I've got in my old portfolio," replied Sir FREDERICK. Presently he returned, and after carefully dusting the specimens, he said, "Here, Sir COUTTS, I give thee all, I can no more, though poor the offering be, my heart and—"

"Done!" said Sir COUTTS, cutting short the quotation. And so he was.

"I'll throw in two others just to make up a job lot," added FREDERICK the Great, kindly; "and you can take 'em with you in your brougham."

"All right!" replied Sir COUTTS, Art-Bart., "as long as we've got your name, that's all we care for. I mustn't look a gift donkey in the mouth," he added to himself, as he looked at the studies Nos. 84, 85, and 89.

Then Sir FREDERICK the Great, being alone, sang out lustily—

"If I had a donkey what wouldn't go,
Wouldn't I swap it? No, no, no!
I'd give it to the Grosvenor Gallery, oh,
'G. G.' Neddy."

Nos. 103 and 804. Studies of Donkey Girls, companions to Donkeys aforesaid. Bravo, Sir FREDERICK the Great! *Ass in presenti*—to Sir COUTTS, Art-Bart.! And with this little lot, as a North countryman would say, "He cooms and he coutts away!" *So do we.*

That's enough for one turn. Plenty more to see. Back again next week. Hard work. Air! Air! A cigar! Light!—more light! Good. *Puffamus.*

GIFTS BY THE WAY.

(Packed in a Bulgarian Bag.)

"Difficult as is the task that will devolve upon the young Prince, he can not fail to receive from the distinguished personages he is about to visit some material aid towards its accomplishment."—*Morning Paper.*

From *Livadia*.—The ribbons of several military orders, *Handbook to Court Etiquette*, a handsomely bound copy of *A Hundred Ways of Governing without a Constitution*, and a steel under-waistcoat warranted bullet-proof.

From *Downing Street*.—A set of conjuring tricks, a Phrase Book, and a full-length portrait in oils of "the modern MACHIAVELLI."

From *Versailles*.—A prize essay on *National Self-Restraint*, and a balancing-pole, labelled "With M. WADDINGTON'S compliments."

From *Vienna*.—Two stools, with full directions how to sit permanently between them with perfect safety, and the games of thimble-rig, the three card trick, and prick in the garter, with apparatus for playing them complete.

From *Varzin*.—A protective tariff and a beer-jug.

And from *Balmoral* a pencilled copy of the *Life of the Prince Consort*, plenty of sound and excellent advice, and a kindly and generous God-speed.

Motto for Professor Nordenskjöld.

"The North-East Passage has been made with an ease that makes one wonder why it was not done long ago. . . . Professor NORDENSKJÖLD, in the steamer *Vega*, has done a thing in which the element of danger was considerable in a manner that deserves to be called brilliant."—*Times.*

"*PER Vega, per Vada.*"

POLICEMAN "A" ON POPULAR HOLIDAYS.



WHY yes, Sir, 'tis a sloppy one. I've often wondered why it is that when the weather's wet a chap should be so dry. (*A stout-and-bitter, if you please!*) That there Clerk o' the Weather Had best turn up his little job; he's muffed it altogether. Pity that LUBBOCK didn't try to square him at the start—The way he mucks our holidays is awful! For my part, I say that when his tap's turned on, whether in drench or drizzle, The handiest of holidays is just the merest fizzle.

"I've seen a many?" Bless you, yes; in every sort o' place—British Museum, Hampstead Heath, Show, Cricket-Match, or Race; I think I've had a turn all round, and, if you ask my views, A holiday, nine times out o' ten, means too much beer and blues.

How it may be in forren parts I don't purtend to say, But here the rarest of all things 's a regular fine day. And though we Britishers, no doubt, at most things are A 1, The game we are *not* dabs at is a genuine bit of fun.

We haven't got the hang of it somehow, and that's a fact. "We find that play 's the hardest work?" You've hit it, Sir, exact. A Briton's lumpish in his larks, and lumbering in his chaff, Better at getting up a row than getting up a laugh.

In spite of beer and 'bacca, horse-play romp and rowdy brawl, He finds that to enjoy himself 's the hardest job of all. "A bit of a philosopher?" Well, yessir, don't you see I've lots o' time for thinking (*Half a go'll do for me!*)

"Drink does it?" Well, I'm not so sure; that's putting of it short; But it's rum how chaps forget the pot when sweet upon the sport. Fishing don't look like frantic larks; the taste for it seems odd; But you don't find a bloke get screwed when bending o'er his rod.

It's dullness drives a man to drink nine times in ten, I'm thinking, I've often known a spell of blues set the soberest men a-drinking. If you want to keep the people straight, in this dull, rain-drenched land,

You've got to *interest* 'em, Sir, in things they *understand*. Ah! that's your mark! Show, book, or lark, there's everything in liking.

Stone statues and stuffed animals no doubt at times are striking, But they don't *last*; that's where it is, while lush and skittles do. I've seen 'em loitering round such things, and looking bored and blue—

The holiday-makers, Sir, I mean—a-quizzing this and that, And passing werry wide remarks and jokes extremely flat. But this, I should say, as a rule, is the *last* remark you'll hear:—

"Come, BILL, I've had enough of this. Let's go and do a beer!" "Stupidity?" Quite likely, Sir; but then we ain't *all* wise; And the last thing a party learns is how to use his eyes;

The mouth comes handier, I suppose—a donkey can't miss that; But till the head gets furnished like, eye-work falls awful flat. Holidays, Sir, is very well. I like one now and then— (*A little water with that lot. Allow me, Sir! Say when!*)—

And thanks to LUBBOCK and the rest, I say, Sir, for extending 'em; But what we Britishers now want is livelier ways of spending 'em. As how? Well, that's for wise 'uns; it's beyond me altogether. For one thing, we've to circumvent this blessed English weather.

That's a sweet job for Science. Then we want new sorts o' fun; You won't stop drink and 'oss-play with ginger-beer and buns; And if *Invention's* game to try what she can do, why let her, But she won't choke men off the bad unless she gives 'em better.

Dulness and drink spile holidays, like most things, and, what's wus, They play into each other's hand, and give full hands to us. Kill one kill both, and honest fun will banish drunken spree.— (*Well, since you are so pressing, s'pose we say a S. and B.*)

WHAT SIR HENRY BESSEMER MAY GO TO SLEEP IN.—A Steel (K)night-cap.

DRINK!

(Different Stages.)

MR. PUNCH, SIR,

I AM a Working-man as likes my drop o' lush, in a quiet way, and I want to tell you about that new play at the Princesses, as they've christened *Drink*, and advertised in big letters all about, wick I didn't think *Drink* wanted any advertising. Another bit of play-acting at another theatre made a "repentant jockey" (as said he was so) write to the good gentleman at the other theatre to say as how he had given up pulling horses and other vicious courses. If he did it, why shouldn't I?

This is how my Missus and I came to go. We had seen a bottle of what seemed to be fancy soap cut into the shape of parties' heads like as they was preserved in liquor, on all the hoardings, and on many of the sandwich-boards. This was labelled *Drink* right enough, and it said as how it could be got at the Princesses, and so to the Princesses we went to try to get it. But lor bless you, Sir, we were disappointed. It wasn't liquor, but a piece of play-acting!

All the same, if a disappointment at first, it turned out beautiful. At our Institution we have got the works of Mr. DICKENS, and I know all about Mr. Vincent Crummies, the theatrical gentleman as was so proud of the pump and the washin'-tub. How he would have stared to have seen the First Act at the Princesses! Not one tub, Sir, but a whole wash'us with any number of 'em. And then when the two free-spoken Ladies fell out, and took to pitching into one another with soap-suds, it was out-and-out lovely! Me and my Missus was that overcome we was obliged to get a little refreshment at the bar at the back o' the Gallery, to set us right. My Missus said it would have done them two young Ladies good to have joined us, as they must have been drenched to the skin, poor things! You see if it had been a real row their feelings would have kept them nice

and warm; but as this was only play-acting, the soap-suds must have come chilly.

When we came back we had half a dozen more Acts just as beautiful as the first. There was a Working-man, one *Bouquet*, I think, a sort of overgrown Band of 'Opest, as spoke quite beautiful about temperance. It had done him a deal of good, he said; and he did seem to have plenty of spare time upon his hands, and, though a

Blacksmith, as I made it out, he had nothing to do but walk about in a jumper, rather short in the front, but as clean as a new pin.

Afterwards, me and my Missus and some of my mates, as we had met, had a chat over what he had said at the public round the corner, and agreed it was beautiful. Then there was an accident of a Working-man tumbling from the scaffold, as natural as possible, for I see one of my mates fall in the same way. It gave my Missus quite a turn, 'cos she knew the widow; and we'd a friendly lead at the Goose-Club for her and the kids; and we weren't right again until we had both had a little something to cheer us up a bit.

But what pleased my Missus most was when one of the free-spoken young Ladies—as was a regular good 'un at heart, which the other was as bad as bad could be—and didn't we hiss her!—come on starving. While she was a lyin' in the snow, she'd a fancy she see some angels, and was axed up to join 'em. Wich she was just going, when the Blacksmith, as looked cleaner than ever, comes up and takes her into a grand sort o' shop where they sold ready-dressed wittles, sich as lobsters, and raised-pies, and things as you'll see in Soho and Piccadilly shops, as may be wery well for foreigners and swells, wich I don't seem to care for 'em myself. Then he toggled her out in a beautiful cloak that must have cost pounds



REFINEMENTS OF MODERN SPEECH.

SCENE—A Drawing-room in "Passionate Brompton."

Fair Aesthetic (suddenly, and in deepest tones, to Smith, who has just been introduced to take her in to Dinner). "ARE YOU INTENSE?"

and pounds, and the most stylish bonnet I ever see, quite in Regent Street style, and said he would marry her. Oh, it was lovely! Then the snow stopped, and everybody was as happy as happy.

But what pleased me most was that party, suffering from the horrors. It was as true as true can be. I've never had 'em myself,



A DISILLUSION.

MR. BULL (*aside*). "WHY—BLESS MY SOUL!—I ALWAYS THOUGHT SHE HAD A MINT O' MONEY!"

because times have been very hard of late, Sir, and a poor man can scarcely afford anything. But I've seed two shopmates as had 'em, and I seen 'em both in the orspital, and what that there chap at the Princesses tipped us was the real thing and no mistake, rats and snakes, and black beetles and all, till it give me and my Missus a turn, and we was obliged to go out and get a little something to set us right.

Yes, Sir, *Drink* is a moral drama if ever there was one. It ought to do a deal of good. And as I think it over, I feel as I want a little something just to take the taste on it out o' my mouth.

Which I remain yours respectfully,

ONE AS IS A-THINKING SERIOUSLY OF TAKING THE
PLEDGE, BUT DON'T SEE HIS WAY TO IT YET.

MAKING THE BEST OF 'EM.



WE see a statement that when Abyssinian Pumps were applied for "through the proper channel" for the use of the South-African Force, the answer was that there were no pumps in store (except, of course, the official ones, which could not be spared), but that the force could have any amount of coal-scuttles. As we may expect the stores will soon be out of "Solar Topees," may we suggest a use for the coal-scuttles as helmets for the heavy cavalry, who are just the force for the W. O. to send out against the naked and light-heeled Zulus. Thus, with coal-scuttles for helmets, and pokers for swords, the South-African heavy Cavalry Force will be a complete case of the right men in the right place with the right equipment!

PUNCH AT THE FRENCH PLAY.

NEXT to his own immortal performance, and after himself, as the oldest-established and best performer now travelling, *Punch* is prepared to concede to the performances and performers of *La Comédie Française* the first place on earthly boards. His pleasure has been great to welcome them and their admirable Art to the Gaiety—transformed to the Théâtre Français for thirty nights to come, during which its Stage and Auditorium will be occupied by such companies as are not likely to be again recorded in the chronicles of HOLLINGSHEAD.

Only one thing is to be regretted, that, as our Actors are all in full work, and as no English Actor in full work ever has a night's leisure, it is impossible for them to sit under the correction of these the choicest of their confrères of the French theatre.

And yet there are so many lessons to be learnt, that so need learning, more, perhaps, by English Managers even than English Actors, and, above all, by English Stage-Managers—if there were such a thing, which, so far as *Punch* is aware, except in name, and in two or three theatres, there is not!

To begin at the beginning, there was the crowd and the crush of the opening night—a business of getting into the house, only to be compensated by the bill of fare when you did get in.

First came the introduction of *MOLIÈRE* and his children to *SHAKESPEARE* and his children, in the sonorous and musical lines of M. JEAN AIGARD, declaimed by M. GOT as gracefully as *Punch* himself could have done it. Then came, as *relevé* and *pièce de résistance* at once, the grave side of *MOLIÈRE*, in *Le Misanthrope*, done to a turn. (*Punch* takes off his cap to M. DELAUNAY!) Then, as *entremets*, the Second Act of *Phèdre*, with the feverish fire and passionate grace of SARAH BERNHARDT (at whose feet *Punch* prostrates himself, and kisses the hem of her *peplon*). And lastly, as dessert and *bonne-bouche*, *Les Précieuses Ridicules*! *Punch* salutes the Brothers COQUELIN!

And as it was in the beginning, so it has been since—a quick succession of contrasted pieces, all worth seeing for some special point of consummate Art, and, still more, for the perfection of

ensemble—common to them all. Perhaps the most perfectly delightful, as the purest of the series, is *La Joie fait Peur*.

That *CORNEILLE*'s *Menteur* and *MOLIÈRE*'s *Misanthrope* are slightly old-fashioned, is not to be denied. But it is worth seeing what life can be given, even to pieces like these, belonging as completely to the prehistoric Stage as the Mammoth or the Mastodon to the prehistoric earth, by the buoyancy and fervour of such a *jeune premier* as DELAUNAY, and the finished art and many-sided humour of such *premiers comiques* as GOT and COQUELIN. In plays that deal with our own times, like *L'Etrangère* and *Le Fils Naturel*, allowing for their superabundance of good talk and bad morals, to follow the movement of the scene when that mysterious siren, *Mistress Clarkson*, in the person of SARAH BERNHARDT, looking, in her black and yellow dress, like a beautiful *Boa constrictor*—EVE, for the night, having evidently doubled parts with the Serpent—is introduced into the *Duchesse de Septmonts*' drawing-room on the wretched little Duke's arm; to assist at the return visit of the Duchess when the fascinating incarnation of Woman's Revenge on Man tells her horrible story to the innocent victim of Man's Revenge on Woman; to study COQUELIN's embodiment of wicked, well-bred, plucky devilry in the *Duc*—"a little villain great in villainy"—in contrast with FÉVRE's incarnation of Yankee coolness, courage, roughness, readiness, and resource in *Clarkson*, is a revelation of thorough command of all the resources of acting,—carried to their highest point by dint of the most patient labour, the most painstaking rehearsals, and the most constant reference to truth and nature,—which is, in itself, for English actors and audiences both, "a liberal education."

These strange Actors have no lines rigidly ruled for them. Their Low Comedians do not make it their first object to be recognised as soon as they show their faces, and to proclaim their identity whenever they open their mouths. They change the mask of the man with his manners. There is THIRON, in *Gorgibus* of *Les Précieuses Ridicules*, not a bit like THIRON in the Marquis of *Le Fils Naturel*, or *Mauriceau* of *L'Etrangère*; COQUELIN, three as distinct personages as *Punch*, Mr. GLADSTONE, and Lord BEACONSFIELD, in *Mascarille*, *Aristide Fressard*, and *Le Duc de Septmonts*; GOT, passing in one night from the depth of callous criminality and stupidity combined, in the old *Podestà Claudio* of *Les Caprices de Marianne*, to the height of goodness and loving-kindness, in that jewel of an old servant, *Noël*, of *La Joie fait Peur*. Why, even if our English Actors could do anything like this—and we have some, thank our stars, who could do something not so far below it—they never have the chance, with pieces kept running till the Actors haven't a breath of life in them; with imperfect casts, half-and-half rehearsals, slovenly stage-management, and small respect among their fellows or their public for truth and nature. Money, one would say by what one sees, is the *primum mobile* of the House of SHAKESPEARE; Art seems the moving principle of the House of MOLIÈRE—

"'Tis true, 'tis pity,
Pity 'tis 'tis true."

All the faults of our Actors which SHAKESPEARE reproves through the lips of *Hamlet*, are as rampant now as they were when he wrote his advice to the players, and very often the *Hamlet* who delivers the advice is the most flagrant offender against it.

BUT SHAKESPEARE remains SHAKESPEARE, as MOLIÈRE remains MOLIÈRE. Great writer and consummate dramatist as was the father of the Théâtre Français, his personages are embodied humours or abstractions, while SHAKESPEARE's are living men and women. An ideal "House of SHAKESPEARE" wherein those men and women should be embodied with an Art as consummate as that of the Actors of *La Comédie Française*, would be as much grander a thing than any possible "House of MOLIÈRE" as Versailles is grander than Buckingham Palace.

As for the Ladies—but here *Punch* must pause. He is afraid to say all he thinks of either *Mesdames de la Comédie* or of *Mesdames* of the Play-house—for fear of their Ten Commandments. He may pluck up courage by next week.

In the meantime he recommends his readers to lose no opportunity—if they want to see the best Theatrical Art of this generation—of following the course of French performances now being given at the Gaiety—after first reading the plays, that they may the better understand and enjoy the acting.

Finally, he begs to consign to that place where only his own arts of suffocation can be surpassed the architect of the Gaiety Theatre—particularly its upper boxes and its means of exit. He has asked his readers to frequent that theatre. Those of them who cannot go beyond five shillings, must be content to pay an extra amount of bodily suffering which nothing less than the artistic pleasure he promises them could compensate. It may be doubted if even that compensation is adequate.

Punch defies it—but then *Punch* has a stall, and means to pay for it! If that isn't a tribute to *La Comédie Française*, he would be glad to know what could be!



"SWEET LITTLE BUTTERCUP;"

OR, ART-EMBROIDERY, 1879.



A CASE OF "NO COMPRENNY."

"HA! MISTARE ROBINSON! 'OW DO YOU DO! 'AV YOU SEEN ZE LAST NEW PIECE AT ZE 'OLLEBORNE! SUPAIRRE! SPLENDEED!! GOOD!!!"

"A—NO—I DON'T PATRONISE THE ENGLISH DRAMA. I LIKE FINISH, DELICACY, REFINEMENT; AND I'M HAPPY TO SAY I'VE SECURED TICKETS FOR ALL THE FRENCH PLAYS!"

"TIENS! MAIS VOUS SAVEZ LE FRANÇAIS, ALORS?"

"A—I BEG YOUR PARDON?"

"JE VOUS DEMANDE SI VOUS SAVEZ LE FRANÇAIS, PARELEU! CRUCHE, MELON, BAUDET, DINDE, JOBARD, CRÉPIN, MOMIE, COLIN-MAILLARD QUE VOUS ÊTES?"

"A—QUITE SO! NO DOUBT! A—BY THE BYE, HAVE YOU SEEN JONES LATELY?"

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

Nothing much—Magnifico—Gaiety—Olympic—French—English—Mother—Venice—Ancient—Illusion—Summary—Postscript.

OF course just now in the theatrical world of London it's *omne ignotum pro magnifico*—the *magnifico* being the Comédie Française Company now at the Gaiety Theatre, to which, naturally, M. le Redacteur-en-Chef devotes what is supposed to be his leisure. The performance of that Company is a treat, I admit—a genuine treat; and it may be for years, or it may be for never, that I shall ever have the chance of witnessing—on this side of the Channel, without the intervention of those confounded waves about which Britons boast so much, and which they so cordially detest—the *ensemble*, the galaxy, that now coruscates at the Gaiety Theatre.

The genuine Gaiety Company, Mlles. NELLIE FARREN, VAUGHAN, &c., are just now strolling players about the provinces, with, by the way, a grand performance under Royal patronage at Yarmouth. "The Return of the Native" will be early in July.

Yet there are many things English to be seen in town.

"Who was it caught me in Pall Mall,
And told me what he'd got to tell,
That I must see what goes so well?—
The Mother."

I'm glad they've found the *Mother* at the Olympic at last. First they had *The Two Orphans*, then *Married not Mated* (which was satisfactory), and now we've got *The Mother*. Of course the first question is, "How's your Mother?" Well, I saw her last night, and I think she is doing as well as, or better, than could be expected. She has only been out a week or so, poor thing!

The Alhambra is marvellous in costumes and effects, and "Beautiful Venice" is just now the pride of Leicester Square; and when the entranced spectator comes out into a lovely rainy night (here we are again, in June!), he can keep up the illusion by sending a waterman for a gondola on wheels.

A propos of illusions, more or less delightful, I was invited, the other day, to witness the new illusion at the same old place—the Home of Science in Regent Street—the ancient Polytechnic.

"Scenes of my childhood, once more I behold you!" There's the diving-bell,—and the diver,—and the brass knobs, every one of which I regard suspiciously, as being charged with electricity, and ready to thrill me to the very tips of my boots if I dare lay rash hands on any one of them. And there are the models which have never been perfected—only inventions born but to be registered, and die; and there are the models of successful inventions that have brought fame and fortune to their proprietors; and there is the man who, almost angrily, insists on cutting out your profile in black, in less time than I take to tell of his existence; and there are the ships, and the cables, and the Flying Léopard Doll—this is a late innovation, and would not have been tolerated in my scientific age when I was a boy,—and there are the merry-go-round and optical illusions, and the noise of machinery, and the glass manufacturers, and the dust, and the mysterious sounds of music, and of someone talking, and a general atmosphere of lecturers past and gone, but still pervading the place, and smiling benignly on their successors who adhere to the old paths, and weeping over the degeneracy of the Public that craves for more amusement than instruction.

I had often seen PEPPER'S Ghost, and once I have had an interview with Professor PEPPER himself, but this was years ago, and now the Professor has gone to Australia; and, as there is still a mysterious spectre roaming about the Polytechnic, I suppose he may sing to the tune of "The Girl I Left Behind Me,"—

"I've gone away
To Austra-li-a,
So all know where to find me;
I shall not return for many a day,
But—I've left my Ghost behind me."

Only—I am not quite clear whether the Ghost, or the *Illusion*, as the mysterious apparition is now called at the Polytechnic, is the property of the Professor or of its inventor, Mr. BRADY; but, anyhow, it is a wonderful effect, and, as a Statue becomes endowed with life and then returns to its former inanimate material, *Metempsychosis* might be used to illustrate the story of *Pygmalion* and *Galatea*, though the audience there, having probably had enough of science and instruction, would prefer to be more amused than merely interested, and unless something like the German burlesque opera on this subject were given, the simple story itself might become a trifle tedious in dumb-show.

Three comparatively old French pieces are in process of being tackled by as many British dramatists, the result of whose struggles will be seen during the next autumn and winter season, and Miss NEILSON, after a brief but glorious career at the Adelphi, will leave England in the Autumn for two years. 'Tis true, 'tis pity.

Mr. IRVING is having quite a rollicking time of it at the Lyceum, with a round of revivals, and will try to improve on the old *Corsican Brothers*—poor old twins!—when he reproduces them. Mr. FECHTER attempted improvements on KEAN'S version, and it was a big mistake. Once since then I saw the melodrama, with I forget what company, at the Princess's, and it seemed to me to be dull, flat stale, and I should say unprofitable. Was it that the old illusion of days gone by had departed? Was it that the "Ghost melody" had lost its charm? Was it that, since the mania for Spiritualism, I expected more from the Ghost than the Ghost was able to give? Was it because I knew how it was done, and it was no longer a clever illusion? Or was it that I had dined wisely and well, and felt satisfied with myself

alone, and sleepy to all the world? I do not know. But of this I am sure, that I am, as ever,

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

P.S.—On Feeling Sleepy. Permit me one word more before I close my letter and my eyes. Here is a book before me called *Sweet Sleep*. An author who adopts this title boldly disarms criticism—unless the work keeps the reader awake. I remember a collection of stories, entitled *Avant de Souffler la Bougie*. I rather fancy they were all ghost stories, so that you didn't like to *souffler* your *bougie* until you were quite certain there wasn't a *bougie*—I should say a bogie—in the room. The only fault I can find with M. DUNPHIE'S *Sweet Sleep* is, that, when you have read one Essay, you will probably want to look at the next, and most certainly you will if you commence with the melancholy story (it is a ghost story) of the celebrated unfortunate Miss BAILEY, done into Latin in a style that would have delighted old Father PROUT. GEORGE COLMAN the Younger had no more regard even to burlesque rhyme, than had BUTLER in his *Hudibras*, when he wrote—

"Dear Corpse," says he, "since you and I accounts must once for all close, I've got a one-pound note in my regimental small-clothes."

That's not much for rhyme or metre, but Mr. DUNPHIE has improved on it, *Latiné*, thus—

"Tunc Miles, 'Rationem nunc oportet tibi dari,
Est unum mihi solidum in zona militari.'"

That seems to me happy, and so also the refrain—

"O BALIA, infortunata BALIA!
Quam pudet me, quam tædet me, O miserenda BALIA!"

The musical pieces in London are doing well, and *Drink* is well advertised in the public-house windows.

SONS OF NEPTUNE AND MARS.



still obstinately persist in ignoring the Horse Marines?

ON Wednesday last week a battalion of the Royal Marines, amidst hurrahs, embarked at Portsmouth for Zululand. The permission given the Marines to join the Army in the campaign against CETEWAYO, is regarded as a recognition, though a tardy one, of the value of the services ever wont to be rendered at need by that gallant and effective, but hitherto somewhat snubbed and sat-upon, force. It is, however, only a partial tribute of honour to whom honour is due. The Marines to whom this concession has at length been made, are limited to Artillery and Light Infantry. They include no Cavalry.

Why will Government

The Wisest and Best.

WITH a view to appease the discontent created in the Deccan by money-lenders whose extortion has provoked dacoity, and made the ryots riotous, a Bill is about to be introduced on the part of Government, providing, it is said, for the revival of the old village Panchayet. It is further stated that the Panchayet has been very successfully introduced into Ceylon. Very likely. The Panchayet is described as a council of elders which used to adjudicate upon land, money-lending cases, and petty assaults. It is, in fact, a local Collective Wisdom, or Wittenagemote of the very Wisest—as the first syllable of the word implies.

SOMETHING TO STAND ON.

THERE has been considerable question as to the head-gear of the Prince of BULGARIA. There can be none as to his foot-gear—*Balmorals*!

THE BESSEMER SPURS.

THE Improver of Steel Manufacture has won his spurs—the spurs of Knighthood. He had earned them long ago by overcoming the obstinacy of pig-iron, and showing how to convert it, cheaply and quickly, into steel. Why did the British Government persistently refuse Mr. (now Sir HENRY) BESSEMER permission to receive the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour, awarded to him, on condition that they would let him wear it, by the late Emperor of the French? Because the British Government chose to play dog in the manger. It would neither give a great inventor recognition itself nor suffer a foreign Power to do so. Now that at length Her Majesty's advisers have done BESSEMER right, and dubbed him knight, perhaps they may be ready to admit that there can be no earthly reason why either he or any other of Her Majesty's deserving subjects should be denied the liberty to bear about him at his button-hole, on his bosom, in his hat, or elsewhere, any decoration conferred upon him by any neighbouring and friendly "Fountain of Honour."

A CAPITAL COMPROMISE.

ALEKO PASHA should, the Mussulman says, Have, at far Phillipopolis, sported a fez; But Bulgaria's people declared he should not; They'd have him appear in the Frank chimney-pot.

But he knew a trick better than this or than that, So ALEKO wore neither a fez nor a hat: He appeared—for 'cute compromise showing a knack— In a native and neutral Bulgarian calpak.

ALEKO PASHA seems a sensible chap, Who, whatever he wears, will not wear a fool's cap. Withinside his calpak there's a head that contains, As he'll show, let us hope, a good cargo of brains.

HONOUR WHERE HONOUR IS DUE.

"THE QUEEN AND ST. KATHERINE'S HOSPITAL.—Yesterday afternoon, in the Board-room of the Westminster Hospital, the first three St. Katherine's Nurses were invested with the Royal badge of the Order, which carries with it an allowance of £50 per annum."

HONOUR to HER MAJESTY, who honours herself and her sex in thus founding a "Nursing Order of St. Katherine." Can honours more honourable to giver and receivers alike, flow from England's Fountain of Honour? Surely not. And that this new Order should have been inaugurated by the badging and endowing of these Sisters of the particular Nursing Society founded by Lady AUGUSTA STANLEY, in Westminster, and well within the sunshine of Royal favour, is their good fortune, and no unfairness to others not less deserving, if less within ken of the QUEEN. It is a case, not of a St. Katherine pear, but of a St. Katherine trio, "the side that's next the sun," as SUCKLING sings in his sweet lines *On a Wedding*.

Remunerative Employment for Young Ladies.

TALK of the difficulty of finding employment for educated women! Read this, from a recent Number of the *Daily Telegraph*—

NO SALARY.—WANTED, NURSERY GOVERNESS, from 25 to 30, and to superintend six children. Good needlework essential. Washing found.—Address, &c.

Of course, with nursery-maid at £18 a-year, parlour-maid at £20, and cook at £30, there can't be much left for the nursery-governess, but there is always the comfortable home and the washing.

A SERIOUS MISHAP.

WE regret to hear that *Short Service* (by Carducci, out of War Office), who had been entered by his owner, J. BULL, Esq., for the great European Military Flat Race, and heavily backed, has broken down, and will have to be struck out of the race.

QUERY FROM GIRTON.—If Pre-adamite means "before ADAM," does Primeval mean "before EVE?"

THE BEST PLACE FOR THE OVERWORKED CURATE (in his own opinion).—By the See side.

THE CURE FOR RUSSIAN NIHILISM.—Annihilation.



HALFWAY UP THE HILL.

Grandpapa. "BY GEORGE, I MUST STOP AND BLOW A BIT, TOMMY!"

Tommy. "ALL RIGHT, GRANDPAPA! I'VE GOT A STONE TO PUT UNDER YOUR HEEL!"

OUR "HUNDRED GREATEST MEN" (AND WOMEN).

MR. PUNCH has had an advertisement forwarded to him of a work now in course of publication, entitled *The Hundred Greatest Men: Lives and Portraits of the One Hundred Greatest Men of History*—together with a petition, respectfully and respectfully signed, praying him to favour the world with a list of those whom he considers to be the "Hundred Greatest Men of History." Mr. Punch has taken infinite pains to comply with this request in a liberal, comprehensive, cosmopolitan, and international spirit, and feels certain that universal satisfaction will be entertained at his recognition of the claims of Women to be included in the illustrious Catalogue.

Mr. Punch's List, which, for convenience of reference, is divided into Classes, stands as follows:—

H.M. King Arthur, H.M. King Cole, H.M. the King of the Cannibal Islands, Pope Joan, Queen Mab, H.R.H. Duke Humphrey, Blue Beard.

Gog, Magog, the Lord Mayor, the Sheriffs.

Lord Dundreary.

Sir R. de Coverley, Sir John Falstaff, Sir John Barleycorn, Sir Jeffery Hudson.

Don Quixote, Don Juan, Count Fathom, Baron Munchausen, Dr. Faustus, Professor Teufelsdröckh, Mynheer von Dunk, Rip van Winkle, Diedrich Knickerbocker, Sancho Panza, Mephistopheles, the Flying Dutchman, the Wandering Jew, Prester John.

General Bounce, Captain Bobadil, Captain Macheath, Captain Cuttle.

Mr. R. Crusoe, Mr. Friday, Mr. Lemuel Gulliver, Mr. Peter Wilkins.

Mr. Justice Shallow, Judge Lynch, Mr. John Ketch, Mr. Bumble.

Rev. Dr. Primrose, Rev. A. Adams, Dr. Syntax.

St. Jingo, Santa Claus, Father Christmas, Father Prout.

Mr. John Sheppard, Mr. Jonathan Wild, Mr. G. Faux, Mr. Jeremy Diddler.

Rob Roy, Robin Hood, Little John.

THE ANDERSONS' GOLDEN WEDDING.

(For translation into German.)

JOHN ANDERSON my jo, JOHN,
Since we for gude were wed,
Just fifty years ha' shed their snaws
Upon your pouthered head.
And though we're baith grown auld, JOHN,
And dodderly and slow,
We'll keep our gowden weddin'-day,
JOHN ANDERSON my jo!

JOHN ANDERSON my jo, JOHN,
We'll climb a coach thegither,
An' when the breakfast's owre, JOHN,
Dash aff wi' ane anither;
And whilst our wheels ahint, JOHN,
Auld shoon the neebors throw,
We'll to our gowden honeymoon,
JOHN ANDERSON my jo!

BOUNCING BUTTERFLIES.

ALTHOUGH the Whitsuntide holidays were over, and Parliament was sitting, a telegram from Geneva, transcribing all record of the enormous gooseberry order, announced the other day that:—

"On Saturday the commune of Wetzikon, Canton Zurich, was invaded by an immense swarm of butterflies a kilometre wide, and so long that the procession took two hours to pass. They were principally of the kind known in Switzerland as *Distelfalter*, which feed on nettles and thistles."

These more than Broddingnagian butterflies must have swept all the nettles and thistles in Switzerland off the face of the earth. What a benefit for all Switzers except goldfinches and donkeys! Fancy a swarm of butterflies a kilometre wide and long in proportion! No wonder the swarm took two hours to pass in procession. In the meanwhile there must of course have been a total eclipse of the sun.

A MANIA.

DISTRACTED enthusiasts are raving about Mlle. SARAH BERNHARDT. At night, in the neighbourhood of Chester Square, S.W., wild young journalists are heard singing, "I've gone wrong for the sake of Sarah!"

Rory O'More, Tam O'Shanter.

Daniel Lambert.

Mr. John Robinson, Mr. John Horner, Mr. John Frost, Mr. John Straw, Mr. and Mrs. John Sprat, and Mr. John Bull.

Mr. Thomas Tiddler, Mr. Thomas Thumb.

Mr. E. Cocker, Mr. Cockle.

The Siamese Twins, The Three Tailors of Tooley Street, The Seven Wise Men of Greece.

Mr. Brown, Mr. Jones, Mr. Robinson.

Mr. Bell, Sylvanus Urban, Junius.

Lady Bountiful, Madame Tussaud, Mrs. Grundy, Mrs. Harris, Mrs. Malaprop, Mrs. Partington, Mrs. Glasse, Mrs. Rundell, Mrs. ("Mother") Hubbard, and Miss Sarah Lunn.

Mr. Punch!

(For Portraits, by the best masters, old, mediæval, and modern, apply at the Office.)

Punch's Nursery Rhyme for Sir Henry Drummond Wolff.

(On his return from Philippopolis.)

COCK-A-HOOP, cock-a-hoop, BEACONSFIELD's man,
Make of Eastern Roumelia the best that you can.
Cut it, and carve it, and mark it with "B,"
Then leave it to Time, and see what you will see!

"DRINK," IN THREE ACTS.

LET us have some more!
Le's ha' s'more!
L' Assommoir!

WHAT OUR CAT SAYS (*she likes to be in the fashion*).—*La Joie fait Purr.*

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



MONDAY, June 9.—Parliament pulled itself together again, by a great effort, after the Whitsuntide recess. Anything duller could not well be imagined than the assembling of our young and old friends. *Punch* feels prompted to sing—

“Uprouse ye, then, my weary, dreary men,
It is your opening day.”

The first night was devoted to Demand and Supply;—Demand, in the shape of questions; Supply, in the form of Civil Service Estimates.

Sir WILFRID LAWSON, inquiring the last news of CETEWAYO, Sir M. HICKS-BEACH told him that messengers had come from the Zulu King, expressing his desire for peace, but not charged with terms. CETEWAYO has been told to go—not to Bath, but to CHELMSFORD; but will, probably, have to deal with Sir GARNET. The war halts for want of means of transport out there; and no wonder when it creates so little transport here.



"THE SOLDIER'S TEAR."—Old Song.

Officer (to Royal Marine who has just been inspected to go to Zululand). "WHAT'S THAT MAN CRYING FOR? WHAT ARE YOU CRYING FOR, SIR?"

Joe. "BOO-HOO! WHA'S THE GOOD O' GOIN' NOW!! WE OUGHT TO 'A' GONE A YEAR AGO!!" [Exit, sobbing, to the Canteen.

Mr. BOURKE told Sir T. CAMPBELL that the SULTAN is going to submit the reorganisation of his European provinces, not taken in and done for at Berlin, to local commissioners. This is by Sir H. LAYARD's advice—excellent advice, but like good physic, of no use till taken. *Punch* quotes *Portia*:—"If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do!"

By half-past four the House was in Committee of Supply, and remained there, with very small progress to a great deal of proying, for the best part of the night. One Vote, that on Scotch Prisons, took two hours and a half, and Mr. PARNELL Divided 4 to 152 against the salary of a Scripture Reader at Perth! *De minimis, si non curat lex, curant legeslatores*. All the opposed Irish Votes were postponed after a wrangle, and Progress was reported after one Vote for salaries and superannuation allowances had been disposed of. With this tale of talk and work and the formal forwarding of a Law Bill a stage, the House was busy till close on three in the morning. "*Sedet aeternumque sedebit, infelix*." Like *Juliet*, it speaks but it says nothing, and does the same, and it is not like the sailor's voiceless parrot—it does not think the more.

Tuesday.—A Morning Sitting.

Colonel GOURLEY (Volunteer) wants to know what the inquiry on Army Organisation is to inquire into, and who are to be the inquirers.

Colonel STANLEY tells him the inquiry is to be into the working of Short Service, the Reserves, and the Localisation-scheme. It is to be conducted by a Committee—not a Royal Commission—of regular officers, having nothing to do with War-Office or Horse Guards.

Sir H. HAVELOCK condemned the composition of the Committee in advance. So did Sir A. GORDON. It will satisfy neither the Army nor the Public. (Query per *Punch*. What will?)

Then the House was delivered of a deal of "skimble skamble stuff," on the subject of Army Organisation, in which Mr. HOLMS (of course), Sir G. CAMPBELL, who must have his tongue in any talk that is going, and Mr. STORMY PETREL PARNELL took part.

At last, seeing the night wearing on in idle chatter—with the Session on the wing, and business all in arrear—the CHANCELLOR OF

the EXCHEQUER broke out into a wail of unwonted vigour, declaring it impossible for Parliament to get on with its work in the face of such fearful waste of wind—"which nobody will deny."

BIDDULPH "reigns in Cyprus;" if anybody (except the BIDDULPH connection), particularly cares to know.

The House spent the rest of the sitting on one (the Punishment) Clause—the Cat's Clause, it may be called—of the Army Regulation Bill, with some hundred and fifty other clauses waiting.

Mr. HOPWOOD wants to limit lashes to six, which, multiplied by the cat's tails, come to fifty-four.

The House was still talking about this when the hour of adjournment came.

In the Evening Sitting, Mr. REGINALD YORKE moved a Resolution to muzzle the London School Board. It is doing too much; going too fast; rating too high; teaching too many things; hunting up too many scholars; building too handsome schools; paying too high salaries; in fact, altogether taking too much upon itself, and out of the pockets of the rate-payers.

Bravo, Mr. YORKE! If we are to believe you, the Board has crushed the ragged-schools; is extinguishing the voluntary schools; is stamping out the middle-class schools; is travelling out of the region of the three R's; is defying the Education Department, and generally outrunning the constable all over the place. Altogether, the London School Board, in Mr. YORKE's eyes, is displaying a disgusting activity, and is actually costing the rate-payers fivepence in the pound! Its rate ought to be kept down to tuppence.

Mr. W. E. FORSTER, as the Board's foster-father, took up the cudgels for his forsterling. If the Board was spending too much, was it not an elected body? Were there not the rate-payers to stay its hands, and tie up their own purse-strings? But, after all, what was fippence to the aggregate of metropolitan rates, . . . and for what other fippence of those rates was there as good a return in value received?

Punch agrees with Mr. FORSTER, that YORKE is not wanted; and that his onslaught represents more hostility to the Board than zeal for economy or concern for the rate-payers.

Lord GEORGE HAMILTON damned the Board with faint praise, and thought there *was* disquietude at the London scale of salaries. He hoped the Motion would not be pressed, as Government could neither vote for, nor against, it.

Bravo, Lord GEORGE! nothing like plain speaking. But did you think that *Punch* was behind you, with a dream-Cartoon, of a certain animal—not *Bottom* with an ass's head, but with Lord B.'s head on an ass's body—between two bundles?

The debate was adjourned, but is not likely to be resumed. If the School Board spends, it schools; and the best-spent money that is taken out of the pockets of the heavily-taxed London ratepayer is just, *Punch* verily believes, that School Board "fippence."

Wednesday.—Mr. CHAMBERLAIN does not see why the polling-hours of our public Elections should not be from 8 to 8, and brings in a Bill to extend them accordingly. If it was feared that darkness would bring drunkenness, let them shut up the public, after dark, at Election times.

Mr. ASHETON moved the rejection of the Bill. Taking Elections into the dark hours, was a return to the Dark Ages. It would lead to increase of bribery, personation, and all "deeds of darkness."

Mr. WHEELHOUSE supported the Bill on behalf of Leeds; so did Sir CHARLES DILKE, Mr. RATHBONE, Dr. CAMERON (of Glasgow), Mr. HIBBERT, Mr. SAMUELSON, and Colonel BERESFORD—Members for large boroughs.

Mr. W. E. FORSTER said it was difficult for many electors, in large and widely-scattered boroughs, to record their votes before four; and he knew of no other remedy but this.

Sir M. W. RIDLEY laid weight on the objections of Mayors and Town-Clerks (Sir J. HERON, of Manchester, for one).

Ultimately, the Bill was rejected by 190 to 165—a division which marks the measure as one on its way to be carried.

Though *Punch* finds it difficult to believe that any man who cares to vote is now prevented by the polling hours, he does not see why a working-man should be mulcted of his brief dinner-time. "I've only an hour for my dinner," says TOOLE, in *Todgers*, and it is not pleasant to have to make that little less. It is all very well for Swells to sneer at the sacrifice, but they have more leisure than they know what to do with. Not so the working-man—except on his Saint Mondays—regularly once a week, "with liberty to add to their number."

Thursday.—Question-time overflowed till nearly six, thanks to a row caused by Mr. O'DONNELL's question to Sir M. H. BEACH about alleged atrocities committed by English soldiers in Zululand. The War-Office has directed an inquiry into these allegations. Sir M. H. BEACH insisting that anybody would have been satisfied with this but Mr. O'DONNELL, Mr. O'DONNELL, moving the adjournment of the House, declared he was no more satisfied with Colonel STANLEY's inquiries than with Sir M. H. BEACH's answers.

This brought up half-a-dozen Members eager to tread on the tail of Mr. O'DONNELL's coat. SULLIVAN was straightway in it, and PARNELL. Then FORSTER and NEWDEGATE interfered to pour oil on the waters; and the row ended, after loss of an hour and a half, with Mr. O'DONNELL disclaiming all personal imputations, and explaining that he only meant that the BEACH of East Gloucestershire, like the Oak of Dodona, had been made the mouthpiece of evasive answers.

The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER, sanguine man, hopes that the South-African war will be brought to a close by the end of June, and will have cost only half a Million a month by the time all the bills come in. Walker!

Adjourned debate on the Indian Budget. Was there ever heard such a thing! An Indian Budget discussed in Ascot week! JOHN BULL's eyes must be opening at last. India's case is evidently serious. J. K. CROSS, gloomy, Mr. HUBBARD, hopeful, Mr. GLADSTONE grave and ominous. The time seemed at hand, when, unless we could retrench Four Millions a year, we should have to take on our shoulders the responsibility of Indian expenditure as well as our own, and carry an Indian Old Man of the Sea, as well as his British brethren, on our own shoulders. It is well that Government has decided on retrenchment. But it has not the pluck to cut deep enough. All looks gloomy in the Indian Empire since we hailed our QUEEN its Empress—augmented taxes; Arms Act; Press Law; uncertain and inelastic revenue; new territory; more expensive frontier defences; duties unadvisedly repealed; licence-tax strained to disaffection point! And how are the Four Millions a year to be cut off? In civil expenditure something may be possible; more in military! The ultimate responsibility rests with Parliament. Here we have a Treasury check: India has none.

Mr. SMOLLETT congratulated Mr. GLADSTONE on his speech, and then proceeded to lash all round, laying his thong heaviest on the Duke of ARGYLL, and his "bête noire," the Public Works Department, whose "productive" works produced nothing but mischief. He gave a summary of the Company's Government from 1814 compared with the Imperial Government from 1860. The first had made an *Indian Empire*, the last had made an *Indian Bankruptcy*. There was only one remedy, economy and reforms. But had the Govern-

ment the pluck to retrench? The Departments were overloaded with officials, and they were the curse and the scourge of India. Five Millions a year could and should be saved, and contentment, comfort, and loyalty would be brought back to the Indian people.

Mr. RATHBONE followed suit, with less of the whip.

Mr. GOSCHEN delivered an excellent exposition of the Silver difficulty. It was temporary, and what was most to be feared was empirical remedies.

Only leave them alone,
The rupees will come home,
And leave no loss behind them!

But no tampering with the currency. Better the vagaries of the precious metals than the vagaries of Viceroy and Legislatures. Allow natural causes to work, and adjust your expenditure to the new price of the rupee.

Mr. BALFOUR, as a member of the Silver Committee, said ditto to Mr. GOSCHEN.

Mr. E. STANHOPE put the best official face upon everything—advance of India, social, material, and moral; education; finance; frontier wars; remission of cotton duties; Arms Act and Vernacular Press censorship. He thought they could save Two Millions a year all round, and that continued year after year would put things straight and keep them straight.

Punch can only say as the Spartan said, in capital letters—"IF." Sir G. CAMPBELL doubted if the material condition of the people of India had recently improved.

And then the Five Million India Loan Bill was read a Second Time, and the House was Counted Out at a quarter past one on its first night's really creditable—not doing—but talking, since its first night on the Indian Budget.

So let JOHN BULL stomach his disillusion, and hold hard to the fact, that India is *not* worth a mint of money.

Friday.—The Lords met and adjourned by half-past five, after forwarding some Bills a stage. That the Lords can do, without talking about it; whereas the Commons can talk about it but cannot do it.

Commons.—Local Government of the Metropolis. Heaven help our prospect of it, if it is to be gauged by to-night's desultory talk. Then to Continuous Brakes. Agreed to leave their adoption to the proper feeling of the Railway Companies!

FARMER HAWFINCH'S DREAM.



LORAMASSY, what wonderful pictures they be

What we zees in our drames, or do sim fur to zee,

When our eyes be fast closed in the dark and abed!

Have us got eyes behind eyes, inside o' the head?

Gwiun whoam-ards from markut at Winchester town,

I was ketched in the rain driven over the down.

And I'd got about 'leven mile vurder to goo,
Zo, afor I rached whoam, I got drippun wet droo.

For to 'vide ketchun cold, that night, 'fore I turned in,
I mixed me a nightcap o' hot beer and gin,
And set out in the kitchen, and swiggled un there,
Till a smokun my pipe I drapt off in my chair.

I drempt I'd gone back to the plecth where I'd ben,
I mixed down to the Close from 'the Corn Markut then.
The Cathadral was nigh when ut come on to power;
Zo I went and took shelter within from the shower.

When lo and behold, unto me did appear
Dree wry-fashioned figgers in robes long and queer,
Stiff as shapes in staain'd winders of old, wi' a thing
Aitch atop of 'a's head like a shiny gold ring.

"HAWFINCH," hollered a vice, "like a stuck pig doan't stare;
This here is Saint Giles, and Saint Kattarn that there.
And the one wi' a crook, standun 'twixt him and she,
That's Saint Swithun, once Bishop as rooled this here see."

"Saint Swithun," I heard them two 'tothers complaain,
"The farmers be cryun out 'long o' the raain.
Make hay whilst the sun shines 'tis useluss to zay,
Whilst thee keep'st on downpowerun they can't make no hay."

Saint Swithun, in aanswer, said, "Never you fear.
In good time and due sazon the skies I'll sweep clear.
I've my innuns had early; my Veast I'll keep dry;
Varty days shall be fine from that day in July."

Then I woke wi' a start, as a dramer med do;
And I hopes that there drame as I drempt 'ool prove true;
And St. Swithun gie over afoor 'tis too late
Fur the grass and the green crops as well as the whate.

HAYMEN!

DICKENS'S DICKENSIONARY OF LONDON.

(Notes for a Happy-Thought Guide-Book to London.)

AN Unconventional Handbook which, as a Chatty Guide to our Metropolis, is well worth the outlay of a shilling. The visitor to London will find that he has secured in Mr. CHARLES DICKENS the companionship of that invaluable person known on the Stage as *Charles his Friend*. Much wisdom is displayed in its arrangement, as for instance when the reader, wishing to know where he can purchase a carriage in London, refers to the heading "Carriages," he will find

"CARRIAGES.—(See HORSES.)

Isn't this wisdom? Isn't this CHARLES his Friend's most friendly way of delicately giving the very best advice? It means, of course, "first buy your horse, then get your carriage. Do you know the cost of a horse? of its keep? No? Then wait till you've just gone into that subject, my friend. Anyway," adds CHARLES, that is, by implication, "in my Guide-book everything's done in order, and I don't put the cart—I mean the carriage—before the horse."

To read aloud this item "CARRIAGES.—(See HORSES)," sounds to the listener like a wrinkle for the Aquarium. Of course a carriage for "sea horses" would be fitted with "C springs."

The reader will also be amused by referring to CHARLES his Friend's notice of Boodle's Club. He says,

"Repeated applications have failed to elicit any reply from the Secretary."

Fancy the Repeated applications! Here we are again, every morning, at the Secretary's Office. Poor CHARLES his Friend had a bad time of it. However the joke doesn't end here. Proceed with "B," and see what CHARLES says about Brooks's Club. Then let us take another B in CHARLES's hive:—

"BRITISH MUSEUM.—(See MUSEUM, BRITISH.)

This is genuine humour. Humour! it's inspiration. Inspiration!! Hang it! it's a Happy Thought!

The dream of my childhood has ever been to write a Guide-Book—*The Happy Thought Guide to London*! Oh, CHARLES, you are indeed my friend. CHARLIE is my darling! I shall arrange it all on the "Carriage-see-Horses-Boodles-Brooks-and-Museum-British" plan. I'm on. I'm on. I'm there! I'm everywhere. I'll put a girdle round the radius in less than two seconds.

Here's a specimen:—

AFTERNOON.—(See IMPERIAL.)

AQUARIUM.—(See AFTERNOON.)

AMERICA.—Not in London.—(See UNITED STATES.)

AMUSEMENTS.—Different people have different opinions. What do you like yourself? Write to Editor, inclosing six postage-stamps.

ARMOURERS' COMPANY.—(See COMPANY OF ARMOURER—and, as you can know a man's character by the company he keeps, that will decide you as to whether you want to see any more of the Armourer.)

ARTHUR'S CLUB.—No person of the name of JOHN can belong to this. All ARTHURS. His celebrated Round Table is kept here. Admission by front door.

ASHES.—(See VESTRY on this subject.)

BADMINTON CLUB.—A Club instituted for the purchase of broken crockery or falsely-described china. Hence the name, "*Bad-Minton*." (For "*Good Minton*," see BOND STREET.)

BLACK-EYE—how to get one.—(See COALHEAVER.)

BLOOMSBURY.—The most rural part of London. Quite a *Rus in urbe*, as the Emperor of RUSSIA said of himself, when he was last here. Hence its name, "*Blooms-bury*," which signifies a place where the Berries Bloom. (See IT.)

An Island of the Blest.

THE Colonial Treasurer of New Zealand, who has lately made his financial statement to the Legislature of that happy island, is called—what do *Punch's* readers think?—The Hon. J. BALLANCE!

Oh, if we could see him in the Exchequer at home! Come—BALLANCE—come to the Mother Country, that yearns for you!

THE GREATEST HAPPINESS OF THE GREATEST NUMBER.—Eating and drinking.

THE NEW OXFORD COMMISSIONER.—Chaos come again.

A CONFESSION.



'Tis often asked, what style of Girl
Best pleases *Punch*: amidst the whirl
Of London's season, which, the pearl
Of pearls great *Punch* would call?

To *Punch* all Girls are sweet as sweet,
Brunette or blonde, grande or petite.
He throws himself at their fair feet,
And loves 'em, short or tall.

Merry or earnest, plump or slim,
Well-rounded charms, or *svette* and trim,—
Bless you! it's all the same to him!
He loves 'em, great and small.

Clear eyes of gray, and azure blue,
Brown, hazel, black, and sapphire too;
And Irish eyes of violet hue—
Punch loves 'em, one and all.

All locks he loves, in tress or braid,
Front-frizzled, rough, or smoothly laid,
Black, brown, and gold, of every shade,
Since EVE first let hers fall.

Sweet noses, be they short or long,
"Tip-tilted" (as in Laureate's song),
Straight, aquiline—not one comes wrong—
On *Punch* they never pall.

Full lips that pout, shy lips that smile,
Proud lips that curl, sly lips that wile;
All lips can *Punch's* heart beguile
At drum, or rout, or ball.

So *Punch* each lovely damsel greets;
And vows that while his true heart beats,
He loves not one, but all he meets,
In palace, cot, or hall!

A RHYME FROM "HAMLET."

"Prince ALEKO —
'Miching mallecho' —
Means mischief."



THE POWER OF PUBLIC OPINION.

Our Pet Critic (soothingly). "WELL, I CAN'T CONSCIENTIOUSLY PRAISE IT, OLD MAN! BUT I'LL TELL YOU WHAT I'LL DO FOR YOU—I'LL BLACKGUARD IT SO FEARFULLY THAT LOTS OF PEOPLE WILL COME FORWARD, OUT OF FAIR PLAY, AND SWEAR IT'S THE GREATEST WORK OF GENIUS THIS AGE HAS EVER SEEN!"

Pictor Ignotus. "THANKS, MY DEAR BOY, AND BLESS YOUR KIND HEART!"

Pictor Notus. "HA! HA! HA! YOU AN ART-CRITIC? WHY, HOW OLD ARE YOU, MY LAD?"

Our Pet Critic (sternly). "IF YOU DARE TALK IN THAT WAY TO ME, SIR, I'LL BE HANGED IF I DON'T PUBLISH IT, AS MY EARNEST CONVICTION, THAT YOUR PICTURE IS THE ONE SUPREME AND CROWNING MASTERPIECE OF CONTEMPORARY ART!"

[Appalled by the threat, Pictor subsides.]

UNSEASONABLE SEASONING.

Spring. Ha! ha! My disguise, I conceive, is perfection.

Summer. Ho! ho! Who would recognise Summer in me?

Spring. I leave poor mankind in the deepest dejection.

Summer. I doubt if my advent will fill 'em with glee.

Both. We've frozen 'em, drenched 'em, and cut off their sun, Till they're getting quite desperate. Isn't it fun?

Spring. The Seasons? Ha! ha! Sounds ironical, very.

Summer. An ancient distinction that's obsolete quite!

Spring. Ho! ho! Why they used to consider me merry!

Summer. And I was the blooming, the balmy, the bright!

Both. But the lyres of the poets are both out of tune, And December's no more like December than June.

Spring. Just look at my nose! 'Tis as blue as old Winter's!

Summer. Twig my gingham and macintosh—pluvial, eh?

Spring. April showers? I send mine in keen icy splinters.

Summer. June blossoms? My deluge will make 'em look gay.

Both. Ha! ha! We're uncommonly like one another; 'Tis six (months) of one, half-a-dozen of 't'other!

Spring. Awful joke! Only change from Jack Frost to Aquarius!

Summer. Rare lark! Only choice between deluge and ice!

Spring. I've wintered, you water 'em! Hope they're hilarious.

Summer. They look must lugubrious. Isn't it nice?

Both. Together, alternately, Snow, Blow, and Flow

Rule what once were the Seasons. Ha! ha! and ho! ho!

[Left laughing, and be blown to 'em!]

NAUGHTY PEOPLE.—The Nihilists.

"A BERLIN!"

THE following gifts, offered to the Emperor and Empress of GERMANY at the recent Golden Wedding at Berlin, by some mistake have not yet appeared in the official list of presents. From—

The Emperor of Russia.—A suit of chain-armour (to be worn under a General's uniform), warranted dagger and bullet-proof, and a guide-book to Siberia.

The President of the French Republic.—A Slang Dictionary, compiled by the members of the Corps Legislatif, and edited by M. PAUL DE CASSAGNAC.

The Sultan of Turkey.—Contrivances for floating loans in the event of national shipwreck.

The Khedive of Egypt.—A donkey-whip, and a patent screw press, adapted for pressing cotton and squeezing fellahs.

Prince von Bismarck.—A patent gag, warranted to keep everybody quiet—for a time.

The Earl of Beaconsfield.—A golden wreath. (Idea borrowed from TRACEY TURNERELLI.)

The ex-Queen of Spain.—A copy of the old English air, "Darby and Joan," arranged for the castanets.

The Prussian Press.—A pair of rose-coloured Spectacles.

Mr. Holms, M.P.—An Essay by himself, entitled *The Military Systems of England and Germany, from a Hackney point of view.*

The German Nation.—A complete set of Good Words.

And Mr. Punch.—A ditto of good wishes.

VERY QUESTIONABLE.—Whoever attempts to rule the Irish Home-Rule Party, will he ever be other than a Butt—for all manner of arrows, poisoned and otherwise?



UNSEASONABLE SEASONING.

SUMMER (to SPRING). "YOU WINTER'D 'EM!—I'VE WATER'D 'EM! LET'S HOPE THEY'VE LIKED IT!"

QUEER SITE FOR A CHURCH.



"A proposal has been set on foot, with every prospect of success, to build a memorial church on a site which will bear a mournful but immortal name in English history."—*Times*.

By all means raise a memorial to the brave who fell at Isandlana; but would not a preferable place for it be inside St. Paul's? Or if the monument must needs be a church, had it not better stand in some neighbourhood where it would have a chance of being occasionally occupied by a congregation? Have we gone the right way to convert the Zulus by invading their territory? Are they likely ever to frequent a sacred edifice erected on a battlefield which Christian and heathen have made memorable by mutual slaughter? The only place of worship to build with propriety over interred carnage would be a Temple of Mars.

THE GAY GROSVENOR GALLERY GUIDE.

(A Personally-Conducted Tour through the Collection of Curiosities.)

No. 1. *A Labour of Love*. Mrs. WYLIE. Love's Labour—not lost, I hope. Cupid is represented here as a Wylie little rogue.

No. 2. *Portrait of Herr Henschel*.

ALMA TADEMA said, "Tis essential I should paint the great Herr HENSCHEL."

Here is the Herr playing another H'air on the piano very *forté*. There is nobody else in the room, so he can make as much noise as he likes. But never mind, Herr. Walls have ears, and if you only keep up the *forté*, you'll bring down the house.

Works by W. B. RICHMOND. Nos. 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11. There are seven Richmonds in the field.

No. 6. She must be a Giantess when she stands up.

No. 7. *Daisy Houldsworth*. Very melancholy expression. It ought to be *Lack-a-daisy Houldsworth*.

No. 9. *A Study in Light and Shade*. More fitted for a drawing-room than a study. Good. But send for the doctor. She must be unwell. Look at the colour of her lips! She's the Lass o' Richmond—ill. She should go and kiss CARLO PELLEGRINI's girl, "Violets" (211), and take a little of the rouge off her; she can spare it. As for the lips of the Lass o' Richmond 'ill, they could never tell anything but white lies—which brings us to

No. 10. *The End of the Story*.

No. 11. *Portrait of Lieut.-Colonel T. White Thompson*. Too White Thompson. Pale with rage; but, fortunately, the gallant warrior is separated from the artist by a high and massive table. He is evidently some distance from Richmond. Perhaps, judging from the colour of his face, somewhere about *Putty-nev*. (Oh!)

No. 13. *Arabs in the Museum of Algiers*. By F. DICEY. If we speak nowadays of So-and-so's harmonies in colour, this must be one of *Moor's Melodies*.

No. 15. *A Morning Mist*. CECIL LAWSON. Well, Mr. LAWSON, a Morning Mist is better than a Day Lost. You are fond of this subject.

No. 16. *Charing Cross Bridge*. *Midnight*. A. STUART-WORTLEY. Of course. Lost his way coming home from the Club. Won't go home till morning. This Bridge is exactly what he should have painted, because its *Archie*—STUART-WORTLEY.

No. 17. *Psyche's Toil in Venus' Garden*. E. MATTHEW HALE. The tale of Cupid and Psyche, illustrated, from the *Morris Papers*. The idea is Love in a Maize.

No. 20. What's this? A knight in armour, clawing with his left hand the shoulder of a shrinking girl, while in his right he holds a drawn sword, threateningly. The idea conveyed is, "Row between a Young Married Couple in the Olden Time." Knight says, "By my halidame, mistress mine, an ye say another angry word, I'll cut your head off! Now!" On referring to the Catalogue, however, I find

that the picture is by Mr. W. G. WILLS, who intends it to represent *Ophelia and Laertes*. O dear me! I beg your pardon, Mr. WILLS! I really hadn't an idea—bless me!—how very stupid of me—but now you mention it—I see—of course—*Olivia and Laertes*—I mean *Ophelia*. Ah! very nice, yes. I'll look at the next.

No. 21. Now, what is this? Bless me, why this also is by Mr. WILLS, who tells us it is intended to represent *The Spirit of the Shell*. It looks more like *The Body in the Shell*. But that would be funereal. What Spirit is in the Shell? You mean in the Cask, don't you? Oh, I see! Yes—it's one of the *Ginii*, *shell*'p me! Good morning, Mr. W. G. W., and much obliged for the information.

No. 22. *Sarpedon*. W. B. RICHMOND. Another RICHMOND! He quotes—

"To the soft arms of silent sleep and death,
They to his friends the mournful charge shall bear."

We fly by night. The "mournful charge" seems rather high—in the air. The one winged being above is evidently asking the other beneath (who is carrying the legs) "Which way?" They have lost their bearings, but not what they bear. "Conning and Steering" wouldn't have been a bad title for it.

No. 19. *Kent*. CECIL LAWSON. "Kent!" It's Kent all over—except Canterbury. Admirable! Bravo, CECIL LAWSON! This is your line, Sir—stick to it, and to all other competitors in the Kent field you can say, "All hops abandon ye who enter here!" Quite a hop-picture! Keep up your picker! *Allez! Hop là!*

No. 24. *Light, Life, and Melody*. H. HERKOMER. The Beer-veerian Highlands. Peasants smoking and drinking beer, while one of them is playing, on the zither, a selection from MEYER-BEER. It is a large water-colour painting. The objection to water-colour paintings is that they won't last. But this will, because of its size.

No. 26. *Dressing Mustard-Seed on a Norfolk Farmstead*. R. W. MACBETH. Clever, but uninteresting. Next time let the worthy Thane take a Shakspearian subject—"Bottom a-dressing Mustard-Seed."

No. 27. *The Fountain*. THOMAS ARMSTRONG. This picture is chiefly remarkable for a portrait of WALTER CRANE in the right corner; and that this is so intended is evident from the juxtaposition of that Artist's work entitled

No. 21. *The Sirens*. WALTER CRANE. A scene at Margate in the olden time. Bathing-women surprised by the near approach of a boat-load of Cockneys. Where are the Police?

No. 32. *Music; or, let us be Harpy together*. W. E. F. BRITTEN. This isn't Great BRITTEN.

No. 33. What is this? Eh? A young gentleman in a fancy costume—half knight, half troubadour, without the guitar—is trying to induce a damsel, slightly *décolletée*, to step into a boat—i. e. just to put her foot in it. He is saying, artfully, "It's very fine outside. Good day for a row." But she hesitates. By E. C. HALLÉ. *H'allez-vous-en!*

No. 34. *Kitty*. Child with dog. Portrait. W. WILFRID MAJOR. Kitty and Doggy. Pity it wasn't Kit-Cat. Eyes right, Major!

No. 36. *Head of a Girl at Lerici*. G. COSTA. Try something English. Next time let's have, *The Head of a House at Oxford*.

No. 40. *Isabella*. J. M. STRUDWICK. Lady in great distress looking at an empty umbrella-stand.

POOR ISABELLA
Lost her umbrella.
Where is it? Tell her!
Not in the cellar.
Oh, my umbrella!

Mr. STRUDWICK has been far more careful over his picture than his ISABELLA was with her *parapluie*.

No. 32. *Night and Sleep*. Miss E. PICKERING. Both wide awake, and taking a Fly.

No. 43. *Shipbuilding*. P. R. MORRIS, A.R.A. What good model workmen to keep so nice and clean! "Those who touch pitch" doesn't apply here. And what a nice model ship! Clean as a well-kept baby in its own cradle. Mr. MORRIS should next paint *A Clean Sweep*. This *Shipbuilding* is of course a "marine piece." The Sweep would make an excellent "chimney-piece." Why, these workmen, caulking a vessel, couldn't be cleaner if they were the QUEEN's chief butlers uncorking the wine.

No. 51. *The Widow's Acre*. G. H. BOUGHTON. He should have called it, *The Widow's Diggings*. For what the diggings else is she doing with that spade in her hand? The Widow's back must be the Widow's *acher*. Good for a Boughton if it's a Sold 'un—as it ought to be. Yes, that should be mine, if I'd bought 'un. By the way,

I'm informed the name spelt Boughton
Is pronounced the same as Houghton.
But the play on words I've thought on
Needs that you pronounce it Bought-on.
But that rightly 'tis called Bough-ton—
Well, that subject I've a doubt on.

No. 54. *Portrait of Miss Rosa Corder*. J. M. WHISTLER. Better



REASSURING !

Old Gent (suddenly turning corner in narrow lane). "Oh!—I SAY!—IS HE?—WILL HE?"—(Backing into Hedge.)—"CAN HE!"—

Peasant. "DON'T TAKE NO NOTICE OF 'IM, SIR! I'VE GOT A WEE BIT CHECK ON 'IM IF HE RUNS!!"

than usual. Glad to say a word for WHISTLER. Admirers of J. M. W., look at this picture, and *Sursum Corder*.

No. 62. *The Inventor of Sails*. F. SMALLFIELD. He should have invented trousers first.

No. 64. *Study of a Head; executed before the Students of the Slade School*. A. LEGROS. Unsatisfactory explanation. Why was he executed before the Students? Why weren't the Students, if they deserved it, executed before him? Why was he executed at all? The answer is, I suppose, that it was necessary he should be *slayed* first, in order that the School might be *slayed* afterwards. The Slade School, I am glad to say, is very much alive. Mr. LEGROS thought he must send a highly-polished specimen to *Le Gros-veneur* Gallery.

No. 68. *Dog Days*. A Lady reading under a tree. And

No. 69. "*Our First Tiff*." A sulky Gentleman turning away from a silky Lady. It is breakfast out-of-doors—it should have been *tiffin*—and he objects to spiders in tea. But, all hail, MACBETH—or all sunshine, MACBETH—as Nos. 68 and 69 were going to be hung together, and as you call the first "*Dog Days*," why didn't you call the other "*Cat and Dog Days*"? MACBETH! MACBETH! MACBETH! I rather like two of your witches!

No. 70. *Sheepwashing in Droughty Weather*. Again, MACBETH.

"If droughty deeds my Lady please"—

she'll buy this picture.

No. 65. *Portrait of Robert Macbeth*. CARLO PELLEGRINI. Shady. Not *Macbeth*—it's *Banquo's Ghost*.

Nothing very remarkable till we come to

No. 73. *Paolo and Francesca*. G. F. WATTS, R.A.; and

No. 74. *Orpheus and Eurydice*—

"By the same—

WATTS, his name.

And these are WATTS's compositions! Well, I like the old hymns better—

"How doth the little busy bee," &c.

Somebody remarked that Mr. WATTS must have lost his head; but for this, on going to the East Gallery, I found there is no foundation, as Mr. WATTS has taken his own head, and preserved it in oil. At all events, if it isn't his own head (No. 144) it's exactly like it.

No. 80. *False*. J. D. LINTON. False on both sides probably. But I thought it was intended for *A Rehearsal*. End of Act I. Tableau. Amateurs having struck an attitude, anxiously await the fall of the curtain. This impression I find was, what Mr. LINTON has called it—*False*.

No. 77. *A Study*. J. D. LINTON. No plaster-of-Paris flesh, but a genuine real girl, all alive, oh!—only as some shop advertisements have it—"Hands Wanted."

No. 78. *The Trumpeter*. J. D. LINTON. Ah! this is a trump! If you've got many of these, Mr. LINTON, you've a fine hand. Never mind the other hands in No. 77. Honours easy, but you have got an odd trick—now and then. There's no doubt, however, about *The Trump*. That's a card.

No. 90. *Portrait of Signor Piatti*. Lady LINDSAY (of Balcarres). Poor PIATTI! Without his violoncello—that is, only the head without the bass which supports him. No wonder he looks ill. The second time he has been treated this year.

Nothing of importance till we stop before the works of JAMES TISSOT, Nos. 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100.

Nos. 97 and 99. *Scènes de la Vie dans le Bois de St. Jean*.

The first (97) being *The Naughty Old Man*; or, *I'll tell your Wife how you spend your Afternoons in Fair Rosamund's Bower-Villa, N.W.* The second scene being another part of the garden. *Naughty Old Man* out of it. ROSAMUND, in her web, waiting for the flies. This is called *The Hammock*. It ought to have been *The Web*.

Will you walk into my Garden?

Said the Spider to the Fly.

'Tis the prettiest little garden

That ever you did spy.

The grass a sly dog plays on;

A hammock I have got;

Neat ancles you shall gaze on,

Talk—a propos de bottes.

Elle est bien bottée alors. Is it so? 'Tis so.

After this amount of pleasure, it is wise that our thoughts should turn on

No. 98. *Going to Business*. He leaves Fair Rosamund in the bower, and is off to the City. Is it now that the *Naughty Old Man*, who has a clerical cut about him, takes advantage of his absence to pay his visit? It is quite a drama. Perhaps that old clergyman's parishioners are advertising for him everywhere, *Lost, Stolen, or Strayed*. And the business man, meanwhile, is in the *Hansom*, going East. Nos. 97 and 99 represent *The Handsome Fair One*, and No. 98 is *The One Hansom Fare*. And the latter murmurs to himself,

"Drive on, Cabby!

Ah! is she good,

She of the Abbey

Road, St. John's Wood?"

Before quitting the West Gallery, permit me to draw—instead of paint, for a change—your attention to a life-size statue in bronze. It is—

No. 306. *A Running Commentary*. W. B. RICHMOND.

No. 107. *The Haunted Mill*. CECIL LAWSON. Haunted! not even a Ghost would come here. Let me return to "Kent." Luckily, *Mill admirari* is not all the Art you know, Mr. CECIL LAWSON.

No. 112. *Cold Morning on the Thames*. CHEVALIER ED. DE MARTINO. Day and Martin-o!

No. 113. *Nausicaa*. E. J. POYNTER, R.A. Classical Lady "giving" a fancy ball. (Had quite enough of her at the Academy. Still, I suppose she has her admirers. Mr. POYNTER himself would probably say, that he "is neither tired of, nor sick o' her.")

Nos. 132 and 147. Both by J. O'CONNOR. *Patio los Cypresses Alhambra*, and *Staircase of Burgos Cathedral*, painted O'Conamore.

No. 140. *Portrait of Mrs. King*. ED. R. HUGHES. Good colour, or, we should say, good *Hughes*. But why not have called it the *Queen* at once?

No. 143. *Dorothy*. G. F. WATTS, R.A. A very good little child.

No. 146. *Portrait of Mrs. Elmore*. C. COUSINS. One doesn't generally trust to relations for a favourable view of one's characteristics, but in this instance Mrs. ELMORE was right in getting COUSINS to paint her.

No. 149. *Portrait of Hermann Vezin, Esq.* J. FORBES-ROBERTSON. "HERMANN VEZIN; or, After half-an-hour with the best Hairdresser."

"I knew it wanted cutting," said Mr. H. VEZIN.



CANDOUR.

Brown. "WHAT! BLOBS AN OVERRATED DUFFER! COME, I SAY, NOW, TOPSAWYER, YOU ONCE TOLD ME YOURSELF HE WAS THE GREATEST GENIUS THAT HAD SHONE ON THE WORLD SINCE THE DAYS OF—"

Little Topsawyer. "AH, THAT'S WHEN NOBODY HAD EVER HEARD OF HIM, YOU KNOW! BUT NOW!—WHY, HANGED IF THEY DON'T MAKE MORE FUSS ABOUT BLOBS THAN THEY DO ABOUT ME!"

"What! Your part in my new piece?" anxiously exclaimed the Author.

"No, not a part—the whole. I'm thinking of my hair," replied the eminent comedian, as he went to beard the DOUGLAS in Bond Street—or rather for the DOUGLAS to beard him.

No. 150. Pause for one moment. Do not refer to the Catalogue. Let us try and make out what it is intended to be. Well, it is intended to be a picture. So far the Court is with you. But of what? Here is a young lady engaged in stroking gently the breast-plate of a middle-aged steel-clad warrior, probably for the same reason as the little girl gave SIDNEY SMITH for her stroking the tortoise—"Because it pleases him." "Why," replied the witty parson, "you might as well stroke the dome of St. Paul's to please the Dean and Chapter." But I think the warrior does like it, for he is gradually breaking into a smile under the gentle treatment. But the girl looks tired. Now to see by whom it is, and for what it is meant. Well, it is simply *A Knight and his Daughter*, and it is by Sir COUTTS LINDSAY, Bart. Well, no harm's done. He's only a Knight, and it's very kind of the Bart. to take any notice of him.

No. 151. *A French Girl and her Calves*. F. MORGAN. Guten MORGAN.

No. 172. *Topaz*. ALBERT MOORE. Why "Topaz"? Two girls. "Topaz" can't surely be a misprint for "Toppers"? If so—but no, they don't look like it. "Toppers" but not "Topers."

Nos. 177, 178, and 241. W. J. HENNESSY. I think, perhaps, that No. 177 is "HENNESSY'S Best."

No. 181. *The Horses of St. Mark, Venice*. J. BUNNEY. Worth a pretty penny, BUNNEY, that's plain, BUNNEY; but if you ask "a plum," BUNNEY, they'll say, "Go to Bath, BUNNEY!" and then you'd be hot-cross BUNNEY. You can paint these Horses—

WHAT'S THE GOOD OF IT?

A "GUILD" has been started calling itself "the Church and Stage Guild." Its object is somewhat difficult to define. It is intended to include all "who profess the Christian faith," and are not ashamed of it on the Stage. By the way, if the members consult ALBAN BUTLER'S *Lives of the Saints*, they will find at least three Actors in the Calendar. If the Guild goes on being very good indeed, future generations may read in the Christian hagiology *The Life of the Blessed Buckstone*, *The Acts of Saint Benjamin (Webster)*, and a Bollandist history of the Venerable J. L. Toole. Already as eminent confessors of the Christian faith, the names of some members of the talented Vokes family appear in the Guild, with Mr. FRED ALBERT of Music-Hall celebrity. The Committee list has been issued, of course, "with power to add to its number," and so we may soon expect to see the names of the following professing Christians swelling the noble band of Stage Professional Christians:—

Miss NELLIE FARREN.

H.E. CARDINAL MANNING.

Mr. DAVID JAMES.

Mr. SPURGEON.

Madame DOLARO.

Canon LIDDON.

Mr. McDERMOTT.

Mme. LEONA DARE, Queen of the Antilles.

Why doesn't "The Guild"—which has a mediæval sound—start a Sunday Theatre on its own account, with pew-openers for box-keepers, Mr. JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD to manage, on no fee-fi-fum principles, and a series of Mystery Plays, the libretto of which should be under the direct supervision of the LORD CHAMBERLAIN, the Archbishop of CANTERBURY, and the Old Testament Revisional Committee? What chances there might be for Mr. FREDERICK VOKES and Miss VICTORIA in the serious dances, and for Mr. DAVID JAMES! How about *Noses in Egitto* to commence with? Costumes by Messrs. NATHAN LEO. Book by the Earl of BEACONSFIELD.

Evidently there is much to be done by the "Church and Stage Guild."

HALF AND HALF.

It used to be proverbially said, that one-half the world does not know how the other half lives. But didn't ALEXANDRE DUMAS *fil*s upset that saying when he wrote *Le Demi-Monde*?

why not try your hand at a Rabbit, BUNNEY? This is your contribution to the Grosvenor. And so now, J. BUNNEY, you are *a-bonné*. BUNNEY *nuit*!

Nos. 273, 274. *Heads or Tails*. Sketches by RUBBINS; and No. 267—No: I will not stand No. 267. "Three Studies in Chalk and Pastel." Bosh! Studies! Why

Here's a creature
Without a feature!

But *Jacques le Siffleur* has the face for anything. No. 273. *In Chalk*. No. 274. *In Chalk*. Here's running up a score with a vengeance! Well, he's brought his chalks in here, and I'll walk mine out.

One thing before I go—the bust of BLANCHARD JERROLD, in *terra cotta*, by Miss H. MONTALBA. It is marvellous good. And the colour is so significant; for Mr. BLANCHARD JERROLD is known as a well-red man. He has so evidently just said a good thing, and is enjoying it himself heartily. In fact it is what *Jeames* would call quite a "*Bust of Merriment*."

What fitter conclusion to my visit to the Grosvenor Gallery?

The Golden Wedding.

(With its Iron Lining.)

As when good fairies have their blessings prest,
The wicked fairy with her blight makes bold,
Lo, BISMARCK comes, in gifts unlike the rest,
To dash his blood and iron o'er the gold!

THE UNGRATEFUL CIVIL SERVANT.

(With Mr. Punch's Compliments to the Witnesses before the Committee on Co-operative Stores.)



ENTERFOUR left the Tin-Tax Office a quarter of an hour after the clock had struck the time of closing. Though he had been idling away the day in copying at express speed the minutes of his superiors, he felt fagged and weary. His indolence had not saved him from a head-ache and a tired hand.

"Before I return to my wife and six children," he murmured, with a guilty blush, "I will attempt to increase the handsome sum awarded me by a generous Government for my trivial labours."

Disregarding the prickings of his conscience, he entered a merchant's office and asked for employment.

"I have a few leisure hours," he faltered out, "and shall be glad to earn—"

Before he could utter another word the head

cashier, throwing off his disguise, appeared as the much-dreaded CORKSCREW, the employé of the Criminal Investigation Department.

"Begone, Civil Servant!" hissed out the detector of evil-doing. "All your time belongs to the Crown! What right have you to put any of it to private profit?"

"What have you to do with it?" asked TENTERFOUR, desperately. "The Government," here CORKSCREW reverentially lifted his wig, "at the request of the ill-used West-End tradesmen, appointed me to watch you. It is my duty to prevent you from adding to your already princely income by private employment."

TENTERFOUR, cowed and beaten, skulked out of the merchant's office and betook himself to the bureau de location of a theatre.

"I am honest and trustworthy," he began, "and I have a few leisure hours which I would willingly sell to an employer. If you have a vacancy as a checktaker—"

"What are you?" asked the box book-keeper.

"I occupy a stool in the Tin-Tax office," replied TENTERFOUR.

The box book-keeper looked black as thunder as he thundered out, "And you dare come here to add a salary wrung from the lessees of the High Life to the ill-gotten salary of which you, and fellows like you, rob the nation? Away! if you would not have the police at your heels!"

TENTERFOUR hastily withdrew, for, in spite of his disguise, the unhappy wretch had recognised in the theatrical official the much-dreaded features of CORKSCREW, the employé of the Criminal Investigation Department.

The unscrupulous waster of the public time wandered through the streets until he came upon the keeper of a perambulating coffee-stall, apparently past work.

"Madam," said TENTERFOUR, courteously, "can I not assist you? I believe that there is in me that will enable me to sell the stimulating juice of the Arabian berry to the night-wanderers of this great city. I have a few leisure hours, and should be but too happy—"

"Beware!" exclaimed the owner of the coffee-stall. "Do you not know that by the new regulations all Civil Service trading in any form, by any of its employés, is illegal?"

TENTERFOUR fled in hopeless despair, for in the tones of the aged coffee-stall keeper he had recognised the voice of CORKSCREW, who a few years since would have been called the Detective.

Foiled on every side, the conscience-stricken Civil Servant made his way to his four-roomed palace in East Hackney.

"Here is to-day's money," he exclaimed, as he threw a few silver coins on the wooden table. His wife seized the coin, and promised the children that in consideration of their light dinners, they should each enjoy a shop egg with their tea. The children shouted with glee at the prospect of the coming banquet, and yet their father grumbled.

"How dare you!" cried CORKSCREW (who had followed TENTERFOUR to his home) putting his head through a broken window, "How dare you complain of the princely salary which a too-indulgent Government pays you for the exclusive use of your labours?"

The rebuked TENTERFOUR hid his face in his hands, and was silent.

A SONG OF THE SLADE PROFESSORS.

Oh, there were three Slade Professors, three extremely Mighty Men (Two of them champions of the brush, one potent with the pen), Who London, Oxford, Cambridge did respectively adorn, Where, perched as on three Pisgahs, they looked down with proper scorn

On dull Philistia's barren flats, where mortals crawl about, Grabbing for unethereal food with unæsthetic snout. And oh, there was a Painter!—put a nimbus round his name, And change that article to *the*, so peerless was his fame!— He had seized the sweets of Sickness, caught the charm of Skin-and-Bones,

And the hidden grace of Angles; and his name it was BURNE-JONES. Thirdly—and unimportantly—there was a Critic knave, Who dared appraise that Painter, like a donkey blindly brave, And to hint that though his "feeling" was intense, if scarcely strong, His beauty-sense was morbid, his anatomy all wrong.

Then up and spake those dauntless three, "Oh, this will never do!" ("Twas thus said RICHMOND and LEGROS, and so said COLVIN too.) "There is but one æsthetic sphere, 'tis that which *we* revolve in." (Like the legs on a Manx halfpenny—RICHMOND, LEGROS, and COLVIN.)

"That BURNE-JONES is perfection's an Art-axiom, don't you know?" (COLVIN upon this point agreed with RICHMOND and LEGROS.)

"His painting takes the shine out of all his predecessors." (Here there was unanimity 'twixt those three Slade Professors.)

"'Tis like that Critic's cheek to quiz the man we praise and pet so," Cried RICHMOND and LEGROS at once. Quoth SIDNEY COLVIN,

"Quet so!"

"He has not any call at all to criticise such pichtchaws, So far beyond the compass of his crude, misleading stritchchaws."

Thus COLVIN, RICHMOND, and LEGROS all hastened to agree; The trio, Art's new Cerberus, you see, were one, though three.

"In imaginative power, and in technical as well, From ANGELO to RAPHAEL, our JONES must bear the bell.

The only one who's in it with B.-J. is BOTTICELLI." Said COLVIN, "We must make this Critic's charge a *casus belli*.

The influence of authority, in matters of opinion, Surely gives us in the Art-sphere despotical dominion.

These Critics have been going it most impudently, dash 'em! Now, I propose we Mighty Three uprising and simply smash 'em."

"Hear! hear!" cried RICHMOND and LEGROS. "We'll do the trick between us;

We'll teach the dolts to tread upon the toes of JONES's Venus, Pick holes in his Pygmalion, and vivisect his Virgin.

Our separate identities we'll for the moment merge in A mystical Art-trinity, whose oracles dogmatic

In a sort of a round-robin we'll expand in terms emphatic. 'Twill a crusher be to critics and all crawlers of that kidney."

"Ahem! With one exception!" softly interjected SIDNEY. "Details we'll not descend to," murmured RICHMOND. "Oh dear, no!"

"Parties speaking *ex cathedra* should not argue," said LEGROS. "Put it sharp and short," said SIDNEY; and they put it short and sharp.

As thus:—"You captious critics who at JONES's pictures carp, Fixing on certain trivial points—a toe, a chin, a wing!

W^e consider that his Art's A 1—which settles the whole thing!" Then this triune testimonial was placed before the world,

And lo! those callous critic knaves their scornful lips upcurled, And persisted in belabouring B. J. with tongue and pen!

Whilst Philistia looked on and laughed at those Three Mighty Men.

MORAL.

Critics are full of "cussedness," omniscience sometimes slips, And even triune Oracles may chance to miss their tips.

Oblivion the Best Epitaph.

"ONE who wishes justice done to the Memory of the Prince of ORANGE," writes to the *Times*, putting in a good word for this Heir of a Crown who could never tear himself from the delights of fast life in Paris. The best way to do justice to such a memory, *Punch* would suggest, is, to forget it.

RESPECTABILITY AND RELIGION.

WHY, it is asked, are Churches filled by people in the upper and middle ranks of life; whilst the poor too generally absent themselves from places of worship? Clearly because the Church-goers belong to the better classes.

MACHIAVELLI'S "PRINCE" (a very German edition).—Prince BISMARCK.

TO SARAH!

(By an exuberant Enthusiast.)



MISTRESS of Hearts and Arts,
all met in you!
The Picturesque, informed
by Soul of Passion!
Say, dost thou feed on milk
and honey-dew,
Draining from goblets deep
of classic fashion
Champagne and nectar,
shandy-gaff sublime,
Dashed with a pungent
smack of *eau-de-Marsh*,
Aspasia, Sappho, Circe of
the time!

Seductive SARAH!

"Muse"? All Mnemosyne's
bright brood in one!
Compound of Psyché,
Phryné, Britomarté,
Ruler of storm and calm,
Euroclydon
And Zephyr! Slender Sy-
rian Astarté!
With voice the soul of music,
like that harp
Which whilom sounded in
the Hall of Tara.
How dare Philistines at thy
whimsies carp,
Soul-swaying SARAH!!

"Poseuse"? Pooh! pooh! Yet who so well can pose
As thou, sweet statuesque slim sinuosity?
"Stagey"? Absurd! "The death's-head and the rose"?
Delicious! Gives the touch of tenebrosity
That lifts thee to the Lamia level. Oh!
Shame on the dolts who hint of *Dulcamara*,
à propos of *levée* and picture-show,
Serpentine SARAH!!!

Clinging enchantress, supple siren, sweep
In lithely languorous attitudes for ever,
Bewitch my gaze, and make my pulses creep!
So Naiads glide—save thee, gross mortals never!
About thee plays the brightness of Queen Mab,
Dashed with romance of the girl-page in *Lara*.
Common-place snobs who chaff thee I could stab,
Suggestive SARAH!!!!

O idol of the hour and of my heart!
Who calls thee crazy, half, and half-capricious?
A compound of *Lionne's* and Barnum's part,
In *outré* coquetry rather injudicious?
Ah! heed them not! Play, scribble, sculpt, sing, paint,
Pose as a Plastic-Proteus, *mia cara*;
Sapphic, seraphic, quintessential, quaint,
Sémillante SARAH!!!!

THE CLERKS OF THE WEATHER.

EVERY morning in this summer we can now find out what sort of a day it is going to be. A great boon to everyone, of course. No one will be wearing thick clothes when he ought to have put on light materials; and Ladies will not come out in muslins when they should have been in cloth and furs.

But how about "changeable"? Suppose the forecast of the day to be to the effect that it will be bitterly cold up to twelve, then exuberatingly warm up to one, then a snowstorm from one to two, then sun from two to three, rain from three to four, four to five summer weather, and five to seven the depth of winter!

For those who have to be out all day, this will be a difficulty. We shall have to carry bags with changes of costume for every hour, like an entertainment, including shoes, thick and thin, and a newly-invented crutch-handled stick, which will develop into an umbrella.

Weather Offices are to be multiplied everywhere; and instead of one Clerk of the Weather—an official who has long ago ceased to be a joke—we shall have hundreds of them with the weather under direct control. Won't they be abused when anything goes wrong?

What correspondence there will be!

"Look here!" some indignant person will write—"you said it

would be fine yesterday, and it wasn't. I went out in thin shoes, and shall bring an action against you for damages."

Ladies will write—

"Dear Mr. Clerk,—Do, please do, there's a dear, order a nice clear, fine, dry day, not too hot, you know, but just nice, for the next Botanical Fête. You know, in former years, at least so I am told, it always used to rain, and then—oh, such a dreadful mess! quite too awfully shocking, you know! So, please do arrange it, and I shall be so much obliged, and so will several other Ladies with whom, I can tell you, you are such a favourite!"

Of course, all *fêtes*, all Bank holidays, instead of being on fixed days, should henceforth be Moveable Feasts, the dates to be fixed by a forecast of weather.

The *Times*, which has lately been arguing against a moveable Easter holiday, will be compelled to argue in favour of this common-sense scheme, which puts the best day at the disposal of those who have so few good days for real out-of-door enjoyment.

At present I back the forecast of one or two experienced Ramsgate boatmen against all the scientific prognostications of all the Clerks of the Weather at so much per annum. Who practically cares "how it's done" as long as the result is correct, and the effect beneficial?

The Shepherds inland, and the Boatmen for the coast, are at present the cheapest schoolmasters for our Clerks of the Weather. But we are getting on; and soon we'll just have whatever weather we want. That is, when we can all be unanimous on the point.

MAGNA EST VERITAS, ET PRÆVALEBIT.

At the Meeting of the Select Committee on Co-operative Stores, Mr. TURNABLE, a tradesman living in Piccadilly, Oxford Street, Regent Street, Strand, was called in, and examined.

The Chairman. I believe you wish to make a statement?

Mr. Turntable. I am a tradesman with a large establishment in the West End of London. I have a little place in the country, a town-house in South Kensington, and pay as much as twelve hundred a year in income-tax—or rather did until four years ago. I have made my business myself. My father lived over his own shop, and served his own customers. I have one son in the Army and another at Oxford reading for the Church. My profits are large, but certainly not too large considering my capital and expenditure. I object to Civil Service trading, as I consider it disgraceful that I should pay out of my own pocket men to rob me.

The Chairman. You are aware that the salaries of Civil Servants are not, as a rule, large?

Mr. Turntable. They are larger than they earn, anyhow. I know, of course, they're no great things. But look at the style of men. Civil Servants, indeed! Poor sneaking, half-starved wretches!

The Chairman. And yet you would not allow them to curtail their expenditure by co-operation?

Mr. Turntable. Certainly not. Don't I pay their salaries out of my own pocket? Why should I allow them to pick it in any other way?

The Chairman. I do not see how they do that by giving no more than money for money's worth?

Mr. Turntable. I have nothing to do with the way they spend their money. I say I pay their salaries out of my own pocket.

The Chairman. I presume that the profits on your business are far greater than they were in your father's time?

Mr. Turntable. Of course they are. I dare say he didn't realise more than fifteen per cent. People in his time didn't half know their business.

The Chairman. Do you object to co-operation in the abstract?

Mr. Turntable. Not when it doesn't interfere with my own profits.

The Chairman. Do you object to adulteration?

Mr. Turntable. That depends. I don't see what harm it can do if the ingredients used are wholesome?

A Member of the Committee. But supposing that the ingredients are unwholesome?

Mr. Turntable. That opens a large question—

The Chairman. Perhaps we had better not go into it.

Mr. Turntable. Perhaps not.

The Witness then withdrew.

Swift, but not Sure.

WE find the following in the *Daily Telegraph*, Wednesday, June 18th:—

TO MASTER TAILORS.—A competent Foreman, understands all branches, cuts by geometry (*Körpermaass*), is open to an ENGAGEMENT with a respectable order trade. Address, &c.

It will be remembered that the tailor who took *Gulliver's* measure by trigonometry in the island of Laputa produced a misfit. Let us hope cutting by geometry may be more successful.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT



So our Collective Wisdom may almost be said to have spent the week on the tiles, *Punch* has immortalised the incident in his initial Cartoon, which he takes leave to dedicate to Messrs. Horwood, Bright, Otway, P. A. Taylor & Co.—“Foes of the Cat, and trimmers of his Tails.”

Monday, June 16 (Lords).—Has Canon FLEMING been regularly placed in position in York Minster, duly laid, loaded, primed, and let off? Is he a good and serviceable great gun, or but a Quaker, or duffing Canon, having the outward appearance of a £1200-pounder, but being, in truth, incapable of effective fire? Nobody seems quite

W. SIMPSON. INK. ET. ALI.

to know. Lord BEACONSFIELD, who has put the Canon in position, is quite satisfied that his great gun is good, as well as great. The Archbishop of CANTERBURY is not quite so cock-sure, but seems to think that the Canon has fired—i. e. voted—without being any the worse for it, and must, on the whole, be taken to be a good and sufficient Canon. Altogether, their Lordships got up a lively debate on this momentous question, on whose darkness *Punch* does not even profess to throw light, himself seeing none. The debate supplied a peg for a very self-complacent speech from Lord BEACONSFIELD, in which he had the pleasure of making out that he was quite right, and everybody else quite wrong, and somehow left the impression that the Dean and Chapter of York were a remarkably muddle-headed body—the very reverse of what we should expect from a Yorkshire Chapter.

Lord TRURO wants a civil element in the Military Commission which is going to report on the War-Office break-down. What we should rather fear is, that it may be too civil by half.

Lord GALLOWAY groaned over the lamentable fact that, when the British Army was in a state of collapse, nobody could come to its rescue with any more effective stimulant than Inquiry.

Lord BURY said there was nothing like inquiry, and that soldiers were the proper people to inquire into the weak points of military organisation. Everybody would be delighted with the Committee when they heard who was to sit upon it. But it would not do to publish their instructions before they had got them.

Lord CRANBROOK said civil things of Lord CARDWELL's scheme; and Lord CARDWELL said civil things of Lord CRANBROOK. The Chairman of the Committee was to be Lord AIREY. That was the best guarantee that the Inquiry would not be an Airey nothing.

Their Lordships adjourned, after quite a late and lively sitting (*for them*), at Twenty Minutes past Eight.

Naughty old boys, sitting up to such untimely hours!

(*Commons*.)—Mr. BOURKE assured Mr. OTWAY that Mr. VIVIAN, our Egyptian Consul-General, had not been deposed, he had only come home on *private* business. (Egyptian report says he is anything but at home in public business.) Till he returns he will have Mr. LASCELLES for *locum tenens*. Suppose, on his return, he were to find his friend the KHEDIVE sent to the right-about! It would have been awkward if Mr. VIVIAN, who is supposed to have not been altogether a stranger to the little game which ended in the upsetting of NUBAR PASHA and Mr. RIVERS WILSON, had to assist at the hoisting, with his own petard, of the engineer of that clever piece of diplomatic fireworks.

A propos of the hair on our soldiers' faces, Mr. STACPOOLE solemnly announces that he means to take the War Office by the beard.

"Cutting off the Cat's tails, and allowing the men to wear their beards!" What is the Service coming to?

In Military Supply. Shall the Judge-Advocate-General be improved off the face of the Estimates? We should not like to insure the place another year—if things military go on as they give promise of going, that is, in the direction of the dogs—in other words, towards civilian reforms, and right in the teeth of Colonel SABRE-TACHE, and Major MARTINET.

A row over the Army Medical Establishment, which bloomed into a squabble over allegations of inhumanity to Zulus, in, and



FRONTI NULLA FIDES.

Leicestershire Squire. "OH, I SEE YOU'VE BROUGHT MY HORSE ROUND,"
Stable Boy. "PLEASE, SIR, THIS IS A LADY'S 'OSS, SIR!"

out of, hospital—which further developed into a general scrimmage, in which the Irish shillelagh was freely flourished.

Mr. NORWOOD complained of the want of back-bone on the Treasury Bench.

Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE retorted that the House would not help him to amend its own rules. Supply finally—

"Drive on wi' storm, and clatter,
And aye more idle waxed the chatter"—

Till the watchman of old would have cried "half-past two o'clock—and a windy night!"

Tuesday (Lords).—*A propos* of the Metropolitan Racecourses Bill, Lord HARDWICKE said a good word for the Suburban Race Meetings and two for the Jockey Club. Their Lordships decline to be satisfied with the protective and prohibitive action of that aristocratic sporting body in preserving the suburbs from the invasion of blackguardism under the name of sport.

Lord ENFIELD maintained his ground stiffly, and backed by his peers, carried all the contested clauses of his Bill through Committee.



A "FACER."

Dissipated Tramp. "YOU'LL KNOW ME AG'IN, GUV'NOUR!"

British Workman (who had certainly looked at him). "NOT IF YOU WASHES YOURSELF, I SHA'N'T!"

Punch, as a dweller in the suburbs, in the name of all decent suburban householders, begs to thank him.

LORD STANLEY of ALDERLEY has gallantly interposed between the Greek priests and the stupid, rather than sacrilegious, scissors of the British Commissioners in Cyprus.

LORD SALISBURY was compelled to admit that the representative of British authority had laid down a rule and enforced it with mulish disregard to Greek feeling. The British Sub-Commissioner has no doubt received a wiggling for his hair-cutting, which has left behind it a sense of irritation, quite out of proportion to the seriousness of the outrage in *our* eyes. "In *our* eyes." That is just it. We will insist on looking at things with *our* eyes only, and not taking into account how they appear in the eyes of other people. A Greek priest holds his hair and beard in reverence as part of his sacred insignia. To cut them is worse than cutting a Chinaman's tail. It is like insulting a British clergyman's cloth. It is a deliberate act of disrespect to a peculiarly respected class. In this case the insult has been inflicted in compliance with prison-rules, for a trivial offence. The act has rankled and will rankle far longer and more deeply than much more grave-looking acts of oppression. The official who is to blame should be smartly rapped over the knuckles, and if Lord SALISBURY's pen has not forgot its cunning, has been so rapped by this time.

(*Commons.*)—MR. O'DONNELL called Sir M. H. BEACH over the coals of certain Zulu villages, represented in the *Graphic* as having been burnt and plundered. It is new, as Sir M. H. BEACH said, to see a Cabinet Minister overhauled on the strength of a cut in an illustrated paper. But we don't see why *Our Own Artist's* drawing, made on the spot, should not be even a better authority than *Our Own Correspondent's* letter, which has often suggested interpellations of even bigger men than Sir M. H. BEACH.

Then came the great Debate over the Cat's Tails—shall they be all cut off, or some of them only? Nay—shall we banish the Cat henceforth alike from barrack-square and drummer's kit—and refuse him a place in the articles of war—or peace either—in the name of outraged humanity and respect for the feelings of the soldier and Mr. HOPWOOD?

"Would we could!" *Punch* sighs with *Macbeth*. "We can and ought," says MR. HOPWOOD, and moves as a first step, to reduce the *maximum* of stripes from sixty to six, which, multiplied by nine, the number of the Cat's tails, is

fifty-four. MR. J. HOLMS supported, so did MR. RYLANDS. MR. J. BROWN suggested a *maximum* of twenty-five stripes. MR. CHAMBERLAIN was against flogging altogether. Sir W. HARCOURT was afraid it could not be dispensed with. But why should not the Secretary of State schedule floggable offences? Sir R. PEEL and Sir H. HAVELOCK jumped at the suggestion; Colonel STANLEY said he would if he could.

After a fresh wrangle, whether this should be accepted as concession enough, MR. BRIGHT rose to remind the House that the punishment fell heaviest in its first stage, after which the tearing of the Cat was comparatively unfelt. That was a reason for reducing the *maximum* of stripes. The offender would still get the hottest and heaviest half of his punishment.

MR. MACDONALD and MR. O'DONNELL were for killing the Cat altogether—cutting off a few of his tails was not enough. When even Colonel MURE and Colonel ALEXANDER supported the reduced tale of stripes, Colonel STANLEY was fain at length to yield.

Henceforth only twenty-five lashes at most can be laid on the Soldier's back.

But what lashes shall they be? MR. HOPWOOD moved that the stripes should be given by an instrument "of not more than one thong or tail." This Lord ELCHO thought a *reductio ad absurdum*; and brilliantly suggested the insertion of "Manx" before "Cat," as Manx cats have no tails.

The Marquis of HARTINGTON thought his honourable friends had better not push their point too far. If Government was not to be trusted to choose a Cat, what *was* it good for? Ultimately, the Committee came to the same conclusion, after this very lively night on the tiles, by 164 to 54.

Sir W. HARCOURT moved for papers in connection with recent cases in which the opinions of their Councils here and in India had not been taken, or had been unconstitutionally overridden, by the SECRETARY of STATE for INDIA here, and the VICEROY out there. Sir W. pressed his charge home moderately but forcibly, and made out a very dead case against the Government. He deprecated a *tu quoque* in reply. That is, of course, the answer they gave him.

If the Marquis of SALISBURY had done wrong, said MR. STANHOPE, the Duke of ARGYLL had done worse, and proceeded to prove it.

That, *Punch* feels with Sir WILLIAM, is *not* the point. The point is, *has* the Secretary of State, *has* the Governor-General of India, given due weight to his Councillors' advice in the matter of the Afghan War, the Vernacular Press Act, and the Repeal of the Cotton Duties. Sir WILLIAM gave—strongly, except in the first case—his reasons for contending that the Governor-General should have done so, and had not done it.

MR. E. STANHOPE drew on the Duke of ARGYLL for the anticipated *tu quoque*, and argued, besides, that Indian Secretaries of State and Governors-General had this overruling power, and in all cases cited had used it wisely and well. He would produce the papers asked for.

(He knows very well that not a dozen Members will read them.)

MR. LAING and MR. FAWCETT were both sorry that the India Office had fallen back on this *tu quoque*.

(As if they would have fallen back on *that*, if they had had anything else to fall back on!

Sir GEORGE CAMPBELL thought even the *tu quoque* was a bad one. There was no parallel between the cases in which the MACALLUM MORE had overridden his Council and these.

Altogether Sir WILLIAM's attack was made in good form, though he had a weak point in the Afghan War, and MR. STANHOPE was not as effective as usual in answering it. How can he be, when the honest answer must have been, "My dear fellow, we had to conciliate Lancashire, and there will be a General Election next year."

Wednesday.—MR. DELAHUNTY, defeated in his onslaught on Irish one-pound notes; and Sir A. GORDON in his attempt to do away with the tax on guns used for killing vermin.

MR. MACARTNEY, as an Irish landlord, very naturally objected to a Bill which would facilitate the killing of *that* class of vermin.

Thursday (Lords).—Lord NORTHBROOK called attention to Indian finances; protested against the reduction of cotton duties to catch the Lancashire vote; urged

reduction; hoped it would be chiefly in military expenditure, and in the salaries of the highest paid Civil Officials all round.

This would be a new principle with a vengeance, and *Punch* will wait till he sees it. Then he will give thanks. In the meantime, he will wait for this astounding application of the pruning knife to the upper branches of the pagoda tree.

LORD CRANBROOK promised fairly, and defended the reduction of Cotton Duties in the interests of Lancashire.

LORD LAWRENCE said the interests of India were the question, and these had been disregarded.

LORD SALISBURY threw off a 'little cheap chaff at Liberal Lords' sudden conversion from Free Trade to Protection.

LORD SELBORNE said the VICEROY had overruled his counsel in a case not contemplated by the Act which gave him overruling powers. The LORD CHANCELLOR said if that was so, why didn't Lord SELBORNE move to that effect?

(Commons).—The harmless necessary Cat chivied again all over the House, and another violent attempt made on his few surviving tails. The question was, had Mr. BROWN's minimum of twenty-five lashes been accepted as a compromise?

SIR R. PEEL said the War Office had better withdraw their Military Discipline Bill. They couldn't make a good job of it.

SIR W. HARCOURT would venture to assert it was very far from a bad Bill. The House had better pass it; it would be long before they would have as good a chance of amending the machinery of military government.

After a long wrangle the House swallowed the Cat with one-half his tails—and the clause with it.

LORD STANLEY communicated the sad news of the death of the PRINCE IMPERIAL at the hands of the Zulus, and the House adjourned in profound pity for his poor mother.

Friday (Lords).—LORD DUNRAVEN repeated LORD MIDDLETON's attempt to get the Lords to meet an hour earlier for the young men's sake. LORD BEACONSFIELD pooh-poohed the Motion, and, after a speech in its favour from LORD GRANVILLE, was "chaffed" out by 101 to 64. But the Hour will come—and the young men.

(Commons).—In the morning Mr. OTWAY tried to get some official light turned on the Egyptian darkness, but in vain, as M. BOURKE either could not, or would not, let the Cairene cat out of the bag. But there is little doubt that, thanks to BISMARCK's strong way of putting things, the KHEDIVE has at this moment under consideration the awkward alternative of Abdication or Deposition.

SIR CHARLES DILKE brought forward a formidable indictment of our rule in Cyprus. Mr. GOLDNEY tried to answer him, and Mr. GLADSTONE answered Mr. GOLDNEY, sledge-hammer fashion. Mr. BOURKE made the best of a bad case and a bad bargain.

WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?

(When the Khedive takes his Liberty.)



WILL he go on a visit to Constantinople, and get the sack in the Bosphorus?

Will he take apartments in Brompton Square?

Will he, if he comes here, be able to command a respectable reference, and pay a week's rent in advance?

Will he, failing this, open an Oriental Shop in Regent Street?

Will Mr. RIVERS WILSON deal largely with him?

Will this keep him from appealing, as usual, to the "protection of the Court?"

Will he, in the event of his appeal being heard, pay more than a halfpenny in the pound?

Will such a dividend secure him once more the confidence of his countrymen?

Will he return to meet his engagements in Egypt?

Will he attempt to

produce an entertainment at the Egyptian Hall?

And, if so, will Mr. VIVIAN and the Bondholders be on the free list?

The Prince Imperial.

NAPOLÉON EUGÈNE LOUIS.

BORN AT PARIS, MARCH 16, 1856.

KILLED IN ZULU LAND, JUNE 1, 1879.

"Poor mother!" 'Twas the first thing thought or said,
Voice of who knows how many million hearts,
When the news came that her brave boy was dead,—
That child of hopes, that youth of princely parts,

Gentle and graceful . . . bright and brave and gay;
Whose brief life all of love and praise had won
That within compass of its winning lay—
Who was all mother could have wished her son.

Fair-dawning day by swift eclipse so crossed,
And by an ambushed savage's stray dart!
Rich freight of hope and love so early lost,
Left but to salvage of a mother's heart!

Talk not of plots and plans that, ripening slow,
Are by this death struck down with blast and blight;
We have no thought but for that mother's woe,
The darkness of that childless widow's night!

"How many hundred unknown mothers mourn
Slain sons? Why should this one our hearts so stir?"
Because, set high, we see her crown of thorn,
Feel with all mothers when we feel with her.

"God help her!"—so our prayers begin and end,
Knowing her fortune's fall, her high hope's close—
And gently, Time, bring Death, that, like a friend,
Shall lay her down to share her boy's repose.

THE NEW ZODIAC COMPANY LIMITED.

The old Zodiac Company—from whom it has of late become utterly hopeless to endeavour to obtain anything like a settlement—having gone into liquidation, a new Company is in course of formation to take over and carry on the business. Cassiopeia has consented for the present to occupy the Chair of the New Zodiac Company Limited, and Mercury has been appointed Secretary *pro tem*. Mars is just now too much occupied with Imperial matters in Asia and Africa to have leisure for attention to celestial movements, but some of the other planets, who, as using the road, have an interest in keeping the Ecliptic in order, have promised to aid in the direction. Cetus has undertaken to assist in floating the Company; and Taurus, with his little brother, Taurus Poniatowski, has agreed with the Great and Little Bears to abstain from meddling with the Shares, any allotment of which has been peremptorily refused to Cervus. As soon as the business of the old company can be taken over, the Zodiac and its rolling stock will be put into thorough repair. By this means it is hoped that the Sun may be enabled to resume his old path, so as to be visible by next Christmas—at latest.

Applications for Shares to be directed to the Secretary, care of
New Zodiac Office, AQUARIUS, Official Liquidator.
456, West Strand, W.C.

The Khedive's Summing Up.

"Abdication or Deposition. Such is the alternative offered to the KHEDIVE by the Three Powers. The intervention of Germany has brought matters to this decisive issue."—*Egyptian Telegram*.

ABDICACION is vexation,
Deposition's twice as bad;
The Rule of Three it bothers me,
And BISMARCK drives me mad!

THE RIGHT HON. W. E. G. ON MENTAL PACKING.

In his speech at Mill Hill School, Mr. GLADSTONE condemned the practice of cramming a boy's mind as one would pack a portmanteau. Perhaps, however, he would waive his objection if the boy's mind could be filled like a Gladstone!

MOTTO FOR DRINK AT THE PRINCESS'S.—"D. T. fabula narratur!"



ON AN OLD SHOE.

HOW UNGAINLY SEEMS THE SANDAL-SHOE OUR GRANDMOTHERS WORE, COMPARED WITH THE HIGH-HEELED, EXQUISITELY-POINTED CHAUSURE OF OUR DAUGHTERS! BUT ALAS! FOR THE LATTER, THAT IT SHOULD SO SPOIL THE BEAUTIFUL LIMB IT IS INTENDED TO SET OFF! FOR SHOULD FASHION SUDDENLY APPOINT A DAY OF JUDGMENT, AND BARE FEET BE THE ORDER OF THAT DAY, SUCH OF OUR GRANDMOTHERS AS STILL SURVIVE WOULD HAVE TO COME FORWARD AND VINDICATE THE HONOUR OF THE BRITISH TOOTSICUM. —WHICH DOLOROUS REFLECTION MUST BE MR. PUNCH'S APOLOGY FOR THE ABOVE FRANTIC AND NOT ALTOGETHER PLEASING DESIGN.

OBSTRUCTION—AND ITS REMEDIES.

AS IT IS IN PARIS.

UPON the President taking the Chair M. ACHILLE DE FANFARON rushed into the tribune, and proclaimed the Minister of the Interior a liar, a coward, a fool, and a slave.

The President. The Assembly cannot permit this language—so coarse, so degrading to those who use it. (*Shouts of "No!" from the Right.*) I call M. DE FANFARON to order.

M. de Fanfaron. What order! The only order you have any right to is the order of the *Chevalier d'Industrie*.

[*Laughter from the Right, violent exclamations from the Left.*]

The President. This is too much! I shall have to proceed to the censure.

M. de Fanfaron. Then censure yourself. If you do it properly, it will take you a lifetime!

[*Violent excitement, and free fights in several quarters.*]

The President (solemnly). After this, there is but one thing to do. I shall put on my hat. [*Prolonged sensation.*]

M. de Fanfaron (after an interval of silence). You will put on a very bad one!

[*Howls of fury from the Left, and derision from the Right.*]

The President. I cannot permit my hat to be insulted. (*Long continued cheering from the Left.*) So long as you insulted me, M. DE FANFARON, I treated your attacks with the contempt, the loathing, the derision they deserved; but when you abuse so old and valued an article of my wardrobe, I have a right to insist upon your silence.

[*Immense applause from the Left, and loud cries of "Très-bien!" and "C'est vrai!" from the Ministerial Benches.*]

M. de Fanfaron. I shall not be silent. (*Here the Deputy's voice was drowned by the sound of the President's bell. When order had been restored, he repeated—*) I said I should not be silent. I repeat it!

The President. *Nous verrons.* I propose you be suspended.

[*The Motion was carried—by assis et levé, the Right rising to a man, the Left abstaining.*]

M. de Fanfaron. M. le Président, allow me to inform you that you are a thief, a scoundrel, and an infamous wretch.

The President. You shall be prosecuted for this.

M. de Fanfaron. Pardon me! I think not. I should be sorry to be considered impolite, but I think you will find that I am protected from prosecution by my position.

The President (after consulting with the Ministry). M. DE FANFARON, you are quite right, and I apologise for my mistake.

M. de Fanfaron. Not at all.

The President. And now I must call upon you to leave the Chamber.

Upon this a scene of indescribable excitement ensued, in the midst of which were heard cries and expressions of a very painful character.

Ultimately an officer of Gendarmerie was introduced who insisted that M. DE FANFARON should leave the Chamber.

M. DE FANFARON having left the Chamber, the business of the evening was quietly proceeded with.

AS IT OUGHT TO BE IN LONDON.

The House went into Committee upon the Civil Service Estimates, Class V.

Upon the item for £220 for pins, Mr. O'ROWDY moved that the Vote be reduced by £200. He was not at all satisfied that pins were necessary for the proper carrying on of the public business.

The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER assured Mr. O'ROWDY that pins were constantly required for keeping together most important documents. As something like six hours had already been lost in trivial objections, he trusted that the remaining votes would be passed without captious commentary.

Mr. O'ROWDY, in a long and excited speech, protested again



THE RETURN TO PARIS.

NURSE GAMBETTA. "I'VE BROUGHT BACK *LE CHER ENFANT* STRONG AND HEARTY. LET US HOPE TOWN AIR WILL AGREE WITH HIM AS WELL AS COUNTRY!"

attempt of the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER to tamper with the liberty of the House. He (Mr. O'ROWDY) had no doubt but what pounds and pounds of pins were wasted annually. He should carry his Motion to a division.

The Amendment was then put, and lost by an overwhelming majority.

Mr. O'ROWDY then rose, and declared that he would oppose everything and everybody.

The Chairman having called the Hon. Member to order without effect, a Policeman was introduced, who insisted that Mr. O'ROWDY should "Move on!"

Mr. O'ROWDY having refused to move on, was moved off, and the business of the evening was rapidly brought to a satisfactory conclusion.

REASONS FOR REPEAL OF COTTON DUTIES.

(Ten to One—as offered freely by Lord S—SB—Y.)

1. BECAUSE the Governor-General knew a good deal more about the matter than his Council.
 2. Because the Secretary for India knew a great deal more than the Governor-General.
 3. Because it was important to over-rule economic error.
 4. Because the opportunity seemed a particularly happy one.
 5. Because the glorious principles of Free Trade have ever been dear to the Conservative Statesman.
 6. Because the Corn Laws had been repealed solely on this understanding.
 7. Because economic truth is eternal, and must prevail.
 8. Because it was an act of wisdom, if not of statesmanship, to insist on this at a moment when the Indian Treasury was giving signs of collapse.
 9. Because noble Lords in Opposition were given to tergiversations and evolutions.
 10. Because when Lord SALISBURY was at the India Office he had been known often, out of mere zeal for his charge, to shout out "Perish England!" in his sleep.
- But *NOT* (11) Because the Government were anxious to secure the Lancashire Vote at the next Election.

A QUERY OF THE DAY.



CHE SARÀ SARA?
Avis per-rara!
Sculptress and Paintress,
Poseuse and Faintress,
Swooning and swaying,
Playing and praying,
For praise or for profit,
On stage, or off it.
Of actresses actress;
Press-benefactress—
Critics-uppoking,
Canard-provoking,
Paragraph-feeding,
Puffery-breeding,—
CHE SARÀ SARA,—
Avis per-rara?

Not Quite So Easy.

INDIA has two wolves at her door—Insolvency and Famine. The one barks at her throat, yearly, the other assails her at intervals, longer or shorter, but not tending apparently to get longer. A saving of a Million may be a small sop to the one wild beast. It is

none to the other. That needs administration of a different dose—rather of strychnine that will kill, than of a sop that will only stop its mouth for the moment. Who will reveal to us the Famine-killer of the future?

Suggestions for Swains.

It is said that wheat is ceasing to repay the Farmer for cultivation. He is therefore recommended to rear cattle instead. This would be a transition from the Georgics to the Bucolics, and, if accompanied by a return to pastoral simplicity of living, might make the Farmers once more "*Felices ninivum, sua si bona norint.*"

COULEUR DE ROSE.

(The Chancellor of the Exchequer at the Banquet of the Tower Hamlets Conservative Association.)

MR. CHAIRMAN, and Ladies and Gentlemen,—this is a moment of moments, pulsating with bliss. 'Tis with pride and with pleasure I rise to respond To the toast you received with a rapture so fond. It is also, believe me, with pleasure and pride That I greet this large muster of friends to our side. In fact "pride and pleasure" are words I'd beseech Your permission to take as the text of my speech. I'm of optimist tastes, as the country well knows, And my views about most things are *couleur de rose*: So the alliteration is much to my mind. 'Tis with pride and with pleasure I see you so kind; 'Tis with pleasure and pride that I think of your Mint, And your Trinity House has the same rosy tint. As I passed its Almshouses to-day on my ride, I surveyed the fair structure with pleasure and pride. Then your Tower again—pray excuse that slight sob, Every Briton must feel a peculiar throb At the name of the Tower! With pleasure and pride I may say that we mean the Tower gates to throw wide Two hours more to the public on every free day, During Summer—if ever we get one. ("Hooray!") Yes, that's nice, is it not? But there's more p.p. yet. This meeting's a Party one. Do I regret? No! I like Party meetings—when all on one side; And I look upon this one with pleasure and pride. Yes, I like Party spirit. But faction I hate. They're quite different—*how*, it is needless to state; But I may say, with pride and with pleasure, that we Never stoop to the latter, in any degree. It is only minorities, long out of place, That offend in that way, to their lasting disgrace; And whenever minorities venture on action, 'Tis plain they're inspired by the spirit of faction. But of all things what gives me most pleasure and pride, Is to see the majority ranged on our side. We have had trying times, as the old women say, And to deal with the crisis has not been child's play. We may have made blunders, but then, after all, Like the lady's *faux-pas*, they have been "very small." Whilst day after day has been big with the fate Of—Lord B. and of Britain—a critical state! But our Chief has dodged danger, avoided defeat— So Conservative Choirs may sing large and sing sweet, While discomfited Rads may sing sour and sing small— None will dance to their tune, though they keep up their bawl. But Lord B.'s firmness, courage, and energy—(*cheers*)— Might move brawny BISMARCK to envious tears. There is still work before us. But things in the East Are settling down nicely—I think so, at least. We have crumpled the Afghan, and baffled the Bear. The African bungle we'll very soon square— (Though I do not quite like that half-million a week!)— And then we can boast, *sans suspicion* of "cheek," We have brought you back Peace. As for snarlers who say That we were the parties who drove her away, I hope I am not over-sanguine in thinking At the hustings you'll see *them* disposed of like winking. For Home-legislation we've had little leisure, But I think I may say—with as much pride as pleasure— That England has ne'er from her dignity swerved. Though her trade's in a *pickle*, her honour's *preserved*. Distress? Humph, well—yes; but don't take that to heart. We shall soon set things right when we make a fresh start. Let us hope that Prosperity's full rays may soon shine— Though just now talk of sunshine sounds rather like moonshine. At least I may mention—with pleasure and pride— That the blame for bad times does not rest with *our* side. There's one fly in my ointment, one thorn in my rose— Obstruction! But there, never mind. I suppose I was born a Pill Garlick; at school 'twas the same; Boys shied books at my head, and I got all the blame. And now that the Home-Rulers pelt me, of course 'Tis set down to my lack of discretion and force. No matter. Return lots of Members like *him*— (Mr. RITCHIE, I mean)—with a stern-wind we'll swim, And on waves of prosperity buoyantly ride, With no check to our pleasure, no curb to our pride!

THE FARMER FOR THE FAIR.—A Husbandman.



THE INTERMENT QUESTION.

Old Gent (disturbed over his "Times" after Breakfast). "THERE'S A POWERFUL SMELL OF COOKING COMES IN FROM THE OPEN WINDOW, HANNAH."—(Sniffing.)—"CAN YOU—"

Hannah (nearly in tears). "I WAS A GOIN' TO SPEAK TO YOU, SIR. THE POOR OLD CAT DIED LAST NIGHT, SIR, AND THE YOUNG GENTS"—(his two little Nephews on a Visit)—"SAID THEY'D BURY IT IN THE GARDEN FOR ME; 'STEAD O' WHICH THEY'RE A—THEY'RE A"—(breaking down)—"CREE-MATIN' OF IT OVER THERE BY THE STABLES, SIR!!"

THE WOOLWICH CADET OF THE FUTURE.

(A Leaf from his Diary.)

Tired out with my journey. Glad to get to my room. No carpet, bare whitewashed walls; no furniture but bed and washing-stand. Could not help contrasting it with the comfortable little crib I had left at home. Sat down on floor, and opened portmanteau.

Called to attention by Commandant. Informed that Academy not intended for a pack of young Ladies. Cadets expected to submit themselves willingly to Spartan rule. Stood at "attention," as Commandant overhauled boxes.

Photographic Album, dressing-gown, woollen comforter, and slippers confiscated. Informed that such luxuries could not be permitted. Ordered to change atlas with coloured maps for one with plain ditto.

Got into bed. Deuced hard. Single mattress. No pillow: only one blanket; no counterpane. Was not long in getting to sleep.

Suddenly awakened by bugle-call. Jumped into my uniform. Rushed into corridor. Found myself face to face with Commandant and Bugler.

Told that would do. Asked if anything wrong. Commandant explained; nothing wrong; merely night-alarm exercise. Told we were not a pack of girls, and must accustom ourselves to discomforts of military career. Ordered back to bed.

Alarms repeated three times in course of the night. Not sorry when six o'clock came, to get up in earnest.

Servant brought pail with ice. Commandant thinks we had better accustom ourselves to iced-water bathing in depth of winter. May be some day stationed at North Pole.

After iced tub and rub down with No. 1. Corridor jack-towel, Gymnasium for three hours. Bugle-call to breakfast.

Address by Commandant as we stood round tables (no chairs). Said he wished to explain why no milk and sugar in tea, and no

butter on bread. We were not a pack of girls. Must accustom ourselves to military simplicity of living, as food on service would often be of roughest and coarsest kind. Better learn to do without tea and coffee altogether. Might often be glad to get water. At all events, if we must have tea, could not be allowed milk and sugar.

Back to studies.

At seven extremely hungry. No sign of dinner. Junior Cadet deputed to inquire reason.

Commandant explained—We were not a pack of girls. Our duty to accustom ourselves to the hardships and discomforts of military life. On active service we should be unable to observe regular hours for meals. First thing that happens in a campaign conducted on British principles is breakdown of commissariat. Commissariat supposed to have broken down. Could not have anything to eat till to-morrow morning. Ordered to bivouac for night in kitchen garden. Commandant explained we were not a pack of girls; should not require anything but water-proof sheet and shelter of gooseberry bushes.

Query (before bivouac bugle-call).—Had there been a military academy in Sparta on Woolwich principles, whether most of the Spartan fellows wouldn't have cut it?

Absit Omen!

(On the Assembly's change of quarters.)

With war's seeds 'twixt Parties, as Goddesses, sown,
Let's hope that the danger afar is,
Of another apple of discord thrown
For another Judgment of Paris!

THE PUBLIC TO ITS PURVEYORS OF GAS AND WATER.—Rather your room than your Company.



A WELL-EARNED REPROOF.

Father (sternly). "I'M MUCH DISAPPOINTED TO FIND, SIR, THAT YOU ARE FIRST IN EVERY CLASS. I ALSO HEAR, TO MY GREAT REGRET, THAT YOU HAVE DISTINGUISHED YOURSELF BOTH AT CRICKET AND FOOTBALL, AND ARE THE BEST GYMNAST IN THE SCHOOL. WHAT DO YOU EXPECT WILL BE LEFT OF YOU AT THIRTY, IF YOU TAKE IT OUT OF YOURSELF IN THIS DISGRACEFUL WAY AT THIRTEEN?"

Son. "I'M VERY SORRY, FATHER. I DIDN'T DO IT ON PURPOSE—AND—AND I WON'T DO IT AGAIN."

Father. "I HOPE NOT! FOR IF BY THE END OF NEXT TERM YOU ARE NOT EITHER THE BIGGEST DUNCE OR THE GREATEST MUFF IN THE WHOLE SCHOOL, I'LL TAKE YOU AWAY ALTOGETHER!"

FROM OUR ABSENT FRIEND.

On the Entertainment to the Comédie Française at the Mansion House.

SIR,—I regret having been unable to join in the *festin* at the Mansion House, as it must have been a very grand and jovial affair—specially for Mlle. SARAH BERNHARDT—but the Paris *Figaro's* account of the guests has rather bothered me. Here is an extract:—

"A côté du Lord Maire était placée Mme. MADELINE BROHAN; M. EM. PERRIN se trouvait auprès de Mme. la Mairesse. La scène anglaise était représentée par Miss NEILSON, une adorable tragédienne et comédienne, qui a joué onze cents fois le rôle de Juliette; Mme. KENDEL, Mme. BANKROFF, Miss NEVILLE; M. VESIN, M. WINDHAM, M. CH. WARNER, qui a en ce moment un grand succès à Londres dans *The Drink*, imitation de *L'Assommoir*."

I recognise Miss NEILSON. That's easy enough, and I don't suppose among all the *comédiennes et tragédiennes* could they find a prettier face than hers. The French reporter took care to inquire all about *her*, and get her name all right,—but how about the others? Mme. KENDEL—only one vowel out—and then Mme. BANKROFF!!! Here's a triumph for Countess Zicka, the Russian Adventuress, in *Diplomacy*!

Let Mr. and Mrs. BANKROFF at once avail themselves of this title, "Count and Countess BANKROFF"—there couldn't be a better title for the Manager and Manageress of the Prince of Wales's, which

LIGHT OUT OF DARKNESS.

QUERY, How to convert motion into electricity, so as to be enabled to generate the electric light at a moderate cost? By means of waterfalls, windmills, and tidal rivers, answer scientific economists. Good. But is there not another motive agency which could be very cheaply and readily supplied? Couldn't you get it out of convict labour? By the simple expedient of connecting our cranks and treadmills with electro-magnetic machines, a quantity of force convertible into electric currents, and thence into light, might be obtained proportionate to the strength of criminals in custody. Thus the moral darkness of the country might be made to afford the means of physical illumination; as is the darkness so would be the light—very great. Isn't this a pretty as well as a scientific idea? In the meanwhile you would put rogues, thieves, and ruffians to some real use, and make them do something for their molasses, skilligolee, and cell-accommodation, without forcing prison labour into injurious competition with honest industry.

AMERICAN SHEMAONS.

CAN a woman keep a secret? Possibly; at least in the United States: and if she belong to certain associations included amongst—

"FEMALE MISSIONARY SOCIETIES.—The reports of the American May Meetings include that of the Women's Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions, described as attended by representatives of various women's societies throughout the United States. The meeting was held on the 23rd of May at Saratoga. Men were not admitted."

From this interesting item of Transatlantic intelligence it appears that a considerable some of American Ladies have gone ahead so far as to have formed themselves into secret societies, excluding men—as freemasons exclude women—from their lodges. To a missionary meeting of women at Saratoga "men were not admitted." The female missionaries were "tiled" against mankind. There is a curious felicity discernible in the selection of Saratoga for the shemasons' meeting. Saratoga is a compound of Sara and toga—Sara signifying the sex the name pertains to, and toga meaning *toga virilis*—with underclothing and continuations to correspond.

should change its name to the Imperial Czar Theatre. Bravo, Count BANKROFF!

Who is Miss NEVILLE? There may be such an *artiste* among us, or is it Mister HENRY NEVILLE in disguise? "And this is fame!" cried either the Editor of the *Eatonswill Gazette* or the other idiot, his rival. Then here is Mr. VESIN with an "s" instead of a "z." Pity they didn't make it "WEE-SIN," and henceforth he could have been known as Mr. LITTLE PECCADILLO. "Mr. WINDHAM" with an "i" instead of a "y." Well, the substitution is good. Finally, Mr. CHARLES WARNER, who is so successful in "*The Drink*!" Capital. Bravo, French *Figaro* Reporter! And how does CHARLES READE like "*imitation de L'Assommoir*"? But no matter. Here's another extract:—

"Le succès de beauté a été pour Mlle. BARETTA fort remarquée par le Lord Maire; pour Mlles. CROIZETTE et SAMARY, celle-ci riant beaucoup lorsqu'on lui a passé le *lowing cup*, ou coupe d'amour, sorte de ciboire en vermeil rempli de vin à la cannelle, où chacun boit à son tour suivant un cérémonial prescrit—Mlle. SAMARY ne pouvait de décider à y tremper ses jolies lèvres.

"Mlle. BERNHARDT, placée au bout de la table d'honneur et ayant pour voisin son camarade THIRON, ne semblait pas s'amuser beaucoup."

The "Loving Cup" is good for Loving Cup. It sounds like somebody's Drink for Cattle. And then poor Mlle. SARAH, who was bored by it all, and showed it too!

Being afraid lest the *Figaro* account should have escaped your Argus eyes, I send it, and am YOUR REPRESENTATIVE (cher lui).

AWFUL DEFECTION.



H dear, JACOB
BRIGHT!
Vivisection out-
right!
You cutting
Cat's tails off,
Night after
night!

FROM BAD TO
WORSE.

WE read of
great excite-
ment in Virginia
owing to the
ravages of the
"army-worm,"
which devas-
tates grass
farms. Thou-
sands of the
worms can be
seen with the
naked eye, as
they advance to
the scene of
their devastations.

Behind them is a "desert" without a blade of grass. This is the form the detestable ravage of the army-worm takes in the New World. In the Old World, especially in Germany and Russia, the army-worm not only eats up the hay, but the cereals, and everything, in fact, that supports human life! If this pestilent worm be a serious nuisance on the other side of the Atlantic, on this side it is a curse which threatens to be destructive to human industry and progress altogether.

WISHES AT THE R.A.

I WISH that all the works could be labelled with their titles and the names of the Artists.

If this accommodation is not practicable, I wish that the numbers could be made more conspicuous, and not put on tickets so twisted as to be illegible from below. The long struggle of short visitors to make out the present figures is exhausting, as well as tantalising.

I wish myself a Master of Foxhounds, or a Chairman of a Railway, or a Bishop, or a Sheriff, or a Lieutenant-General, or a Colonel of Rifles, that I might be painted for nothing, be presented with my own portrait, and be handed down from generation to generation as a precious heirloom—even if ultimately, as an enormous bore.

I wish it was not so hot.

I wish I had come earlier.

I wish I could find a seat.

I wish I had come later.

I wish I could get up betimes in the morning, and be here when the doors open.

I wish that the Academy would depute some of its Members to go round the Galleries and point out the best works by outsiders, and that the principal outsiders would perform the same useful office for the Academicians and Associates.

I wish I had visited the Exhibition without reading beforehand a single line of all that the critics have written.

I wish that some of the pictures could have had better places, and others worse, and others—none at all.

I wish the Catalogue would vouchsafe a little information about "the Chantrey Bequest."

I wish I knew more about the Duc D'ANJOU, and the Duc D'ENGHIEN, and the Gordon Riots, and "the Studholme Chapter, Rose Croix," and Boreas and Orithyia, and CHARLOTTE CORDAY, and MARAT, and Nausicaa, and CATHERINE DOUGLAS, and FRANCESCA DA RIMINI, and WILLIAM the Silent, and CALLICLES, and Bent and Wreck, and the Cottabo, and the Circulation of the Blood, and dry point.

I wish Mr. MILLAIS many happy returns of success like his portrait of Mr. GLADSTONE.

I wish that the Academy would revive the order of female Academicians, too long in abeyance, and enrol in its ranks the Painter of Nos. 20 and 582.

I wish the Academy would appoint me one of its Honorary Members—say, Professor of Ancient Mythology, or Philology, or Stenography.

I wish that there could be some indication in the Catalogue of the proper pronunciation of such distinguished, but perplexing names, as ALMA-TADEMA, BOEHM, BOUGHTON, CALDERON, VICAT COLE, FILDES, HERKOMER, OULESS, RIVIERE, and YEAMES. (Perhaps a little guidance to the orthoëpy of Nausicaa would not be unacceptable.)

I wish I had money to buy a landscape or two.

If they can do it without risk of bankruptcy, I wish the Refreshment Contractors would charge something less than sixpence for a cup—and that not a large cup—of tea.

Finally, I wish the Royal Academy an endless succession of years of ever-increasing vigour, prosperity, and success, millions of annual shillings in its coffers, long life to its accomplished President, lucrative and constant Commissions to each and all of its Members—in a word, *Floreat Regia Academia Artium!*—for hath it not abolished the obligation to deposit sticks, umbrellas, and parasols, before entering its *penetralia*?

THE LOST SEASON.

A Lay of the Future.

"You are old, Father WILLIAM!" the Young Man cried.

"Just a hundred and one," Father WILLIAM replied, And he wagged his beard with a sapient smile.

"Bless me!" said the Youth, "that's a jolly long while To have lived, and you just must remember a lot."

"No end," quoth the Aged One, sipping his "tot."

"I'm a hundred and one, come the tenth of September, And 'twould take a big book to hold all I remember.

I remember steam-engines, and 'busses, and gas,

And the days when a lass was just dressed like a lass;

I remember when women had charms and no votes,

When men wore white chokers and swallow-tailed coats;

I remember the times of the Toothpick and Crutch,

When Cabmen existed and charged you too much;

I remember when men used to travel by rail,

Play cricket, and 'strike,' and drink fourpenny ale;

When game was preserved, and folks cared about fun,

And stared at that trifle, a hundred-ton gun;

I remember when Kings and kid-gloves were the thing,

And—ah, yes, above all, I remember the Spring!"

"What was that?" cried the Youth. Said the Old 'Un, "Oh dear!

You have never read up your old poets, I fear,

Or you wouldn't ask that, though the name, it is true,

Could have but traditional meaning for you.

Why, the Spring was a Season, bland, genial, gay,

Beginning with March, Boy, and ending with May;

Just the time, as you know, when our North-easters blow,

And the country lies under six inches of snow;

But then—ah, you'll doubt me!—but then 'twas a time,

Such as very old bards celebrate in their rhyme,

When the sun used to shine—"Cried the Youth, "That's absurd!"

"And the flowers—" "Come, come!" said the Boy, "my old bird,

You're a bit off your head." Said the Sage, "Ribald youth,

Pray shut up. I am telling you nought but the truth.

Then the skies were bright blue, and the fields were bright green,

And the primrose, and lilac, and maybuds were seen—

Now extinct as the Dodo—and birds used to sing.

Oh, a jolly nice Season, my lad, was the Spring."

The Youth shook his head. "Father WILLIAM," he said,

"I'm afraid it is time that you took to your bed!

You're a jolly old chap—I respect you as such—

But the yarn you now pitch is a *leeble* too much.

March, April, and May, the worst months of the year,

When colds are most common, and coals are most dear,

Ever such as *you* picture them, flowery, fine,

All sweetness, and song-birds, and sparkle, and shine?

Oh, Walker! Get home, Father WILLIAM, get home!

For your wits, I am sure, are beginning to roam.

Why, June is now ending, with rain, rain, still rain!

And Summer has followed Spring's suit, 'tis too plain!"

Troops by Train.

It is of course a fact interesting to Mr. BRIGHT that the Canadian Legislature has passed a resolution to ask the co-operation of the Imperial Government in constructing the Pacific Railway. Hope, at the outset of Railway enterprise, told the flattering tale that all Railways would prove pacific.

ISRAEL IN ENGLAND.—In the window of a shop in Paternoster Row is placarded a lately published pamphlet, entitled *Are Englishmen Israelites?* Probably not, though Disraelites are said to be numerous.

HAPPY-THOUGHT GUIDE TO LONDON.

Containing much that was never even thought of in Dickens's Dictionary. Specially intended for Visitors to the Metropolis during the Agricultural Show.



"A 1."—This is Mr. Punch's Golden Number. It is also used, as a title of courtesy, in addressing the Chief Constable of the "A" Division.

ACADEMY.—There are plenty of Academies in and about London for the education of Young Ladies and Gentlemen. The chief of these is the Royal Academy, where only Royal Children are brought up.

ADELPHI.—A theatre in the Strand, built by an Irishman of the name of TERENCE. Everybody has heard

of the Adelphi of TERENCE. Here it is. Mr. BEN WEBSTER, who wrote the Dictionary which bears his name, is still connected with this house of entertainment. The clock at Westminster and LORD BEACONSFIELD were both named after Mr. "BEN" WEBSTER. In theatrical parlance, where "Ben" is short for "Benefit," Mr. WEBSTER is spoken of as the Biggest Ben ever known on the Stage. Admission to the theatre is by payment, but there is no extra charge for standing on the doorstep, in order to give passers-by the idea that you have your seat inside, and have only come out during an *entr'acte*. Just now it is "Halliday time" at the Adelphi, where they are playing *Amy Robsart* with an exceptionally strong cast. Miss NEILSON is the *chère Amy*, "supported," as they say, by Messrs. HENRY NEVILLE and H. VEZIN, though the heroine is quite capable of supporting herself.

ADMIRALTY.—Where all the Admirals are. If you want an Admiral, call in here, and take your choice. Office-hours from eleven to five. When you enter the gates, you must say to the sailor on duty, "What cheer, messmate?" On his replying "Aye, aye, my hearty! Cheer it is!" you may pass on. At the door you must ring three bells, whereupon the Loblolly Boy in buttons will sound a fog-horn, and signals will be made from the mast-head. After this, you will be informed whether the Admiral you've come to see is at home. If he is, ask him for an order to view the collection of *Tales told to the Marines*, in the Nautical Library. Also obtain an order for the dry cellars where the Logs are kept, and an admission to the Museum, where you will find the Wooden Walls of Old England, used as folding-screens to keep out the draughts in winter. The rooms at the back of the building are entirely devoted to Rear-Admirals. In the smoking-room only horn-pipes are allowed. No smoking abaft the binnaele. Everyone takes grog aboard at five bells. In passing through the hall, be careful to pay implicit obedience to the printed notice—"Visitors are particularly requested *not* to speak to the man at the wheel." The Admiralty is governed by three Lords, who are called The Three Masters, of whom the one who arrives before the others in the morning, is styled the First Lord. In the back-yard, on which the rooms of the Rear-Admirals look out, are kept Mother Carey's chickens, all under hatches. An interesting sight, which no visitor to London should miss.

ALBANY.—A funereal sort of Burlington Arcade, guarded by two officials, one at each end. Here the State prisoners are kept, their cells being on the right and left of the central passage. Shudder, stranger, and pass on! All hope abandon ye who enter here.

ALBERT HALL.—A very agreeable person, and well-known Londoner, whose acquaintance should be cultivated by everyone coming to town for the season, as he gives delightful parties, and his residence commands a fine view of Hyde Park.

ALHAMBRA.—The residence of the Moorish Ambassador in Leicester Square. Receptions every night from seven till 11'30.

ALPINE CLUB.—Here any speculator can invest in Alpine

Stocks, which are quoted daily in the City. The Alpine Club have purchased most of the foreign mountains. Mount Blanc b'longs to them. The Stocks go up every summer. Look for their offices in Mount Street, Grosvenor Square.

ANALYSTS.—Directly you come up to London, lose no time in going straight to an Analyst, to get analysed. When you have been thoroughly analysed, the Analyst enters your name in his annals, and presents you with a ticket which will clear all the bars in London, including Chancery, Common Law, Criterion, and the Old Bailey Bar. Once analysed, you are free of the City, and can walk about as much as you like. Armed with the Analyst's Pass, you can go right through the Royal Exchange without any interruption from the Beadle, walk gaily past Buckingham Palace without being challenged by the sentry,—only, if you are challenged, you are bound to accept the challenge, and fight 'em both, one down t'other come on, until the arrival of the patrol. With the Analyst's Ticket in your pocket, you can walk up and down Burlington Arcade, stopping to look in at all the shop-windows, and are permitted to speak three times to the Warders on duty without fee. It confers on you the right to pluck primroses on Primrose Hill, free of charge, to attend all the services in St. Paul's, to feed the ducks in the Green Park, and the right of precedence at any drinking fountain within the four-mile radius. In all cases of dispute with a cabman or 'bus conductor, produce your Analyst's Ticket, which will be at once a satisfactory and sufficient explanation.

Before making a purchase at any shop, inquire whether they take off sixty per cent., cash, for anyone holding an Analyst's Ticket. Wherever they do this, it is an immense saving, especially in such articles *de luxe* as hats, gloves, socks, walking-sticks, penknives, handkerchiefs, and white shirts. Any schoolboy will tell you where the Chief Analyst's offices are. Catch any schoolboy coming out of school, and ask him. Of course you must make yourself *au courant* with the signs used by the London schoolboys, or you may mistake his meaning, and so lose your own time and waste his, for which he will have a remedy against you with the School Board authorities through the immediate agency of the nearest policeman.

Again we repeat, as a visitor to London and a stranger to the Metropolis, you can't do better than provide yourself with an Analyst's Ticket. If possible, get an Annual Analyst's Ticket. All complaints are analysed at the Chief Office, St. Luke's, E.C.; and all letters on the subject should be addressed to the Analytical Pigeons' Milk Office, care of Overseer, the Hatch, Colney.

ANGLING.—This is the science of turning the corners or "doing the angles" neatly, most useful to all pedestrians and drivers of vehicles. England was once the land of the Angles, which accounts for there still being so many nooks and corners to be found all over the country. The term has a secondary meaning, implying "fishing," but in London it is almost obsolete, except perhaps in the neighbourhood of the Serpentine, which—it being a long time before we get to "S," so we may as well anticipate the information—is so called from the serpents found in it. These serpents are not venomous, and closely resemble eels. *Every sort of fish may be angled for in the Serpentine*, between the hours of 8 A.M. and 8 P.M. Bait can be used for carp, tench, jack, trout, salmon trout, char, and minnows, but purely sea-fish are rarely found below bridge, though they have been seen above it. With such chances at hand, why should the disciple of IZAAK WALTON hook it elsewhere?

AQUARIUM.—A place where there are two sorts of fish; that is, fish imprisoned in tanks, and some loose fish outside. The distractions are numerous. All is fish that comes to their net, and so they are now exhibiting a learned Bull. The motto of the establishment is "Bless the Duke of ARGYLL!" Here you can see everything from Indefatigable Flyers, like ZAZEL, down to the Industrious Fleas.

Jones's Domestic Forecast.

- July 1.—Mrs. J. Cloudy and threatening.
 „ 2.—Miss J. Dull in the morning. Very fine in the afternoon and evening.
 „ 3.—MARY JANE. Same as 2.
 „ 4.—Master J. Unsettled. Rather fresh towards midnight.
 „ 5.—Butler. Unsteady.
 „ 6.—Baby. Squally.

Warnings—from Cook and Buttons.

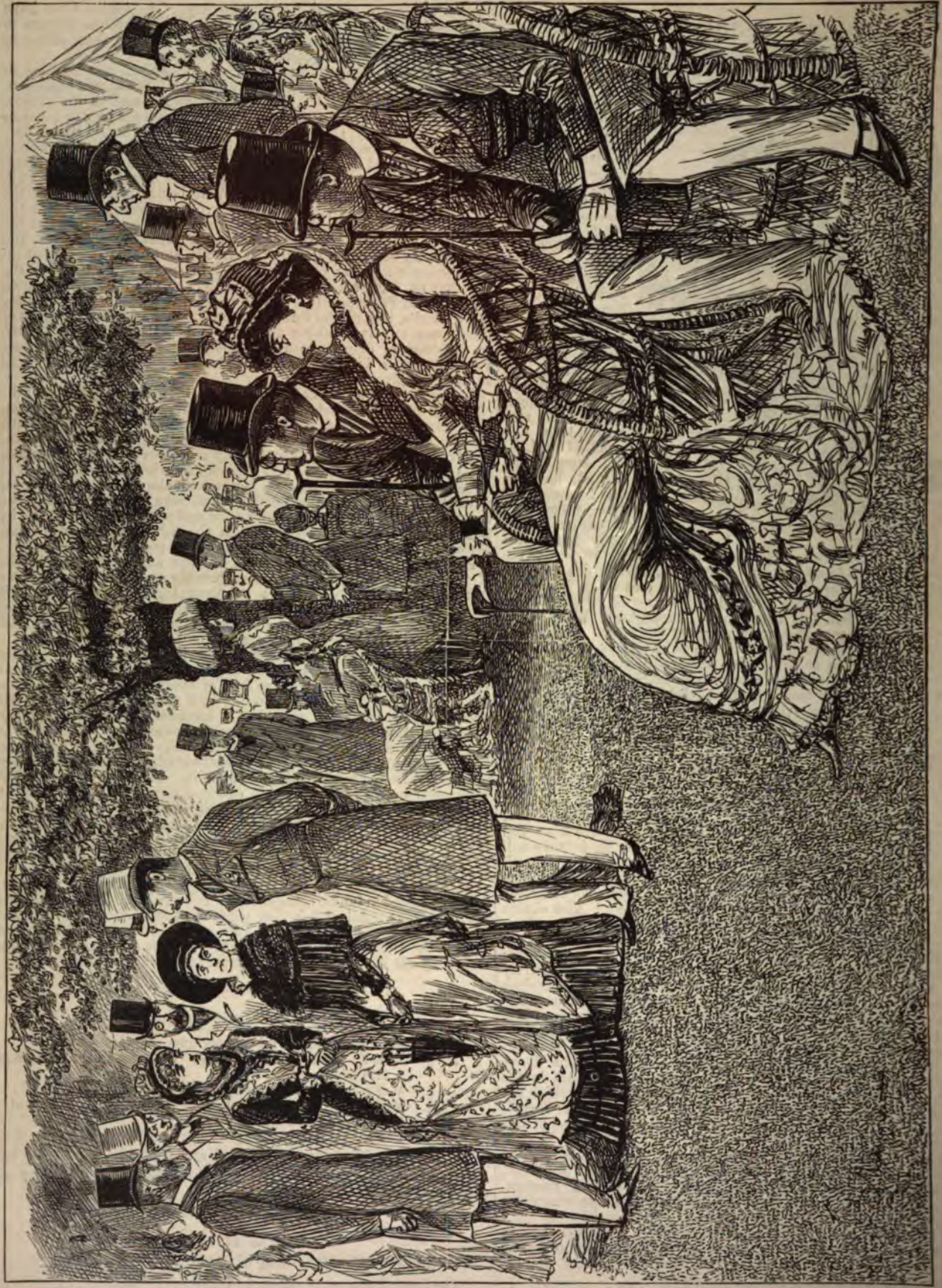
Pressure in the East considerable, which may be the occasion of disturbance in the West-End.

A DARK SÉANCE.

THE Report of the first sitting of Convocation finished thus:—

"The Upper House sat *in camera* for the rest of the day."

Of course their photographs were all taken, and every proposition was met with a negative. "The rest is silence."



BEAUTY A CRITIC ON BEAUTY.

Fred and Charlie. "THERE'S MRS. SPIFFINGTON! *Ain't* she looking lovely!"

Mrs. Dittlington (a rival Beauty). "I NEVER COULD SEE THE LOVELINESS OF MRS. SPIFFINGTON, I CONFESS! NOW, THAT SHORT WOMAN, WITH THE LARGE BLACK HAT, WHO'S WITH

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



MONDAY, June 23 (Lords).—His Royal Highness the COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF has done his best to clear himself of blame in connection with the death of the PRINCE IMPERIAL. His letters to Lord CHELMSFORD are creditable to his good-nature, whatever they may be to his grammar.

Lord BEACONSFIELD and Earl GRANVILLE spoke the sympathy with the bereaved mother of the Government and the Opposition Peers.

Lord TRURO did his best to get the Committee on the Thames Prevention of Floods Bill instructed to charge on the rates the cost of works for public benefit under the Bill.

The Archbishop of CANTERBURY, speaking with the voice of Lambeth, backed the prayer.

Lord REDESDALE said the Bill should have been a Public Bill; that it would want sharp looking after, but deprecated any instruction to the Committee. Lord REDESDALE likes to monopolise the instruction of Committees in the Lords.

(Commons).—A rush of questions. Mr. LOWTHER is acquiring an unenviable distinction for his "chaffy" way of answering his Irish querists. It seems to be his object to get the Home-Rulers to tread on the tail of his coat. In fact, Mr. LOWTHER, like the English



LAST SWEET THING IN TOILETTES.

(With Punch's Compliments to M. Worth.)

settlers within the pale, of old, is evidently becoming "*Ipsis Hibernis Hibernior*," in his relish for a row, and his skill in getting up one.

Prayers on all sides for light—light—more light on the Egyptian darkness, from Sir F. GOLDSMID, Lord HARTINGTON, Mr. BRIGHT, Mr. OTWAY, and Mr. COURTNEY. The darkness is cleared up now. What do we see? A dissolving view. *Exit* KHEDIVE, ushered out by Powers. *Enter* TEWFIK, ushered in by Padishah. *Manet*, poor fellow—under his burden. He alone is unchanged.

In Committee on Army Discipline Bill, Mr. HOLMS made a bold move to get privates represented on Courts-Martial. They are so in Foreign armies. The Right Honourable Mr. C. G. BENTINCK, and Colonel ALEXANDER protested against the change as unnecessary and impracticable. Soldiers had perfect confidence in Courts-Martial as now constituted. Sir H. HAVELOCK, General SAUTE, and all the soldiers in the House, bore the same testimony; Mr. O'DONNELL *contra*. Some progress was actually made with the Bill, and a whole batch of other Bills was advanced a stage. Hurrah! No cry to speak of, and a good deal of wool for once.

Tuesday (Lords).—Poor Lord ORANMORE! He had a notice on Monday's paper, and when it came on he was not in his place, so his order was dropped. Lord ORANMORE said he *had* stayed till a quarter past six, at which hour a Bill was under discussion. How could he dream of the possibility of his notice being reached? If a noble Lord mayn't go home with a clear conscience at a quarter past six, what are we coming to!

Commons (Morning Sitting).—It is satisfactory to know that we mean to make the Cape Colony pay part of the expenses of this unhappy war.

Mr. O'DONNELL is much exercised about the burning of Zulu kraals by our soldiers. A certain party in the House seems unwilling to admit that the making of omelettes involves the breaking of eggs. The time to stir is before the omelette is ordered.

More progress with the Army Discipline Bill.

Colonel STANLEY gave notice of postponement of the Clause relating to the powers of the Provost-Marshal.

Sir ROBERT PEEL said, if that Clause were postponed, it would be better to postpone the rest of the Bill.

Sir W. HARCOURT said there would be no difficulty in passing the Bill if the House could only have the benefit of the Honourable Baronet's absence. Thanks to that, they had passed twenty-one clauses, and if he would only continue to stay away, would soon pass twenty-one more.

Mr. O'DONNELL declared, if the Clause was postponed, his inten-

tion of opposing the rest of the Bill. It was a famous chance of winning popularity.

Colonel STANLEY said his object was to limit the very unlimited powers of the Provost-Marshal.

There was a long fight over the Enlistment Clauses. Finally, power was given to extend the period of enlistment from six to twelve years.

Mr. O'DONNELL moved, in the teeth of all reason, to omit the words forfeiting a man's previous service, for desertion, fraudulent enlistment, and other heinous offences, in the count of time towards pension. On which Mr. BIGGAR talked the House out.

The morning's talk-out was followed by a Count Out in the evening. "Thus bad begins, but worse remains behind."

Wednesday.—A serious and interesting adjourned debate over Second Reading of the O'CONNOR DON'S Irish University Bill, notable for new departures of some leading Liberals in the direction of concessions to Irish ideas. Professor PLAYFAIR, for one, evidently inclined in this direction, though he could not support this Bill, which would constitute a theological Academy in Ireland. He would never consent to put the higher education under ecclesiastical authority, whether of Rome or Geneva.

Mr. LEATHAM boldly broke with his party, in view of the importance of giving a University education to Roman Catholics which Roman Catholics would accept. "When prejudices were the prejudices of a whole nation, they almost rose to the dignity of principles."

Mr. W. E. FORSTER followed suit:—

"He could not see why it was just that Roman-Catholic students should not have quite as good a chance of getting a degree, of obtaining quite as much State aid in the acquisition of high University culture as Protestant students. He entirely agreed with his hon. friend the Member for Huddersfield that the present state of things in reality enforced religious disability."

But the Nonconformists who speak through Mr. RICHARD held their ground. He could support no Bill that took the remnant of the revenues of the Disestablished Church to endow the Roman-Catholic priesthood. The Bill in effect would do this, disguise the fact as its promoters might.

Mr. HOLT (a supporter of Government) said:—

"They were asked to provide by that Bill for the endowment of colleges which might or would be sectarian colleges, and for a University which should hereafter assume a denominational character under the control of the Roman-Catholic hierarchy. That was the scheme which the Bill was calculated to promote; and he was on that account compelled to give it his opposition."

Sir W. BARTHELOTT wanted to know

"On what ground we were to endow a Roman-Catholic University, when we would not give any endowment to Roman-Catholic primary education? It had been determined that religious animosities in Ireland should as far as possible be put on one side, and that all classes should be brought up together, so that they might live together without those heartburnings engendered by denominational education. These things being so, no Government would be able to deal with this question on the lines of this Bill."

Mr. SYNAN gave the Irish Roman-Catholic reasons in favour of the Bill; Mr. MACARTNEY and the Irish Attorney-General the Irish Protestant reasons against it.

In the end, Mr. CROSS sprang a mine on the House by announcing that the Government meant to put their views on the question on record by introducing a measure of their own, which the LORD CHANCELLOR would ask leave to do to-morrow.

Sir W. HARCOURT gave the Government a sharp wiggling for not sparing the time of the House by sooner announcing their intention. Was this to be another "Ten Minutes' Bill?"

The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER declared the Government had only made up their minds after hearing and weighing all that had been said in favour of the Bill, and having come to the conclusion that they could not support the Bill, they felt they were bound to bring forward their counter-proposal in the shape of a Bill of her own.

In other words, the Cabinet having felt the pulse of their supporters, have discovered that the only thing they can do is to drop the red-hot poker of Irish University Education. That is what it comes to. Their supporters won't have the O'CONNOR DON'S Bill. They can't carry their own; but they can introduce it. They will introduce it, and drop it forthwith.

Thursday (Lords).—At the eleventh hour, the House of Lords, by Lord CARNARVON, have interfered to save London Bridge from disfigurement by cast-iron wings, or at least to interpose a Select Committee between it and that embellishment. Sir J. RENNIE'S Bridge is not yet safe; but at least there is to be a rehearing of those who think that provision for City traffic across the river can be made without destroying a noble architectural work. The Bill, on Third Reading, has been referred to a Select Committee.

(Commons.)—To-night's sitting was memorable for the most Irish of all the Irish rows of the year, if not the Session.

Mr. O'CONNOR POWER, asking the Chief Secretary a question as to his authority for saying that most of the speakers at the late Tenant Farmers' Meeting at Milltown, County Galway, were not tenant-

farmers at all, was answered in the Lowtherian manner, in a light and jaunty style, that made the supporters of Government laugh, and the Irish Home-Rule Members savage. Whereupon Mr. O'CONNOR POWER moved the adjournment of the House, for the purpose of pitching into the Chief Secretary; whereupon the supporters of the Government went off in a loud and lively conversation, which drowned Mr. O'CONNOR's voice; whereupon Mr. O'CONNOR's friends, Mr. PARNELL at their head, rushed in, on the point of order; whereupon Mr. NEWDEGATE rose to order on Mr. PARNELL, and Mr. SULLIVAN to order on Mr. NEWDEGATE, and the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER on Mr. SULLIVAN, and Mr. MITCHELL-HENRY on the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER, till at last the SPEAKER himself was swept into the row, and disorder swamped order and reigned supreme. Then the mild wisdom of Lord HARTINGTON threw oil on the troubled waters; but, even after that, the storm was very nearly raised again between Mr. BRIGHT, the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER, and Lord JOHN MANNERS. Whereupon explanations from everybody who had been concerned in the disturbance made confusion worse confounded, till Mr. O'CONNOR POWER withdrew his Motion, and the House settled down to the business of the evening, after an hour of such lively scrimmage as would not have done discredit to the French Legislative Chamber.

The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER confirmed the news of the abdication of the KHEDIVE in favour of his son, Prince TEWFIK, and answered Lord HARTINGTON's questions, to the effect that France, Germany, Austria, Russia, Italy, and the Porte, had all had a finger in the Egyptian pie; that the principal ground for pressing ISMAIL's abdication was the misgovernment of Egypt; and that the abdication had taken place in obedience to orders received from the Porte.

Mr. FAWCETT wanted to know if the recommendations to the KHEDIVE to resign had been made solely in consequence of the misgovernment of his people, and had nothing to do with the failure of the KHEDIVE to execute his engagements to his creditors.

The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER said the "complications" between the KHEDIVE and his creditors were "part of the case against him." To pay his creditors he had to squeeze his poor fellahs, and this caused oppression; "but still it would be incorrect to say that these complications were the reason of the action of the Government."

Poor Sir STAFFORD! How helplessly yet laboriously he beat about the bush! But it would not have been pleasant to say that England has been dragged into action at the wheels of Prince BISMARCK's chariot, and that spirited England only interfered on finding that the other European Powers were quite prepared to interfere without her.

Friday (Lords).—Lord CARNARVON pleaded for the oppressed Armenians.

Lord SALISBURY sneered at the folly and impatience with the progress of Turkish reforms in Asia Minor.

Hurry no man's cattle—especially the SULTAN's. Money makes the Turk to go,—and, as the Turk has no money, it is a case of "no go" with the Turk. Very pleasant, especially when we consider that we have guaranteed Turkish dominion in Asia Minor on condition of its reform, and that there is no reform of its condition.

(Commons.)—More talk over Army Discipline and Reform Bill. Suppose, after the scene of Thursday, the House brought in a Bill for its own?

A MATTER OF TASTE.

"As to the æsthetical character of the work, that was purely a matter of taste."—The Lord Chancellor on the Proposed Widening of London Bridge.

A MATTER of taste! Oh, precisely, my Lord!

And taste, as we know, is a *question en l'air*.

Why should Cits, or Lord Chancellors either, be bored

With moot points of æsthetics? It's jolly unfair.

Our Boeotian Babylon's practical rule

Is that money expended on Beauty's sheer waste;

So the man who disputes about Art is a fool,

For that's purely a matter of taste!

An architect's quarrel—between pot and kettle—

Think of making a fuss *à propos* of a Bridge!

The Court of C. C. all such questions should settle,

Undisturbed by the buzz of the critical midge.

CARNARVON, and GRANVILLE, and GREY may talk trash,

About grand designs marred and fine structures defaced;

But our CHANCELLOR—bless him!—such twaddlers can smash

With, "It's purely a matter of taste!"

Blow Beauty! It bothers us Britishers so,

We can't get the hang of it, try how we may.

Besides our prime object is Trade, don't you know,

And we can't let mere prettiness stand in its way.

Some say since we've scarcely a building in town
That is handsome, imposing, artistic, or chaste,
That to spoil our best bridge were the work of a clown;—
But that's purely a matter of taste!

Mere beauty don't count at the banker's, you see,

And æsthetical plans do not turn in a penny.

Trade must have free way, and it's fiddle-de-dee

To talk of fine Art or the feelings of RENNIE.

Thanks, my Lord, for your comforting words—they are pearls!

Such *nous* on the Woolsack seems wit run to waste:

"It is more like an Alderman's view than an Earl's!"—

Though, that's purely a matter of taste!

OUT-OF-DOORS REGISTER FOR THE WEEK.



Weather—Match at Lord's (Monday).—Umbrellas *versus* Waterproofs and Goloshes. The umpires to be supplied with swimming-belts should the weather necessitate the precaution.

Tuesday.—Grand Submarine Regatta. Diving-bell boats, with crews in divers costumes. Course—the bed of the Thames.

Wednesday.—Grand Shower Show in all the London Parks.

Thursday.—Garden Party, under canvas, in a fashionable suburb. Thunderstorms, waterspouts, and hailstorms, at frequent intervals.

Friday.—Grand Swimming Race over the Derby Course. Open to horses of three years old and upwards.

Saturday.—Magnificent display of the whole system of London Waterworks. Hours, 1 A.M. to 11.30 P.M. inclusive.

GLORIOUS APOLLO!

NEW Song. "The Sun has set." The "setting" to music by Mr. WALTER AUSTIN. Another result of the wonderful weather. It ought to be very popular this unseasonable Season. Plenty more meteorological subjects at hand for this rising Composer—or rather this setting Composer. Here are a few suggestive titles—"Where is the Summer? Gone, alas!" "Hail! Frowning Morn!" "Hoist the Cone!"—a patriotic song. "The Tar's Farewell to Fine Weather." "See the Conquering Zero comes!"—a barometrical measure. And a Glee, with words altered to suit the season.

"Under the greenwood tree,
A fool to lie you'd be,
To catch cold and sore-throat,
Till you cannot sing a note,
Come shiver! Come shiver! Come shiver!
'Tis plain to see,
No summer there'll be,
But winter and rough weather!"

"The Weathercock proclaims the Morn!" And the same Composer could write a new Cantata suitable to this Summer, entitled "The Fire Screen."

Bravo! Master WALTER, let us have the sun set to music. It's the only thing that remains to be done with it.

A Speaker's Assistant.

Nolimus mores, any more than leges Angliæ mutari. Nevertheless, might not the SPEAKER of the House of Commons as well be provided, like the President of the French Chamber of Deputies, with a Bell, for the purpose of arguing, when necessary, with Obstructive Home-Rulers. Or, if a Bell might seem a servile imitation, what would the Collective Wisdom say to a Chinese gong?



EARLY EXAM.

"AND WHAT DID YOUR GODFATHERS AND GODMOTHERS THEN FOR YOU?"

"KNIFE, FORK, AND 'POON!"

CHARLES, OUR FRIEND.

THANKS to Messrs. MACMILLAN for the *Memoirs of Charles Mathews*, Architect, Author, Artist, and Actor.

Everyone was interested in "CHARLEY" MATHEWS. "CHARLEY was our darling" ever since we can remember going to the play, and yet who ever thought for one moment seriously that a time must inevitably come when CHARLES MATHEWS would have joined the majority, and when middle-aged playgoers would shake their heads regretfully, and say to the cadets of their families, "Ah, you should have seen CHARLES MATHEWS!—'CHARLEY,' as we used to call him!"

Yet so it is. And, while his memory is still so brightly green amongst us, that we can hardly realise the fact of his having left us for good—for the best—and almost prefer to imagine that he has only gone away for a longer trip than usual beyond the Antipodes this time—"to the Sawannahs," as poor old *Joe Willett* softly murmured,—his autobiography comes to us, pleasant and chatty as the man himself.

Who but thinks of CHARLES MATHEWS affectionately, whether they knew him personally, or not? He had the popularity of the Second CHARLES without his vices; and, unlike the First CHARLES, our CHARLEY, "Cool as a Cucumber," never lost his head. We had got into the way—old and young—of looking upon him as a "scapegrace" to whom everything was to be forgiven because he was such a good fellow. We identified him with his characters: he was equally to us *Charles Coldstream* as he was CHARLES MATHEWS; and we looked upon his *Affable Hawk* as himself down to the ground,—only without the "Hawk."

"Imitate CHARLES MATHEWS!" cried out some one in the Gallery to Mr. J. L. TOOLE while giving his imitations of PHELPS, FECHTER, BUCKSTONE, &c.

"I shan't!" shouted Mr. TOOLE in reply. "I would if I could, but CHARLES MATHEWS is imitable!"

The public took a sort of kind old fatherly view of their favourite, and were inclined to shake their heads at him, and say "Oh, CHARLES, CHARLES!" like *Sir Oliver* in the *School for Scandal*, and then forgive him as a young rascal up to anything at any age.

No matter that his autobiography clearly and emphatically disavows this view of his character, the public has made *its* ideal CHARLEY, and to that tradition, in spite of his most earnest disclaimers, the public will stick.

The first volume is far more characteristic—more Mathewsy—than the second; and the idea will occur to most of his intimate friends, and to many of his acquaintances, that there are in existence sufficient materials for a third supplemental volume, much of which would come under the head of "Supper-le-mental Anecdotes." CHARLES MATHEWS was Charles his Friend to everyone, and never more so than at those late, pleasant, genial meals, when he ate little, drank hardly anything, refreshed himself with a cigar of his own peculiar brand, talked much, and always well. The most interesting part of his autobiography is contained in the first volume; while perhaps the most amusing is to be found in the second, where his public speeches are recorded. If Messrs. MACMILLAN and the Compiler will take this hint, we shall have to thank them again for a third volume of *Mathewsiana* to complete the set.

"THE WREATH REFUSED."

AIR—"Celia's Arbour."

"Lord BEACONSFIELD has refused to accept the People's Tribute, the Golden Wreath, purchased with the 52,000 pennies collected with such unheard-of exertion by Mr. TRACY TURNERELL."—*Event of the Day.*

IN TRACY'S sanctum, black as night,
Hang, doomèd wreath—so hateful now!—
And, haply, now Lord B. won't bite,
A place thou'lt find on TRACY'S brow!
And if upon thy leaflets bright
Spots of corrosion we should see,
We'll know they are not signs of slight,
But tears of pity for T. T.!

"MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM" (June, 1879).—Blankets and Eider Downs.



HOW ABOUT THE DONKEY?

ISMAIL, "GET OFF!" BISMILLAH! WHO'S TO GET ON? ALL THESE FRANKS-OR SON TEWEIK, WITH THE PADISHAH BEHIND HIM? PLEASANT LOOK-OUT FOR THE DONKEY, EITHER WAY!"

"The Sultan's firman has arrived at Alexandria, pronouncing the deposition of the Khedive, and the nomination of Prince Tewfik in his stead."—*Reuter's Eastern Telegram.*

'ARRY AT THE GAIETY.

DEAR CHARLIE,

I've seen her! I'm sure you'll at once understand who I mean. There is only one "her" now in town, and that's SARAH, the Gaiety Queen. Every gent as is really a gent, and a lover of *chick* and *ler bow* is bound to have seen SARAH B., so yours truly of course 'ad to go.

I've bin picking up French a bit lately along o' my new chum, ALFONGS, Who acts as a *garçon*—that's waiter—at one of them new Restorongs, I can patter it proper, I tell yer, and feel to be quite in the swim; And as ALF, as I call him, likes plays, why I went to see SARAH with him.

Rum name, don't you know; don't sound French, more than BETSY or EMILY-ANN;

But you hear it all over the shop, like one once heard, "Whoa EMMA!" old man.

All our Pros feel their nose out of joint since this Comerdee Frongesay lot came, And finding 'twas quite *ler fromarge*, I was bound to be fly to the game.

"'Ot?" Oh my! In that Gallery, CHARLIE, Old Nick would have found it too warm.

Which two-and-a-tanner is stiff, but you do have to pay for good form; And oh! seeh a swell lot below us, the regular *crame deller crame*! But I noticed most on 'em had books, though, and minded 'em too, all the same.

They do put on the pace in their patter, them French do, remarkable 'ot, And though I'd straight tips from ALFONGS, I must own as I missed a rare lot. But if some of the Swells didn't ditto, I'll eat my old hat, which it's tough—Though they tried to look horful *hafay*,—wot in English we'd call up to snuff.

If you ask wot I thought of it, CHARLIE, I tell you, old feller, not much! It's dry, CHARLIE, doosidly dry, and for spice our theayters can't touch. From wot I 'ad 'eard of French plays I did look for a bit of a lark—*Pink Dominos* style, only more so, but blowed if 'twas up to that mark.

Nothing pointed, you know, and no puns; all the 'igh perlite droring-room style,

Lots of naughty-nice business, I s'pose, but so wropped up in smirk, shrug, and smile,

That yer couldn't lay hold on it somehow, like some sorts of scents, my dear boy, Which you never can git a fair sniff at, and consequent can't arf enjoy.

I do like my flavours strong, no French salads or *sooflays* for me, And when you are in for a joke give us one as a fellow can see. ALFONGS talks about Gallic *fine ess*, wot the dickens it is I don't know, But French flagree's not to my mind, I like more of stuff, substance, and go.

And SARAH? Well, CHARLIE, she's fetching, there ain't no two ways about that, She made pooty picturs when standing, and pootier ones when she sat; But she's cut jest a *leetle* too fine for my fancy. No, give me CROYSETT, As I think you would say is a stunner, though SARAH's the Toothpickers' pet.

But take 'em all round, well, I tell yer, I think they're a bit of a frost, Though, my parleyvoo not being puffed, no doubt there was some things I lost; But there didn't seem nothing to brisk one, no rallies, no dances, no songs, Not a patch upon TERRY, with NELLY and KATE, as I sez to ALFONGS.

Then there's WARNER in *Drink*, now, that's business, good goods and no error—Oh lor!

I shall never forget that *D. T.*! If the Froggies 'ud do *Lassommor*, Wy, I'd go, if 'twere jest to compare 'em. I saw CROYSETT die in the *Sphinks*. But I guess she ain't in it with CHARLIE, although it is strikenine she drinks.

No, SARAH's the rage, there's no doubt, with her pieters, and coffins, and skulls,

Musseer Gor's all the go, and the COCKLINGS have nobbled the toffs and the gulls;

But this style of French play ain't my sort. ALFONGS says when we two go to Parry

He'll show me the Real French Jam, Carn't you come with us?

Toot a Voo,
'ARRY.

The Lower House.

At a late ecclesiastical meeting of some sort there was talk of petitioning Parliament against alteration of the Common Prayer Book. Quite apart from anything doctrinal, there is, however, one expression in that volume, of which the excision is dictated by the logic of facts. Can a Legislative Body, liable to such scenes of uproar as those habitually provoked by the Members for Donnybrook, with any decency, continue to be spoken of as, "The High Court of Parliament?"

ALL IN THE SAME LINE.

PUNCH hears, with pleasure, that ZAZEL is going to be married—and to a distinguished divine. Strange fate! Out of the mouth of a Canon into the arms of an Archdeacon! May she be happy!

WARNING IN TAVERN WINDOWS.



practice of true temperance. Isn't this as it should be?

BRIDGING A DIFFICULTY.

THE London Bridge Bill having been handed over by the Lords to the further consideration of a Committee, Mr. Punch takes the opportunity of throwing some light on the matter from his private letter-box. From a handful of correspondence at his command, he picks out the following:—

"A PRACTICAL MAN" writes: "Certainly, carry out the plan of the Corporation, but with this proviso, that the thing be made to pay its own expenses. This is simple enough. Cast away the coping, pier-heads, pillars, and all such superfluous stuff, getting a fair market-price for it; then flatten the faces up and down river, and paint the whole a bright vermilion. This done, let it all out, at so much a foot, for advertisements, and there you are—every penny of your money back! As to taste, a bridge is made to walk over, and not to stare at, I suppose? But even if you come to looks, in my opinion there would be nothing handsomer than this, this side of Lambeth Suspension."

"ESTHETICUS" hopes that one of the finest river-structures in Europe is not going to be ruthlessly sacrificed because no one is ready to step forward with a few millions to save it. "How do we know," he asks, "that after this any public monument is safe from the hands of the despoiler? Think what it would be to see the Duke of York's column threatened!" He concludes by pertinently asking, "What is the convenience of ten thousand cabs conveying people missing trains, when weighed against the culture of an artistic theory?"

"CONTRACTOR" suggests "a couple of new bridges, one for waggons, and one for cabs, on each side of the old one." This he points out "would not materially relieve the traffic in King William Street, though it would certainly enliven the river navigation, and possess the merit of treading on nobody's toes." "As to cost," he adds, "Give him the job, and he'll answer for that."

"WEST END" wants to know why the Corporation doesn't "try the Hyde Park dodge, and shut out the cabs and vans altogether, sending them, if they must get across, round by the Tower ferry;" and, lastly,

"CHICAGO" hints that he knows "a smart thing in wire in the flying line," though he should have thought "that to turn the Thames down the Borough Road clean into Greenwich by a short cut, would have squared the City Architect, and satisfied the rest of the public, who hadn't a dollar on it."

But Mr. Punch must close his portfolio, reserving his own simple solution of the matter till he gives his evidence, as he has already been specially requested to do, before the newly-appointed Committee.



LA COMÉDIE FRANÇAISE.

Jones (who understands French so well, although he does not speak it), reading over List of Pieces to be played at the Gaiety:—"LE GENDRE DE M. POIRIER." WHY, WHAT GENDER SHOULD THE MAN BE, I SHOULD LIKE TO KNOW!"

"CHE SARÀ SARA!"

A RARELY-ENDOWED *Sociétaire* of the Comédie Française has been supplementing her appearances before the British public at the Gaiety Theatre by private entertainments in the houses of some of "the leaders of fashion." The little piece in which this charming actress plays has been written with a view to showing her proficiency in other arts beside the histrionic.

Mr. Punch suggests that when her present *pièce de résistance* is worn out—which it must soon be at the present rate of Mlle. S. B.'s run—something like the following (smartly translated into French) might be substituted for it:—

"ALL IS VANITY."

SCENE.—A Studio, with Busts and Groups in Marble, Clay, and Plaster, with "all that is wanted for modelling and sculpting"; Sketches, Pictures, with "all that is wanted for painting"; a Captive Balloon, with "all that is wanted for flying"; a Table, with "all that is wanted for writing."

Enter Dr. FEEDER.

Dr. Feeder. So, this is the shrine of the goddess of the hour! It is here that she turns critics' heads, bewitches statesmen, and leads the leaders of party and of fashion captives of her bow—and smile! (Bows to Audience.) Surely even that brightest and most erratic of stars should have found her sphere at last! Ah, here she comes!

Enter STELLA, dressed en *Pierrot Galant* in white satin, with a large diamond star in her necktie.

Stella. Kind, good Doctor, I am delighted to see you! Be good enough to observe my expression of delight. (Strikes attitude, showing expression of delight to Audience.) If you had been five minutes later, my anger would have known no bounds. You ask what my anger is like when it knows no bounds? (To Audience.) Something like this. (Screams, stamps, and shows her anger out of bounds.) And yet I could doat upon you, with all the clinging ten-

derness of a weak woman's loving heart I could say—(to Audience), "Be kind enough to note the softness and sweetness of my voice,"—(to Dr. FEEDER, tenderly)—"I love you! Oh, how I love you!"

Dr. Feeder. And you show it by neglecting all my prescriptions, and throwing my physic to the dogs, from the insane heights to which your genius will insist on soaring!

Stella. This balloon is captive. It will not fly away with either of us. It is my only resource for taking the air, in this gas and smoke-laden atmosphere. (Gets into car attached to captive balloon, and ascends to the ceiling. After waiting for the applause, descends, and gets out.) Be not alarmed. I have ascended before, and written a book about it. Shall I read you some of it?

Dr. Feeder (hurriedly). By no means, rapturous delight as it would be. Why waste time in reading, when all the other Muses are waiting to welcome their sister? You paint?

Stella. Paint! See here! (Seizes a ready-laid palette, a sheaf of pencils, and mahstick, and dashes off a tone-study of the greatest lady present.) Now do you ask if I paint?

Dr. Feeder. Charming! A new ANGELICA! And this modelling clay? Is it possible that the Muse of Sculpture too owns a sister in you?

Stella. A sister—or a rival! (Quickly modelling a bust, a bas-relief, or a medallion of the most conspicuous public character in the Audience.) You recognise the likeness.

Dr. Feeder (after a long and careful inspection). Not at the first glance. It is surely not CHARLES THE FIRST, nor NELSON—nor Lord BEACONSFIELD?

Stella (angrily). How stupid you are! It is a portrait of — (Here names conspicuous personage.)

Dr. Feeder. To the life—and (bowing to personage) from the life! (Looking at watch.) And now I think it is time to go to the theatre, where your comrades and an eager public are waiting for you.

Stella. I shall not go.

Dr. Feeder. Not go! That would be to fail in respect for the public and your comrades.

Stella. Then I will fail! I am tired out. Think of the entertainments I have given, the crowds I have received, and the excitement I have gone through!

Dr. Feeder. Everywhere, except at the theatre.

Stella. As you say—except at the theatre. But I am a genius: I cannot be bound by ordinary rules. I am worn out by my constant exertions . . . broken by the rush of emotions, impressions, excitements—everywhere—

Dr. Feeder. Except at the theatre.

Stella (Snapping her fingers). That for the theatre! I am the great STELLA! What is the theatre to me?

Dr. Feeder. But your comrades . . . the British public?

Stella. Let them wait. Nothing stimulates curiosity like expectation. (Addressing spectators.) If my kind friends here will but approve, I may snap my fingers at my comrades, at the public, and at everybody before and behind the Curtain. (To Doctor.) Ah! I faint! Support me!

[Languishes and sinks on Dr. FEEDER's shoulder in an appealing attitude. Tableau.]

HYPOTHESIS AGAINST HARVEY.

THE delivery of the annual Harveyian Oration by Dr. WILKS, F.R.S., at the College of Physicians on Thursday last week, may suggest the observation that there is no original thinker going about and impugning HARVEY's discovery. It is a wonder that a genius of the description of him who writes and lectures in confutation of GALILEO, does not likewise employ his eminent abilities in trying to prove HARVEY also a duffer. If the earth is flat, then of course it doesn't revolve round the sun, and the alleged revolution of the earth is all humbug; and if the revolution of the earth is humbug, so also may be presumed to be the circulation of the blood. The demonstration of its movelessness only needs facts which might be easily cited, they being, in reality, by no means the stubborn things they are reputed to be; but extremely pliable.

The text of Dr. WILKS's discourse was HARVEY's advice to his followers to "study and search out the secrets of Nature by way of experiment." We fear that our friends the Anti-Vivisectionists will hardly be in favour of following the method of investigation prescribed by HARVEY.

Our Woolwich Infants.

(Dedicated to the "Cadet Company" of the R.M.A.)

THE life of Young Woolwich was once Spartan hard,
And now it's grown freer and gayer;

But Punch will back claret that pampered a CHARD
'Gainst black draught that "brought up" a FITZMAYER.



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PUNCH



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I HAD been reading ALPHONSE DAUDET'S *Rois en Exil*.

I had laid down the book, heavy of heart, and no wonder, from its powerful pictures of effete Kingship and Queenship, heroic, but heart-broken in the hopeless struggle with crowned cowardice, effeminate profligacy, and Paris-pampered lust.

Methought, had the Author wanted materials for a second series, here is my LORD BEACONSFIELD busy in piling them up for him.

'Tis true the Kings he is dethroning are black or brown, and more or less barbaric. But what capital food for the satirist in the contact with European civilisation of CETEWAYO and SECOCENI, YAKOUB KHAN and ISMAIL PASHA,—and those who may yet be added to their number, if rope for adventures is still to be allowed the adventurous.

As I tried to set the tale of discrowned monarchs and desperate strife of Christian with Heathen to the tune of the Christmas bells, methought I was suddenly rapt—if in the spirit of my own blue-fiery bowl I know not—to the foot of my own Christmas-Tree!

Dazzling were the lights that sparkled among its leaves as I stood full in their splendour, presiding over the distribution of the fruit of Wit and Wisdom from its well-laden boughs.

PUNCH, like the POPE, appeals, "*Urbi et Orbi*,"—to a public numerous and dense as the population of London, and wide-reaching as the World!

But it was the dim, discrowned Kings I chiefly kept my eye on. They were numerous, and new ones kept coming in every minute, thanks to our *imperium in imperio, et extra imperium*. Their wives, I was glad to see, had as a rule stuck to the poor potentates in their downfall. CETEWAYO, above all, was blessed with a numerous train of Kaffir Venuses. His prayer, when made prisoner, had not been, like AJAX's, for "more light," but for "more wives." His better-halves, or rather twentieth-parts, for they ran to scores, had followed him to PUNCH'S Christmas-Tree.

The light was reflected from their rounded forms as from life-size Florentine bronzes, with more dazzling effect than could be matched in any West-End ball-room—the dresses being less in the way, and the colouring at once warmer and more *au naturel*.

More chary of their charms, but not less faithful to their Lord in exile, were the harems of YAKOUB KHAN and ISMAIL PASHA. But I am bound to say that the *yashmaks* of the Egyptian beauties were anything but opaque, and that in this respect the charmers of Cabul showed themselves less civilised than the belles of Cairo.

But it was time to dismantle the tree, and appropriate its fruits.

"Precedence to Monarchs," I exclaimed, "even dethroned ones!"

CETEWAYO stepped forward first in answer to my summons.

"Assegais?" he exclaimed, eagerly, as he put forth his hand.

"On the contrary. Spades and hoes, for the culture of mealies, instead of spears for the destruction of men."

The ex-Monarch of Zulu-land frowned as he took the peaceful gift, and turned away in deep disgust.

"And for me?" wheezed ISMAIL, ex-Khedive of Egypt, as he elbowed his way with scant courtesy to the front rank.

"A donkey-driver's saddle and whip—instead of the Pasha's divan-cushions and the *kourbash* you have made so bad a use of. See that you treat your donkeys better than you did your Fellaheen!"

I do not understand Arabic, but I have no reason to believe, from the expression of the old fellow's face, that the language with which he received my gift and my recommendation was in the nature of a benediction.

For YAKOOB, ex-Ameer of Afghanistan, I found it difficult to choose an appropriate Christmas gift. But remembering his reported saying that he would rather be a grass-cutter in the English camp than a ruler on the throne of Afghanistan, I thought I would not be far out if I presented him with a grass-cutter's knife and rope.

He took them with a sigh and a salaam, and sorrowfully shrunk back to his obscure corner, amidst the scowls of his *harem*, who did not seem quite so reconciled to abdication as their Lord and Master.

"But these," I said, "oh, ye downfallen Princes, are but the first-fruits off PUNCH's Christmas-Tree. He has another and a more precious gift—rife with blessings of witty counsel and wise warning, of sweetness and light,—not to you only, but to those who have wrought your downfall—to Princes and Peoples, to Pope and Czar, to King and Kaiser, to Chancellor and Minister, to General and Private, to Agitators and Agitated, to Gentle and Simple, to Rich and Poor, to Masters and Workmen,—in a word, to ALL!"

So saying, I tossed into the forest of outstretched hands my

Sebenty-Sebenth Volume,

THE CHRISTMAS GIFT OF THE WORLD!!





John Laird Blair, Lord Lawrence.

BORN, MARCH 4, 1811.

DIED, JUNE 27, 1879.

Nor in the far-off church, where his grey head
He bowed in worship, should that head be laid;
His place, of right, is with our famous dead,
Who sleep within the Abbey's storied shade.

There let him take his rest, where they rest, too,
Who helped him stay our empire when it reeled—
CLYDE, POLLOCK, OUTRAM,—tried like him, and true,
He chief in council as these chief in field.

In his proconsulships, from small to great,
He held his name, and England's name in his,
So high and stainless, he to love turned hate
Of us and of our rule, and what that is

Let them say who have striven to do the same;
In spite of bluntness, and plain English ways,
Still taking Truth and Justice for his aim,
Unswayed by pride, or profit, or men's praise:

Then, when at length came trial's testing hour,
And all our Indian Empire shook and swayed,
Like a great city in an earthquake's power,
He bridled panic, and confusion stayed,

Till fluttering Fear took strength of his strong will,
And where Defiance braved Obedience bowed,
And, crippled of its power to work us ill,
Baffled Rebellion crouched before him, cowed.

While he, a wall of shelter, tower of strength,
Stood full against the storm, and to him drew
All means of best defence, until at length,
Our armour's weakest part its strongest grew:

For there stood LAWRENCE, with his calm, clear eye,
His iron will, wise judgment, winnowing ear,
Nor prone to trust, nor boastful to defy,
As high above all favour as all fear.

That England's Empire from that furnace came
Unshattered thanks to this man most are due;
And let not scorn be heaped upon his name,
Because small men's small fears he never knew;

When, gauging India's and her foemen's power,
From the Great Mountains to the Southern Sea,
He would not join the clamour of the hour,
Nor, fearing fancied risks, run danger true,

Burdens on India's poverty to lay,
That shadowy frontier shadowy risks may ward;
And, for dim fears and distant, east away
Strength that wise rule and justice best can guard.

Lay him with the Great Dead, who, living, held
High place with the best Living; let him sleep
After his life of toil, who heart unquelled
Unspoiled, unsoured, unspotted, still could keep.

A simple-mannered, rude and rugged man,
But true, and wise, and merciful and just.
Of all these monuments, where all we scan,
Which rises o'er more justly honoured dust?

In the Event of a Dissolution.

"The Members of the Huddersfield Working-Men's Conservative Association have presented Lord BEACONSFIELD with a Malacca cane, with gold handle. In acknowledging the gift, his Lordship says:—'I received from our good friend Mr. STARKEY the token of esteem and regard the Huddersfield Working-Men's Conservative Association, with so much generosity and taste, has presented to me. I highly value it. It will often remind me of their kind thoughts and noble purposes; and I shall ever be proud if the first are deserved, and the latter advanced by their obliged friend and servant,
'BEACONSFIELD.'"

ONE prospect this Malacca cane awaits—
It may prove useful in Malacca Straits!

THE RIGHT STICK.

Now Protection is rearing its head again, a good use for the Cobden Club would be to floor it.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



"FALLEN LEAVES"

HEN Lord GRANVILLE
(Monday, June 31)
had gracefully
uttered the House
of Lords' regret for

Lord LAWRENCE, Lord BEACONSFIELD said that Lord LAWRENCE's services had been eminent, and would be honoured and remembered. A grave in Westminster Abbey had been offered, and accepted by his representatives, but not paid for by the nation.

The Queen in Council has decided to grant a Charter to a Northern University, to be called by her name, and to have Owen's College for a nucleus. Let Oxford and Cambridge look out As the North has beaten the East in cottons, and the West in woollens, it may yet outsoar Isis in the mysteries of letters, and outpace Cam—reverend Sire—in his footing slow upon the road of Science.

The Lord CHANCELLOR rose to propound the Government University Bill. It omits the one thing needful—money. It opens another turnpike on the road to learning, but does not provide the needful to pay the tolls.

No wonder a meeting of Irish Members has already declared it unworthy the acceptance of the Irish people. How can a Bill be worth accepting with "no effects" written across it, on presentation? It is doomed in the hour of its birth—in all probability will

hardly see Second Reading, unless somebody "puts money into it." Who will venture?

Lord BEACONSFIELD, with that admirable command of countenance which lifts him so high above all competitors on the comic stage—even now with the admirable artists of the Comédie Française in the lists against him—said that it was the intention of Her Majesty's Government, if possible, to pass the Bill this Session.

(Commons).—Questions. Colonel STANLEY said a cat with nine tails had been solemnly sealed, and would be let out of the bag for any Honourable Member at the Horse Guards, in the War Office. If any unwonted sounds of sport or anguish are heard near either office, passers-by and dwellers in the neighbourhood will know that it is Honourable Members sitting in judgment on the harmless, necessary cat perchance trying it, or having it tried, on each other.

Government in its recognition is like JOHN GILPIN in his pleasure—

"Although on honour it is bent,
It has a frugal mind."

There is no precedent for burying Lord LAWRENCE at the public expense. But his family are welcome to bury him in Westminster Abbey at their own. Official England will open the National Valhalla to those who wish to do a great man honour, but they will be expected to pay at the door. For shame, my Lord BEACONSFIELD!



LA CHASSE AUX LIONS.

Mrs. Ponsonby de Tomkyns (bursting into her husband's smoking-room). "PONSONBY! QUICK!! PEN, INK, AND PAPER!!!—AND WRITE IMMEDIATELY!!!"

Mr. Ponsonby de Tomkyns. "WHAT IS IT NOW, MY LOVE?"

Mrs. Ponsonby de Tomkyns. "WHY, MONSIEUR DE PARIS IS COMING OVER WITH HIS FAMILY TO VISIT ENGLAND. WRITE AND SECURE THEM FOR THURSDAY WEEK. WE SHALL HAVE CROWDS—ALL LONDON!"

Mr. Ponsonby de Tomkyns. "MY LOVE, HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS WILL NEVER COME TO THE LIKES OF US!"

Mrs. Ponsonby de Tomkyns. "YOU GOOSE! IT'S NOT THE COMTE DE PARIS! IT'S MONSIEUR DE PARIS, AS THEY CALL HIM—THE PUBLIC EXECUTIONER, YOU KNOW. DO AS I TELL YOU!"

[Ponsonby did as he was told. All London came to Mrs. Ponsonby de Tomkyns's Thursday Afternoon—but Monsieur de Paris DIDN'T. He took his Wife and Children to Madame Tussaud's instead, to see the Guillotine! Faithless Monsieur de Paris!! Poor Mrs. P. T.!!!]

Army Regulation and Discipline actually made way from Clauses 83 to 121, in spite of the determined efforts of Messrs. PARNELL and O'DONNELL to put spokes—and spokes—in its wheels.

Tuesday (Lords).—Lord STANHOPE moved a Bill to authorise the Sanitary Authorities to establish denominational burial-grounds; but with no provision meeting the demand for leave to bury in parochial burial-grounds with such religious services as are demanded by the representatives of the dead.

Lord GRANVILLE opposed, and pointed out that this was a step back from the Government concessions of 1877. But their Lordships voted for Second Reading by 116 to 65. The Bill will do nothing to settle a vexed question, which has established itself where vexed questions should not come in "God's acre" . . . the Friedhof—the Court of Peace.

In answer to Lord TRURO's question if the PRINCE IMPERIAL had been himself in command of the reconnoitring party with whom he met his death, Lord BURY said it was impossible: not holding a commission in the Queen's service, he could not have held a command. But impossibilities will sometimes happen. And if the Prince was not in command, what are we to think of the conduct of the officer who was—and whose name we do not print, as it suggests an obvious joke, which, if he be what we hope he is, must cause bitter and, let us hope, undeserved pain both to him and his friends?

(Commons.)—Morning Sitting.—Has Government paid too much commutation for the East Indian Railways? Has it transferred, in fact, £3,000,000 out of the Indian Treasury into the shareholders' pockets, more than they had any right to?

Mr. FAWCETT's figures seem to bear out this stroke of financial

bungling, which would be quite in keeping with other feats of Indian finance.

Mr. HUBBARD said the Government had made a fair bargain; so thought Sir H. PEEK and Mr. FRESHFIELD, who ought both to know. But Sir G. CAMPBELL and Mr. RATHBONE, who ought both to know too, agreed with Mr. FAWCETT.

Mr. STANHOPE said the terms were Council-countersigned twice over—by the Indian Council here and the Indian Council there, and by Committees of both Councils besides. The Indian Government flattered itself it had got the line for 30 per cent. under its value. Lord G. HAMILTON said the Government could not have made a better bargain. Mr. COURTNEY argued that the value of both capital stock and annuity had been extravagantly computed. In the end, the Government agreed to Mr. FAWCETT's Resolution, which is very much like saying to the India Office, "Don't do it again."

It seems as if the shareholders had had decidedly the best of the bargain, and the Indian Treasury just as decidedly the worst. Of course we are most of us shareholders on this side of the water, and rather chuckle over the bargain than otherwise. Besides, doesn't everybody do the Government in a business of this kind?

In the Evening Sitting Mr. VIVIAN complained of the want of more provision for Higher Education in Wales, and moved a resolution that it was the duty of Government to second local efforts to supply the want.

TAFFY, according to Mr. VIVIAN's showing, is decidedly ill-used in the way of help for higher education out of the public purse. If Wales were treated like Ireland and Scotland she would get £8000 or £10,000, where now she gets nothing.

Mr. VIVIAN praised Welsh Wales and the Welsh Welsh, and spoke up like a stout Cymry for all things Cymric, language, character, orderliness in peace, gallantry in war.

Mr. GLADSTONE said the Welsh Members had a right to what they asked for. The difficulty is to say exactly what they do ask for—a subsidy for their own local Aberystwith College; a new University, more College Endowments at Oxford?

After Wales had urged its claims by the Cymric mouths of Messrs. MORGAN and LLOYD, Lord G. HAMILTON recommended Wales to wait and agree as to what it wanted.

Mr. VIVIAN said he would press his Motion.

The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER said he had better not.

But he did, and was defeated by nearly two to one:—

"TAPFY is a Welshman, 'tis TAPFY's greatest grief,
That though he loveth learning, as JOHN BULL loveth beef,
JOHN won't spend on TAPFY's teaching half what JOHN spends on his own;
And, for books when TAPFY hungers, JOHN denies him e'en a bone!"

Wednesday.—Mr. SULLIVAN, amidst wonderful unanimity, got a Second Reading of his Bill for prohibiting the sale of spirits before they had been a year in bond. Twelve months, it is said, will charm the especially diabolic element, the fusel oil, out of the spirits. If so, all spirit-drinkers should wish well to this Bill.

Sir WILFRID LAWSON supported the Bill, as a step in the right direction. Only for "one" year he would have liked to read "a hundred"—would fain, indeed, have the evil spirits kept in bond for ever!

The Landlord and Tenant Bill for extending the presumption of Ulster Tenant Right all over Ireland, and generally giving a lift to the Tenant and a taking down to the Landlord wherever possible, was sharply criticised by Mr. GREGORY from the English family solicitor's point of view, defended by Mr. LAW on the ground of justice, and talked out by Mr. GOLDNEY and the Irish Attorney-General between them.

Thursday (Lords).—In answer to Lord GRANVILLE the LORD CHANCELLOR said the Government intentions as to Irish University Education were bounded "by the Bill, the whole Bill, and nothing but the Bill" he had just introduced.

Lord BEACONSFIELD assured Lord ORANMORE that Government didn't mean to foist in any Endowment Clauses. If Lord O. or his friends thought proper to do so, they might rely on respectful consideration. What the Irish Members complain of is that there is no consideration for supporting the Bill—no consideration, i.e., in L. S. D., which is what they want.

It is news even to *Punch*, as he hereby confesses, that the many-sided activity of South Kensington embraces examinations in Agriculture, as well as in Cookery—examinations which have been passed by above two thousand successful candidates; more than two-thirds of them Scotch and Irish; that there is a class of fifty teachers, whose expenses at South Kensington are now being paid, that they may attend a course of lectures on the principles of Agriculture. Teaching the principles of Agriculture anywhere except at the plough-tail! What would our grandfathers have said!

Commons.—Mr. ANDERSON extracted a nice little confession from Mr. W. H. SMITH about 1200 tons of Dutch hay which the Government bought at £5 15s. per ton, kept till it was spoiled, and then sold at 34s. a ton. How would Mr. SMITH like to do business on that system?

Committee on Army Discipline Bill. Mr. PARNELL again in his favourite rôle of Amender-General—Mr. O'DONNELL seconding.

Mr. CALLAN, while on punishments, described certain Cats he had seen at the Admiralty—one a Sea-Cat—of a very objectionable nature.

Mr. PARNELL referring to the "Marine Cat," Mr. SMITH said there was no Marine Cat distinct from the ordinary Sea-Cat. What was sauce for Jack was sauce for Jolly. Up jumped Mr. CALLAN, and declared that neither First Land Lord nor First Sea Lord knew anything about Sea-Cats. He had discovered the Marine Cat, but the Sea-Cat was still hid away in the Admiralty bag, and nothing would draw it. "The First Lord was bound to produce the Sea-Cat; and unless he had the decency to do so, he hoped they would go on dividing."

Here came a diversion. Mr. BIGGAR, being pulled up on an allusion to "honourable or dishonourable gentlemen," said he had said "Gentlemen" not "Members."

After this little discussion the House returned to the chace of the Sea-Cat. Was there a Sea-Cat conformable to sealed pattern, or was there not? This raised a tremendous row. Enough to worry even a Sea-Cat out of its nine lives, if not its nine tails.

Mr. O'CONNOR POWER said it should be a case of "produce the Cat, or stop the Bill."

Mr. O'DONNELL believed 500,000 Londoners would assemble in Hyde Park, to demand the production of the Cat.

The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER moved to take down something—whether Mr. POWER's threat or Mr. O'DONNELL's was not known, and did not get settled in the confused squabble which was up till the House reported progress.

Punch is sorry it cannot report its own progress in good sense, good temper, and good behaviour.

Friday (Lords).—King CETEWAYO and Mr. LEONARD EDMUNDS divided the Sitting between them.

(Commons).—The old fight, which old men had flattered themselves was fought out thirty years ago, is to be begun again. The books of the Anti-Corn-Law League are going to be overhauled; ADAM SMITH may shake in his shoes; the bones of COBDEN may stir in his grave. Protection, by its CHAPLIN, prays for a Royal Commission to inquire into the causes of Agricultural Depression, and how far they have been caused or can be remedied by Legislation. It is a foregone conclusion of several of the most prominent of last night's speakers—the mover, Mr. McIVER, and Mr. BENTINCK—that the Legislature can and ought to intervene for the good of the land—in other terms, of the landlord. All other interests but his can easily adjust themselves to altered circumstances. But if rents are to be kept up, consumers must put their hands in their pockets. Other not less prominent of last night's orators, as Mr. BRASSEY, the O'DONOGHUE, Mr. BRIGHT, and Lord HARTINGTON, are equally satisfied that Legislation can do nothing for Agriculture except stand clear of it; that the depressed state of it is due to natural causes, and that it must look to natural laws for remedy.

Punch stands apart, judicially-minded, but, as at present advised, a confirmed and convinced Free-Trader. Believing that two and two make four; that nobody gives anybody anything for nothing; that a busy and hungry country like England cannot be the worse for the superabundance of beef and bread produced in America, while she has the wherewithal to exchange for it; that Free Trade in this country, irrespective of others, has done, and is doing its best to help the exchange of what we make for what other countries grow; and that the man who fights and works with both arms free, has an advantage over him who does both with one arm tied behind him, *Punch* does not as yet see his way to any other conclusion than that which he arrived at thirty years ago, that Free Trade is the best thing for free countries and free men, and that if other countries do not recognise the truth of this, this is no reason England should not.

It is curious to see all the old fallacies, the brains of which *Punch* thought had been knocked out when he was a youngster, coming up again as lively as ever. Time was that "when the brains were out, the man would die." It has not been so evidently with the British Protectionist. Let Lesser BEN rat. Big BEN's motto is, "As you were!"

WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?



Will he send it as loan exhibition to the South Kensington Museum?

Will he see if he can get Mr. GLADSTONE to accept it?

Will he let it out, at per night (for the benefit of the "working-man") to the Fairy Queen in the next Covent Garden Pantomime, as the feature of an appropriate topical song?

Will he (at a family gathering) consult any of his uncles as to its value?

Will he try to dispose of it, at an advance if he can, at a reduction if he must, as a crown to the Prince of Bulgaria?

Will he (always for the benefit of the "working-man") raffle it by means of an Art-Union of 1000 lots at 10s. a lot?

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PUNCH



LONDON :
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1879.

Will he give Lord B. another chance—for the last time of asking?

Will he find out if the Directors of the Crystal Palace can suggest anything in regard to it?

Will he see if he can place it, on satisfactory terms, in the "extra rooms" at Madame TUSSAUD'S?

Will he ask if the King of BURMAH wants anything of the sort?

Will he attempt to transfer the gift to Lord CHELMSFORD?

Will he strive to get a "round" for it in the Variety Programme at the Westminster Aquarium?

Will he offer it cheap to Mlle. SARAH BERNHARDT'S transatlantic impressario?

Will he wire Mr. BARNUM about it?

And if everything fails, will he return all the Pennies and keep it himself, to be worn when he makes his last appeal to an ungrateful country at the Alexandra Palace "on mutual principles."

AD MISERICORDIAM.

WHAT will you do for us, dear July?

May was as chilly as Dian's heart,

June could do nothing but pipe her eye;

Prithee, sweet, play a less pluvial part—

Shut up the waterworks, "square" the sun,

Let us have time to get warm and dry;

Send us some flowers, some fruit, some fun.

Won't you now, dear July?

We have been fretted and frozen so!

Worried and wetted, bothered and blown!

We are so weary of frost and snow!

Water and wind have so lowered our tone!

Roses, strawberries, summer-shine,

Breeze that's balmy, and sword that's dry—

These are the pleasures for which we pine.

Pity us, dear July!

Swithin, that dread damp Saint's at hand,

Ah! we've no spirit to chaff or scoff;

But, seeing June has so deluged the land,

Get him for once, dear, to let us off!

Man is not wholly amphibious yet,

Will be so, probably, by-and-by;

Meanwhile, pray spare us *perpetual* wet—

Do, there's a dear July!

EXAMINATION-PAPER FOR THE HIGHER EDUCATION OF THE WELSH.

(To be answered by Natives of the Principality.)

Who were the Men of Harlech? Why, when, whence, and whither did they march? What did they come to?

Give a short life of Taffy, and the incidents of his trial for cattle-stealing. Trace the origin of the popular rhyme.

Explain the difference between a Welshman and a Welsher—(a) in characters; (b) in races.

Given a Welsh captain who finds a leak in his ship on St. David's Day, what ought he to do with it?

Draw an ideal character of a Cymric prince, and show the traits therein very like Wales.

Explain what an Eisteddfod is, and what it is not, and give your notion of what it ought to be.

State the differences by which the Welsh-rabbit is distinguished from the English, and give the approved methods of capturing and cooking the animal.

Write down in English the pronunciation of "Cwmddfgrbth" and "Llndwlltwyrhiwdgwynthllynfach," and resolve the words into their derivative elements, supplying the missing links.

Give your explanation of the conduct of the Welsh consonants.

Account for the establishment of the Welsh harp at Hendon.

Give your reasons for supposing that the original etymology was Hwndwn.

Give a list of the principal Welsh singers and harpers now gracing the nobility's concerts.

Write down the words of "JENNY JONES." Give her pedigree, and her relationship to Bumper Squire JONES.

Give the Cymric etymology of CARACTACUS and CYMBELINE, with an outline of the chief incidents of their reigns.

Give your reasons for not accepting the legend of AUGUSTINE, as told in English histories; and show that the "Angli" whom he compared to "Angeli" must have been Cymri, and not Angles. Can you reconcile the legend with probable race-theories?

HAPPY-THOUGHT GUIDE TO LONDON.



Note.—For 'AMSTEAD, 'ANOVER SQUARE, 'ANWELL, 'AYMARKET, &c., see "H."

ARCHERY.—Principally practised at 'Arrow-on-the-'Ill (also vide "H") and at Stratford-le-Bow.

Ask me to show Where is Stratford-le-Bow? I reply, oh! I'm sure I don't know.

Every visitor to town should supply himself with bows, arrows, and a quiver full of 'em. There are few better amusement on a fine summer's evening in London than to take a seat on the top of a threepenny 'bus and shoot at old Gentle-

men's hats as they walk on the pavement below. It is rather an expensive form of practising, as the arrow is generally lost, though, should the omnibus stop suddenly, it will be instantly returned, if the elderly person who has been playing the part of "Jemmy" to your "William Tell," can discover the right owner. There is also capital practice to be had from the upper windows of any house in a square.

ARMOURER'S COMPANY.—An admirable institution, where residents, or where visitors to London, wishing to give their nurses a holiday, can send their children-in-arms to be taken care of during the day. The motto over the door is the ancient one of "Children in arms, half price!"

ARMY AND NAVY CLUB.—Chief Army members here are General Comfort and Private Dinners. The superintendent of the naval requirements is called the Steward, the treasurer a Purser; and the election of members of this profession is through "Vote by Ballast!"

ARTHUR'S CLUB.—One of the oldest Clubs in London, dating from King ARTHUR'S time. Here is preserved his well-known round table. Inquire at the door.

ASHES.—Very few in London. Some in our parks, but ashes are not pop'lar trees. The ashes of the grate are generally removed to St. Paul's or Westminster Abbey.

ATHENÆUM CLUB.—One of the liveliest places in the Metropolis. No visitors to London should miss spending at least one evening here. Most of the Members are Archdeacons and Bishops; and their perfect execution of Bishop's glees every evening, from eleven p.m. to four a.m., is a thing to be heard. Dancing in the front Hall from eight to ten during the winter. Visitors are admitted, free of charge, but are expected to put something into the box at the door on leaving. Every Thursday there is a Harmonic Meeting, with the Senior Churchwarden, or a Colonial Bishop, in the Chair. As the latter is generally sent over here on business, he is called the *Sent*, or *Eau-de-Colonial* Bishop. Saturday is usually a rollicking night; but their joyous Sunday evenings during the season are famed far and wide. There is a fine Smoking-room at the back, a good Rat-pit, and some excellent amateur sparring with the gloves every afternoon. A Boxing-class in held during the winter, and prizes are given for running matches between the Members, dressed in aprons, and gaiters, and shovel hats. For further particulars, inquire of the Hall Porter, or of Dean STANLEY, the celebrated African Explorer. The Athenæum Club, as may be seen from the description here given, is "The place to spend a happy day." Open always, wet or fine, winter or summer. All amusements under cover.

REFRESHMENT STALL



EXTREMES MEET. ('ARRY AT THE FANCY FAIR.)

POUNCEABLE DAUGHTER. "POCKET COIN, SIR! ONLY HALF-A-CROWN!"—"BOX OF TOOTH-PASTE, HALF-A-CROWN!"—"MY DARTER DE FAVOR, HALF-A-CROWN!"—"CHOCOLATE A BRILLIANT AFFAIR, HALF-A-CROWN, IF I BITE OFF THE END!"—"FLORIN FOR YOUR BUTTER-HOLE, HALF-A-CROWN, FOR 'TOMMY'S' AND 'JOHN'S'!"—"FOR THE LIGHT OF A CIGARETTE, ONE 'TOMMY'S' AND 'JOHN'S'!"

WHY I WENT TO KILBURN.

BECAUSE my interest in Agriculture dates back to a very early period in my life—the happy time when I was sent to a farmhouse in the retired village of Wisby-in-the-Willows to be restored to convalescence after an attack of whooping cough.

Because I wished to know something more of Kilburn, its society, scenery, parochial charities, and educational institutions.

Because having witnessed all kinds of parades both at home and abroad of rank, beauty, fashion, and millinery, I thought a "parade of British and foreign cattle" would be an agreeable change.

Because, being somewhat of a pedestrian, it occurred to me that it would redound to my credit to take a walk of eleven miles of shedding.

Because after an experience of tandems, stage-coaches, and fours-in-hand, I jumped at the prospect of seeing some "bee-driving."

Because, having friends in the Island of Cyprus, I wished to seize the opportunity of knowing something about the cheese of that favoured spot.

Because I thought I should like to have a peep at the International Dairy, and the International Dairy-Maids.

Because I was desirous to see the Implements on a fair proportion of their seven hundred stands, either "at rest or in motion"—I was quite impartial, and without the slightest bias either way, except that the "Haymakers" sounded alluringly rural, the "Steam Scarifier" moved me to a secret shudder, and, as an old Volunteer, the "Improved Drill" had for me an attraction that could not be gainsaid.

Because, with the prospect of a General Election, I felt I must make the acquaintance of the "Polled Breeds."

Because, being connected by family ties with the honourable profession of the Law, I was eager to have a glimpse of some, at least, of the 125 Judges.

Because I felt a deep interest (this is all owing to the mud) in the Southdowns and the International Competition in Currant Jelly.

Because I was led to expect that I should behold Lord BEACONSFIELD as a Sweet Pea—in which expectation I was disappointed, for he turned out to be only a Chrysanthemum.

Because it was represented to me that there would be an opportunity of having my boots first dirtied, and then cleaned on an entirely new principle—without the intervention of blacking.

Because I thought it would "please the pigs" if I went.

Because my cousin, a wealthy agriculturist, a bachelor advancing in years, and particularly partial to my second daughter (age four), had come up from Lincolnshire to stay the week with us, and pointedly asked me to accompany him to the Great Show.

Christmas and Midsummer.

CHRISTMAS comes but once a year. Does it? It did, in time past, and so did the Cattle Show, coming just before Christmas. But now we have had a Cattle Show held at Midsummer in weather which would have been seasonable had Christmas been close at hand. Can Christmas this year then be going to come twice; the first time, at the usual period of harvest? Is that one of the consequences to be expected from the conjunction of Saturn and Mars?



A ROUGH CALCULATION.

Facetious Conductor. "WILL TWO OR THREE GEN'L MEN GIT OUTSIDE TO OBLIGE A LADY?"

Well Earned.

WHATEVER we may think of the *Comédie Française*, there is one thing it cannot show us—an actress like ELLEN TERRY. This Lady is going to have her first benefit in London on Wednesday, July 9. She has already given London many a benefit in the beauty of her performances of *Portia*, *Ophelia*, *Queen Henrietta Maria*, *Lilian Vavasour* in *New Men and Old Aeres*, *Mabel Vane* in *Masks and Faces*, and other parts which we need not mention. Let London do its duty in giving her something like a benefit in return. *Punch* drinks her health in "a bumper"!

HE MIGHT HAVE EXPECTED IT.

It was not likely that poor TURNERELLI's wreath would be accepted. LORD BEACONSFIELD has such a confirmed habit of kicking over the *Tracys*.

CETEWAYO A COMPOSER.—Hasn't he sent in to the Camp at Tugela Overtures for Peace?



THE DIVINE SARAH.

(For whose sake we've all Gone Wrong.)

First Critic (stat. 21). "BEATS RACHEL HOLLOW IN ONG-DROMACK, HANGED IF SHE DON'T!"

Second Critic (ditto). "SO I THINK, OLD MAN! AND IN L'ETRONG-JAIR SHE LICKS MADEMOISELLE MARS ALL TO FITS!"

THE WHOOP OF THE WHISKEY-DRINKER.

"Alcohol, purified from fusel oil, is perfectly harmless."—*Professor Burrell, of Rotterdam, as quoted by Mr. O'Sullivan, in the House of Commons, à propos of the "Spirits in Bond" Bill.*

WHO-O-OP! But that's one for Sir WILFRED's nob!
He a worried world of its whiskey rob?
Pooh! Calling it poison is all pure flam—
Says Professor BURRELL, of Rotterdam.

It isn't "the crathur" our peace would spoil,
'Tis that plaguy pestiferous fusel oil.
Once get rid o' that there; no harm in a dram—
Says Professor BURRELL, of Rotterdam.

Put in coffee or tea, fusel oil, says he,
Will make a man tight, nay, produce *D. T.*
Who-o-op! That's a smasher for teetotal sham,
From Professor BURRELL, of Rotterdam.

Keep the spirit in bond till a twelvemonth be past?
Faith, I do not mind that, so I get it at last.
But to say the pure spirit does harm is a cram!—
Says Professor BURRELL, of Rotterdam.

Who-o-op! That Dutch Professor he settles 'em quite.
And it's I am a Dutchman if he's not right.
Pure whiskey is harmless and mild as a lamb—
Says Professor BURRELL, of Rotterdam.

Who-o-op! it's all my eye. I've a "blend" from Skye,
Which is one of the primest that cash can buy;
And I'll go and I'll drink, in an extra dram,
To Professor BURRELL, of Rotterdam!

[Does so, and speedily finds himself in a sweet state of—shall we say "fusel oil"?

A KHEDIVE AT A REDUCTION!

MR. PUNCH is delighted to find that the new Ruler of Egypt, although offered a Civil List of £150,000 a year, has refused to accept more than one-third of that sum. This welcome moderation encourages the hope that economy will now be the order of the day on the banks of the Nile. Prince TEWFIK has shown great self-denial in this matter, as the following account of "personal expenditure" will amply demonstrate. *Mr. Punch* publishes this interesting document pour encourager l'autre at Constantinople.

Household Account of H. H. the Khedive for the week ending Saturday the —.

	£	s.	d.
<i>Monday.</i> —Breakfast. Tea, toast, and an egg	0	0	7½
Supply of Manilla Cheroots for the week	0	0	10
New Fez for State occasions	0	0	6½
New Suit (for ditto) as advertised	0	16	6
Extra White Waistcoat	0	4	3
Dinner (Chop and Potatoes)	0	0	8
Personal Attendant (at Dinner).	0	0	1
Tea and Bread and Butter.	0	0	4
Egg with ditto	0	0	1
<i>Tuesday.</i> —Breakfast	0	0	4
State Banquet (twenty covers)	1	0	0
One dozen Champagne (the "Imperial" brand)	1	12	0
Washing of White Necktie	0	0	0½
<i>Wednesday.</i> —Breakfast and Lunch	0	1	0
Personal Attendant at same	0	0	1
High Tea (with Liver and Bacon)	0	1	3
Rahat Lakoum	0	0	1½
<i>Thursday.</i> —Hire of Orders, &c., for State reception.	0	10	6
Bun	0	0	1
Cup of Tea.	0	0	3
Soup for Supper.	0	0	4
Bread.	0	0	4
<i>Friday.</i> —Bread for fasting	0	0	2
A glass of Sherry	0	0	6
<i>Saturday.</i> —Charwoman for Palace (half day)	0	1	6
Washing Bill for self and suite.	0	2	4½
Lunch to English and French Consul-Generals	2	10	6
Wine for same	0	5	0
Beer for same	0	1	0
Cigars for same	0	1	6
Tea and egg	0	0	4
Extras	0	0	2

£7 13 0

MY SCHEME.

(As Sung with great Success by the *L-d Ch-nc-II-r.*)

"Is the Bill to be part of a scheme which it is not desirable at once to make known?"—*Earl Granville in the House of Lords.*

AIR—"My Queen."

WHY and when were we driven to moot it?
Was it knocked off in an afternoon?
Will the Roman-Catholic Bishops hoot it?
Have we set it afloat too late?—too soon?
Did we try it because we feared a flounder?
No matter. Since still we reign supreme,
Admitting that nothing simpler, sounder,
Have we ever turned out than, "My Scheme, my Scheme!"

I will not say that it's all-sufficing,
For captious critics may find it tame;
I will not style its provisions enticing,
Nay, more, I'll grant that they're somewhat lame.
But still, when they hint we're near capsizing,
And our party "split" is the common theme,
For a bit of superior temporising,
There's nothing to touch, "My Scheme, my Scheme!"

I own that a Bill should be pleasing, plastic,
And make for the moment a decent show;
And you ask if *this* is at all "elastic,"—
And I answer, "Wouldn't you like to know?"
So with that, and the hint "Catch a weasel sleeping!"
Whatever may be *your* Party dream,
Be sure that *Office* is still worth the keeping,
Though it cost us such shifts as, "My Scheme, my Scheme!"

A CHANGE FOR THE WORSE.—FROM LORD BEACONSFIELD'S head, to TRACY TURNERELLI'S hands!

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



ow, asks Lord ORANMORE (Monday, July 7), is Irish landlord shooting to be prevented, and the want supplied of sharper legal looking after the preservation of this particular description of game. Now rents as well as lives are in danger, what, he asked, was Government going to do for the protection of both, or either?

The Duke of RICHMOND said they were consulting with the local authorities of Mayo, Galway, and Roscommon, where the Secret Societies were looking up, their open defiers being shot down, and the demoralising habit of pay-

ing rents strenuously discouraged. The priests had, in many places, denounced these doctrines from the altar—following the example of the Roman-Catholic Archbishop of Tuam—a staunch insister, *Punch* is glad to hear, on the distinction of *neum* and *tuum*. But with a knot of Irish Obstructives setting the SPEAKER at defiance in the House, what chance is there of Irish constituencies obeying the law out of it?

(Commons.)—Latest news of CETEWAYO's peaceful advances, and Lord CHELMSFORD's warlike ditto. Lord CHELMSFORD doesn't much believe in the one, and JOHN BULL does not much believe in the other. It is a most musical campaign, what with CETEWAYO's overtures on one side, and the CHELMSFORD series of movements in A flat, preceded by the Ekowe fugue, on the other.

The Banking Bill is not derelict. It is only aground. The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER still hopes to get it afloat again. Sanguine man!

Great Cat Show in St. Stephen's. Four Cats exhibited in the Cloak Room—fine specimens of the "Naval," "Marine," "Approved," and "Prison" breeds, distinguishable by the insertion, length, numbers, and knots, in their tails.

Mr. PARNELL much concerned about the labelling of the Cats.

Mr. SMITH answered for the Naval Cats, that the labels had my Lords' sanction.

But this was not all the night was destined to hear of the Cats which of late have made so many nights hideous.

When Colonel STANLEY announced that the War Office had determined to limit the punishment of the lash to offences now punishable with death by the Articles of War, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN protested. He had understood on Saturday that the Secretary for War had pledged himself to do away with the Cat altogether. This Colonel STANLEY denied, and a confused scrimmage of several hours followed over the questions, first, what Government had promised and meant, and next, what Government had better do—whether the War Secretary's offer was a concession, or a mockery,—whether, when the Cat was confined to offences punishable with death, the obnoxious animal would not, in point of fact, have rather a larger run than before.

In the course of this long and loose shindy, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN declaring his intention of persevering in his opposition unless the Secretary of War went as far as he had understood him to go, the Marquis of HARTINGTON was impelled to disclaim all responsibility for the course taken by Mr. CHAMBERLAIN and his friends, which he said was injurious to the Liberal cause, and still more, to

the dignity of Parliament, in which *Punch* entirely agrees.

This brought up Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, who referred to Lord HARTINGTON as "the late Leader of the Liberal Party"—on which Mr. FAWCETT sharply lectured Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, and Sir CHARLES DILKE stoutly defended him. Ultimately, a Motion to report progress was negatived by 250 to 36, which probably measures very fairly the strength of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's *Intransigente* following with the Irish Obstructive element thrown in.

Altogether, *Punch* wishes he could draw a curtain over the night's records. Even if the banishment of the Cat from the Army and Navy be a consummation devoutly to be wished in the interests of humanity, as many Liberals think, for the credit and popularity of the Services, it is impossible to imagine a good end forwarded in a more objectionable way, or one likelier to redound to the damage of the Liberal Party.

If the tactics of the Irish Obstructives are to be tolerated, still more imitated, legislation will become impossible and all respect for Parliament out-of-doors must come to an end. Whatever may be said against the offhandedness and flippancy of a few Jacks in Office, the behaviour of Messrs. CALLAN, PARNELL, O'DONNELL, and O'CONNOR POWER, is such as no self-respecting legislative assembly can tolerate. If the House can't check it, it had better shut up shop, and write over the door—"Closed, for repairs in the machinery."

Tuesday (Lords).—On Second Reading of Irish University Education Bill, Lord KIMBERLEY showed that Roman-Catholic Ireland had a grievance—viz., that the vast majority of the Irish population had no University Education they could avail themselves of—and that the Bill did not meet it. What was wanted was payment for results without reference to the place of education. Without that the Bill was a mockery.

Lord CRANBROOK declined to enter into the question of grants. In other words, he wants the other side to play the money card.

Lord O'HAGAN said the line to take was the line they had taken with Intermediate Education last year. This measure, without endowment or grants, was an abortion—a plum-pudding without the plums. But it might be amended, by putting in the plums—meaning the money-clauses.

Lord SPENCER said very much the same thing, speaking from his experience as an Irish Viceroy. So did Lord POWERSCOURT.

Lord SALISBURY said the Roman Catholics wanted an Endowment. England would not give them one. There was the difficulty.

Lord GRANVILLE said there *was* the difficulty, and this Bill did not meet it. The Government said they could not propose Endowments, but they said nothing about grants.

The LORD CHANCELLOR admitted the difficulty—but suggested no way out of it.

So the Bill was read a Second Time, with a *consensus*, that if it is to be made acceptable to Ireland "money must be put into it."

Only the Government shrinks from this in the presence of strong anti-papal prejudices among its rank and file, and hopes to throw the odium of proposing anything of the kind on the Opposition. Never was anything plainer, or more pitiable, or less promising.

(Commons.)—Morning Sitting.—A Mr. GRISELL has been offering to buy up the opinion of a Select Committee. He is to be examined by a Select Committee. Oh, 'tis a joy to see the engineer hoist with his own petard.

"GRISELL!" The name reminds one of a firm once much in the public mouth—"GRISELL AND PETO." This is "GRISELL AND PETIT," who may get more than Mr. G. meant to bargain for.

In Committee on Army Discipline Bill, several clauses got through in comparative quiet. House penitent, or headachy, after last night's debauch.

Mr. SAMPSON LLOYD snatched a vote against the Government, by 76 to 56, for putting Commerce and Agriculture under a distinct department, with a Secretary of State and Cabinet Minister at the head of it. A slap in the face for Lord B., half a fluke half a farce, for all that is likely to come of it at present. Still, if ever the wheelwork of Government came to be overhauled, the vote may be referred to.

Wednesday.—Mr. STEVENSON brought in his English Sunday Closing Act—sequel to the Irish ditto. "Thus



HAD HIM THERE!

Priest. "YOU DRUNKEN SOT! THE VERY BEASTS OF THE FIELD GIVE YOU A LESSON! THEY LEAVE OFF WHEN THEY HAVE QUENCHED THEIR THIRST."

Paddy. "YES, YER RIV'RENCE. BUT WHERE DID THE BASTES IVER COME ACROSS A STHRAME O' WHISKEY!!!"

bad begins, but worse remains behind." He had presented a petition in favour of the Bill signed by 70,000 members of the British Women's Temperance Association. This is female representation—of males—with a vengeance! Why, he asked, should hundreds of thousands of their fellow-citizens be deprived of their weekly day of rest because some people wanted to have their beer fresh?

Why, *Punch* asks, should some millions of our fellow-citizens be debarred of their Sunday draught of beer, because a few thousands can't go into a public-house without making beasts of themselves?

The Government opposed the Bill in a half-and-half way, and finally the House settled the matter by (165 to 162) adjourning the Debate, that Mr. STEVENSON might withdraw his Bill, and bring in another on the same lines, but less obviously unworkable. Better cut it for good, says *Punch*, and don't come again.

Thursday (Lords).—Earl STANHOPE'S unsatisfactory Bill, which under shadow of amending the Public Health Act gives powers for creation of denominational burial-grounds, passed into Committee by 117 to 69, after a vain attempt of Lord KIMBERLEY to stay its progress. A distinct step backwards in burial legislation.

(*Commons.*)—Another night *carbone notanda*—of which *Punch* declines to bottle any of the noxious essence.

The SPEAKER having stationed two of the Committee Clerks in the side gallery to take a fuller note of the night's discussion than that supplied him in the usual course by the Clerks at the table, Messrs. CALLAN and PARNELL chose to challenge this as an act of terrorism, meant to overawe Irish Members; and on the SPEAKER taking the chair to explain that the step had been taken by his direction and for his information, and that the minutes supplied him had no reference to particular Members of the House—either Irish, Scotch, or English—Mr. PARNELL and Mr. O'CONNOR POWER, amidst indescribable excitement, not only challenged the SPEAKER's authority, but actually charged him with a breach of privilege. Yet the lights did not burn blue, nor did the roof fall in to crush this *parricidal pair*!

Let the Kilkenny Cats fall foul of the Marine and Army Cats

and welcome, but when they fix their sacrilegious claws in the SPEAKER'S wig, *Punch* stands aghast, and declines to do more than record the awful deed of impious daring!

Most of the night was wasted in denunciation of this unprecedented outrage on the sanctity of the Chair. But after the long and furious storm had blown over, such progress was made with the Army Discipline Bill that, somehow, in the small hours, the last clause was reached! For this relief much thanks!

Friday (Lords).—In spite of an honest Protestant wail from Lord ORANMORE, the Irish University Bill went through Committee, on its way to L. S. D., or to Limbo. Who can say? We back Limbo.

(*Commons.*)—The House rallied round the SPEAKER, in a phalanx of 421 to 29, against Mr. PARNELL and his knot of supporters, mostly Irish, but with some half-dozen English *Intransigentes* among them.

The Collective Wisdom feels that its authority must be supported in the person of its chosen head—who, if its "servant," as Mr. PARNELL calls the SPEAKER, is its steersman and sailing-master also. The only alternative before the House is to maintain its respect for itself, or to forfeit that of the country. Irish indiscipline must bend, or be broken. For once we defy even Mr. GLADSTONE to find a third course.

HIGHLY OBJECTIONABLE.

OUR Oxford Correspondent telegraphs that the Temperance Society has memorialised the Council of the University against their proposal to grant the Degree of B.N.S.

AN IRISH FACT FOR DARWIN (latest example of development).—Making cat's paws out of cat's tails.

THE FUNERAL OF THE PRINCE IMPERIAL.—Personally conducted—not politically.

A WET WORLD, MY MASTERS!



ET! wet! Still wet! Oh, weary, watery weather!

Nature seems now, like Niobe, all tears,
The Earth her bottle. Hide of porpoise leather
Or cuticle of macintosh appears
Man's only hope. How long, O sapient DARWIN,
Will *this* development demand, sole chance
That Man may 'midst the elemental war win
Security from pluvial circumstance?

"Pleasure?" Pooh! pooh! We've no aquatic cricket,
Being—alas!—mere men, not lucky frogs.
In squashy swamps we cannot pitch a wicket,
Or play lawn-tennis in a land of bogs.
A water-party, spoilt by wind-lashed billows,
Making our placid Thames like Spey in spate;
Oh! to be ducks or fish, mushrooms or willows!
One envies e'en the snail's shell-sheltered state.

We want amphibious habits to secure us
A *locus standi* in a world all flood,
Where winter is a whirlpool lashed by Eurus,
Summer (?) a swamp of Malebolgian mud.
Some metamorphic readjustment, verily,
Man needs to fit him to a state so new;
Then might he pic-nic in a marish merrily,
Not mope at home till all is mouldy-blue.

TO MESSIEURS ET MESDAMES DE LA COMÉDIE.

PUNCH grieves that press of matter forces him to postpone for the present his last words with this unequalled company of actors. His "International Reciprocity" cut must do duty as his farewell greeting.



APPEARANCES.

Hairdresser. "TREMENDIOUS 'ED OF 'AIR, SIR! BETTER LET ME CUT THE 'OLE OF IT HORF!"

Eminent Violinist. "WHY?"

Hairdresser. "WELL, YOU 'LL EXCUSE MY SAYIN' SO, BUT IT MAKES YOU LOOK LIKE ONE OF THEM FIDDLER CHAPS, YOU KNOW!"

A VOICE FROM THE WEST.

THINGS be terruble bad down here I d'azzures 'e now, good Meäster *Punch*, Never avore i' me life zeed I veäces zo dour an' zo dunch. As I zeed at our last rent audit; tho' th' Steward were smilin' an' kind, And th' dinner 'twere a good dinner, an' noo vaüt t' find wi' th' wind. Tisn't we varmers' losses! We be moäst gotten used to that; 'Tis the landlord's cares an' crosses, an' th' trouble he's got under his hat! How can he 'unt th' 'ounds, an' gie we th' anneral ball, Ef things goos on like this, an' rents continers to vall? Noo kippers there 'll be, an' noo watchers, noo spannels, noo pheasants, Noo shuttin' at all, a'moäst, an' not noo zort o' geäme vor noo presents! What's th' use o' gurt House ef there isn't t' be noo moöre eatin' an' drinkin'? An' marble halls vor me Lord t' zit in, cheese-parin' an' thinkin'? Not a geäme o' cairds I zuppose, ne'er a bet, nor noo spoört at noo reäces; What's th' use o' gentry at all ef th' can't kip up thirzelves i' th'r pleäces! Let th' times be nivver zo hard, I shall still, I zuppose, ha' a voäte; But what es th' use o' a v'ice a-kept a-stuck down i' y'r droäte! I do like vor th' agent to come, an' th' lawyer zo joe'ler and jolly, An' th' canderdate kissin' th' missus—tho' I own *that* mid be a folly: There's a chance then th' agent to pin, to git vrom un what things y' mid wont, An' ef I do gi'e un my voäte, why, I tell 'e, I think nothing on't! To goo voätin' 'ithout a kind friend just oone's fancy an' favoiur to fix, 'Tis like fillin' a zieve wi' dry zand, or bildin' a tun 'ithout bricks. Why th' zosiarable vabrie, be zure, u'd crumble away in a week, Ef man onto man wer'dn't kind, a tryin' h's best int'rests t' zeek! Vor Old England's zeäke I do wish they 'd clap on purtection ageän— 'Tis zo plain as th' nose on y'r veäce, or how many meäke vive to a beän!

'Thout it noo varmer can thrive, nor noo landlord his high steätion maintain, Nor noo banker git his little pickin's! So y'r zarvent I now d' remain.

JERÉ SMALLBONES.

P.S.—Ef ye care vor t' hear vrom th' West, I mid zend 'e, b'times, a short letter; They mid tell 'e that I be a fool, but I tell 'e that I do know better: This 'ere agaricult'ral distress I've studied th' case vor zo long, That out ov my zufferin's at last, as the pote zes, I've bust into zong!

FROM OUR CLIMBING CONTRIBUTOR.

*Account of a terrific ascent of the celebrated Ritupatopza Cone, and of all the highest points of the hitherto inaccessible Hiarandhia Mountains, in a Letter to the Editor, bearing date two weeks ago.**

SIR,—When you appointed me your Climbing Correspondent, you did well and wisely.

"Excelsior" is my motto, and "Excelsiorwaterior" when I can't get anything better.

This, you may think, is levity, but I am a light climber, as I am a light sleeper—in fact I have a horror of any man who is a dark sleeper. Mind, it's a dark "sleeper" that upsets the train—and that will upset my train of thought, if I allow myself to dwell any more on this fascinating but abstruse subject.

You, Sir, wanted me to do the Matterhorn.

"The Matterhorn be blowed!" I replied, gaily, and then went on to show that the Matterhorn had been blown long ago by somebody who only wanted to trumpet his own fame to the world. But your object, Sir, was simply to sound me. In return, I gave no uncertain note.† I made an advance—a friend in your interests made another!—and away I went.

I will not descant on the terrible moment of parting. I had to tear myself away from the partner of my bosom, to bid her leave the weekly bills till my return, which I pretended "would be in about ten minutes, as I was only going to call on my solicitor," and then locking the door on her and descending the stairs, five steps at once, alpenstock in hand, I gained the street just in time to put up my umbrella suddenly, and so avoid either a flower-pot, or a waterjug, or a slop-basin—I had not the heart to stay to examine what it was—that my wife, in her supreme agony, probably stretching out her arms to call me back—I'm glad I wasn't within a yard of them—had upset in a very paroxysm of grief.

"Call me back," did I say! She would have called me something else, much stronger, had I stayed to hear it. But I didn't. I did not wish to have *le cœur brisé, ni la tête non plus. Allez!* as we say at the Comédie Française,—I mean in Paris, not London, as of course I am miles away from that gay and festive scene.

In a minute afterwards her head was out of window, and I heard her shrieking after me—

"Always the same to your old wife JOAN!"

—words of the song, you know, but very much out of

* *Note by Editor.*—It is absolutely necessary to preface this letter, and any others that may appear from the same source, with the remark that, for the life of us, we can't remember who our Climbing Contributor is, where he climbed from, or where he's climbing to. He asserts, as it appears from internal evidence in his otherwise interesting and doubtlessly truthful narrative, that we appointed him officially "Our Climbing Contributor" for the coming season. We have no recollection of having so far committed ourselves; and, indeed, to have anything to do with the employment of a Climbing Boy, would be contrary both to our principles, and to an Act of Parliament to that effect made and provided, all to the contrary notwithstanding, &c. We just make this statement, in case of a difficulty arising.

† *Note by Editor.*—Not quite so sure of that. We remember this circumstance well. It was a five-pound note, and we declined it with thanks, not having sufficient change about us to cash it at the moment, though if he had only called the week before, it might have been done, and so, perhaps, might *see*. If we do our Climbing Contributor an unintentional wrong in mistaking him for somebody else, we heartily beg his pardon, and hope he'll call at our office and set matters right.

‡ This is the first we've heard of it. Though probably not the last.—ED.

tune. She has no ear, and sometimes, I wish I hadn't two, when she becomes at all demonstrative—as with a beating heart and with scarcely a dry eye in my head, I turned the corner, and hailing a Hansom Cab, dashed off to the station.

That is how I left. How I arrived I will not stay to tell. Enough that here I am, and from here I send you this account of my first ascent, the first ascent ever made of the Ritupatopza Cone, the highest point of the Hiarandhia range, of which I here enclose a graphic sketch.



Sketch showing Niggernose Point, Kruteh Rock, and Tooth Peak.

This will give you some rough idea of the difficulties that had to be surmounted. The figures are myself and "CHARLES his friend."

I've got a stick in my hand. Friend is dancing. He is exhilarated by the air, for we are 500,000 feet above the level of the sea. The level of the sea is represented in the background. Compare our figures with the rocks, though, after all, they will give you but a slight notion of the relative heights.

I had vowed to reach Niggernose summit before night. When I say it is to be done, it must be done. There are but two words with Yours Truly. It is either "On" or "Off." Sometimes both at once.

My sketch will give you some faint idea—and "faint" is about the word for the ideas of most timid natures, when on these dizzy heights,—of the really perilous nature of the ascent. No larks.

By the way, while I was hooraying at the top, I noticed somebody evidently making a sketch of me and the mountain together. I immediately took out my telescope, and by its aid read the words, "For the Graphic newspaper." So if you see anything like this in that publication before mine has time to appear, you'll know what value to put on it. Catching sight of my telescope, which he probably mistook for a rifle—such is the effect of a

Ascent of Niggernose, showing Our Climbing Contributor's Progress up to the top.

guilty conscience—he shut up his book and ran off. I could not descend in time to ask any questions, and my men, who were waiting below, could not, or would not: give me any information. But to proceed.

(To be continued in my next.)

HOW TEWFIK ASTONISHED THE POWERS.

"SEND for NUBAR?" said TEWFIK, in a towering passion. "Must I really? I'll show them that whatever has become of the old bar to European influence, I can set up a new bar of my own." So he sent a telegram, telling NUBAR not to show in Egypt—at his peril!

THE MOST TO BE GOT BY INVADING ZULULAND.—A Military Crawl.

THE VOICE OF VANITY FAIR.

FANCY fairs have once more become the fashion. To assist Ladies who are new to booth-keeping, and who naturally feel awkward, and some, perhaps, even modest, as Ladies will, particularly young Ladies, till broken-in to the business, Mr. Punch, always ready to oblige the fair sex, has jotted down a little bit of "parade-patter," like that with which the Cheap-Jack opens his auction, which he thinks may be found useful on these occasions:—

"Ladies and Gentlemen, or rather Gentlemen, for here we drop the Ladies, be in time—be in time—open your eyes when you look at me, and shut 'em when you look at my goods. . . . A half-penny cat may look at a King, and surely a half-crown customer may look at a Lady! I don't know who you are, and I don't care. ARRY's as good as his master here—at least his money is—and that's what I'm after. Bless you, there's no occasion for an introduction—tip us your tin, and we'll waive the bowing business. And now you've seen me, how d'ye like me? Twig my costume. Ain't it fetchin'ing? I've put it on in defiance of my husband and my brothers, and my uncles and my aunts—and the fogies of the family generally, of both sexes. Awfully jolly—ain't it? And it's a case of manners to match! Oh, chaff away—and see if I can't give you as good as I get. Don't be afraid, I'm not here to be shocked. I'm ready to bite you off the end of a cigar, sign you a *carte*, breathe on a rose, or pin you in a 'button-holer,' as soon as look at you. Fire away!—don't be particular about your jokes. I rather like 'em strong on these occasions. I'm not proud, bless you! I've not a notion who you are, but I mean to make a customer of you before you're many minutes older—if you've any money to be wheedled out of your pockets, and you can't be muff enough to come here if you haven't. We're here to pick pockets, don't you know? That's our little game! Charity covers lots o' things.

"If you think me pretty, you're welcome to say so, only you must pay for it. Handsome is that handsome does—don't you know—and I flatter myself I'm going to do you handsomely. So come on, and don't be shy. Buy, buy, buy! Down with your money, like bricks, to build me up the biggest tottle in the day's takings. Never mind *her*, nor *her*, nor anybody but *me*. This is the only shop in the fair, and I'm the only shop-woman! Now look alive! It's so nice to meet a Lady in this free-and-easy style, don't you know? Say what you like to me; I'm bound to take it all in good part—*risqué* or not. I shouldn't be here if I were squeamish, don't you know? Come, buy, buy, buy! Have a rose with a kiss on it,—that's half a sov. extra,—thank you! Sold again, and bagged the money! Or my *carte* in costume? Here's a fetching one—in attitude, and a great deal of me for the money. If I sign it, it's an extra five shillings, and ten for the *carte*—no, thank you,—no change out of a sovereign! Not if I know it. You pay your money and take your stare—and your chaff, if you're up to it—I'm not particular. Must not be particular in these hard times. Besides, it's quite correct. There's Mrs. GRUNDY keeping a stall herself. So, step forward, step forward, and get your money ready, and see what an English Lady can do for charity! Vanity and bad taste, forwardness and free-and-easiness, *Le mot pour rire*, and *Le bonnet par-dessus les moulins*,—charity covers 'em all! Buy, buy, buy! Any amount of chaff in—but no change out. Here we are—in full fig! Nothing charged for staring. Here's your Queens of Beauty and Fashion. All a chaffing, all a laughing. All a selling, all a swelling. Walk up! Walk up! Walk up!"

A Cry From the Country.

THEY tells us we ought durun a run o' good times to ha' put by zummur fur a raainy day. Yaa! What we'd a got to put by fur we finds to be a raainy year.

Make hay while the sun shines, should us? Azy work when the sun's out long enough. This here zummer when 'a wun't show his veace for five minutes at a time 'tood be what ye med call a rapid act o' haymakun.

Views about France.

THE Monarchy—A head without a body.

THE Empire—A body without a head.

THE Republic (Red)—A body that wants to be all head.

THE Republic (Moderate)—A body that should show a head—the sooner the better.

A WORD IN SEASON.

WHY is the weather like the late KHEDIVÉ?—Because it has rained long enough, and ought to abdicate in favour of the Sun. May we hope that whatever weather we are to have (even if changeable), it will not prove Tew-fickle for toleration.



AT BULLONG.

Paterfamilias (who will do the Parleyvooring himself instead of leaving it to his daughters). "OH—ER—J'AI BEZWANG D'OON BOOTAIL DE—DE—DE—HERE, YOU GIRLS! WHAT'S THE FRENCH FOR EAU DE COLOGNE!"

"WHEN CAT MEETS CAT!"

KILKENNY aboo! Dared the Saxons to say,
Oirish cats could do nothing but claw one another?
Ah! shure thin we'll give them the divil to pay,
When their Bills we obstruict, and their progress we bother.
Their Cats are before us,
Mol-rowing in chorus,
It's an illigant shindy that looms full in view.
Clapperclaw 'em, and rend 'em,
Skedaddlin' we'll send 'em,
To the glorious cry of "Kilkenny aboo!"

Kilkenny aboo! Though 'tis two agin four,
And each wid nine knots in their nine tails, who cares?
Faix! one throe Oirish feline's a match for a score
Of Saxon grimalkins, for all their big airs.
Hooroo! for the ruction,
Who prates of Obstruiction?
Shure, we'll pare down their claws and we'll cut their
tails, too!
By sheer caterwaulin',
And blusther and bawlin',
To the slogan sublime of "Kilkenny aboo!"

Kilkenny aboo! Come on one, come on all!
Be your tails ne'er so many, it's we'll make you turn 'em:
Though ye hiss, spit, and growl, though ye sputter and squall,
We've our wages to win yet, and faix, boys, we'll earn 'em!
Wid your whip-cord that cracks
Into dacent boys' backs,
Too long ye have worried the world, wirrasthrue!
Soldiers' friends—that's the chat!
'Tis we'll kill the cat,
To the glorious cry of "Kilkenny aboo!"

Kilkenny aboo! Shure our mutual slaughter
No more shall make mirth for the low Saxon boor.

Henceforward when we're in our native hot wather,
He shall have his full share, and a little dthrop more.
Though NORTHCOTE may hate us,
And HARTINGTON rate us,
We'll hould on our way bould as BRIAN BORU,
And gaily lay whacks on
The back of the Saxon,
Cryin' down wid their cats, and "Kilkenny aboo!"

SERVES HIM JOLLY WELL RIGHT.

MY LORD,
SINCE you have persisted in your unaccountable refusal of the Wreath which an adoring people has, through my unheard-of exertions, offered for your acceptance, I am now on the point of forwarding the People's Tribute to CETEWAYO as a mark of England's appreciation of his heroic defence of his country and kingdom against its white invaders. Trusting the great African potentate may feel no such scruples in accepting the National Tribute of the British Working-man! as have had weight with your Lordship, I have the honour to be,

Your Lordship's Obedient Humble Servant,
TRACY TURNERELLI.

The Right Honourable Lord Beaconsfield,
Hughenden, Berks.

Expulsion of the Hyksos.

(Shakspeare on the Situation.)

Sultan { (to the European Powers). How now? Back, friends!
(to ISMAIL PASHA). Shepherd, go off a little.
(to PRINCE HUSSEIN). Go with him, Sirrah!
Ismail Pasha (to HUSSEIN). Come, Shepherd, let us make an honourable retreat; though not with bag and baggage, yet with scrip and scrippage.
[Exeunt ISMAIL and HUSSEIN.
As You (and we) Like It, Act. III., Sc. ii., vv. 147—151.



“WHEN CAT MEETS CAT;” OR, “KILKENNY ABOO!!!”

LEX TAIL-IONIS.

(From the humanitarian point of view.)



ABOUT Cats, their right number
of tails and such vanity,
Let pedants and martinets
wrangle and brawl;
There is only one Cat in a tale
with humanity,
And that's the Manx Cat,
which has no tail at all!

Equal Law.

To the Editor of Punch.

SIR,—I see in to-day's police-reports that a Lady of Nottingdale was charged with keeping nine cats in one room, and that Mr. BRIDGE, the Magistrate at Hammersmith, decided that if the nuisance was not abated the offender would be severely dealt with.

Now, as a similar nuisance is being at present caused at the House of Commons through the keeping of four cats in an alcove off the cloak-room—viz., the Naval Cat, the Marine Cat, the Approved Cat, and the Prison

son Cat—would it not be even justice to deal with the offenders and their Cats in this case as sternly as Mr. BRIDGE has dealt with Miss CECILIA HOLBECK and her nine tame pets?

If we count tails, the House of Commons' case is much the most flagrant.

I am, Sir, Yours,

A MARINE CAT.

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

(After going to "Drink.")

SIR,—When about two months since I saw *L'Assommoir* at the Ambigu, I felt sure, that, in any representation of the piece on the English stage, three scenes would be done as well in London as in Paris. These three were the *Lavoir*, or Public Wash-house, the scaffolding scene, with the sensational fall from the top storey, and the interior of the drinking-shop, *L'assommoir* itself. The broad action, startling effect, and scenic realism, I was certain, could be presented even better on the London stage, than on the Parisian. At the same time I was equally sure that to reproduce the peculiar French fun of *Mes Bottes* and his two companions was impossible, and, if attempted by the adapter, would be just so much labour lost.

For the hero's part I could imagine no English Actor suited, except, perhaps, Mr. IRVING, and I doubted if for that of *Gervaise* could be found any one equal to HÉLÈNE PETIT.

It also struck me that it would be a fatal mistake merely to transfer *L'Assommoir*, from the Ambigu to a London theatre, under an English title, instead of boldly taking the story with its series of strong situations, finding London equivalents—they are all to hand including the public wash-house—and giving us a really good English melodrama, inculcating the excellent moral of the advantages of judicious temperance over brutal sottishness.

Finally I was unwilling to believe that the awfully repulsive scene, where *Coupeau* returns from *l'hôpital des fous* only to die of *delirium tremens*, could ever be tolerated on our stage. And on the whole I anticipated but a very mediocre success for any adaptation of *L'Assommoir*.

As far as the first part of my opinion went, I find I am right; as to the last, I am wrong. *Drink* at the Princess's is such a genuine success, that the house is densely crowded every evening, seats have to be booked in advance, and how many hundred nights it may have before it, and how large the profits for the fortunate speculators may be, it is impossible to predict.

As there has been scarcely any adaptation of the original, but, for the most part, merely a "transference" and translation, comparisons may be fairly drawn between its representation here and in Paris, and in two instances with advantage of the former.

The two cases in point are the Scaffold Scene, and the omission of the drunken Undertaker, who interrupts the dance at the marriage of *Coupeau* and *Gervaise*, and pronounces the melancholy "tag." On the other hand, the Stage management of the Scene outside the *Assommoir* (Act II.), and of the interior of the *Assommoir* (Act V., Scene 2), is not equal to that at the Ambigu. Our stupid inartistic

custom of insisting on the Principals "having the stage to themselves" for their scenes, and of their always "taking the centre" for any business of importance, destroys that illusion of reality, which, in these two instances, was so admirably arranged at the Ambigu, and could have been so easily imitated here. It would take too long, and serve no purpose, to go into details; but I will merely indicate my meaning by pointing out that in Paris the workpeople did not at a certain "cue for music" march across from left to right, and then disappear, to allow the Principals to talk, until the "cue for music" came again, when they once more reappeared, and went through the same mechanical, organ-figure business. No; at the Ambigu the workpeople dropped in by twos and threes; then one singly, then four or five, all characters, and passed across the Stage, as naturally as possible, during the courting of *Gervaise* and *Coupeau* in front. Is it likely that if Tom the Workman stops to make love to Polly the Landress as they meet in Oxford Street, that every foot passenger would at once move off discreetly, and give them the pavement to themselves? Yet this is what is invariably done on the stage, no matter whether the scene be laid in a market-place, or a thoroughfare, or any place of public resort. At the Ambigu the picture of the interior of the *Assommoir* was one of real life, the chief actors in the drama being seated at a table, on the right of the Stage, while the other tables were perpetually occupied by fresh *consommateurs*, who drank, chatted, paid, and walked out, when the *Garçon* wiped the tables, and in another second entered more *consommateurs*, to go through the same business, never interfering with the chief action of the Scene, but aiding it, by keeping up the illusion of reality.

Mr. READE has omitted one very powerful and important scene, the birthday-party at *Madame Coupeau's*, which, though far too long in the original, could have been judiciously curtailed and retained. Instead of this, he has introduced a front scene into Act V., where the business is made up out of what should have been in the wedding scene, and what belongs to the birthday scene first mentioned. The relief of the piece is divided between *Mes Bottes* and *Phoebe Sage*, a small share falling to the former and a very big one to the latter. Both parts are capably played by Mr. HAYNES and Miss FANNIE LESLIE, and their dance at the wedding is uproariously encoored.

Lantier, the latter, is made rather too American by Mr. REDMUND, who, but for this, is a faithful copy of the original; while, as for his companion in vice, *Virginie* (Miss ADA MURRAY), I must say she is, without exception, the wickedest woman of her size, weight, and age I ever saw on any stage, bar none. She has got "a bad part" with a vengeance! And night after night both she and *Lantier* are called before the curtain by the justly incensed gods, to receive a complimentary hissing.

Mr. WILLIAM RIGNOLD, as *Goujet*, the total abstinence man, has curtailed the magnificent flaxen beard of his prototype much as Mr. READE has trimmed the piece; and if he would not drop his voice so frequently, and be a trifle less self-conscious, his performance of this part, all round—and Mr. WILLIAM RIGNOLD must be considered "all round"—would be nearly up to the original mark. His delivery of the temperance speech, well adapted from the original, would gladden the heart of Sir WILFRID, and might even induce Cardinal MANNING to take a box at the Princess's.

Miss AMY ROSELLE—who appears here "by the kind permission of S. BANCROFT, Esquire"—what a subject for an historical cartoon in next year's Academy—"S. BANCROFT, Esquire, kindly giving permission to Messrs. CHARLES READE and WALTER GOOCH to avail themselves of the services of Miss AMY ROSELLE," who will be represented as on her knees, tearfully begging not to be allowed to depart from her happy home at the Prince of Wales's, in Tottenham Court Road, and S. B., Esquire, comforting her by saying, "My dear, it's only round the corner! It won't be for long!" But he's mistaken. It may be for years, and it may be for ever—Miss AMY ROSELLE—"by the kind permission of S. BANCROFT, Esquire"—(I can't resist it)—plays *Gervaise*, and plays it fairly enough, as playing goes, though too much at the audience, and not for the audience, with whom the interesting character itself is of course the favourite that enlists all sympathies. Her dying scene—where she doesn't die (perhaps by the kind permission of S. BANCROFT, Esquire), is certainly good, though Mr. CHARLES READE, in order to end happily, has made his *Gervaise* treat the Angels very shabbily, as when she is dying she hears them singing a hymn of her childhood, and then actually sees them beckoning to her to come, whereupon she not only accepts their invitation, but asks them to keep her a place—a front place—as she will be with them directly, and immediately afterwards she revives, by the aid of cakes, warm soup, and a second-hand fur cloak, and closes at once with a very substantial offer of marriage from the temperate but impulsive *Goujet*. And so poor *Gervaise* remains at the Princess's by the kind permission of S. BANCROFT, Esquire, and the Angels.

Now for Mr. WARNER as *Coupeau*, the weak, the unfortunate, the erring, workman, the "fearful example" of this highly moral tale. Well, one big step in his downward course having been



"STARTLING EFFECTS!"

Peep-Showman. "ON THE RIGHT YOU OBSERVE THE 'XPRESS TRAIN A-COMIN' ALONG, AN' THE SIGNAL LIGHTS, THE GREEN AND THE RED. THE GREEN LIGHTS MEANS 'CAUTION,' AND THE RED LIGHTS SI'NIFIES 'DANGER'—"

Small Boy (with his Eye to the Aperture). "BUT WHAT'S THE YALLER LIGHT, SIR?"

Peep-Showman (slow and impressive). "THERE AIN'T NO YALLER LIGHT—BUT THE GREEN AND THE RED. THE GREEN LIGHTS MEANS 'CAUTION,' AND THE RED LIGHTS SI'NIF—"

Small Boy (persistently). "BUT WHA'S THE OTHER LIGHT, SIR?"

Peep-Showman (losing patience). "TELL YER THERE AIN'T NO"—(takes a look—in consternation.)—"BLOWED IF THE DARNED OLD SHOW AIN'T A-FIRE!!"

cut away from him by Mr. CHARLES READE—I mean the scene at the wedding—the transition from sobriety to sottishness is more sudden and startling than it was in the hands of GIL-NAZA.

That Mr. WARNER's *Coupeau* is only an English workman in a French dress arises from the necessity of rendering the part intelligible to an audience that is even now inclined to laugh outright at the notion of the doctor having ordered a poor miserable out-of-work plumber, just returned from the hospital, to drink nothing stronger than claret!

His scene with his wife and little child in Act IV. is as good as it was in Paris, but

then the scene itself is just one of those touches of nature that go straight to the heart of an audience. Success here is rather due to the situation than to the Actor. The child is absolutely natural! This is the highest praise.

But his great Scene—*Coupeau's* death from *delirium tremens*—was too protracted. In Paris it was not one whit shorter; longer, perhaps; but one was so horrified by it, that one wished it over, so that the wretched man's sufferings might the sooner be ended. But here I wished it over, because the Actor's energy seemed to be spent, and one felt that it was with difficulty he was keeping up the excitement to the end, and that it was absolutely necessary to introduce the child, suddenly running in, to be nearly murdered by its father, in order to momentarily divert the audience's attention from the father to the child, so that it might be brought back again to the father, a second afterwards, for his fall and death.

At the Ambigu I breathed freely when the Act was over, for *Coupeau's* sake, not for GIL-NAZA's; but here I was glad when the curtain terminated, not *Coupeau's*, but Mr. WARNER's sufferings.

His make-up was—thank Heaven!—less repulsive than GIL-NAZA's, and, without comparison, and putting aside that this is imitation and not original creation, Mr. WARNER's acting in this scene is decidedly powerful. In the French piece there was no episode of the child, nor do I remember *Coupeau's* thrusting his hand through the window, and cutting his wrist.

One word as to the finish of Act III., which Mr. READE has improved by omitting the Undertaker; instead of whom he has introduced *Lantier*, who enters without saying a word, and confronts *Gervaise* and *Coupeau*, who shrink from him with horror. Tableau, and down with curtain. Applause. In reply to applause, up goes curtain, discovering same group, and to them enters *Goujet*. He sees the tableau—starts—pulls out a photograph, shoves it under *Lantier's* nose, who, in his turn, starts back—no one uttering a sound; and the position of the whole is suddenly changed—*Lantier* being horror-struck at the sight of a wretched likeness of himself and his first wife—probably done on the sands somewhere by an itinerant artist, all framed and glazed for one franc fifty—and down goes the curtain on the group.

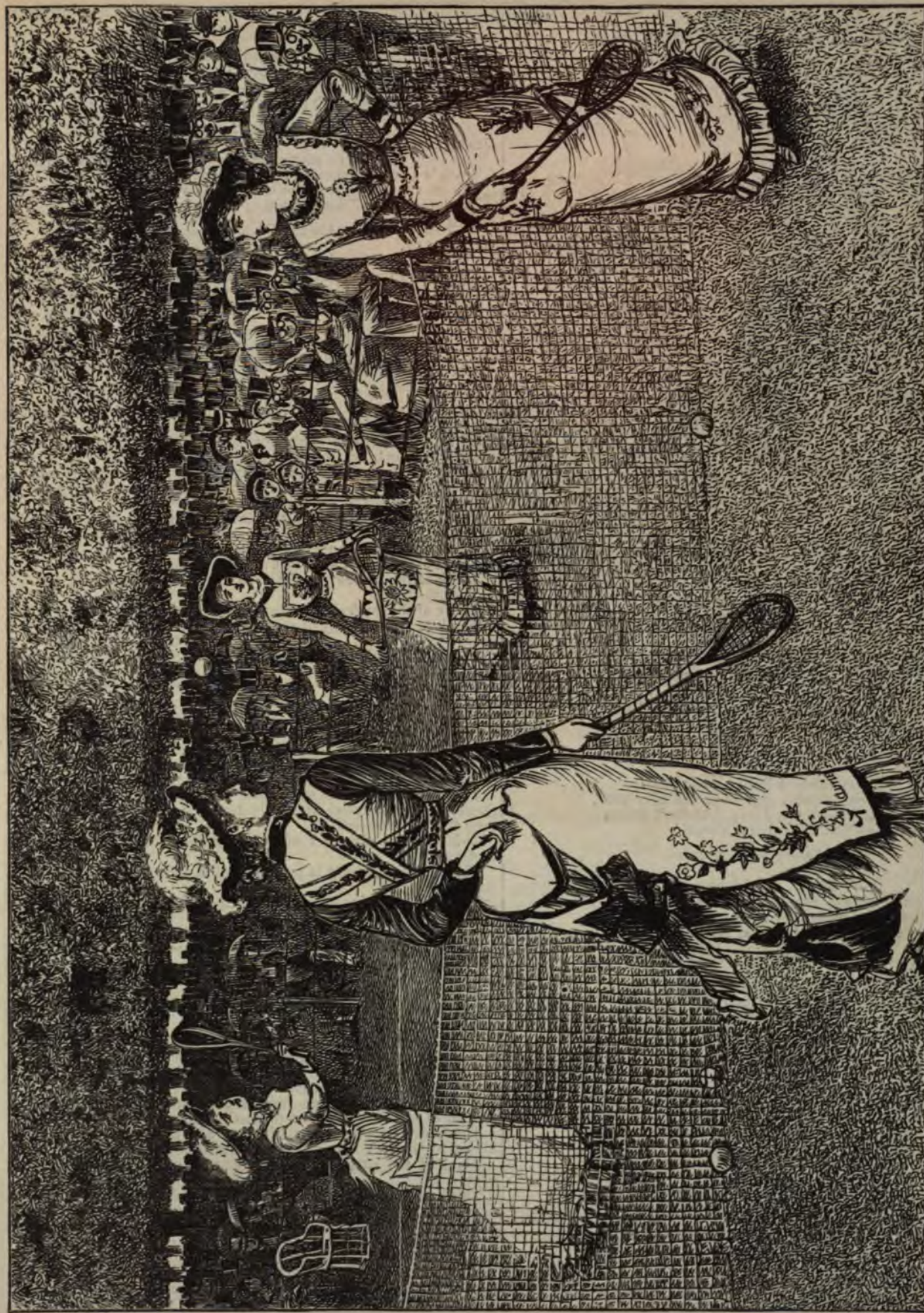
But if after the first tableau there had been no applause—"But if there is no applause, Mr. PUFF?" asks one of the actors in the *Critic* when the author has them all at a dead lock—how then? Would the curtain have gone up amid dead silence? Necessarily. Let the audience be silent one night and try it.

So much for *Drink*. And now I am dry, which is more than I can say of this July weather.

"Now to the post—
These lines I send 'um.
Drink!—this my toast—
Nunc est bibendum!"

I see a piece advertised called the *Worship of Bacchus*. Are we going to be flooded with drink? Is the tap turned on everywhere? The East End will now revive various versions of *The Bottle* to which *L'Assommoir* in very many respects bears a curious family resemblance. I shall follow a masterly policy of abstinence, and am sincerely,
YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

LIKE CARRYING COALS TO NEWCASTLE.—
Carrying Corn to Chicago.



INTERNATIONAL RECIPROCITY.

GAULS OF LUTETIA! WE SALUTE YOU! AND WE THANK YOU FROM THE BOTTOM OF OUR HEARTS FOR THE LOAN OF MESDAMES BROHAN, FAVART, BERNHARDT, BROCHAT, CHOIZETTE, SAMARY, REICHENBERG, JOUASSAIN, BARRETTA, DUDLAY, LIOTD, BIANCA, MARTINE, AND THESARD, WHOSE HANDS WE KISS, AND WHOM WE HAVE ENSURED IN OUR MOST AFFECTIONATE REMEMBRANCE. OUR QUEENS OF THE STAGE ARE FEWER THAN YOURS, AND WE LOVE THEM SO MUCH THAT WE CANNOT SPARE THEM TO YOU; BESIDES YOU DO NOT COMPREHEND THE TONGUE OF ALBION—WHICH IS BOTH YOUR MISFORTUNE AND YOUR FAULT.—BUT NEXT YEAR, IF YOU WILL PROVIDE A LAWN IN YOUR 'ELYSIAN FIELDS,' WE WILL LEND YOU SOME OF OUR BEAUTIES, WHOSE NAME IS LEGION, AND THEY SHALL PLAY FOR YOU THE GAME OF "PELOUSE-PAUME." ÇA VA JOLIMENT FOUS EPATER!!!

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

(After the Conservative Banquet in the City.)

*Salisbury to Hartington.*

DEAR HARTY,
You read what I said in the City?
Be assured 'twas well-meant. Your position I pity.
You are really a very good fellow, you know,
But your shocking Circassian followers—oh!!!

Hartington to Salisbury.

DEAR SALLY,
I READ, and—I think—understood
Your most flattering words; you're exceedingly good.
My "Circassians" chafe me, I own, but don't dream
I'm in need of a CECIL'S Circassian Cream!

Salisbury to Hartington.

DEAR HARTY,
Don't huff! You're disgusted I know,
At those sub-gangway chaps, they're so awfully low,
Your patience and pride they must terribly tax;
But things always go quishy when *Discipline's* lax!

Hartington to Salisbury.

DEAR SALLY,
YES! Discipline's such a fine thing!
Yet I fancy that once you were fond of your fling,
But having knocked under to DIZZY, of course,
You would have no Irregulars now in the force.

Salisbury to Hartington.

DEAR HARTY,
Now pray do not get in a passion,
I may have been Ishmael, never Circassian,
Your Bashi-Bazouks, I am sorely afraid,
Will yet turn on their leader,—unless they're well paid!

Hartington to Salisbury.

DEAR SALLY,
Paid, eh? Well, there's much in a name,
But when Ishmael turned Issachar, what was his game?
When the "strong ass"—pray pardon me!—stoops to the burden,
Is it present or future he looks to for guerdon?

Salisbury to Hartington.

DEAR HARTY,
Ass? Issachar? Guerdon? Dear me!
I have not an idea what your meaning may be.
You surely don't hint "vulgar lucre" may hook
A Marquis as well as a Bashi-Bazouk?

Hartington to Salisbury.

DEAR SALLY,
OH no! But when Issachar shows
A hard mouth to hard bit, a stout back to sore blows,
Some will fancy the prospect of fodder and stall
Has its weight,—which may prove him no ass after all.

Salisbury to Hartington.

DEAR HARTY,
You'll scarce keep your "stall," my sweet Whig,
There's a darker, more dangerous spirit!—you twig?
We are sweetly united, and know what we're at,
But "Circassian" Leadership—just fancy that!

Hartington to Salisbury.

DEAR SALLY,
That slap—though 'tis smart—shows your hand.
I twig, and the country will quite understand.
Scares and bogies have served you good turns, there's no doubt,
But do you not think they're a *leetle* played out?

HAPPY THOUGHTS OF FOREIGN TRAVEL
FOR 1879.

THINK of packing up your own clothes, and looking after your wife's boxes.

Think of the early rising, hurried breakfast, and getting to the Station in time to catch the morning train.

Think of the railway journey from London to Dover, with an anxious mother, a self-assertive nurse, and a couple of teething babies for possible fellow-travellers.

Think of getting on board the steamer as it rocks from side to side in the harbour.

Think of the two hours on the Channel.

Think of the buffet at Calais.

Think of the journey to Paris, and the *salle d'attente* at the end of it.

Think of the *quatrième étage* at one or other of the grand hotels.

Think of the difficulty of getting hot water, and general absence of soap.

Think of the *table d'hôte* with a party of "personally conducted" tourists.

Think of the morning promenade under an umbrella in front of the bonnet shops, at an average of five shillings an inch.

Think of the stuffy theatres, and the revivals of pieces you saw for the first time about thirty years ago.

Think of the money you will have to spend in cabs.

Think of the bill, three sheets long, that you will have to settle before having your luggage put in a *remise* for the Station.

Think of the slowness of *Grande Vitesse*, and of having to assist (merely as a spectator) at family luncheons into which garlic has been freely introduced.

Think of the *embarras* of hotel omnibuses on arriving at your destination.

Think of sight-seeing in general, and of churches and galleries in particular.

Think of the Rhine in a mist, the Righi in a fog, and the Simplon in a down-pour.

Think of damp beds, uncivil waiters, and indigestible dinners.

Think of the drains of Cologne, the Musquitos of Venice, and the Mud of Genoa.

Think of the extortions of hotel-keepers, waiters, chamber-maids, guides, cab-drivers, and money-changers.

Think of the last week's *Times*, and the day-before-yesterday's *Galvani*.

Think of the undesirable people whom you are sure to see, and the pleasant friends you are certain not to fall in with.

Think of the hurry-skurry of train-catching before day-break, and room-securing after midnight.

Think of the effects of indifferent French cookery, partially-fermented Italian wines, and toothachy Swiss honey.

Think of the chances in life you will miss for ever by being abroad at the very time you are wanted in town.

Think of the letters and bills that will greet your coming home again.

Think of all these discomforts, and a thousand more, and then light your cigar, stir your grog, poke the fire (now necessary in the middle of July), and thank your lucky stars that you have remained at home.

VERA EFFIGIES.

It is rumoured that Lord BEACONSFIELD has expressed his willingness to accept and wear Mr. TRACY TURNERELLI's Wreath—at Madame TUSSAUD'S.



JUST IN TIME.

Constant Traveller. "HULLO, JOHNSON! YOU HERE? HAVE YOU LEFT THE 'GREAT MUDLEY GOODS YARD'?"

Retired Shunter. "YES, SIR. THERE WERE TEN OF US WHEN I JOINED EIGHT YEARS AGO; SO, AS THE OTHERS WERE ALL SMASHED, I THOUGHT IT WAS ABOUT TIME FOR ME TO LEAVE!"

COMING TO THE POINT.

(*The Reflective Obstructive to Himself.*)

If I go to the Academy at the most crowded hour of the day, pick out the picture at which there is the greatest rush, then open my umbrella before it, and obstinately refuse to move one way or the other for two hours, why am I, after some altercation, removed by the Police?

Why, also, if I spring suddenly on to the seat of my stall at the Opera, and insist, in the middle of the Third Act of the *Huguenots*, on showing the audience, in a shrill falsetto, what I would have done with the *finale* had I been MEYERBEER, am I hissed down and got out, not without a scuffle, by five box-keepers?

Why, too, if at my Club, I persist in taking all the daily and weekly papers from the reading-room and sitting on the whole of them during my lunch, does my conduct ultimately oblige the Committee to come to the unanimous resolution that I must be got rid of?

Again, why may I not get, with the Dean, into the pulpit at Westminster Abbey, upset a traction-engine in Rotten Row, keep the diving-bell at the Polytechnic (full inside) six hours under water, drop a portmanteau into the works of the New Law Courts' clock, lay sleepers here and there across secluded portions of the suburban lines, and indulge in other obstructive feats of a similarly brilliant character, without, sooner or later, arousing the susceptibilities of the police?

In short, if when, *outside the House*, I am not allowed to hinder the progress of a single perambulator, why, when *inside* it, have I every facility given me for bringing to a dead-lock the affairs of an Empire?

And, lastly, why is it that, under such circumstances, nobody commits me to the charge of the Sergeant-at-Arms?

THE CLOUDS AND THE CLERGY.

WHEN the rain overlong hath been raining,
Or the skies have withheld the due drops,
And the farmers all round are complaining,
With some cause, in alarm for their crops,
Then the Bishops take counsel together,
And advice to their clergy decree,
Bidding prayers to be read for fair weather,
Or for wet—which'er needful may be.

Less sage, it may be, than satirical
Himself the philosopher shows,
Who remarks that they pray for a miracle;
It may happen for aught that he knows.
But if reverend divines see good reason,
Prayer's aid to the farmers to lend,
Why not pray early on in the season,
And not wait till it draws to an end?

On their faith if they place full reliance,
Why allow drought or deluge a run?
Why, with forecasts now furnished by Science,
Remain mute until mischief is done?
The future's climatic conditions,
Daily cabled, we get from far climes;
Might not, therefore, church weather-petitions
Be preferred to more purpose betimes?

A Stand-up for St. Swithin.

MONSIGNOR PUNCH,

AN incredulous person, hailing from Llandaff, writes to the *Times* an impudent letter, audaciously impugning the venerable and uniformly verified legend of S. Swithin, on the fallacious ground that the day of the translation of his sacrosanct relics, in July, 971, took place on "the 15th, Old Style; that is, the 27th now." Is not this sceptical sophist aware that the Calendar in which the Festival of S. Swithin stands appointed for the 15th of July, was reformed by a Pope, and therefore S. Swithin's Day, Old Style, and S. Swithin's Day, New Style, are both the same, and altogether identical for all ecclesiastical purposes, miracles inclusive. Ask Cardinal NEWMAN whether it is not so, if you doubt the authority of

HAGIOLOGUS.

AT WIMBLEDON.—WORK FOR A CARVER.—To cut out our crack shots. Why don't you, Doctor?

ENGLISH, PLAIN AND PARLIAMENTARY.

THE principal business of the Speaker and the Chairman of Committees in the House of Commons nowadays appears to consist in calling "Hon. Gentlemen" to order for using unparliamentary language. The chief offenders are the Irish Members, who seem to find extreme difficulty in mastering the English tongue in its official form. To assist these rough-and-ready debaters, *Mr. Punch* has prepared the following table, which may be advantageously resorted to in moments of excitement. The first phrase has already received sanction from the Chair.

Plain English.

To sneak out of one's place.
To tell a downright lie.

To brag like a bully.

To whine like a coward.

To cringe like a cur.

To listen like a spy.

To behave like a fool.

To act like a rogue.

Equivalent in Parliamentary Language.

To leave the House covertly.
To confuse fancies with facts, no doubt inadvertently.

To revel in the language of unlimited strength.

To falter under a deficient sense of self-respect.

To pay an exaggerated deference unworthy the dignity of an Honourable Member.

To obtain information in a manner which has not hitherto approved itself to the scrupulous self-respect of this House.

To forget the dictates of wisdom and sound policy.

To overstep the limits which separate the domains of Civil and Criminal Jurisprudence.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



(Lords, Monday, July 14.)

WHY should Lord STRATHEDEN be so much concerned about Russian evacuation that he is determined to make a motion if the Russians won't? His eagerness to sustain the Government was ill-rewarded by Lord SALISBURY, who plainly said the Government wanted none of his sustaining. Lord STRATHEDEN shut up, stung but not squenched, his motto being "*Morsus emergam*"—"the more I am sat upon the more I will not be put down."

Has Government been coquetting with the Irish Roman Catholics in the matter of University Education? Lord EMLY asserts as much, distinctly referring to a proposal for settlement negotiated some time

ago with the Irish Executive, in favour of which, he says, a petition was forwarded to the Prime Minister signed by almost every Catholic of position and importance in Ireland, with a result of expectations only raised to be dashed by a measure as unjust as it would prove abortive.

Called to his legs by Lord GRANVILLE, Lord BEACONSFIELD declared that he had listened to "the extraordinary speech of the noble Baron with amazement," that "nothing of the romance in which he appeared to be indulging" was known to Lord B.; that the Cabinet knew nothing of this negotiation—of these schemes and plans; that no proposition on the subject ever came to Lord B., directly or indirectly; that he knew nothing of any authority for Lord EMLY's statement; that he entirely repudiated it, and was sure his colleagues would do the same.

Lord EMLY explained that he had spoken not of Her Majesty's Government, but of the Irish Government, and that he had himself seen the proposition to which he had referred.

It is clear either that the Irish Government keeps Lord B. in the dark, or Lord B. the Irish Government. Let our readers explain it which way they will, it is wonderful that St. George's Channel should set such a gulf between the Irish and English segments of an Administration.

The LORD CHANCELLOR tried to explain the difference between what Government had done last year in the Intermediate Educational Bill and what they declined to do now.

A distinction without a difference, says Lord SELBOURNE; and so says *Punch*.

(Commons).—After some hours' desultory talk, the CHANCELLOR, rising to ask for priority of Government orders on Tuesdays and Wednesdays, took occasion to announce the "Happy Despatch" list of Bills which it was proposed to put out of their misery. Of those already on their way but one remains—"The Remnant of an Army"—the Army Discipline Bill. (See its embodiment in *Punch's*

Cartoon.) That will pass. The Bankruptcy Bill has a faint hope of surviving, and the Banking Bill, reduced to a skeleton, may escape the common fate. For the rest—

They are gone, they are dead,
In cold obstruction laid—
And there's none to shed a tear o'er their grave,
Save where private Members weep
Their small Bills laid asleep,
That through many a weary sitting they had
watched in hopes to save!

The Army Discipline Bill! And even that all but solitary survivor how sorely mutilated! Messrs. O'DONNELL and O'CONNOR POWER gravely rebuked the House for its grievous waste of time and its general misconduct of business. *Punch* congratulates them on their command of countenance.

Sir R. PEEL indulged in a lengthy and lively disquisition on the misconduct of the Zulu War, the shortcomings of Lord CHELMSFORD, the unfair treatment of Colonel WEATHERLY and Captain CAREY, and a number of incidental topics, for which divagations he got rapped over the knuckles by Colonel STANLEY and Lord HARTINGTON, who took occasion to preach the House a neat little sermon on the duty of not attempting more business than it could grasp, and doing that a little better. They must have a night for the Zulu War, and another, with Sir CHARLES DILKE, for the Berlin Treaty, *à propos* of Greece.

At last the House got into the postponed clauses of the Army Discipline Bill, and stayed there muddling the rest of the night.

Tuesday (Lords).—Lord TRURO and Lord SHAFTESBURY in support of Second Reading of Bill for unconditional prohibition of Vivisection.

The more sympathy *Punch* feels with the humane feeling that prompts these Lords, the better pleased he is that their horror of suffering is not to be allowed to stand in the way of its alleviation. This is the ground and justification of experiments on living creatures, carried on under due regulation and control.

Earl BRAUCHAMP, Lord CAERNARVON, and the Bishop of PETERBOROUGH, whom *Punch* congratulates on his courage as much as his clear-headedness, urged the sensible, and unsensational, side of the argument—that the lower animals may reasonably and religiously be made to suffer for the alleviation of greater suffering among the higher animals, provided always that such suffering is inflicted under due safeguards and not wantonly, nor in excess of the true requirements and objects of science.

Lord EMLY's last night's "romance" being again referred to, Lord BEAUCONFIELD said that probably it would be found that the Lord Lieutenant *might* have conversed with Irish Prelates and others on the subject—but *he* knew nothing about it. It was only a guess of his. As for negotiations!—bless you, there had been nothing of the kind. Lord EMLY must have been dreaming. Lord B. at least can't throw any light on the matter.

Mysterious, very. But there is such a thing as guarding a chief's responsibility: such a thing as unaccredited or accredited negotiation or discussion—or undertaking—or bargaining—there are a great many words will do—of which disclaimer being found convenient, it may be disclaimed, and nothing to show for it!

(*Commons.*)—The Army Discipline Bill again. More tampering with the Cat and his tails,—which keep growing "fine by degrees and beautifully less."

At last, after Sir G. CAMPBELL's proposal



"HE HAD A FRUGAL MIND."

Mourner. "LOOK HERE. I SHAN'T WEAR 'EM AT THE GROUND. COULDN'T YOU STAND A PAIR OF SLATE-COLOUR INSTEAD?"

Undertaker. "VERY SORRY, SIR, BUT WE NEVER DO ANYTHING IN 'MITIGATED'!"

to confine the floggees to a "bad list," Lord HARTINGTON rose to say that, as the Debate had raised serious doubts whether the Government retains a clear, fixed, and firm conviction that the Cat is indispensable for the maintenance of discipline, the Opposition had reconsidered its position and had determined, that unless the Government could see their way to confine corporal punishment to cases where death would, but for it, be actually inflicted, the sooner the Cat is buried, once and for ever, the better. He could not give Mr. PARNELL the credit of having brought the Opposition to this conclusion. It was due to the Government's want of clear conviction as to the indispensability of flogging.

Colonel MURE followed this up by proclaiming *his* conviction that from the moment the Cat was brought into the House of Commons its knell was sounded.

Colonel NORTH groaned over the awful fact that a Colonel should confess as much.

Mr. A. G. HARDY as became the son of an ex-Secretary of War, upheld the Cat in the name of humanity—as the milder alternative for death.

found the noise he could make was most useful in scaring away the huge birds of prey that would otherwise have proved awkward customers to deal with.



*Climbing Boy did it, Delited in it,
dropped it, and didn't do it again*

SKETCH OF A "GRYPHER," OR VERY TALON-TEDED VULTURE.
(Signed by Artist. None genuine without this Signature.)

Here is one I contrived to wing, and sketched him as he managed to fly away, uttering at the same time a peculiarly shrill scream, which, had it not been drowned by the beating of my own drum—(do you know the song, "But the beating of my own heart was all the sound I heard," eh? Here's a chance for something like it: "The beating of my own drum," &c. More anon)—would have, I think, rendered me deaf for life.

We breakfasted on the first plateau we could find, the niggers serving us famously, and the javelin-men holding umbrellas over us to screen us from the scorching rays of the early morning sun. Then, after a whiff of tobacco, we walked through a virgin forest of at least a thousand years old—a very old maid this virgin forest, eh?—where the vegetation was luxuriant to a degree that I have never seen equalled even in the Southern Tropics. Huge fallen trees, that had only succumbed to the mountain tempest, lay in the way, like Giant Obstructionists. Sometimes a perfect thicket of them stood before us—unfelled, unfallen; another, we axed leave—and axed branches too—to bring in a bill which would settle the Giant Obstructionists completely. Like the celebrated

"Man from Datchet
Who brought his hatchet,"

all our good Fellers went to work, and by hook and by crook, by axe, hatchet, and bill, we made one grand trunk line in less time than it takes me to write five ordinary ones.

Then we heard the shrill, clear note of the *ciccaleri* (pronounced as an Italian word—whence the insect originally comes) and the *Hoppoponax*, whose movements are so quick as to baffle all our attempts at catching it.



Climbing Boy did it, did it, Delited in it, and did it

HOPPOPONAXES AT PLAY IN THE LONG GRASS.

(From a Sketch by our Special Artist.—Signed.)

Many a hearty laugh have we had as we tumbled over the rocky ground, and went head-over-heels over the stumps and boulders in our vain attempts to secure one of these beautiful insects.

After a thirty-mile walk we stopped for lunch, selecting a shady

spot as free from white ants as was possible to find in a place which was literally swarming with them. They are peculiar to this country, and, when irritated, have the power of inflicting on their victim a deadly sting. It is difficult, of course, to know what irritates them, or when they are irritated, which, as a rule—so the natives say—can only be ascertained distinctly (or "dis-sting'd-ly," as the natives express it) by results.

Five white ants, irritated, stinging together, will kill one black man. If, however, they are not irritated, their bite will not produce any other effect than that of a swelling. They live in the rough prickly bark of trees, and their nests cannot be taken, it being impossible for any hand to get at them without being severely lacerated by these bristly points; in fact, the extraordinary barks of these trees is far worse than the ordinary bites of these insects. Fortunately for the black inhabitants of the plain—who are peculiarly plain black inhabitants—they seldom ascend to these heights; and when they do, if bitten, they return at once with a swollen head or arm, or finger, and are venerated by the superstitious population as having received an inspiration from the Good Spirit who is supposed to inhabit these mountains. The suffering native immediately receives presents of nuts, beads, and flour, and goes literally "swelling" about the place.

I must apologise for not sending any more to-day, as I have another ascent of sixty thousand feet to make before 10 P.M.; and if my boy with post-bag, whom I am now lowering by a rope, does not reach the village by nine, you will not get this for another week. I have telegraph apparatus with me for communication with you, but we can't yet fix it. *Au revoir!* Yours, still on the climb,
C. C.



PORTRAIT OF BLACK NATIVE UNCLE
BITTEN BY A WHITE ANT.

AT CHISELHURST.

(Saturday, July 12.)

From thy Throne's height and mother's pride come down
To this uncrowned grief, and childless woe;
Place on her brave boy's bier the violet crown,
The only one it was his lot to know.

Thy youngest daughter weeping at thy side,
And thy four princely sons to bear his pall!
Of such a grief all sympathy falls wide,
And yet 'tis well our QUEEN should give her all.

England partakes the sorrow of her QUEEN,
Would whisper cheer to the reft mother's heart,
Stripped sudden of its one branch, straight and green,
So fair of spring-tide leaf, so sound at heart.

Little these English mourners think of thrones,
Past or to come, or factions' fierce debate;
No thoughts are theirs that harden hearts to stones,
And poison wholesome sympathy with hate.

Gather, grey skies of sorrow, o'er the gun
That bears his body to his father's grave—
Unlooked-for goal of race untimely run—
And, Heaven, sustain that saw not meet to save.

Etymological.

From a Harrow Boy at Lord's.

BOWLED. A man is said to be bowled, from the Latin, "*quia non est cautus*"—because he is not caught.

AIMS FOR AGRICULTURISTS.—Plain living and high farming.



CHARITY BEGINS AT HOME.

Tenny. "WHAT BEASTLY WASTE!"

SOME "WHYS" OF WIMBLEDON.

(As they occurred to a Contributor who has not got a Prize.)

Why is the Camp situated between two Railway Stations, and near neither?

Why must you, to get to your destination, either puff up a high hill or pick your way over a rutty common?

Why must you live in utter discomfort in a bell-tent with a lot of other fellows for a couple of showery weeks?

Why are you not supplied by the Government with either planks or benches?

Why is the Staff permitted to revel in boarding, carpets, elaborate furniture, and flower-gardens?

Why is the Members' Camp permitted to assume the appearance of a collection of Stock Exchange boudoirs?

Why are not the messing arrangements better managed?

Why are sisters, aunts, and cousins allowed to ramble about in other fellows' quarters?

Why are elderly females permitted to make a race-show of a fellow's camp-quarters?

Why is Major SMITH of Lloyd's, or Captain SPOOKS of Copel Court, commended in parading about in Levée uniform?

Why are Privates BROWN, JONES, and ROBINSON allowed to strut through the camp in two helmets, a wide awake, one tunic, two suits of duds, and a pair of pink trousers between them?

Why is the shooting so badly managed?

Why is the mucker invariably asleep when a fellow clearly makes a bull?

Why does he just as invariably mistake other fellow's misses for insures?

Why does one's rifle, so good at practice, always go wrong when it comes to competition?

Why do all the swags take my tent for a trysting-place?

Why is it always raining when I want it to be fair, and, scorching hot when I'd give anything for a breath of cool air?

Why, after making up one's mind never to come to Wimbledon again, does one always find oneself under canvas within half a mile of the windmill?

THE LUCKLESS "YOUNG GENTLEMAN."

(AIR—"The Jolly Young Waterman.")

AND did you not hear of that luckless "Young Gentleman,"

Who at St. Stephen's but lately did ply

His pencil and paper with skill and dexterity,

Till his sly tail caught the SCRIVAN'S eye?

He looked so calm, and he worked so steadily,

His Pittman's Phonetics he marshalled so readily,

And he eyed the debate with such business-like air,

You'd have sworn his proceedings were all square and fair.

What sights of long speeches he heard in that gallery,

So frothy, so fierce, and so foolish withal!

How his ears must have ached when the Home-Rule Circassians

Gave the rein to their peacock for shiny and squall,

For abuse and obstruction, for snugging and sneering,

But a trifle to him was their jibing and jeering;

Not a rope's-end for party or dragon did he care,

His task was reporting them all square and fair.

And yet but to see how strangely things happen!

As he scribbled on thinking of nothing at all,

He was spotted by SULLIVAN, POWER, and CALLAN,

Who protested, and straightway began such a brawl!

"Obnoxious and unprecedented altogether!"

The Shindies yelled, and a world of hot-weather

Was dashed o'er that luckless "Young Gentleman" there,

Mr. SCRIVAN'S note-taker so square and so fair!

NEW INVENTION.

"THE Tell-Tale Mariner's Compass"—evidently an invention for imposing some limit to the tales which are told to the Mariners.

A SOLITARY EXHIBITION.—The one dog who hasn't had his day this year—the Bone Skye.



“THE REMNANT OF AN ARMY!”

(WITH MR. PUNCH'S COMPLIMENTS TO MRS. ELIZABETH BUTLER, *née* THOMPSON. SEE ACADEMY CATALOGUE, No. 582.)

“The curious eye will search through history or fiction in vain for any Picture more thrilling with the suggestion of an awful catastrophe than that of this solitary survivor.”—*History of our Own Times*. JUSTIN MACARTHY. Vol. I.

SIGHTS FOR THE SEASON.



Festoons of larks at the Poulterers' and Fishmongers'.
Pantomimes produced at the principal theatres.
Holly and mistletoe. — Roast beef, turkey, plum-pudding, and mince-pie.
Hunt the Slipper. Blindman's-Buff. Snapdragon.
The Compliments of the Season. Midsummer Cards. Many Happy New Years.

KATES in the iron-mongers' shop-windows.

Ladies going about in furs and waterproof garments.

Soup-kitchens open in Leicester Square, and other centres of poorly populated districts.

Letters in the newspapers recommending lentils as nutritious and palatable articles of food; with directions for dressing them.

Appeals from correspondents on behalf of hospitals, asylums, and benevolent societies.

Almanacs. Flights of field-fares and red-wings.

Codfish and oysters.

THE RESCUE OF BURNHAM BEECHES.

BURNHAM Beeches' preservation
Let us all, good people, sing;
Praise to London's Corporation:
Glory to the City King!

They already Epping Forest
From the Philistine had saved,
To their power when need was sorest,
Scheming builders in had caved.

Tree and bush, 'gainst bricks and mortar,
Still, thank Gog! shall hold their own,
In their leafy woodland quarter
Birds still build their nests alone.

Dryads, wood-nymphs, elves, and fairies,
Oberon, Titania, Puck,
Powers whose charge the wild wood's care is,
Send the Common Council luck!

Round the Mace twine wreaths of myrtle,
Aldermen with ivy crown,
With a blessing may their turtle,
Thick and clear, alike, go down!

They have saved from desecration
Lovely wild and forest fair.
Be perpetual, Corporation!
Live for ever, my LORD MAYOR!

PROVERBIAL ACUTENESS.

"DROUGHT never bred dearth in England," says one old English proverb. "It never rained flour in England," avers another. Of these two opposite saws one is probably quite as sharp as the other.

CURIOUS NATURAL PHENOMENON (*during the late Eton and Harrow Match*).—A Gosling producing two Duck's Eggs!

THE VOLUNTEER BODY, AND THE REGULAR SKELETON.

"VERY fair shooting indeed," observed H.R.H. the Duke, as he lounged into the garden outside the Cottage at Wimbledon.

"Fair. Hum—yes—perhaps we may say 'Fair,'" returned the real Commander-in-Chief of the British Army, who makes it a rule never to be too enthusiastic.

"Come, we have had a few intervals of fine weather," continued H.R.H., lifting his jovial beak out of a goblet of champagne-cup, "and so we can afford to be charitable. Not so many centres as usual, but, taken all round, the practice has been decidedly respectable."

"Hum!" grumbled the Field-Marshal. "There is one practice I think abominable. Look at those idiotic displays of furniture and jim-cracks—ugh! fitter for girls' boudoirs than soldiers' tents!" And the warrior scowled in the direction of certain tents furnished in an unduly luxurious fashion.

"Yes, I wish they would make up their minds to rough it a little more thoroughly," assented H.R.H. "I fear that Woolwich is not the only place for self-indulgence. But, for all that, the Volunteers are not half a bad lot."

"In these hard days we want them to be more than half good," grumbled F.-M. PUNCH. "Anyway, I daresay my branch of the service will compare with yours—eh?"

H.R.H. seemed anything but at his ease. At this broad hint he observed—

"After the Committee has done sitting, let us hope we shall get things to-rights a little. And that reminds me that I have an inspection. I am sure you will excuse me. The gallant Onety-Oneth will be waiting."

"You will stay where you are, Sir!" said F.-M. PUNCH, who can be determined when he pleases. "The Onety-Oneth are old friends of mine, and I mean to inspect them myself. You may follow me at a distance if you please. I trust I shall find the regiment in a satisfactory condition."

"Anyway, Sir, it won't be my fault," shouted H.R.H. nervously, as F.-M. PUNCH, setting spurs to his horse, cantered off.

Half an hour's ride carried the Head of the Army to the barrack-square of the Onety-Oneth. The officers were drawn up in full uniform to receive the Inspector.

"Come to look at you myself," was F.-M. PUNCH's curt explanation to the Colonel.

"Delighted to see you, Field-Marshal," said the Colonel, with a military salute. "I only wish there were more of us to look at."

"The more reason for making the most of you," replied PUNCH, cheerily. "And now, Sir, what have you to show me?"

"Well, Sir, there's the regimental band—one of the strongest in the Service. Nearly forty, all told."

"Very good," observed PUNCH, "but you can't drive off the enemy with a band of music—unless you are a Highland Regiment with bagpipes for your offensive weapons. What have you besides the band?"

Well, here we are ourselves—about thirty commissioned officers, backed up by as many non-coms."

"But we want something more than that," growled PUNCH. "Go on."

"Well, we have fifty medically unfit or in hospital, and the officers' servants and batmen come to almost as many more."

"Confound it, Sir," interrupted the F.-M., impatiently, "what's the use of them in the face of an enemy. Have you nothing more to show me?"

The Colonel looked very blank as he retired to consult with his officers. At last his face brightened as he advanced, and, with a cheerier tone, exclaimed—

"Sir, I am happy to say we have something more to show you. Here, you! bring him up to be inspected."

A number of Sergeants hurried away, and returned escorting a small boy in a uniform evidently many sizes too large for him.

"Who is this?" asked the F.-M., in astonishment.

"This is the great curiosity of the regiment, Sir—the Private!"

"Dear me!" exclaimed H.R.H., who had now joined the group.

"How is it that I did not see him when I inspected you a week ago?"

"The fact is, we only recruited him yesterday, Your Royal Highness."

"Come," said PUNCH, "we had better return to Wimbledon—the Association Camp is a pleasanter sight than this."

"Please, Sir, it isn't my fault," again urged H.R.H.

"Never said it was," returned PUNCH. And, being in a bad temper, he said no more.

But if JOHN BULL is as silent, he will prove himself more patient than PUNCH believes him to be. *Verb. sap.*



CLOISTER COSTUMES!

(SUITABLE FOR DEVOTEES AND WET WEATHER.)

HAPPY-THOUGHT GUIDE TO LONDON.

For the Use of Visitors to Town in general, and Young Men from the Country in particular.

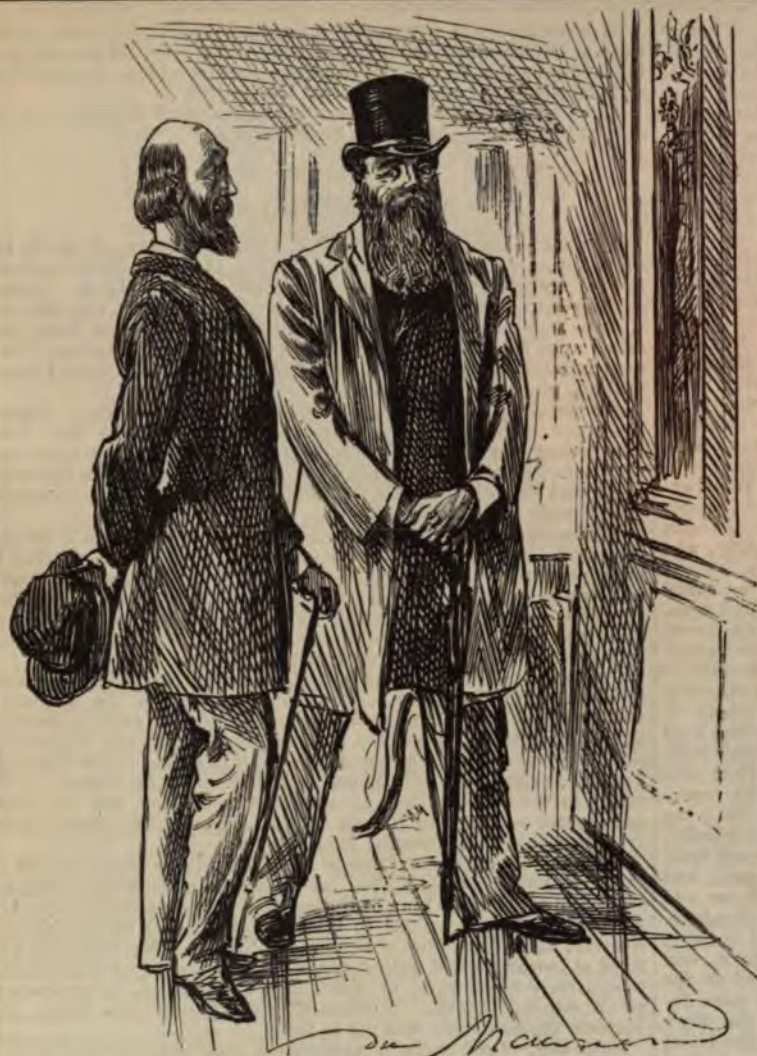
BAKER STREET BAZAAR and MADAME TUSSAUD'S EXHIBITION.—We add the latter, because no one will wait for "T" if he has had no lunch, and wants to see as much as he can in a day or two. Baker Street Bazaar is a perfect Beehive of industry, including the Wax-works. An annual subscription entitles anyone to become a Fellow of Madame TUSSAUD'S. The amount of the subscription touches four figures, which is in itself a privilege, as the public is ordinarily requested *not* to touch even one figure. Once a year the principal Characters dine at the Mansion House with the LORD MAYOR—a custom dating from the time of the Norman kings, most of whom were brought up at *St. Cere*, in France, and were personally acquainted with the Great Madame TUSSAUD. After awhile there was a split between the Royal House and the TUSSAUDS, and a rival aristocratic show was attempted to be set up in Westminster Abbey. This made the TUSSAUDS more "waxy" than ever (*vide Schoolboys' History*), and they then completed their establishment on a scale of magnificence which entirely threw that of the Abbey into the shade, which is one reason for the Abbey being so cool on a hot day. The Exhibition at the Abbey now consists

of only a few figures up in a loft, and brings in but a scanty revenue to the Dean who receives a gratuity for exhibiting them. Unfortunately for the exhibitor's perquisites, his visitors are not paying ones, as they generally contrive to come "with an order." (*This will save some time when we come to "W"—Westminster, and "O" Order.*) The principal effigies at Baker Street are most hospitable to strangers, and entertain everyone, whether of distinction or without distinction. N.B.—*A hint to the young Slybootses from the Country.* It is no use waiting at the side door to see the Sleeping Beauty, MARY, Queen of Scots, or any of the young Ladies of the establishment coming out after the Show is over; and any three-cornered *billet-doux*, whether accompanied by a bouquet or a bracelet, will be immediately returned.

BALLOONS.—Anyone wishing to have a balloon during his stay in London, can do so. Apply to the Secretary of the Windham Club, Ayr Street. The charges are two-and-sixpence for the first hour—shilling extra to the man, if taken—and sixpence for every quarter of an hour afterwards, a deposit being paid in advance. The charge for one ascent is usually five shillings, depending a great deal on where you want to go. There is no third class. The descent is ten shillings more. A traveller by this species of conveyance is not compelled, any more than by cab or train regulations, to return by the same conveyance, as, when he arrives at his destination, he may, if he pleases, get out and walk. A favourite excursion, in fine weather, is to the Milky Way, where London visitors can refresh themselves with milk fresh from the cow, and after inspecting the celebrated bull, "Taurus," as well known as PAUL POTTER'S, they can take a turn in the dockyard to see the Ram, and thence, by ticket, to the Zodiacal Gardens. Hire a good horoscope from one of the attendants, and notice the architecture of the new Châteaux en Espagne, and the Old Castles in the Air. If you take our advice, you will let your balloon wait for you, and return as you came. It saves trouble, and thus you will have spent a happy, profitable, and a not uninstrusive day.

BANKERS' CLEARING-HOUSE.—Entrance at side door near the Bank. Here, at four o'clock every day, the "Clearers," as they are called, get rid of all the superfluous cash and notes that would otherwise impede the circulation in the City. Second-hand sovereigns are chucked out in shovelfuls, and five-pound-notes, that have only been used once, are carted off into unclaimed dividends, unless purchased, at so much a packet, by those who happen to be present. No unreasonable offer is refused, and, in fact, the stock is really given away. The proceeding is on the plan adopted by the butchers, fishmongers, and confectioners, with the perishable articles at the end of the day, and by Clubs with their used packs of cards. It is simple laziness that prevents everybody, with such a chance at hand, becoming a millionaire in, at all events, a small way. Police are in attendance to keep order, and the band of the Coldstream Guards plays every Saturday from two to four.

THE BANK OF ENGLAND.—This great Bank is nearly as old as the oldest cliffs, and used to be known as the Golden Sand Bank. It offers a home to its broken-down *employés* under the name of "Reduced Consols," who are a sort of poor bedesmen, and wear a peculiar kind of gown which is made by the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street. At the Bank,



ARTISTIC AMENITIES.

Bellamy Brown (pictor ignotus) on a Picture by Rigby Robinson. "QUITE A POEM! DISTINCTLY PRECIOUS, BLESSED, SUBTILE, SIGNIFICANT, AND SUPREME!"

Jordan Jones (to whom a Picture by R. Robinson is as a red rag to a bull, as B. B. knows). "WHY, HANG IT, MAN, THE DRAWING'S VILE, THE COLOUR BEASTLY, THE COMPOSITION IDIOTIC, AND THE SUBJECT ABSURD!"

Bellamy Brown. "AH, ALL WORKS OF THE HIGHEST GENIUS HAVE FAULTS OF THAT DESCRIPTION!"

Jordan Jones. "HAVE THEY? I'M GLAD TO HEAR IT, THEN, FOR THERE'S A CHANCE FOR YOU, OLD MAN!"

butchers are offered special facilities for keeping their "joint accounts." The Governor of the Bank has the power of punishing refractory persons by placing them in the stocks. Visitors, anxious to pick up something worth having, should look in at the Bank on "Transfer Days," when all the money changes hands all round—the clerks take different seats for luck, what was in A.'s name is transferred to B.'s, and what was in B.'s to C.'s, and so backwards and forwards all day, the clerks casting up their ledgers and account-books, and catching them again, or catching somebody else's. It is, indeed, a lively scene, and well calculated to excite the admiration of even the resident Londoner.

On the first night of a new moon, all the officials turn their money. The Governor of the Bank is, however, necessarily a poor man, as, though surrounded by coins of all sorts, he, as a loyal servant of Her Majesty's Government, has only *One Sovereign, which has to last him, and remain unchanged for years.*

On "Bank Holidays" the building, and everything in it, is open to everyone. Games go on from ten to four, and are mostly played with official counters. On these occasions the clerks wear suits of ditto, composed entirely of cheques. Go into the bank and take notes. By signing your name at the back of a note you constitute

yourself a partner in the concern, and are at once entitled to a share of the profits, or three thousand a year for life. There is one peculiar department where all complainants are taken to—this is called "the Bullyin' Office." Here the unfortunate person is bullied, and if he still insists on making objectionable remarks—about short change or a bad halfpenny, for example—he is at once accused of falsely uttering, and placed in the stocks by order of the Governor of the Bank of England. What subsequently becomes of him is his own affair, as few ever live to tell the tale; but it is generally supposed that he is secretly handed over to the Master of the Mint, at the Tower, who, when the early lamb season is on, makes him into sauce, and so he disappears from society, and the best efforts of his friends and the police are baffled. There are Mysteries of London—*Reynolds' Miscellany* is probably still one of them; and the ultimate fate of a Bank Annuitant (that is, a prisoner in the strongholds of the banks for years) has still to be unravelled.

BANKRUPTCY COURT.—Full Court suit requisite, in order to be presented at this Court. Your ordinary tailor will provide the suit, but it will be absolutely necessary to obtain guarantees as to your qualifications for the rank of a *Chevalier de la première classe* from several respectable tradesmen, to whom you will be consider-

CRANBROOK TO HIS COUNTRYMEN.

THEY tell me the Liberal Party
To turn out the Tories will seek;
That the Rads mean to rally round HARTY,
And oust us. I like their cool cheek!
But I trust that in manner explicit
You 'll tell the low cads it's no go.
When your smiles and your votes they solicit,
My Countrymen, promptly say, "No!"

POOR HARTY can sway them no longer;
By sub-gangway shouters he's led;
The tail one can see is the stronger,
And soon will be wagging the head.
We hold it in check for the present,
But once we are forced to let go,
The results will be deuced unpleasant.
So, my Countrymen, stoutly say "No!"

SHUN the Rads and their arts of seduction!
Just give them a hand on the helm,
They will steer the State-ship to destruction,
And rapidly ruin the realm.
Shall they tempt you to turn out us Tories?
Undo our best work at a blow?
Shall they tarnish our newly-gilt glories?
My Countrymen, sternly say "No!"

TRUST them not! When they'd lead you to ruin,
And snub the long-suffering Turk,
When they'd bow to that base Northern Bruin,
And duties imperial shirk.
Bid you cripple the Army and Navy—
And then, just to keep taxes low,
Make JOHN BULL to his foes cry "*peccavi*"—
My Countrymen, bravely say "No!"

WILL you change the land-laws of the nation,
And lay wicked hands on the Church?—
Though they hide it with round-aboutation,
That purpose you 'll spy if you search.
Will you see our dear Mother abolished?
The last feudal barriers laid low;
All the true Tory strongholds demolished?
My Countrymen, firmly say "No!"

TURN a deaf ear to Liberal storming!
Nor listen when Radicals rave!
Don't trust to their talk of reforming!
Don't calculate what they would save!
But show the low Radical party
The tip of a stout Tory toe,
And when they'd swop BEAKY for HARTY,
My Countrymen, loudly say "No!"

CONSISTENCY IN THE COMMONS.

ALTHOUGH both Liberals and Conservatives should agree to abolish flogging in the Army and Navy, they will still, it is supposed, retain their respective Whips. Nobody has yet moved to abolish them.

ably indebted for the kindness. If fond of literature, a heavy though not necessarily scientific book on the Derby, will be a sufficient qualification, though it will not entitle you to a decoration. An order once obtained, you can pass right through the Court, in at one door and out at the other, and see all the curiosities for a comparatively small gratuity, as the system of "No Fees" has not yet, we regret to say, been adopted at this establishment.

ST. SWITHIN'S, 1879.



On Tuesday, the 15th, the anniversary of Saint Swithin, the patron Saint of watery England, was observed with even more than ordinary interest and solemnity.

At Winchester, of which city St. Swithin was bishop, and where he is buried—every schoolboy knows, or ought to know, the legend which is the foundation of all meteorological science—the day was kept as a public holiday. That precious and venerable relic, the Saint's umbrella, was carried from

its jewelled case on the shoulders of the Cathedral vergers, and hoisted on the Cathedral tower, in the presence of the Mayor and Corporation, the Dean and Chapter, the City and County Members, the Astronomer-Royal, the Council of the Meteorological Society, the Clerk of the Weather, and many other civil, military, and ecclesiastical functionaries. A procession was then formed to the spot where St. Swithin's shrine stood, and in front of it were deposited a barometer, an old-fashioned weather-house, the day's *Times*, containing the weather-chart and forecast, and the latest telegrams from Valentia, Shields, Scilly, and other meteorological stations in the United Kingdom. A selection of appropriate music was performed on the organ, including the "*Hailstone Chorus*." At the banquet which followed at night, the two toasts which have been given from time immemorial—"The Memory of St. Swithin" and "The Weather"—were duly honoured.

At Winchester, Worcester, Lincoln, and in other places where churches exist dedicated to St. Swithin, flags were hoisted on the weathercock by the Senior Churchwarden assisted by the Arch-deacon's Apparitor.

The bells of the Cathedral and all the churches in Winchester rang merry peals when the head verger ascended the tower at noon, and closed the umbrella—the welcome indication that the day was fair.

The rain-gauges and the cones at Greenwich and all the principal weather-stations were decorated with flowers.

In the Metropolis the official inspection of the weather commenced immediately after midnight, and was anxiously continued, without intermission, during the four-and-twenty hours. The summits of the Duke of York's column and the Monument were selected this year as the posts of observation. The Lord Privy Seal and the Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster (having nothing else particular to do) attended in their robes of office on behalf of the Crown. At the Monument the Lord Mayor, who was assisted in his quarter-of-an-hourly registration by the Recorder and the Remembrancer, presided. Refreshments were supplied, and the choir sang "*The Rainy Day*," by LONGFELLOW.

As the day advanced, the betting on the Stock Exchange and at the Clubs was even on fair weather, and, later on, two to one was taken and offered.

At nightfall the apartments of the Meteorological Society, and the offices of the Meteorological Department and the Tithe Commissioners—tithes having been established in England through St. Swithin—were brilliantly illuminated. The day having passed off in London without rain, the leading umbrella and waterproof manufacturers forbore to light up their establishments.

In consequence of favourable telegrams, joyous peals were again rung at Winchester at midnight. The Saint's umbrella was restored to its case by the Mayor and the Dean, amidst a blaze of fireworks, and the city then resumed its usual tranquillity.

There were great rejoicings in the agricultural districts, and in several places an umbrella was burnt in effigy.

SOMEBODY'S DIARY.

Monday.—Having sent back Mr. THOMAS BROOKE, of Leeds, his contribution, and having deposited "it" in the hands of my bankers, felt no scruple in commencing my much-needed holiday. Before settling down to my much-required relaxation, thought I would take a little business-tour. Started accordingly. Arrived in Paris, and called upon MM. GRÉVY, GAMBETTA, and Marshal MACMAHON. Very unsatisfactory interviews. After all, who cares for the Grand Cordon of the Legion of Honour!

Tuesday.—By unheard-of exertions reached Berlin. Visited BISMARCK. The Prince was very civil, but thought that Lord BEACONSFIELD might feel offended if he (BISMARCK) accepted my proposal. Learned incidentally that it is not the custom in Germany to appoint Englishmen Field-M Marshals. It appears that no exception can be made to this rule.

Wednesday.—Managed to reach Constantinople in time to see the SULTAN. His Majesty was very gracious, but assured me that it was a point of nationality as well as religion with him to wear no head-covering except the fez. We talked about Egypt. It seems that the Great Powers will not permit TEWFIK to be deposed in favour of an Englishman. This international jealousy is very narrow—not to say detrimental to the truest interests of Egypt.

Thursday.—Again by unheard-of exertions reached St. Petersburg just as the CZAR was retiring to rest. Showed His Majesty a photograph of it. ALEXANDER declared it to be "sweetly pretty," but explained that he was too much occupied with the schemes of the Nihilists just now to attend to anything else. His Majesty, however, very kindly offered me an appointment in Siberia. Promised to take the matter into serious consideration, but fear that, accustomed as I am to the air of Leamington, the climate about Irkutsk would be too bracing for me.

Friday.—By dint of extremely rapid travelling found myself in the capital of Denmark. Was introduced to a gentleman who described himself as the king of the country. My proposal was eagerly accepted, and I was begged to take the sovereignty of Sweden and Norway, and a large slice of Schleswig-Holstein. My Civil List was fixed at two and a half millions sterling; but just as we were coming conclusively to business, the gentleman was arrested by two keepers as an escaped lunatic. Subsequently called upon the King. His Majesty unfortunately was not at home.

Saturday.—Once more by unheard-of exertions reached a French watering-place. Found three hundred and fourteen refusals waiting for me. Wrote to my bankers, begging them to continue to keep it *pro tem* on their hands, and leaving Lord BEACONSFIELD and my ill-requited endeavours to serve him, to a just, unbiassed, and discriminating British public, proceeded, without further correspondence, to the enjoyment of my much-needed holiday.

Say the Antivivisectionists.

In the name of humanity, truce to this wrangling!
We'll have no more Cats either mangled or mangling.
Your Surgeons' Cats' tortures don't teach us a tittle;
And barrack-cats' tortures avail just as little.

Good Advertisement for a Rising Young Actor.

(At his service for a Professional Paper.)

MR. HARE is fortunate in having secured the services of Mr. TERRISS. We find in him that scarce article, a good *jeune premier*—*rara avis in Terriss*. [Exit.]

THE JOKE OF THE CREAM.

At the Kilburn Show, the first prize for Cream Cheese was taken by the Aylesbury Dairy Company. No doubt the Company's Cheese was a sample of the *crème de la crème*.

AMENDMENT ON IRISH MOTION.—Vote that the Chairman report Progress. No. Vote that he report Obstruction.

ENGLAND'S TROUBLESOME RELATIONS.—Her Foreign ones.

BACK-CASTS OF THE SEASON.



us P. of W. Really think I have had enough of laying foundation stones in the rain, and opening bridges in the fog. And now the Comédie's gone, deuced glad to take the young ones for a sea-trip.

F. M. the Duke. Did one thing. Showed that CARDWELL's naughty scheme was all naughty nonsense. Lucky that naughty South-African business didn't come to a naughty end before

CHELMSFORD had time to cut out WOLSELEY. Now, must be off to drink the naughty waters.

The Premier. Well, yes—might have been worse—between the Afghans and the Zulus. Saved the Cat and sold TURNERELLI. Not altogether disappointing, if not distinctly satisfactory. Must look up my notes for the 9th. Some gilt still left on the gingerbread.

The Marquis. Still playing second fiddle, but we both have Garters. And I go down to dinner first. That's always something. I must continue to dissemble. Suppose I shall have to ask him down to the country in the Autumn?

The Chancellor of the Exchequer. Well, perhaps, they were a little trying. So very difficult to know what to do with them. One doesn't like to be too positive, because, after all, one might be wrong. Still, I think that all those education sops must work soothingly. And I really don't see that anybody else has scored, if we haven't. In the meanwhile, we're rid of it all for the next six months. That's a comfort.

The Leader of the Opposition. Afraid we made a mistake about the Cat. Mr. What's-his-name—ah, yes, to be sure—CHAMBERLAIN, is so very hard-mouthed in harness. And then, my "Right Honourable Friend" is such a jibber. Still, as Sir FREDERICK BLOUNT would say, "I don't think it will do me any harm" in North-east Lancashire.

The People's William. Been very lazy of late. Must devote the entire recess to work up my arrears of correspondence, and with all those Articles for the *Nineteenth Century* hanging over my head.

The Mammas. Impossible to say who is worth looking after in these terrible times. Rent-rolls are a mere delusion. What are landed proprietors coming to?

The Painters. How the deuce do they think we're to keep up our studios?

The Lord Mayor. Take it all round, I think I've done it at a very moderate figure. And now I must be extra economical until the 9th.

The Opera Impresarii. That confounded "Comédie"!

The Managers. Jolly good thing HOLLINGSHEAD has made of it. If we'd only stood in with him?

The Shopkeepers. Never knew such a season. Nothing doing except in umbrellas and waterproofs!

The Farmers. No season at all! Everything topsy-turvy, and Kilburn topsy-turviest.

The Public. The worst on record! Tired of writing to the papers about it.

And Mr. Punch. Bad weather, bad news, and bad times! Heartily glad it's over! Let's hope for better luck in 1880.

THE present wet Summer is just the time for a General Election: it would put all England under Canvas.

PALACE OR PRISON?

MY DEAR FRIEND,

FOR so I will take the liberty of calling you, in spite of the purely business character of our relationship—you cannot imagine what a mistake you have made! Take my advice (no fee), and come over at once. This delightful air will do you a world of good. I am sure it is far more bracing than Boulogne.

Then the state and comfort combined of this palatial residence! The rooms are simply charming. A most elegantly furnished suite of apartments—piano and all! My "Gaolers"—I must have my little joke—are such agreeable fellows, brim-full of the pleasantest Parliamentary gossip! Then the view from the drawing-room is simply lovely! You cannot imagine how fine the river looks from the House. The cuisine, too, is most *recherché*. I had no idea that the kitchen was so well managed. It almost tempts one to go in for the House oneself. It is evident that the kitchen arrangements, at least, are under the surveillance of a Special Committee quite above bribery. Suppose you tried? Eh, old man? You must not mind my chaffing you. The comfort of this delicious little snugery quite makes one chirpy!

There is only one drawback—I am told that I shall have to go, willy-nilly, when the House rises. This will be a sad blow to me. I should enjoy a few months here enormously. In these hard times it is something to be put up rent-free in a fashionable neighbourhood, and the fees are really a mere bagatelle. *Raison de plus* that you should join me at once.

Come, my good friend, come. Exchange the bad air of Boulogne for the warm welcome of Westminster. And believe me

Yours sincerely,

The Clock Tower,
House of Commons.

THE MAN UNDER THE CLOCK.

QUESTION AND REPLY.

DOES England to the PRINCE IMPERIAL owe
A statue? Must *Punch* answer, Yes or No?
Let him rest as he rests, *in statu quo*.

Why beyond reason signs of woe extend?
No subjects here to grace their sovereign bend.
We reared, loved, grieved, wept, tombled: be there an end.

In Westminster, where we our great instal,
With STANLEY's leave, he has no place at all:
Woolwich that taught him may record his fall.

And claiming Art's aid, with least need for Art,
Let Chiselhurst its mural marble part
Between the Father, Son, and Mother's heart.

Speed the Plough.

A WAS, at a recent agricultural dinner, made an agreeable fool of himself by proposing the toast and sentiment of "Small Profits and Quick Returns"—explaining that quick returns of rent by the Landlord were needed to permit even small profits by the Farmer.

THE HOUSE OF LATE HOURS.

"So late to bed, and so late to rise,
'Tis all we shall do to vote the Supplies."

MOTTO FOR THE WOOLWICH MONUMENT TO THE PRINCE IMPERIAL.
—"Cadet. Cecidit. Resurgat."

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



LL. in vain (Monday, July 21), Lord SELBORNE called Spain over the coals for her broken treaties and violated laws in prohibition of Slavery and the Slave Trade. There is no more hideous history,

no more damning guilt than that of the Spaniard in this matter. Cuba is the slave-trader's heaven and the negro's hell, and the Don his Devil.

Lord SALISBURY could but admit the truth of Lord SELBORNE's indictment, and argue that we should do more harm than good by moving or meddling. "Slave emancipation was a matter of time and conditions and precautions. It was only by restraining ourselves that we could get rid of one of the greatest evils that ever disgraced humanity ('common form'), and enable the Spanish Government to follow their own high-minded and humane instincts."

Oh! oh! It almost takes one's breath away.

Lord SALISBURY can be bitterly and scornfully satirical; and this was an occasion to justify satire. But isn't the irony of these last words almost too savage?

Lord GRANVILLE said non-interference might be all very well, but how when we had treaties to found interference upon? In 1817, in consideration of £400,000 paid by England, Spain had entered into a solemn engagement to abolish Slavery in all her dominions from the end of 1820. Ever since she had been importing slaves into Cuba by hundreds of thousands. There was a debate now going on

in the Spanish Chamber on the subject of Slavery, and the Opposition there was pressing the Government in the direction of Lord SELBORNE's speech and motion. Our Government might strengthen the Opposition's hands.

Our Government knows better.

Lord BEACONSFIELD, after remarking that it was not wise to rest upon treaties, but rather upon private and friendly representations to foreign Governments, thus propounded his theory of spirited foreign policy in relation to treaty obligations:—

"They had taken every opportunity of binding foreign Governments by treaty. They never contemplated that those treaties should be enforced as a matter of course if there were any apparent reluctance on the part of foreign powers to fulfil their engagements. They had trusted as much as they could to moral influence in order to gain their object."

Bravo, Lord B.! "Moral influence" has answered so admirably with the Turks. Why should it not work as well with the Spaniards? And so, no doubt, it will. One is quite proud to feel one's own Government on such friendly terms with two such "humane and high-minded" Powers.

Army Discipline and Regulation Bill read a Second Time, with goodspeeds from the two War Office Viscounts—CRANBROOK and CARDWELL—who can hardly, one would think, feel quite comfortable about our Army just now.

Lord GRANVILLE protested against the measure being considered as necessarily perfect on the points in controversy under it. Considering its Commons' history, it would be very odd if it were.

(Commons).—Monday Popular Concert of Question and Answer. *Inter alia*, Sir GEORGE CAMPBELL had a curiosity to know where the money for the African War came from. Whereupon Sir STAFFORD gave the House an instructive little lecture on the mysteries of the

Exchequer, particularly the Treasury Chest Fund and its machinery of advances. "Mighty pretty!" as Mr. PEPPYS would say, "to see with what attention to forms JOHN BULL is bled!"

In Supply, a Donnybrook Fair fight over the Irish Constabulary and Prison Vote, which lasted till four o'clock in the morning. But the ruction, though long, was not lively. Indeed, it was only redeemed from dulness by a batch of Irish reminiscences from the Major. Talking of Ireland, he said, reminded him of South Africa:—

"There were people sent out there to convert the natives. (An Hon. Member—Missionaries.) Yes, the missionaries. (Laughter.) They were sent out to convert those people, who had a very decent religion of their own if they were left to themselves. (Laughter.) These persons went to South Africa for no other purpose to his certain knowledge than to plunder. (Laughter.) One of them rushed into his Colonel's tent one day, and said, 'Sir, I want a commando.' 'What is a commando?' said the Colonel. 'A force of men.' 'For what purpose?' asked the Colonel. 'To punish a chief.' 'For what reason—a flag of truce is flying?' 'Oh!' said the Missionary, 'a chief has stolen my horse.' 'Indeed!' said the Colonel. 'I shan't give you a commando; but I will make full inquiries.' He made full inquiries, and found the Missionary had stolen the chief's horse, and the chief had only got it back. That was precisely the case in Ireland. (Renewed laughter.)"

Thank you, Major—very much thank you.

Tuesday (Lords).—Army Discipline Bill passed.

Lord WAVENEY ventured the bold opinion that the country was not satisfied with an Army System which was disorganised by a little war. Shall we say, "Audacious Lord WAVENEY!" or, "Unreasonable country?"

(Commons).—Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE moved that GRISSELL and WARD, breakers of Privilege, attend at the Bar to-morrow.

Sir W. FRASER asked how if they wouldn't come?

Sir STAFFORD said it would be better to wait and see if they came or not.

Mr. WHITEHEAD thought it was a pity GRISSELL and WARD had not been prosecuted in an ordinary court of law for trying to obtain money on false pretences.

Sir STAFFORD said there might be something in that, but still Privilege was Privilege, and a pretty Parliamentary plaything which Parliament ought not to let out of its own hands.

Then Parliament proceeded to another branch of its Privileges—to talk out one of the three miserable survivors of the Session, the Banking Bill.

A great unlimited Scotch Joint-Stock Bank having failed, and all but dragged Scotland into ruin, a cry was raised for statutory limitation of liability. The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER thereupon introduced a Bill which nobody quite liked, seeing that instead of providing a cheap and easy machinery to enable unlimited banks to become limited, with the consent of shareholders, it mixed itself up with difficult and disputed questions between English, Scotch, and Irish bankers. Now, Sir STAFFORD is fain to drop the clause relating to Scotch and Irish Banks, and so leaves Scotland out of the Bill introduced to meet a Scotch catastrophe. The backs of Scottish Members hereupon bristled up; Mr. MACKINTOSH moved the rejection of the Bill, and the end of an afternoon's squabble—not Irish, but Scotch, be it noted, and therefore presumably with reason on its side—was, that the Bill was talked out, and may find it hard to get its head above water again this Session, unless the Scotch Members can be squared. Another duck's egg to Sir STAFFORD's score.

In the evening sitting, Sir CHARLES DILKE put "Peace with Honour" into plain English, showing what the Treaty of Berlin's stipulations for Turkish Reforms and Rectification of Greek frontier had come to, and moving an Address to the QUEEN to use her influence in procuring execution of the Reforms, and Rectification of the Frontier.

Irresistible and undeniable truths could not have been better put.

As all the world knows, Turkey has not taken a step towards reform; has not shown the least disposition to comply with the recommendations of the Treaty of Berlin for giving Greece a tenable frontier on the side of Epirus and Thessaly. Of all the Governments represented at Berlin, ours has been the slackest in pressing Turkey to execution of this latter part of the Treaty.

Mr. HANBURY moved, by way of amendment, our gratification at what has been carried out of the Berlin Treaty, and our satisfaction at what is being done towards carrying out the remainder.

Sir H. D. WOLFE, in seconding Mr. HANBURY, made a powerful speech in support of Sir C. DILKE. The only thing to save Turkey was decentralisation. The best service we could do the Turks was to put on the screw, to tell her that she had come to the end of her tether, and MUST carry out the Treaty.

The voice of a Wolf in sheep's clothing with a vengeance!

Mr. GLADSTONE spoke words of incontestable wisdom and demonstrable truth in support of Sir CHARLES DILKE. The Motion did not imply censure of the Government: it had reference not to the past



LITERAL.

"ULLO, BROWN, HOW ARE YOU?"—"VERY WELL, THANKS."

"HOW ARE YOU AT HOME?"—"MY WIFE SAYS I'M VERY GRUMPY."

but to the future, and meant only that England would insist on the carrying out of the Treaty for the good of the people of Turkey and Greece. Turkey must be made to do the will of Europe. The more distinctly she was made to understand that, the better.

Mr. BOURKE tried to make a point of the inconsistency of the Liberal party, after their denunciations of the Berlin Treaty, now pressing for its execution. He denied, in the teeth of facts, that England had been lukewarm, or unfriendly to Greece. There was no Government in Europe ready to force the decisions of the Congress on Turkey, so the best thing we could do was to mediate between Turks and Greeks, and get them to agree.

The debate was adjourned.

Of course the Amendment will be carried. That is as certain as that the facts of the case support the Motion.

Wednesday.—A full House, to receive the Privilege-Breakers at the Bar.

But first came the news of the Zulu defeat at Ulundi—about as good news as could be from this most unhallowed of wars, which the House has almost as little heart to cheer as the Country.

Then the Bar was pulled out, and one of the Privilege-Breakers—not the worst—WARD—the Outrageous GRISSELL's attorney, not GRISSELL the Outrageous—was marched in. It is a comfort, for once, to see an attorney suffering for his client, and the client, out of shot, "cooking up snicks" at the House, through the telegraph-wire.

WARD, "grasping the Bar with both hands," did penance in an explanation that explained nothing, and was led away by the Officer of the House to durance anything but vile, durance extremely smug

and comfortable, in the House's prison-cell at the base of the Clock Tower, till the end of the Session. Meanwhile—

Wicked GRISSELL has flown,
And, safe at Boulogne,
From across Gallic borders
Wires back, "Doctor's orders,"
For health's sake sent away,
For health's sake means to stay,
For a victim if hard-up,
The House can lock WARD up.

And so the House did. *Punch's* comfort must be that for once the lawyer has got the worst of it—

And that WARD is safely warded,
By the House its Sergeant guarded,
There, within his Clock-Tower prison,
Doomed for breach that isn't his'n,
Till the Session's close to frizzle
Less for self than client GRISSELL.

Thursday (Lords).—Lord CAMPERDOWN called attention to the cost—"loss," he called it—of improvements under the Artisans' and Labourers' Dwelling Act, 1875! While we keep the machinery of compensation, we must take the consequences.

The Artisans' Dwelling Act is like the Education Act. It can't be worked so cheap as we might wish; but the money spent on it is probably among our best spent.

Lord CAMPERDOWN talks of putting the over-crowding clauses of the Nuisances Removal Act stringently into force—which means turning out the lodgers of overcrowded tenements, at the cost of more overcrowding or of leaving the evicted houseless altogether. Better pay twice as dear for improvements under the Artisans' and Labourers' Dwelling Act. But the compensation machinery wants overhauling.

(*Commons.*)—Sir STAFFORD knocks under to the Scotch Members. The Banks of all the three kingdoms are to have the power of limiting their liability. "All's well that ends well." The right result, but limply and limply reached, Sir STAFFORD, as but is too often the case with you, when the right result is reached at all. Why not have begun where you have ended, and spared all this waste of time? Was it that you wished to display your special ability—squeeze-ability? The Session has shown us enough of that already.

Second Reading of Irish University Bill.

As *Punch*, and everybody with brains in his head foresaw, Government means to put money in it. Not yet in the shape of payment by results, or endowment, but that may come. At present they will bind themselves only to payments for University Examination-rooms, Library, Scholarships, Fellowships, &c.

The Irish Members waver—"letting, I dare not wait upon I would." It will end in their taking all that is offered them, and then asking for more, and, very probably, getting it. For once there seems to be a chance of something like a truce to the long and bitter Irish faction-fight in the school-room.

Punch has not wished such hearty good-speed to any Irish Bill since Lord BEACONSFIELD came in, as to that for appropriating a million and a half of the Irish Church Surplus to the better payment of the Irish National School-Masters. And he sees no sufficient reason why some more of the same Surplus should not go to meet the cost of an Irish Roman-Catholic University.

Friday (Lords).—Lord STRATHNAIRN by a bold change of front converted his long-threatened attack on the conduct of the Zulu War to a slashing onslaught on the Short-service system. His Lordship's place is the Witness' chair before the Army Committee, now sitting. There his very strong opinions can be placed on record, sifted, weighed, and put to profit by the Commission. In the House of Lords his denunciation can tend to nothing but public alarm and discomfort.

(*Commons, Morning.*)—Second Reading of the Bill for Lending India Two Millions without interest towards the cost of the Afghan War. This bad way of paying a new debt has the distinction of pleasing nobody.

Messrs. GLADSTONE, FAWCETT, LAING, CHILDERS, GRANT DUFF, HUBBARD and GOSCHEN, Sir J. LUBBOCK, Sir G. CAMPBELL, Sir G. BALFOUR, and Sir A. HAYTER, about as different men and different minds as could be got together, all agreed in condemning the financial operation legalised by the Bill.

It is not a frank acceptance by England of the cost of an Imperial War. It hasn't the grace of a gift. It does not carry with it the wholesome restraints and burdens of a loan. It is less than England ought to give towards defraying the cost of a war which was waged for Beaconsfieldian reasons, and seems likely to result in Beaconsfieldian benefits to India—an extra-burden of hill-tribes on our hands; an extra-allowance to the AMEER; an extra-force of some ten or twelve regiments; an extra-outlay of a million; and all for an extra-phrase—"A Scientific Frontier."

The House showed pretty clearly its opinion of the operation by giving the Government a majority of no more than 12 for Second Reading—137 to 125.

In the evening the House, on the Motion of Sir E. WILMOT, went into the case of EDMUND GALLEY, found guilty, there seems the strongest reason to think, on insufficient evidence, of a murder at Exeter in 1836, and saved from the halter mainly by the exertions of the present Lord Chief Justice and the late Sir MONTAGUE SMITH, then Junior Counsel on the Western Circuit. All Home Secretaries since then have refused to re-open the case.

Mr. LOWE so declined when he was Home Secretary, and now he and Mr. CROSS both object to declare the innocence of the man, who, there seems every reason to believe, has been wrongfully found guilty.

"*Que diable allez-vous faire dans cette Galère?*" Mr. LOWE asks the House, "When I declined to open the case, how dare you?" "*Fiat Justitia ruat Robertus,*" answers the House. CROSS says ditto to LOWE. But the House, respecting Home Secretaries and Judges much, respects Justice more, and peremptorily insists on recommending EDMUND GALLEY for free pardon. It yields so far to official susceptibilities as not to add a categorical assertion of his innocence. This may be taken as proclaimed by last night's Debate, in which the House carried the Home Office by storm. Such cases as GALLEY's, it is to be hoped, are not likely to be so common as to make the precedent a dangerous one.

WONDERS OF THE SEA-SIDE.



ENT by One
who Won-
dered a
good deal—
last week.

Wonder
what on earth
mad me take
my wife and
children out
of Town in
such positive-
ly disgusting
weather as
this?

Wonder
what I was
about to se-
lect St. Swi-
thin's-on-Sea
of all places
in the world?

Wonder
why I made
a point of
getting "on the front," and
paying double the price for
Apartments, when the back
must be so infinitely more
cheerful?

Wonder why I thought a
look-out on the harbour in a
drizzling fog would be so very
lively?

Wonder, while I was about it, why I didn't wait until November,
and put up for a month in the East India Docks?

Wonder when the rain is going to stop?—just for five minutes.

Wonder what is the good of the band playing as if nothing were
the matter?

Wonder how they can all walk about without umbrellas, in the
undress uniform of dragoon colonels, and not knock-up with rheum-
atism?

Wonder whether "a two hours' trip for trawl-fishing in the fast
sailing and commodious pleasure yacht, *Duchess of Edinburgh*," in a
Stygian gloom, would be a lively proceeding?

Wonder, when the sea looks like cold pea-soup, whether the fish
would even see their way to a little trawling if they had a chance?

Wonder who the hopeless fools are who will bathe?

Wonder what good the children are getting out of being shut up
twelve hours in the twenty-four in a stuffy drawing-room?

Wonder how the people in the dining-room like parlour-cricket,
with heavy scoring, over their heads continually from nine A.M. to
sunset?

Wonder whether they regard as a set-off the privilege of being
offered stale prawns every quarter of an hour?

Wonder whether the owners of the two-and-forty empty houses
on the Parade find things generally paying?

Wonder whether it will pay me to stay here another day?

Wonder, if I can only get off to-morrow, whether I shall ever be
induced to visit St. Swithin's-on-Sea again, except as a dangerous
and irresponsible lunatic?



COSTUME AND COIFFURE À LA GRÉNOUILLE,

APPROPRIATE TO THE WET WEATHER.

TWO IDOLS.

(An Alexandrine Idyl.)

[It has been stated that, before returning to Paris, Mlle. SARAH BERN. HARDT received from Lord BRACONSFIELD a commission to execute his bust.]

Sarah. Milord, you honour me!

Benjamin. Fair Sculptress, say not so!
The Sun receives not light, nor Genius honour! No;
Its rôle is to impart.

Sarah (aside). *Vieux blagueur!* (Aloud.) Ah! Milord,
Genius so opulent as yours may then afford
Some rays on me to waste; and, in your climate dun,—
All that there is of *triste*, where man ne'er sees the Sun,—
How trebly welcome such illumination!

Benjamin. Aye!
This dull, damp, dingy land, isle of the inky sky
And sempiternal shower, to you must surely be
As Hades' sombre gloom to poor Persephone.

Sarah. Yes, but here *Plutus* reigns, not *Pluto*!

Benjamin. Very true!
Our clouds are dense and dark, they shut out Heaven's own
blue,
Yet are they lined with gold, and rain a *Danæ's* shower
On those who learn the trick of winning praise.

Sarah. Or power.
You sway the dullards well!

Benjamin. A long-learned part I play,
You came, saw, and were seen, and conquered.

Sarah. For a day.
Well, the day's wage is good; my triumph was not small,
Among your Duchesses, those hours in what you call
Your *Salle d'Albert*. Ha! ha! Your *Charité*, I think,
Is charming, for it can not only smile, but *wink*.

Benjamin. At aught that is the rage.

Sarah. As we are—you and I.

Benjamin. Ah! great is will!
Yet greater *race*. Its mastery
Makes itself felt in all, in Art, in power, in pelf.
Witness *RACHEL* and you, the *ROTHSCHILDs*, and—myself.

Sarah. *RACHEL*! An Artist, too, *mais tant soit peu grossière*!
Would she have witched your London?

Benjamin. *Une demande en l'air*!
She could act, but she could not paint, nor sculpt.

Sarah. I trust
Milord will be content when he beholds the bust.

Benjamin. *Ça va sans dire!*

Sarah. Ah, no! Well done 'twould make a third—
How few could take that place, and not appear absurd—
With those we late invoked, your *SHAKESPEARE*, our *MOLIÈRE*,
In *Alexandrines* by young *AICARD* hailed. To share
His fame, by help of yours.

Benjamin. Ah, pardon me, you know
In English those same *Alexandrines* will not flow.
Bombastic, stiff of joint, not e'en your magic tongue
Could make them musical in Saxon said or sung.

Sarah. Non? Well, perhaps a wreath—
Benjamin (hastily). I pray you name it not.
Wreath me no wreaths henceforth!

Sarah (aside). Methinks the Earl grows hot.
How have I galled him? (Aloud.) Ah! the laurel *CÆSAR*
wore—

Benjamin. He had no *TURNERELLI*—blind and blatant bore!
Applause is turned to shame by such fool-lips out-bawled.
No; sculpt me as I am, not like great *JULIUS*, bald.
Or bay-begirt.

Sarah (aside). Aha! *s'y suis*; the aged Earl
Is proud of his black locks and frontal corymb-curl;
They are not vain, these men! (Aloud.) Milord, Hyperion's
brow,
Needs not the bays indeed.

Benjamin (sadly). More like a Welsh wig now.
Once, in the D'Orsay days, e'en SARAH's chisel,—tush!
The *Circe* of *Comédiennes* I fear will blush
At senile vanity, though retrospective,—

Sarah. Nay,
Genius knows not age.

Benjamin. Well, what did *GLADSTONE* say?
His age is his pet theme, after the Greeks and Turks.
I hear he petted you, and warmly praised your works.
Fancy that bilious Nestor coaxing you, *ma chère*,—
"Sœur pâle d'Ariel que va flottante dans l'air!"

Sarah. Quel bon vieillard! paternal, and so prosy! No!
He is not of our kin,—and we are kin!

Benjamin. Just so.
Race links such souls more than mere nationality—
That accident of place—we share our fate and quality;
Hated while idolised—the doom of all that rule—
The envy of the prig, the wonder of the fool.
Kin? Me they call *poseur* and you *poseuse*!

Sarah. What then?
Are we not proof 'gainst *mots* whilst we may master men?
Spite is stupidity's blind tribute paid to wit:
The more you wrest from fate, the more you earn of it.
Success's surest proof.

Benjamin. Your earnings must be large.

Sarah. And yours?

Benjamin. Nor praise nor blame strikes through the
cynic targe.
Age gilds achievement.

Sarah. Ah! I fear my bust must fail,
Without the laurel wreath to tell your triumph's tale.

Benjamin. Nay, an you love me, nay! Sooner the cap-and-bells!

Sarah. *Vrai*! Well, farewell, Milord!

Benjamin (with effusion). Ah! saddest of farewells!
[*Exeunt severally, smiling mysteriously.*]

"Eques," if Ever there was One.

WHERE is the hero ever earned his spurs by service in the field
better than *ARCHIBALD FORBES* by his fifteen hours' ride with the
news of the victory of *Ulundi*? After such a gallop he deserves to be
Knight of the Bath—if only by perspiration.

Horace Adapted.

(For T. T. By B. D.)

GARRULUS abstruso adulationes;
Displicent auro et foliis coronæ:
Mitte sectari rubra quo locorum

Era morantur.
Simplici lauro nihil adlabores
TRACY mi, curo: neque me ministrum
Dedecet laurus neque te per omnes
Risum adhibentem.

INSANITY IN EXCELSIS.—Sky clouded, with a few lucid intervals.



“WHERE THERE’S A WILL THERE’S A WAY.”

(A GARDEN PARTY, JULY, 1879.)

INJURED INNOCENTS.

The O’Gorman loquitur.

Och! shure thin, Padishah,
I rispiot ye! Here’s my paw!
’Tis injured men we are, bedad! the pair of us.
Know me, the great O’GORMAN,
The sworn foe of Saxon-Norman,
Mongrels base who at St. Stephen’s raise the hair of us.

“Padishah!” I’m glad to hear
A name, which on the ear,
Of the descendants of Boroo, like an Irish echo falls.
And tells of ties of blood,
That bound us, ’ere the flood
Floated families asunder, outside NOAH’S wooden walls.

Shure if both are sore opprist,
Both are devils to resist,
And thin the tyrants charge us wid Obstruction!
By the bones of swate St. Bridget,
But we’ll put them in a fidget.
Tache us manners? Tache their grandams ovivuction!

Is it manners? Ah—bedad!
’Tis our game to make thim mad.
Matched with PARNELL lo’s gadfly was a thrifle.
And, the foe to sting and hunt,
It’s O’GORMAN to the front,
When the Saxons dare debate to thry and stifle.

There’s BIGGAR past a joke,
And there’s PARNELL can up-poke
The House till it hates Donnybrook for shindy.
Och! the fun to see them squarin’
Up to look like never carin’,
Whin it’s mad they are to pitch us out o’ windy.

Shure we’re both on the same lay,
Though we take a different way:
Pigs, the crathurs, squat or squall when druv to slaughter.
You squat; ’tis us that squall:
But your squatting floors them all,
And our squalling keeps St. Stephen’s in hot wather.

Arcades ambo! Throth.
We’ll thranslate it, “Porkers both,”—
If ye’ll pardon the unsavoury allusion.
From potheen I fear ye’d shrink,
Or meself to you would dhrink,
To “Obstruction, and the Oppressor’s swift confusion!”

A PUNCH AND BULL FIGHT.

In a column of local intelligence, and a police report, you will find these words:—

“PUNCH took out a cross-summons against BULL for assault, and this was also dismissed, the Mayor remarking that there appeared to have been a quarrel between them, and they fought it out.”

There are, possibly, news-readers—north of the Tweed, in particular—who, should the foregoing statement perchance have met their eyes, may have misunderstood it. For their information it may be needful to explain that the PUNCH above mentioned is a Mr. ALBERT PUNCH, a gentleman residing at Newport, in the Isle of Wight, and the BULL between whom and PUNCH there appeared to the Mayor (of that borough) to have been a quarrel, a Mr. MAURICE BULL, Mr. ALBERT PUNCH’S neighbour. Some words having taken place between them, and each having declared himself as good a man as the other, a bout of fisticuffs occurred, and they fought for ten minutes, “complainant,” Mr. BULL, “believing,” as he said, “that he himself struck the first blow.” Let nobody, therefore, imagine, or pretend to say, that anything has happened so unnatural, monstrous, prodigious, portentous, ridiculous, and absurd as a quarrel and a fight between PUNCH and JOHN BULL.

EDISON OUTDONE.—Make Light of the Rain-water.



INJURED INNOCENTS!

THE MAJOR. "SURE I'M MEEJOR O'GORRMAN, AND YOU'RE PADISHAW! WE SHOULD BE BLOOD RELATIONS. ANY WAY WE'RE BOTH MEMBERS OF OPPRESSED RACES; AND WHEN WE STRUGGLE THEY CALL US OBSTRUCTIONISTS!!!"

OUR CLIMBING CONTRIBUTOR.

WE now descended to the first ravine, and entered the *Vallée des Huîtres*, where there are still a few bearded natives living a quiet dreamy sort of life in this secluded spot. Their chief was an old



MR ASKING MY WAY OF A NATIVE IN THE ARID PLAIN.
VIEW OF NIGHTCAP RANGE IN THE DISTANCE.

(No Picture genuine unless Signed by Our Own Young Master.)

Musselman, who rose from his bed to welcome us, while his followers made the *Whelksin* (the local name for the valley) ring with their hearty cheer. While we rested for luncheon, the natives danced a *shellarius*, accompanying themselves on the *bivalve*, a sort of concertina.

In the distance I saw, with a beating heart, the conical summit of Needle Point, beyond the Nightcap Range, which had hitherto defied all endeavours to reach it, and the most adventurous climbers had paid for their temerity with their lives.

Having ascertained the shortest route from a polite Darcy, whose black curly pate was suggestive of anything rather than being *poll light*—(N.B.—It's a poor heart that never rejoices)—I donned my spiked shoes, and accompanied by my friend with telescope and umbrella, six natives with provisions, and a man with a drum, we started on our perilous course.

It was a splendid *coup d'aîl* from the top. My friend with the telescope, who is the father of a large family, wouldn't accompany me, but the man with the drum did, and played very well. The native servants sneaked off. "Ah, Monsieur," they said, "*vous êtes si brave, si fort, mais nous avons peur!*"—and off they went, all, except a faithful Pole whom I take with me everywhere.

I send you my Diary, made on the spot, and kept fresh as new butter from the dairy—I mean dairy, of course.

1 P.M.—Up, up! Holding on by a blade of grass. Foot fixed in cleft. Man with drum in a hole below, beating hard to keep the flies away. He can't come

any higher. Friend, father of a family, with telescope, on the first plateau, two thousand feet beneath, looking up and calling out, "Go it! Stick to it!" (The air is so rarefied, the voice travels and reaches me distinctly.)

2 P.M.—I fancy I see in the distance a stranger sketching. I am not sure. No, he has disappeared.

2'30.—Up again. Nearing the point. Holding on by a tuft of sun-dried rotten grass. To my horror I feel it giving way! It slips—it is coming away—slowly but surely—and my fate is sealed!—(I have just time to enter these remarks in my diary, holding the pencil in my mouth)—I make another frantic effort—the rocky point beneath me crumbles away, and I am left holding on by a mere hair's-breadth of grass, with my toe on the edge of a flint that has fortunately embedded itself in the face of the rock!

My friend below, the father of a family, with the telescope, sings out, "Now then, butterfingers!" I have known him from childhood, but shall never speak to him again.

In another second I throw the rope I have brought with me round the farthest peak—the noose slips over the top—I tighten it, pull it towards me, and as the blade of grass comes right away, and the flint sinks further into the face of the rock, I launch myself into mid-air, and with an impetus which only a practised Trapezist can give, I swing to the highest point of Needlepeak, and plant the Union Jack on the summit!

3 P.M.—Certain I see a man sketching. I'm sure it's for the *Graphic*. Shall descend, and be home before him. Send this on by private cable. Shall return *via* Scotland, I think; but will send address—initials L. S. D. No receipt genuine except signed—"L. S. D.—idit, drawdit, and deliverdit."

3'30.—Coming down the mountain in haste.

4'30.—Arrived in the plain below. Heavens! quite forgot the man with big drum, who is now in a hole twelve thousand feet above the level of the sea, still making a noise to keep off the birds.

Must go up again for him.

5'30.—He's all right. He has hoisted the drum as a weather-signal, an invention unknown here, and the Government are going to provide for him where he is—in a most elevated position. So that's all right, and no more at present. Yours, L. S. D.

Note from Climbing Contributor to Editor.—Please give the Boy who brings this a shilling. [We were unfortunately out when the Boy called. But we can't make out who sent the message. Must be cautious. As far as we can understand our C.O.'s movements, he has left the foreign country, wherever it was, and is on his road to Scotland. If this meets his eye, let him communicate direct. But don't send boys.—Ed.]

HARD WEATHER FOR HAY-MAKING.

(A Clodhopper's Carol.)

"MAKE hay while the sun shines," was PADDY'S advice, When 'a told, one hard winter, a chap to cart ice, 'Twas a sayun as sooted the time o' the year, Such a sazun for wet, pretty nigh, as this here.

Take time by the forelock, as saith the wise man, And, my bucks, while the sun shines make hay when you can. 'A do still shine at times, once or twice in a way; Then you look sharp, and set makun your hay.

Ees, you go it like good 'uns the whilst 'a bides out Fur as much as five minnits, or moor, at a bout. To be sure wi' 'un shinun so long and so hot, Makun hay while 'a shines, wun't ye make a fat lot!

Azy work you'll find that, let the sunshine but last, But the job is to do 't wi' the sky overcast, When it raains, with the sun hid all day like an owl, To make our hay not in fine weather, but foul.

In the way we be told how that vorreners makes Theirn, by hoistin' to dry upon sticks and thurt stakes, Which, if sapluns enough in the fields 'ood but rise To our hands at the word o' command, med be wise.

Here we haymakun be at the close o' July. We shall praps carry somewhen in August bimeby, At laist afore harvust is most years all done, Our earn, too, let's hope for to rip in the sun.

Rye and whate, wutts, and barley, at length for to store 'Twixt now and November, or laistwains afore Father Christmas comes round, if as yoozhul severe, Comun twice, ye med say, this terreable year.

A QUESTIONABLE HEADING.—"Parliamentary Intelligence."—Can a House which suffers itself to be brought into contempt by Obstructive Home-Rulers be intelligent enough to enable a Member to take anything by his Motion when he moves a Resolution to ascertain the sense of the House?



DIAGNOSIS.

Bus-Driver (to rival Conductor with inflamed visage, in the course of recrimination). "I B'ELIEVE YER MOTHER MUST 'A NU'SSED YER FOR A MONTH UPSIDE DOWN!"

HAPPY-THOUGHT GUIDE TO LONDON.

Being an Improvement on the Dickensian Dickensary.

BARGAINS.—The greatest Bar-gains are made by the Landlords of Public Houses and Leading Counsel at Westminster and Lincoln's Inn. Much of the Bar-gains at the public is made out of Rum Customers. All shopkeepers are open to bargaining, but the wary visitor to town must keep his eye open and his pockets too. Always go about in a coat with large pockets. When you see something marked up at "Two-Ten, a Real Bargain!" mark it down. Go in for it. Insist on having it, whatever it is. Have it out of the window, whether it be a four-post bedstead, a barouche, a handsome fur mantle, or a set of fire-irons. *Recollect that a trial is always allowed.* If they won't move the bedstead, insist on trying it in the window; if a barouche, get a horse and harness on trial, and go out for a drive. The best way is to begin with this and call for the other things. Possession is nine points of the law, and once you've got them you can make your own bargain about giving them up again.

Perhaps after this some of the tradesmen may wish you to have a further trial, in which case leave for the Continent by the night-mail. Things are cheaper abroad. In all cases, when you buy anything and don't pay for it, take it with you. Should the shopkeeper ask for name and address, give him the very best one you can think of. At a Confectioner's (see "C," Confectioner), always bargain for Buns (see "B," for Buns). If you can't afford a penny for a whole bun, only eat half, for which, according to all arithmetical rules, you will only have to pay a halfpenny. They can't force you to eat the other half of the bun, and, evidently, there is *no law that can compel you to pay for what you haven't had.*

"Time bargains" are made on the Stock Exchange where Time is money. On 'Change nothing is more common than to hear one Broker say to another, "I want some change for two minutes," with the reply, "you shall have it in three seconds,"—which offer the Time Bargainer can close with or not as he likes.

BATHS.—The Baths of London are chiefly at Bayswater. Hence the name. This is the most verdant spot in the Metropolis, commonly called Green Bays-water. Beautiful water for rowing-matches. Ask any waterman on a cab-rank about "Bays-water Rowed," and you'll obtain all particulars. As the effect of Turkish Baths is to make you very hungry afterwards, and ready to tuck in at anything, they are often known as "The Tuckish Baths." In some of these establishments (connected with the Colney Hatch Society) they practise the Bath Bun Cure. The patient provides himself with a bun, and eats it when in the Bath. It is supposed to be a Cure for Bath Bunions.—(*Vide Pilgrim's Progress.*)

BEEFSTEAK CLUB.—One of the most elegant, if not the most elegant, of the many picturesque buildings of the Metropolis, situated in King William Street, so called after WILLIAM the Conqueror, who was the original Founder of the Club. "Now," said the Norman Duke, in his quaint old French style, wishing to conciliate the conquered race, "let who will have their stake in the country, I will have my steak in town." The windows are all *ails de bœuf*: the general character of the architecture is Short-hornamental Gothic. Its doors are all fastened with bullocks; and the ancient song of the Club is—

"Heifer of thee fondly I'm dreaming,
Thy tender heart my spirit shall cheer."

The election is by ballot, and one bull's-eye excludes. The only soup allowed here is what is known in the City as "Bully;" and when the waiter serves it to any member, he says, "Bully for you, Sir." The Dining-Room is hung with Bull's-Eye Lanterns. No Ladies were ever allowed to belong to the Steaks, and therefore there have never been any Miss Steaks in the selection of members. The Steak is a Cosmopolitan Institution, and though peculiarly British in its tastes, yet the members might have considered the eminent French Republican, M. GRÉVY, as at all events nominally qualified for the Presidency of the Steaks. Nothing is allowed on the table of the Beefsteak Club except whatever can be drunk out of at least a spoon, or eaten with or without a knife and fork. The members wear a peculiar sort of coat with ox-side of silver buttons, and make themselves known to one another by certain signs which only the initiated understand.

ARMY DISCIPLINE BILL (FINAL ISSUE).—Toss up—Heads or Tails?



NOT SUCH DISAGREEABLE WEATHER FOR THE HAYMAKERS
AS SOME PEOPLE THINK.

THE CAPTIVE OF THE COMMONS!

(From Mr. WILLIAM HARRISON BUNSWORTH'S next *Historical Romance*.)

BOOK X.—CHAPTER XXX., AND LAST.

The Cell in the Clock-Tower.

As twilight deepened into night in the gloomy passages of the House of Commons, a few days after the events recorded in our last Chapter, two cloaked figures, one of advanced years, the other in the prime of soldierly manhood, might have been indistinctly seen pacing the cloak-room corridor with measured steps.

"Is all prepared for his safe custody?" asked the elder of the two. He wore knee-breeches and a sword, and upon his usually cheerful countenance there rested an expression of settled gloom.

"Even so, Sir Sergeant-at-Arms," was the prompt reply. "The Clock-Tower cell, prepared last Session for defiant Home-Rulers, has been newly whitewashed, and the homely furniture cleaned and looked to."

"I trust chains will be unnecessary!" murmured the kind-hearted Sergeant. "And how about his board? It would be uncourteous to let him starve."

The younger man pondered a moment ere he replied.

"Is not the Dining-Room of the Commons near at hand? I will myself take him the bill of fare daily so long as he is in your custody."

"Thanks, boy!" the other had hardly time to mutter in acknowledgment of the kindly offer, ere he was summoned by a richly-liveried Messenger of the Parliament to do the Speaker's bidding.

Half-an-hour afterwards a melancholy procession threaded its way through the intricacies of the Palace. It halted before a heavily-ironed door.

"Enter here—it is your new home," said the grey-wigged Sergeant, bursting into tears. "Believe me, Sir, my duty is a painful one."

The Prisoner, with a haughty inclination of the head, entered the apartment, which, for a cell, might have been gloomier. A door in one corner attracted his attention.

"That leads to——"?

"The works of the Great Clock," replied the Sergeant, in a voice still broken with emotion. "Listen, and you will hear the deep breathing of Big Ben! The door is unlocked. Methought in your hours of solitude it might amuse you to watch the machinery in motion. And now, Sir, farewell!"

"Farewell!" returned the Prisoner. "Believe me, Sergeant, I bear thee no ill-will. Still I would fain urge once more that my connection with the so-called Breach of Privilege was merely of a professional character, and——"

"I can hear no more!" cried the Sergeant, as he hastily closed the door.

At that moment the clock struck six. Ere the hour had again sounded, the Sergeant-at-Arms was in confidential conversation with the Speaker.

"I fear I must order you to take the journey. He is at Boulogne, and says he cannot be moved. He quotes the Doctor's words," said the First Commoner of England, once more referring with the aid of his *pince-nez* to a telegram he carried in his hands.

"But the passage! The weather-chart in the *Times* foretells a stormy night. May I not defer my departure until at least to-morrow?"

And the Sergeant sank down upon one knee, in an attitude of supplication.

"It must not be!" returned the Speaker, greatly moved, as he gently motioned the good old man to rise. "If you do not leave by to-night's boat, we shall never catch him. I tell you that already the aroused Commons are clamouring for his body—"

"But——" began the Sergeant.

"We must have no 'buts.' Our duty is to obey. Remember we are both Servants of the House,"—and at this solemn name the Speaker reverentially raised his wig;—"and now to rest. Sleep until eight, and then to catch the night-mail. But mark me well—you must not miss it!"

Thus cautioned, the Sergeant-at-Arms sought his chamber, and divesting himself only of his sword, threw himself upon his couch. He bade no one call him. Long practice had taught him to wake at pleasure.

After a brief period of uneasy slumber he sprang to his feet, and



"IN FOR IT."

Innocent Tourist. "NO FISH TO BE CAUGHT IN LOCH FINE NOW? AND HOW DO YOU SUPPORT YOURSELF?"

Native. "WHILES SHE CARRIES PARCELS, AND WHILES SHE RAW'S PEOPLE IN TA POAT, AND WHILES A SHENTLEMAN 'ULL GIVE HER A SAXPENCE OR A SHILLIN'!"

busied himself in packing his portemanteau. He looked through the window: the evening was calm and fair.

"We shall have a good passage, after all," he murmured, cheerfully, "how fortunate I can wake at will."

He was interrupted by Big Ben booming out the hour. He listened almost mechanically to the sound. He was calm at first, but as the last stroke broke upon his ears, he threw up his arms, uttered a wild shriek, and fell heavily on the floor voiceless, motionless, senseless! The Sergeant-at-Arms had missed the night-mail.

Big Ben had struck Nine!

The Deputy Assistant-Sergeant entering the apartment was horror-struck to find the ancient Chief Sergeant still stretched senseless on the floor. He rushed to the insensible official's assistance.

"How now, Sergeant—what ails you?"

"I am a dishonoured man. I have missed the night-mail. The Speaker's strongly expressed commands have been disobeyed," wailed the Sergeant, in a heart-broken voice.

"Say not so," replied his Deputy-Assistant, raising him tenderly in his arms. "I bring a message from the Speaker. On second thoughts he thinks it useless for you to brave the horrors of the Channel. He believes that the man who should be our prisoner in yonder tower is more likely to listen to the words of his Doctor than to yours. And yonder, persuasion would be your only weapon. Sergeant, you need not go."

"Then my honour is saved!" and with a cry of thankful joy the ancient warrior raised his shaking hands towards the vaulted ceiling. "But what is the hour?"

"I came to you a Quarter after Seven."

"Nay. I heard Big Ben strike Nine as I fainted," said the Sergeant.

Ere the Deputy-Assistant could reply, the Palace Clock once more boomed forth the hour.

This time Big Ben struck—Fourteen!

"Fourteen!" exclaimed the Sergeant, "and my watch even now

EPITAPH FOR A PROPOSED MONUMENT IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

(Found floating about Dean's Yard Westminster.)

In Memory of

PRINCE EUGÈNE LOUIS NAPOLEON,

Son of the Hero of Sedan,
Grand-Nephew of the Hero of Moscow,
And Pretender to the Throne of France,
Brave, amiable, and accomplished,
Who made many friends,
And unfortunately lost his life
In a very doubtful quarrel
Which in no way concerned him.

This Monument is erected
By a small section of the British people
To exhibit to the world
Their slight respect
For the national feeling of France,
And their great regard
For the cause of Imperialism.

A Correction.

REFERRING to Mr. TERRISS last week we said that Mr. HARE had found a *Rara Avis in Terris*; but it is not, we are informed, Mr. HARE, but "S. BANCROFT, Esq."—by whose kind permission Miss ROSELLE appears in *Drink* every night—who has secured the young Actor's services for a part in *Les Bourgeois de Pontarcy*. *Pont Arcy*, literally translated, evidently means the *Pons Asinorum*, or "Asses' Bridge." It is a Dramatic Problem, and Mr. ALBERY is said to have been "manfully grappling" with the French original for some considerable time past. Bravo, Mr. J. ALBERY! Grapple away, till you get over the *pons*, and reach the Q.E.D., "by the kind permission of Count BANKROFF, Esquire."

SHAKESPEARE ON THE CAT.

"Hang off, thou cat, thou burr! vile thing, let loose,
Or I will shake thee from me like a serpent!"

Midsummer Night's Dream. Act iii. s. 2.

THE ROAD TO FORTUNE (for Middlemen only).—The Milky Way!

only points to Eight. Then my sleep was not unduly protracted. What means this mystery?"

"It means," replied the Deputy-Assistant, angrily shaking his fist in the direction of the tower, "that, spite of my warning, the prisoner in the Clock-tower has been allowed to tamper with the mechanism of Big Ben. To save London from the horrors of a total derangement of its hours, I must see that he is allowed to play the fool no longer!"

So saying, he strode from the chamber.

The struggle in the tower must have been long and desperate; but no eye was there to mark its hideous incidents, its awful issue.

All through that autumn and the following November it was a matter of remark among the citizens that Big Ben was wild even to eccentricity in his measurement of time. Sir E. B. DENISON, Q.C., as he plied his business about the Committee-rooms, was observed to glance often towards the dial-plate, and to shake his head gloomily from time to time. Did he suspect? Did he, with that insight to which clock-work had no mystery, divine that, crushed among those colossal fly-wheels, torn by those tremendous racks, whirled on those gigantic pinions, slowly revolved, with hideous face set close to face, two mangled corpses—corpses that had stiffened and withered to skeletons—one in the squalid prison-garb of the Commons' cell, the other in the rich but sombre uniform of an Officer of the House, death-grappled in each other's arms!

DOG AND CAT.—Old Officers tell us "the Services are going to the Dogs." Can this be the reason they are getting rid of the Cats?

WISDOM TEETH.—The Tusks sent in by CETEWAYO to confirm his desire for peace.

A VOICE FROM THE MOORS.



H! better than GOUNOD,
oh! better than STRAUSS,
Is the musical call of the
bonny cock-grouse,
When he's startled from
out of his lair in the
ling,
And flies up the wind
on his swift whirling
wing—
With a cock-a-cock-
cock-kik-kik-kik!

Sing praises of SCHUBERT
or KLOPSTOCK who will,
In the notes of *Le Coq* my
Muse shall sing still;
That clever composer who
has but one bar,
And yet draws men to
hear him by hundreds
from far—
With his cock-a-cock-
cock-kik-kik-kik!

No keyboard he needeth, nor bellows of leather;
His pipes are the rushes; his stops in the heather.
Like a musical-box he goes off with a whirr,
And *staccato, crescendo*, can make your heart stir—
With his cock-a-cock-cock-kik-kik-kik!

Then down with your toothpick, away with your crutch;
Leave operas, *matinées*, concerts, and such;
And show that you're blessed with the taste and the *nous*
To prefer to them all the sweet song of the grouse—
With his cock-a-cock-cock-kik-kik-kik!

THE CAPTIVE OF THE COMMONS.

(ANOTHER.)

By WILLIAM HARRISON BUNSWORTH.

How the Major obtained his Promotion.

"I HOPE he will make no resistance," said the good old Sergeant-at-Arms, as he loosened his light Court sword in its scabbard. "He is a soldier, and it nearly breaks my heart to have to arrest him. But duty is duty."

"You are right, my trusty official," replied a dignified looking personage, wearing a wig and gown. "We are all slaves to duty. Duty causes me to sit out the live-long night listening to speeches that never end, and (excuse the Hibernicism) to reasons that never begin; duty invites a smile to play upon Sir STAFFORD's face, when a frown has settled upon his Right Honourable heart; duty keeps the Marquis calm when a tempest is raging behind the shirt-front of his evening dress,—and duty will give you strength to arrest the Major."

"The SPEAKER himself!" murmured the Sergeant, sinking upon one knee.

"Yes, I am the mouthpiece of the House." Here the SPEAKER respectfully raised his wig. "Despite our protests, our commands, nay more, our tearful entreaties, the Major has defied us all. You know where to take him."

"Yes, Sir," replied the Sergeant, restraining a shudder.

"Be staunch and true. And as a signal token of my esteem, accept this *cartel*. And now I go. The Chairman of the Committees has need of me. Farewell!"

The Sergeant rose to his feet as the SPEAKER disappeared through the corridor. He looked at the *cartel* and smiled. It contained an invitation to a full-dress dinner.

Ten minutes later the Sergeant, attended by half-a-dozen chosen Messengers, was standing at the door of the Commons Smoking-Room. The object of his search with hat on head and light overcoat on back was preparing to quit the scene of his many verbal battles. There were a few Members present who turned pale as they noticed the presence of the official and his determined-looking escort.

"Major," said the Sergeant, and his voice trembled, "we are both old soldiers."

"You are right there," replied the mighty warrior, laughing heartily. "Indeed Sergeant, darling, you are right. They call me a very old soldier, indeed. And now, Sir, I will tell you a story."

"Another time, Major; another time," returned the Sergeant. "It is my duty now to convey you to—spare me the pain of telling you—to—"

"What!" shouted the Major—and he did not forget to give the aspirate its proper weight—"take me to that—"

"Nay, nay!" returned the Sergeant, soothingly, "you know you can leave it when you will. And now, Major, you are a Soldier; and as you have not (in mufti) a sword hanging by your side, I must ask from you—your umbrella."

"Sergeant, darling, it has never been opened in an unworthy cause." And the portly veteran surrendered his *paraphuie*.

"And now, Major, good bye! I think you have all you want." "Be easy, Sergeant, darling! Sure, have I not a voice, and do I not know how to use it? I shan't notice *that*!" And as the captive was left to his solitary confinement, a mighty volume of sounds shook the old Palace to its very foundation. It was the Major singing.

Three days later the Sergeant paid his Prisoner a visit. The Major seemed careworn and nervous. His usual vivacity had completely vanished, and he appeared too exhausted to offer his friend a chair.

"You are quite comfortable—you have everything you want?" asked the new-comer.

"I have everything I want, Sergeant, and more than I want," replied the Major, with a ghastly apology for a smile. "My singing, I hope, has not disturbed you?"

"No, no," said the kind-hearted Sergeant, good-naturedly.

"Sergeant, darling, can you do me a favour?"

"You have only to speak, Sir, to command."

"Then might I have such a thing as a barrel-organ?"

"I regret to say, Major, that it's against the rules."

As the Sergeant disappeared the Major began to sing once more. Suddenly his voice left him, he uttered a hoarse cry, and glaring at the wall fiercely, tried to close his ears.

The SPEAKER hastily summoned from his well-earned repose, with official garments carelessly assumed, stood beside the Major's couch. In the background were a crowd of officials, all more or less correctly garbed, bearing a score of different lights, from the concentrated bulls'-eye up to the amply diffusive duplex.

"Then you submit—humbly submit?" asked the mouthpiece of the House, stealthily attempting to readjust his wig.

The Major, too exhausted to speak, nodded.

"Sergeant, he must sign a document that I have prepared for him in the morning. You then can set him free." The wig was respectfully raised, to be readjusted, with even greater care than before. "You may remove him from here to-night." The Major lifted his eyes to the vaulted ceiling, and heaved a deep sigh of relief. "And now, Gentlemen, once more—to bed!"

A few years afterwards two individuals were occupying a magnificent saloon in Downing Street. The first was seated. He was a singularly handsome and dignified man of exceptionally stalwart proportions. Under his ample white waistcoat he wore the broad blue riband of the Garter, and the other insignia of the Order were resting in morocco cases on the desk before him. He smiled as he gazed upon the many pointed star and the brilliants in the buckle of the velvet binding. His companion (a fellow-countryman) was not only his friend, but his Private Secretary.

"Duke," began the younger.

"Don't call me out of my name, Sir," was the good-natured reply.

"But sure you are Duke, and well you deserve it, Major, darling. But as you will—Major be it then. Well, Major, and so you are at the top of the tree?"

"Yes," returned the Cabinet Minister, "as you know I have been the First Lord of the Treasury for the last five Parliaments, and this new mark of my Sovereign's favour is exceedingly gratifying. It is an elegant jewel entirely."

"And becomes you, too, Major, darling—becomes you mightily. But tell me, Sir, or, as I should say your Grace (long life to you!), how is it that you changed your opinions?"

The noble and gallant Duke slightly blushed, and was silent.

"I know you well enough to know that you would not be bribed." "Sir!" thundered the Head of the Administration, mechanically seeking for the hilt of his sword.

"Be easy, Major, darling! I knew it was all right. It is clear enough to me why you gave up Obstruction, and accepted Office."

"They felt I should strengthen their hands, Sir."

"Of course, Major, of course! It is clear enough. May be, it was because you were convinced?"

"Convinced! Be hanged to you, Sir!" replied the Duke, hotly. "See here, Sir! It was in this way. I gave up Obstruction, turned Minister, became Chief Secretary for Ireland, Chancellor of the Exchequer, Viceroy of India, Governor-General of Canada, Secretary of State for War; and, lastly, Prime Minister, because I couldn't stand any longer—the ticking of that confounded Clock!"

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



"WHALL
PAY THE PIPER"

of a Government therein. In short, Cyprus is a place of arms—and anomalies. And the question it most obviously suggests to JOHN BULL is old Geronte's in *Les Fourberies de Scapin*, "*Que diable allait-il faire dans cette galère?*" "*Il*" meaning Lord BEACONSFIELD.

(*Commons.*)—In answer to Mr. COWEN's questions about reported horrors of Russian deportation of political offenders to Sagahlien—rivalling those of our own middle passage in the good old times of the slave-trade—Mr. BOURKE said the Foreign Office had no official intelligence. (It never seems to have any, when wanted.) As to remonstrances, Mr. BOURKE said, it was not the habit of the Government to remonstrate unless they had reason to believe their remonstrances would be attended with effect.

Punch begs Mr. BOURKE's pardon. The Government has remonstrated with Turkey.

Mr. FAWCETT means to move a resolution condemning any increase of the Maharajah DHULEEP SINGH's allowance, in the present state of the Indian finances, as Mr. BOURKE declines to pledge himself that no such increase will be made, without sanction of Parliament.

Parliament—pooh! What is Parliament? It can't even catch GRISSELL—whom the Sergeant-at-Arms reports comfortably housed at the Hôtel Bordeaux, Boulogne-sur-Mer, by the name of "GRAHAME."

ETIMES — (Monday, July 28, Lords). It is indeed pleasant to have Lord SALISBURY's assurance that slavery does not exist in Cyprus. But no more does it, Lord SALISBURY went on to inform their Lordships, *by law*, in Turkey. Is Cyprus Turkey? That is the difficulty. What is Cyprus exactly? Not English territory; the SULTAN's rule not having been extinguished there. Not Turkish territory exactly; the English exercising all the authority



TASTE IN KEEPING.

SCENE—"THE ROW."

He on the Cob. "HALLO! A GAY-LOOKING ANIMAL YOU'VE GOT THERE, GUS!"

Gus (on Showy Piebald, a regular "Myers"). "HAW! YA-AS, YOU SEE I'VE TAKEN CHAMBERS IN THE CIRCUS FOR THE SEASON, SO I THOUGHT I'D HAVE A NAG TO MATCH!"

In Committee of Supply. Irish Queen's University and Queen's College vote postponed, till the Irish University Bill has been farther discussed.

Much squabbling over the other Irish votes—particularly the expenses of the Irish Election Judges. Messrs. PARNELL and BIGGAR outdoing themselves in strong language over the late Justice KEOGH's judgment in the Galway Elections.

Tuesday (Lords).—Has anything, asks the Archbishop of CANTERBURY, and if anything, how much, been done for the better sanitary and educational regulation of Canal Boats, under Mr. SMITH's Act of 1877, which came into operation last year?

The Duke of RICHMOND said a good deal had been done in the way of registration of these floating fractions of heathendom and lawlessness, in 62 out of 99 districts—say two-thirds of the area over which the Act should be in force; and registration is only the first step. The Duke said nothing about the regulation to which registration should lead the way. With regard to the education of the children born and kept—and too often very ill-kept—aboard these boats, the Duke seems to know nothing, and the Local Government Board as little. "Register! register!" is only the first note of the "cry of the children." "Regulate! regulate!" and "Educate! educate!" are cries to which we have yet heard no answers.

(Commons).—Second Reading of Banking and Joint Stock Companies Bill. Nobody seems to like it much, even after all squeezable Sir STAFFORD's mutilations and modifications.

Mr. HUBBARD thought the House was going to diminish liability in the interest of the Bank shareholders, rather than their depositors.

Sir H. JACKSON did not see why the Bill should be forced on. It would only make Joint-Stock confusion worse confounded.

Mr. C. LEWIS believed the Bill was wanted alike for the protection of shareholders, depositors, and the whole banking community.

Sir A. LUSH sympathised with the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER among all his assailants. So did Sir G. MONTGOMERY. If they waited

till they got a complete Bill, they might wait long enough. Shareholders wanted protection as well as depositors.

Sir E. COLEBROOKE thought the Bill was wanted, so did Alderman COTTON.

Mr. MUNTZ thought the discussion showed how dangerous it was to meddle with the subject.

Mr. BARING entirely objected to the Bill, which was an attempt to enable laymen to carry on the business of bankers without knowledge, skill, labour, or risk. He believed its passing would shake credit, and be more likely to produce panic than to allay it.

Mr. W. E. FORSTER thought the Bill should be confined to enabling unlimited companies to convert themselves into limited ones.

Mr. CROSS denied that the Bill was produced in panic. It was introduced in the interest of the public. The Bill should be reprinted after Second Reading, and then members would see what it amounted to.

Punch would venture to remind Mr. CROSS that it has been usual for Honourable Members to know this *before* Second Reading.

One thing the discussion showed—the chaotic state of Honourable Members' minds, including its framers, on the subject.

In Committee of Supply Mr. SHAW LEFEVRE objected to the vote of £26,000 for the Cyprus Police, till the House knew more about the finances of the island.

Sir C. DILKE seconded the Motion. This was an attempt to get a military force into Cyprus by a side-wind. Why was Cyprus under the Foreign Office?

Mr. BALFOUR explained that Cyprus belonged to the Domain of High Policy, and that the Foreign Office ruled that domain. The force was wanted to guard stores, furnish escorts, and, if need be, defend the island!

Mr. T. BRASSEY said we had undertaken to pay the SULTAN £115,000 out of the total revenue of £178,000, the utmost that could be squeezed out of an oppressed people, and the surplus available for public improvements was £15,000 at most. We should take



"LINGUA EAST-ANGLIA."

Sympathising Friend. "TARR'BLE WEATHER, MR. WUTTS! 'NO KILLIN' THESE WEEDS DOWN!"

Suffolk Farmer. "KILL 'EM! BLARM 'EM! YEOW CAN'T EVEN DAWZLE 'EM!"

steps to amend the Convention, and get rid of the annual tribute to the Porte.

Mr. BOURKE mounted the High (Policy) Horse behind Mr. BALFOUR, and rode it gallantly, under a heavy fire of chaff from Sir W. V. HARCOURT. This island, in the language of Beaconsfield bunkum, "was to be no burden to this country." Yet here was a vote for £29,000, as an item of "Civil Estimates." This was a Military vote—"quasi-military," said Mr. BALFOUR—Yes, it had been a "quasi-military" business from the beginning. It never had any reality or substance about it. It was meant to throw dust in the eyes of the country, and came to grief, like the Turkish Convention it was tacked to.

Poor Sir STAFFORD made a sad bungle in the attempt to explain. "Whether they called this Civil or Military expenditure, it was rendered necessary by the withdrawal of the military forces from the island."

Mr. CHILDERS put the matter into a nutshell. This was *simpliciter* a military vote, and had constitutionally no right to figure in the Civil Estimates.

Of course the Government got the money by 99 to 72. But a lamer attempt to make good an untenable position has seldom been witnessed.

Wednesday.—Mr. NEWDEGATE gave notice of a Resolution aimed at putting a stop to Obstruction by summary process, but provided with too many safeguards to be calculated to answer that desirable purpose.

The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER moved that Mr. WARD having submitted himself to the House, and expressed his regret for having fallen under its displeasure, and being medically certified to be very ill; he, Mr. WARD, be now discharged out of his warder's keeping. Several Members pointed out that Mr. WARD had only said he was sorry he had offended the House, as well he might be, having been shut up and fined, in fees, £14, but that he had by no means confessed that he had acted improperly at all. Nevertheless the House agreed that Mr. WARD should be set free, notwithstanding that he had not in the least cried *peccavi*. So much, or so little, for "breach of privilege."

On the motion for going into supply on the Education Estimates, a Resolution was moved by Sir JOHN LUBBOCK for introducing elementary science to the extent of explaining to children "the phenomena with which they were surrounded in everyday life"—into School Board instruction; teaching on those subjects to be optional with school-managers, not compulsory. Resolution opposed by Lord E. FITZMAURICE and Mr. BERESFORD HOPE, on the ground

that an excess of mathematical training was already exacted from pupil-teachers.

Dr. LYON PLAYFAIR endeavoured to explain that the natural phenomena which Sir JOHN LUBBOCK wished children to be taught did not mean mathematics, but only such matters as "the nature of the air they breathed, the water they drank, and the food they ate." However, Sir JOHN's motion was negatived by the Collective Wisdom.

Then followed conversation of small consequence on a complaint, made by Mr. W. E. JENKINS, that the cost of the Natural History Museum, South Kensington, considerably exceeded the original estimate. When were originally estimated expenses ever *not* exceeded by those incurred?

More conversation, equally momentous, on the retrenchment recently practised by the Society of Scotland for the Propagation of Christian Knowledge, in cutting down its Schools. Then at last the House got into Committee of Supply, and heard Lord GEORGE HAMILTON's annual statement on the Education Vote. He took credit "for the gratifying and continuous progress in the education given in the Elementary Schools of England and Wales," as indicated in the Department's report for the past year. The School accommodation now provided was nearly up to 4,000,000 places; the children on the books were 3,500,000; those in average attendance 2,400,000. The per-centage of passes in all subjects, and the number of pupils examined was "considerable and gratifying."

Unfortunately, the cost of the schooling whose progress is so gratifying is also considerable, and continuously increasing.

These unqualifying facts were too apparent from the financial details given by the Noble Lord. The estimate of the coming year, framed in expectation of a further increase of attendances, amounted in all to £2,481,168, being £334,804 more than the grant of the previous year. As it is, the excess of accommodation over attendances leaves 1,300,000 vacant places. Certainly, we have "ample accommodation for the present;"—accommodation somewhat more than commodious for those who pay for it. If the money went more of it in schooling, and less in schools, would there not be something to show for it more purely gratifying than the results so termed by Lord GEORGE HAMILTON?

His Lordship, by the way, mentioned that the Department had not seen their way to introduce a practical course of Cookery into Education. But they had omitted from their Code a requirement of the recitation of long pieces of poetry, "as not being very useful to be retained." The Noble Lord concluded with an elaborate lecture on the comparative cost of Board and Voluntary Schools. After some further chat, one minor Bill was forwarded, another read a first time; and the House adjourned at six o'clock, in decent time for dinner.

Thursday (Lords).—Nothing to speak of, and nothing done, except by Lord DE LA WARR, Lord FORTESCUE, and Lord ABERDARE, the first of whom withdrew his Workmen's Compensation Bill, the second the Companies' Acts Amendment Bill, sent up from the Commons, under his wing, and the third succeeded in getting an Amendment passed in Committee on the Industrial Schools Bill, to prevent unthinking School Boards from borrowing money on bad security.

(*Commons.*)—The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER gave, as he promised, an approximate estimate of the (pecuniary) damage of the South-African War. It will amount altogether to "something like £4,500,000,"—not more; for expenditure, at the rate of half a million a month, ought now to diminish rapidly, and the cost of thrashing CETEWAYO, in a Colonists' quarrel, ought not to fall on the Imperial Government alone. To meet a deficit of £1,163,000, created since the Budget, by the Zulu King, and the South-African Government between them, he proposed to do no more at present than take power to issue £1,200,000 Exchequer Bonds, "as it was hoped and expected that the deficiency would be recovered from the South-African Colonies." Sir STAFFORD, you are hopeful. Let us, too, hope that, in this matter of South-African Colonial reimbursement, Hope (no offence to BERESFORD) will not prove to have told a flattering tale. The Right Honourable CHANCELLOR made an end by saying he would propose the Vote (of those same £1,200,000 Exchequer Bonds) in Supply on Monday.

Criticism from Mr. CHILDERS and Sir R. PEEL, if pertinent, premature; the Vote being reserved till Monday for discussion.

Abortive talk on a Resolution by Mr. GRANT DUFF, condemning the proposal to break up and distribute the contents of the Indian Museum. Motion withdrawn. In Committee of Ways and Means £3,000,000 voted for the renewal of Exchequer Bonds. In Supply on the Navy Estimates the First Lord declared that he saw no reason to propose any addition to our maritime strength; that is, to ask any more millions of money for the Navy. The best thing said in the House that evening, if safely said; bravo Mr. W. H. SMITH! Otherwise, Oh! oh!

The House then plunged into Committee of Supply, and floundered about in the Navy Estimates until morning, when Progress (save the mark) was reported, and a little Bill (the East India Loan Consolidated Fund) having been read a Third Time, somebody counted out the House at 3'5 by St. Stephen's clock.

Friday (Lords).—In answer to Lord O'HAGAN, the LORD CHANCELLOR said that the Irish Lunacy Commission was a difficult subject to deal with, but under the anxious consideration of Government.

Of all lunatics, sure, it must be particularly difficult to deal with Irish.

Lord DUNRAVEN moved for papers which would show whether the PRINCE IMPERIAL on the fatal first of June was in command of the reconnoitring party or not.

Lord BURY knew of no such papers, except those relative to the Court Martial, not yet producible. Though employed, the Prince held no appointment.

Lord TRURO did not see the difference between appointment and employment. (The difference which ought to coincide with a Ministerial distinction, my Lord, is too often invisible.) He charged Lord BURY with equivocation, and the Government with a design to prevent discussion of the question they were asked.

The Duke of GORDON and LENNOX deprecated discussion which was premature.

Earl GRANVILLE agreed that it was premature; but discussion was not what his noble friend wanted. His Motion was merely directed to ascertain what the Government knew about it.

A few more words, and their Lordships dropped the subject.

The Lord Clerk Register (Scotland) Bill was read a Second Time. The Petroleum Act passed through Committee, and my Lords knocked off at 7'5.

Commons (Morning).—On going into Supply, animadversion by Mr. CHAMBERLAIN on the Administration of Native Affairs in South-Africa; talk by Messrs. JAMES, M'ARTHUR, J. MACARTHY, and HERMON; reply from Sir M. HICKS BEACH, and remarks by Mr. W. E. FORSTER, who applauded the tone and temper of the Colonial Secretary's speech, and rejoiced to hear that the Government would stick to the policy of Confederation. The Colonists must take a large share in their own defence.

Hear! Hear! The larger the better.

The Colonists also, said Mr. A. MILLS, Ought to wage their own wars, and to pay their own bills.

Hear! hear! hear!

Then into Supply; and five votes on the Navy Estimates agreed to. Here ended the Morning Sitting.

(Evening.)—Mr. PLIMSOLL called attention to the deplorable condition of Malta, which he ascribed to inequitable taxation. He moved that the police, drainage, repairing, lighting, cleansing, and watering the streets, should be defrayed out of a rate on house and other property, instead of being levied on food.

Cursory observations made by Honourable Members.

Apologetic and evasive reply from Sir M. HICKS BEACH, of course deprecating the motion, which also of course was negatived; majority 120, minority 62. In Committee of Supply, on a peg or two with the Navy Estimates; also Civil Service Estimates, in spite of Irish Members; and after a little further business done, to brougham and bed at 2'15.

ON THE CHEAP.

(From the Journal of a Travelling Economist.)

"On the other hand, however, we must avow some apprehension that too minute attention to the possibility of cheap travel may render a Continental tour a continual vexation and trouble. Plain living and high thinking are as Mr. CAPPER says, crying wants of these days; but the latter condition is hardly to be attained by the self-imposed necessity of striking a bargain with a landlord at the end of each day's journey."—*Times*.



3 A.M.—Roused for the seventeenth time since midnight. Vow I will never go to a fourth-class hotel again. Try to get a little sleep on four chairs and a sliding bureau. Can't. Begin a letter to the *Times* in my head.

4 A.M.—Get up and look for ink. Wake the others. Order five breakfasts for seven of us, and explain to the landlord that we have to catch the 4'57 cheap "omnibus" train for Farthingheim.

5 A.M.—Row with landlord about *bougies*. Will charge for them, though we all went to bed in the dark. Explain this. He snaps his fingers in my face, calls me "*Ein schwindlinder Beleidiger!*" refuses to split the breakfasts, and seizes my portmanteau.

6 A.M.—Row still proceeding. Cheap train hopelessly missed. Look out "*Beleidiger*" in a dictionary, and go up-stairs and collect all the *bougies* in a carpet-bag. Pay bill in full, threaten to write to Bradshaw, and go off, carrying all our own luggage to station, followed by a jeering crowd.

7 A.M.—Sit down on it, and, with the assistance of a Phrase-book, tell the crowd in German that "this isn't the sort of treatment a parcel of foreigners would experience, under similar circumstances, in the Tottenham Court Road." Pelted. Make up our minds to catch the 7'43 (fast), if we can.

8 A.M.—Miss it. Nothing till the 12'3 express. Station-master refuses to take our luggage before 11'58. Start with it to the town. Crowd increasing.

9 P.M.—Visit the Dom. Descend into Shrine of St. Berthold. Very interesting. Guide well-informed and intelligent. Give him nothing on principle. Follows us to the Alten Schloss, shouting at the top of his voice, and shaking his fists.

10 A.M.—Go all over the Schloss. Capital state of preservation. Are shown the "reserved apartments." Refuse to give anything to the *concierge*. He comes out after us with a horse-whip. The Guide still there shouting. We ask the way to tomb of GUSTAVUS the Ninth. Crowd follows us with brickbats.

11 A.M.—Get in by the assistance of a very civil Commissionnaire. Striking. Are shown the boots of CHARLEMAGNE, and the spot where RUDOLPH the Eighteenth was assassinated. Sign our names in visitors' book. Give nobody anything. Commissionnaire walks by our side, calling us "Brigands!" Crowd enormous. Symptoms of riot commencing. Reach station exhausted.

12 NOON.—Prepared to pay anything to escape. Take seven first-class tickets (express), and are charged nineteen thalers for excess of luggage. Get off in a storm of execration, after having to give up all the *bougies* to a gendarme. Start, threatening feebly to write to the *Times*, have hysterics, and go to sleep.

1 P.M.—Still hysterical.

2 P.M.—Ditto.

3 P.M.—Ditto.

4 P.M.—Ditto.

5 P.M.—Ditto.

6 P.M.—Arrive. Refuse to hire a *voiture*. Tell the omnibus conductor, with the aid of the Phrase-book, that his tariff of fares is "utterly ridiculous." Set out on foot in search of a *gasthaus* of moderate pretensions, where no English have been to demoralise the landlord and raise the prices.

7 P.M.—Still searching.

8 P.M.—Ditto.

9 P.M.—Ditto.

10 P.M.—Ditto.

11 P.M.—Find what we want at last, in a dark alley, turning out of a side street, running precipitously to the river. Dine at the late *table d'hôte* with one commercial traveller, on pickled cherries, raw bacon, cabbage, sugar biscuits, horseflesh, and petrified figs.

12 MIDNIGHT.—Retire, and have nightmare.

1 A.M.—Endeavour to sleep on three chairs and a washhand-stand. Can't. Determine to write to the *Times*.

2 A.M.—Left writing.

TO BE OFFERED THE MANES OF THE POOR PRINCE IMPERIAL.—A Vi-Carevous Sacrifice.



A VENIAL MISTAKE.

New Beauty (unversed as yet in the mysteries of *High Life*). "Who's that wonderful old gentleman?"

The Captain. "Sir Digby de Rigby, a Hampshire Baronet; one of the oldest in England; James the First's creation, you know."

New Beauty (determined to be surprised at nothing). "Indeed! How well preserved he is! I shouldn't have thought him more than seventy or eighty!"

POOR NURSE NORTHCOTE!

Or, Them Blessed Babbies!

Oh dear, and oh dear! Which I feels that drefle queer!
And them blessed babbies—bother 'em!—'ow 'ard they is to rear!
Is any on 'em living? It is more than I can say.
When a woman's wexed and worried in this 'ere kind o' way,
'Tain't no use a-arsting questions. I am sure I feel arf dead.
And whether I am standin' on my 'eels or on my 'ed
Is wot I wish they 'd tell me if they chance to be aweer.
I *must* put my lips to summut, and—ah yes, I'll take a cheer.
Drat the babbies! 'Ow they seem to crowd around me as I sit
In a state of pure confloption. Eh! Geneva? Not a bit!
I'm the modritest of Monthlies, you can see it in my face;
But I fear I ain't quite strong enough for this most wearing place.
Which, whether it's the shindies of them bragian Irish boys,
Or that GLADSTING, who is everlasting kicking up a noise;
Or whether it's the weather, as is set in orful 'ot,
Or the weight of all them babbies, sech a lot of 'em, or wot—
I do feel that drefle done up, I can't carry 'em no furdur;
They must jest all take their chances, as I hope it won't be murder.
Oh! I feels like that there 'ERON, arter slortering his hostes;
Which wot I 'd like to know is this—do babes-in-arms 'ave ghostes?
Or is that a growd-up privilege exclusive? Oh dear me!
To be 'aunted by the spectres of these innercents 'ud be
A hidjus fate! Good 'evings! Who would wish to be 'ead nuss
In sech a 'Ouse as this is? Babby-farming can't be wuss.
The lots as I've seen corpuessed—bless their 'arts!—as promised well,
Which 'ow Mother BEAKEY stands it so is more than I can tell.
But she is that cool and easy! 'Ow I wish as I was ditler.
I was allays tender-'arted, and they puts me in a twitter,
All these shindyings and slorterings. Oh lor! what's that there
sound?

Is it one on 'em a kicking, or is GLADSTING sneaking round?

Drat that chap! he do upset me, allays chivving at my 'eels.
Wot with him, them Irish waggerbones, the babbies' dying squeals,
And the weather, I'm that worried, that warm, that reglar limp,
That I couldn't carry nothing as wos 'cavier than a shrimp.
Thank 'evings there's an 'oliday approaching, or I think
I should 'ave to chuck up nussing, or else give my mind to drink!

[*Left flopping.*]

SURPRISING ANNOUNCEMENT.

BESIDES Sir WILFRID LAWSON and Cardinal MANNING, what personage is there in all England so hard to conceive presiding at a "free-and-easy" as the noble Earl named in the subjoined extract from a daily paper?

"HABITUAL DRUNKARDS.—A meeting of this Society was held on Monday the 28th inst., the Earl of SHAFTESBURY in the chair. Letters were received from the Archbishops of CANTERBURY and YORK, the LORD CHANCELLOR, &c., regretting their unavoidable absence."

It is true that Lord SHAFTESBURY bears the character of a jolly good fellow—and so say all of us—but his Lordship is not generally supposed to be in the habit of not going home till morning, and then the worse for liquor; or, indeed, of drinking to excess at any time. Neither are the two Archbishops and the LORD CHANCELLOR commonly known or even imagined to be members of an association of so extremely questionable a nature as that in which they appear to be above included.

ADVICE TO BRITISH OFFICERS.

MIND how you obey the word of command to skedaddle. No officer can be court-martialed for disobedience to orders by which he gets killed.

A SHOOTING STAR.—DR. CARVER.



POOR NURSE NORTHCOTE!

"WHICH I S'POSE IT'S THE 'OT WEATHER—OR THEM IRISH—OR THAT GLADSTING—OR SOMETHINK!
LEASTWAYS, I'M THAT LIMP I CAN'T CARRY 'EM NO FURTHER!!"

'ARRY ON THE RIVER.

DEAR CHARLIE,

'Ot weather at last! Wot a bloomin' old slusher it's bin, This season! But now it do look as though Summer wos goin' to begin. Up to now it's bin muck and no error, fit only for fishes and frogs, And has not give a chap arf a chance like of sporting 'is 'oliday togs.

Sech a sweet thing in mustard and pink, quite *reshershay* I tell you, old man. Two quid's pooty stiff, but a buster and blow the expense is my plan; With a stror 'at and *puggeree*, CHARLIE, low shoes and new mulberry gloves, If I didn't jest fetch our two gals, it's a pity;—and wasn't they loves?

We'd three chaps in the boat besides me,—jest a nice little party of six, But they didn't get arf a look in 'long o' me; they'd no form, them two sticks. If you'd seen me a settin' and steerin' with one o' the shes on each side, You'd a thought me a Turk in cheek ditters, and looked on your 'ARRY with pride.

Wy, we see a swell boat with three ladies, sech rippers, in crewel and buff, (If I pulled arf a 'our in their style it 'ud be a bit more than enough) Well, I tipped 'em a wink as we passed and sez, "Go it, my beauties, well done!" And, oh lor! if you'd twigg'd 'em blush up you'd a seen 'ow they relished the fun.

I'm dead filberts, my boy, on the river, it ain't to be beat for a lark, And the gals as goes boating, my pippin, is jest about "'ARRY, his mark." If you want a good stare, you can always run into 'em—accident quite! And they can't charge yer nothink for looking, nor put you in quod for the fright.

'Ow we chivied the couples a-spoonin', and bunnicked old fishermen's swims, And put in a Tommy Dodd Chorus to Methodys practisin' hymns! Then we pic-nic'd at last on the lawn of a water-side willa. Oh, my! When the swells see our bottles and bits, I've a notion some language 'll fly.

It was on the Q. T., in a nook snugged away in a lot of old trees, I sat on a bust of Apoller, with one of the gurls on my knees! Cheek, eh? Well, the fam'ly was out, and the servants asleep, I suppose; For they didn't 'ear even our roar, when I chipped orf the himage's nose.

We'd soon emptied our three-gallon bottle, and TOMMY he pulled a bit wild, And we blundered slap into a skiff, and wos jolly near drownin' a child. Of course we bunked off in the scurry, and showed 'em a clean pair o' legs, Pullin' up at a waterside inn where we went in for fried 'am and eggs.

We kep that 'ere pub all-alive-oh, I tell yer, with song and with chorus, To the orful disgust of some prigs as wos progging two tables afore us. I do 'ate your hushabye sort-like, as puts on the fie-fie at noise. 'Ow on earth can yer spree without shindy? It's jest wot a feller enjoys.

Quaker-meetings be jiggered, I say; if you're 'appy, my boy, give it tongue. I tell yer we roused 'em a few, coming 'ome, with the comics we sung Hencoring a prime 'un, I somehow forgot to steer straight, and we fouled The last 'eat of a race—such a lark! Oh, good lor', 'ow they chi-iked and 'owled!

There was honly one slight *Country-tong*, TOMMY BLOGG, who's a bit of a hass,

Tried to splash a smart pair of swell "Spoons" by some willers we 'appened to pass;

And the Toff ketched the blade of Tom's scull, dragged 'im close, and jest landed 'im one!

Arter which Master Tom nussed his eye up, and seemed rayther out of the fun.

Sez the Toff, "You're the pests of the river, you Cads!" Well, I didn't reply, 'Cos yer see before gals, it ain't nice when a feller naps one in the eye; But it's all bloomin' nonsense, my boy! If he'd only jest give me a look, He'd a seen as my form was O. K., as I fancy ain't easy mistook.

Besides, I suppose as the river is free to all sorts, 'igh and low.

That I'm sweet on true Swells you're aweer, but for stuck-ups I don't care a blow.

We'd a rare rorty time of it, CHARLIE, and as for that younger gurl, CARRY, I'll eat my old boots if she isn't dead-gone on

Yours bloomingly, 'ARRY.

SUGGESTION FOR SKIPPERS.

THE Excursion Season is now commencing. Sea Captains and Commanders, keep a sharp look-out. Steer clear of vessels in each other's way, avoid collisions; beware of detraction, and do not run one another down.

A MALICIOUS TRICK.

A MISCHIEVOUS rustic, owing his neighbour a grudge, mixed a quantity of Anti-Fat with his pig's barley-meal.

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

Describing how he found the Friendly Zulus at St. James's Hall, with a detailed account of his interesting and remarkable adventures.



SIR,—The other day, having a great many better things to do, I chose to visit the Friendly Zulus at St. James's Hall, where, by kind permission of the other Friendly "Coloured Genelum," these six interesting barbarians have been located by the Friendly FARINI, who invented ZAZEL the Flying Fish of the Aquarium.

Feeling a little nervous about assisting at the midday Zulu "mealie" to which the Friendly FARINI daily invites the public, and not altogether assured that the Friendly ones might not take such a fancy to me as to wish me to provide the entire feed for them in my own person—like the Mild-eyed Savages who so rapidly acquired a refined taste for "cold missionary"—I determined to defer my visit until after dinner, when I could come in as a Child of the Dessert.

Timing myself exactly, and priming myself with a second coating of lunch, I took my way to Piccadilly, thinking how much expense and loss of life it would have saved, had we treated with CETEWAYO through the Friendly FARINI, who might have inveigled him over here and shot him out of a cannon.

Before arriving at the Hall, my attention was arrested by a photograph in a shop-window, of a wild-looking person with strange, mad eyes, and matted, any-how hair. "Surely," I said to myself, "this is a portrait of a Friendly Zulu." No; it was the unfriendly SARAH BERNHARDT, the *Sal-volatile* of the French Company, so I passed on to the other *Salle*, dedicated to St. James—whether the greater or the Less I do not know, but in London he appears to be the Patron Saint of Five-shilling Dinners, Monday Pops, Billiard Matches, a Drinking-Bar, and, properly, if he be St. James of Spain, the Moore-ish Minstrels.

There was no rush; no crowd; no excitement.

I do not know the Friendly FARINI by sight, but I fancied that the elegant gentleman at the door, trimming his nails in an easy, nonchalant, don't-care-whether-you-come-or-not sort of way, was the eminent *entrepreneur*—the friend of Mr. SECRETARY CROSS and the Nigger, Cross and Black-well—himself in *propria personâ*.

Passing this friendly and distinguished personage in a deferential manner, I walked in and presented myself in the friendliest way possible to the man in the box, of whom only the upper half was visible taking the tickets, and who, by his movements to and fro—he has



A DEFINITION.

Metropolitan Railway Station. Swell in taking his change drops a penny—looks at it wistfully, but leaves it.

British Workman (pouncing on it, to bystander). "THERE, THAT'S WHAT I CALL A PUFFECT GEN'LEMAN!" [Pouches the coin.]

plenty of walking-room—seemed anxious to impress on the visitor who simply saw this top half, that "there was more where that came from."

As his expectations had been raised high by the appearance of myself as a "gentleman of fashionable exterior," I was sorry to be compelled to cause him some disappointment by asking for change out of my half-crown, as I did not want a reserved seat, but only wished for as much of the Friendly Zulus as they could let me have, conveniently, for a shilling.

Everything was done in the friendliest possible manner. The friendly person in the box gave me a friendly smile, and handed to me not only my eighteenpence in quite a friendly way, but also what appeared to be a *bad penny* as a *bonus*, but which, on investigation, proved to be a necessary friendly talisman which should guard me against all the dangers of the journey up to the very gates of the Friendly Zulus' Home. Then there sounded, above me, far away in the air, a mysterious voice, which cried, "Pass one to the Zulus!" Its tone was friendly, but it was the voice of Fate. So I passed on. I felt that whatever might

befall, Friendly Spirits were watching my progress. The sense of loneliness in that vast building was relieved by the consciousness of being in an atmosphere of Friendliness, and I firmly clutched my *bad-penny* talisman, as, looking to the right and left, I walked cautiously onward, like a knight in an enchanted castle. Suddenly, on the wall appeared a Fiery but Friendly Hand pointing out the road—"This way to the Zulus!" It was the Hand of Destiny!

Siren voices from the left, accompanied by the tinkle of the tambourine and the click of the gay castanet, cause me to vacillate for a moment. It is the Christy Sirens. But I clutch my talisman, and once more before me I see the fiery Friendly Phantom Hand directing my course "This way to the Zulus!"

Through an open door I catch sight of neat-handed waiters—phantoms, of course—inviting me to the pleasures of the table, displaying various *cartes du jour*, and pointing to green glasses and cool-looking bottles. For a moment I hesitate. But again I see the Fiery Friendly Hand pointing to the stairs—"This way to the Zulus!" Excelsior!!!

The phantom waiters groan and wring their hands as I pass upwards. Mysterious voices in the air repeat, "Pass One to the Zulus! Pass Two to the Zulus!" And wavering people, strengthened in their resolve by the friendly Phantom Hands, ascend the Staircase of the Enchanted Castle.

Up! up! to a dimly-lighted gallery. Doors to the right of us, doors to the left of us! A Billiard Marker with a cue invites me. I am about to be decoyed, just to see what is going on, when, fortunately, I catch sight of the Bright Fiery Red, but Friendly, Hand on the Wall, that in its pantomimic action is ever crying, "Forwards!" and saying, as it were, emphatically, "No nonsense! No loitering! This way to the Zulus! You know what you're here for! This is your mission! This, this, THIS way to the Zulus!"

Then there is a distant chorus, as of demon spirits, furious at the loss of their prey: it is the Black Christy's, whom I have left long since, in their room below, with ghastly bones, and hollow tambourine accompaniment, and as grateful to Providence as *Tannhäuser* delivered from the Venusberg again I clasp my talisman, and the spectral Marker vanishes, wailing sadly among the shadows—or walks his billiard chalks—and I pass on.

A narrow passage, with a strange, musty, old-clothes smell, as if haunted by the ghosts of hats, and cloaks, and mantles, left and lost for ever, where a phantom female, with a baby in her arms, is pacing up and down anxiously, like some character in a drama of *Waiting for the Verdict*.

Is this infant food for the Friendly Zulus? Is this a Friendly Baby? "Oh, stay, the maiden said, and rest!" But suddenly I clutch my talisman, as once more I see the Friendly Fiery Preserving Hand on the Wall, while louder and more jubilant become the mysterious voices in the air. "Pass One to the Zulus! Pass Two to the Zulus!" Then at the open door of the Grand Hall two Friendly Faces greet me; a friendly hand receives my talisman, and I am safe! Safe!—with the Friendly Zulus!

Yes! Here the enchantment ended. The process of disenchantment was about to commence. What was there to see? After all this excitement in getting to the Hall—after all these voices, like *Joan of Arc's*—and Fiery Hands—what was there to see? Where are the Friendly Zulus? Here is



CLUB SKETCHES.—CAUSE AND EFFECT.

"WHY DOES BROOKS SNUB SNOOKS?"—"BECAUSE SNOOKS TOADIES BROOKS."
 "WHY DOES SNOOKS TOADY BROOKS?"—"BECAUSE BROOKS SNUES SNOOKS."

the Hall, divided by a barrier, against which lean two lines of people at a shilling apiece. The galleries are empty; the floor is bare, as though it had been cleared for a dance, and the guests hadn't yet arrived. Beyond the barrier, towards the Organ end, are the Reserved People, with the Half-crown Talisman—a very select lot—and on the platform where Mesdames SCHUMANN and NERUDA have gratified our high art musical tastes, are the six Friendly Zulus, in full costume, with a lot of straw, and a huge target, lounging about lazily enough, and doing nothing in particular that I can see.

Someone, not a Zulu, but a Friendly Foreigner, with a prominent feature of markedly Hebrew extraction—(can this be the Friendly FARINI?)—is talking to them and showing them a book. I can't hear what he says. I ask people about me. They don't know, and, apparently, don't care. They have been here, these shilling visitors, for the last half hour, one of them informs me in a sad, despondent way, hanging languidly on to the barrier, hoping, like so many *Micawbers*, that something would turn up. But nothing *has* turned up. The Zulus are friendly, that is all, and to my mind, quite enough, as if they suddenly took it into their heads *not* to be friendly, they've got some nasty sharp-pointed weapons, ready to hand, and they carry heavy thick-knobbed sticks, with which they could very easily impress on us their notions of Club-life in Zululand.

One Friendly Zulu begins thatching a straw hut in a lounging, quiet way. Presently another helps him. We watch this—which is about as amusing as watching some countrymen finishing a small rick—for about a quarter of an hour, and then the shilling visitors yawn, and drowsily congratulate themselves on not having mixed themselves up with the Reserves at half-a-crown. Three old Ladies retire to a bench at the back and take their friendly shillingsworth out in a snooze. Most of us consult our watches, listlessly, and come to the conclusion that we will give these coloured people in feathers so many minutes more, and then we'll go, as we dropped in, quite in a friendly way.

At last one of them takes up the spears and from a distance of about thirty paces hurls them dart-fashion, at a target of pantomimic dimensions. Shooting with bows and arrows at a haystack would have been about as interesting, but the friendly audience were glad to wake themselves up a bit, in order to give some friendly applause, when the spears struck the target—as if they were quite surprised at such a result—just to throw a little life into this dreary performance. During the shooting the two thatchers had been going on with their employment—better than being absolutely idle, they probably think—while the three others, who didn't shoot, leant against the back-rail, looking exquisitely bored, and, I should say, feeling anything but friendly towards the Friendly FARINI for bringing them over.

At this point human nature would have broken down under the oppression of dulness, had not a Friendly Boy, accompanied by a Gentleman, stepped up from among the audience—(so very friendly of them, to be sure!) and introduced a little low comedy element. The Boy was trying to impress on the Gentleman who was with him that he could throw the spears and hit the Pantomime target, just as Mr. Merriman manages to induce the simple-minded Master of the Ring that he can perform the feat, whatever it is, which the celebrated Signor TOMBOLINO has just triumphantly exhibited on the bare-backed steed. The guileless Master permits him to try; of course Mr. Merriman fails, amid roars of laughter. This was the performance of the Man (as Master of the Ring) and Boy (as juvenile Clown). Boy, in dumb show—apparently from the shilling point

of view—expresses his confidence in his own ability to vie with the Friendly Zulu. Gentleman, as Master of the Ring, permits him to try. Juvenile Clown takes spears, throws, fails dismally. Of course one *ought* to have stuck into the Master of the Ring—oh, quite by accident, of course—"On my honour, Sir!"—when the Master would have chivied him off the platform with a stinger from the whip—but this couldn't be. So we all laughed at the boy's failures; and then the Master of the Ring (could I have been deceived, and was *this* the Friendly FARINI in disguise?) showed how he himself could do better than that, and was, in fact, as good at it as the Zulu himself. However, we hadn't come to see an ordinary mortal (though if this was the Friendly FARINI, this term cannot apply to *him*), in a pot hat and a suit of dittos, throw javelins; so only a very few people—the *claque*, perhaps—applauded, and then we subsided into a discontented silence, and again consulted our watches, bargaining with ourselves as to how long we could stand it, and when we should positively go.

I had just given up the idea of being entertained by anything they could do as hopeless, and was envying the three sleeping old Ladies who were still having their shillingsworth out on the back bench, when, on reaching the door, my attention was attracted by a whoop and a howl. It occurred to me that, *ennuyés* to the last degree, they had suddenly become unfriendly, and wanted anyone to tread on whatever corresponded to the tails of their coats. No. They had begun a war-song and a wardance, which was noisy, monotonous, and wearisome, and reminded me of some recent Parliamentary proceedings.

However, it woke up the three old Ladies on the back bench, who exclaimed, all together, "Dear me!" And it had this great and distinguishing merit, namely, that it officially terminated the performance, so that it was impossible for even the most determined loungeur to hang on to the barrier any longer in the hope of getting something more for his money. It was quite enough for mine. O Friendly FARINI, I prefer your now Friendless ZAZEL to your Friendly Zulu!

To sum up, all I can say is, that the Savages are tame, and so is the entertainment—very tame. With which friendly remark, I sign myself

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

A Blessing to Burglars.

THE frequency of burglaries in the London Suburbs is, perhaps, unduly ascribed to the inefficiency of the Police. There is reason to suppose it may be rather owing to the inadequacy of their numbers. Perhaps, as the distinguished foreign General said of the British Infantry, it may be that the Metropolitan Police is the best Constabulary in Europe, only happily—for the burglars—there is very little of it.

HAPPY-THOUGHT GUIDE TO LONDON.



OUCHING some Rare Intelligence for Visitors to the Great Metropolis.

BRICABRAC.—One of the few sports still left to the Londoner is Bricabrac-hunting. The real Bricabrac hides in all sorts of out-of-the-way holes and corners, and the scent is, occasionally, peculiarly strong. The great difficulty in the pursuit of this sport is to find anyone who goes quite straight.

BELGRAVIA.—No visitor to the Metropolis should omit seeing this remarkable quarter of London. The Belgravians settled here a long time ago, and their descendants still retain many of their distinctive peculiarities in costume and customs. Belgravia is the Hop Garden of London. During the Season the Hops are most plentiful. The

Belgravians work very hard from May till the end of July, when they either migrate to the sea-side, taking their Belgravian associations with them, or pull down all the blinds of their front windows, as a sign of mourning for the Season that is no more, and retire to the back rooms, only venturing out in the cool of the evening, when, if they meet other Belgravians, they explain to one another how they are only "passing through," and are off again tomorrow. Besides the above-mentioned industry in Hop-gatherings, there is another form of employment for the elderly female Belgravians. This is "match-making." They make some capital matches, which go off in first-rate style; some attempts are failures; and others turn out utterly bad. "Heir-hunting" is a favourite pastime. A thorough bred and born Belgravian never goes, on foot, further East, in the daytime, than the Burlington Arcade, or further North than Grosvenor Square. At night the Belgravians are driven about in carriages as far East as the Gaiety Theatre. The Belgravians are, on the whole, a blameless race, and as long as they abide by the laws of the country in which they have settled, they will not be disturbed in their possessions. Some few, however, of late years have shown a disposition to enlarge their borders, and have even been known to be mixed up in business in the City quarter. These are innovations most dangerous to the permanent existence of their own community. If this is the beginning of the end, then every Country Visitor should make a point of paying a visit to one of these Belgravian residences before they disappear for ever. He has only to obtain an order from the nearest magistrate, who, if the visitor is anxious to see the interior working of one of the largest Belgravian dwellings, will grant him the escort of a couple of plain-clothes police to see that he comes to no harm. The Belgravians, as a rule, are civil enough, but they are sometimes inclined to resent what they may consider intrusion, in which case the presence of the police is absolutely indispensable. The true type of Belgravian official, in his splendid suit of many colours, his brilliant *culottes de peluche*, his embroidered waistcoat, his tags, epaulettes, and *cheveux légèrement poudrés*, may be often seen on the doorstep, basking, with Neapolitan laziness, in the summer sun, and chatting with two or three other noblemen, or gentlemen, similarly attired, and wearing the colours of the great Houses to which they belong. May it be long ere these relics of the picturesque Past are taken away from among us! *Floreat Belgravia! et Floreat Eaton Square!*

BETHNAL GREEN.—Where the blind beggar lived; now a Museum.

BLACK-EYE—how to get one.—Knock up against a coal-heaver, and say, "Where are you a-shovin' to?" How to cure one.—Consult a solicitor.

BOHEMIA.—In the East, where the Bohemian Girl used to dwell in marble halls—chiefly music-halls. A charming quarter, far more extensive than Belgravia. Belgravia has its limits, Bohemia has none. Its gates are never shut to any Belgravian, though Belgravia does not return the compliment. Some Bohemians belong to the most ancient and highest families in the land. Here you will meet banished Dukes, noblemen in disguise. The motto of Bohemia is *Sam Weller's*—"Ease afore elegance." The language spoken in certain sections of the various tribes that go to make up Bohemia is

the ancient Slang dialect, but, as a rule, the English used among the Bohemians is far superior to any spoken in Belgravia, Tyburnia, or in the Eastern districts. Bohemia furnishes a large contingent to the great Fourth estate. The Visitor to London will find it as difficult to get into Bohemia as into Belgravia, and in some cases, depending on the part of Bohemia his curiosity leads him to inquire into, more difficult to get out of. A magistrate's order and an escort of police, so serviceable in Belgravia, are useless in Bohemia.

BOND STREET.—See GROSVENOR GALLERY on a Sunday when open free. Under these conditions it is well worth a visit.

BOODLE'S CLUB.—Where the Boodles meet. Anybody of the name of Boodle visiting London is, *ipso facto*, a member. A Noodle has to prove his descent from a Boodle before he can be admitted. There is a fine Boodleian Library in the Club. The Boodles were originally a set of Buddhists settled in England; Boodle, or, as it was spelt, "Bhoodle," being only another name for Bhoodla, Bhooda, or Buddha. They have now given up any distinctive creed, though the members are forced to certain outward observances, such, for instance, as eating pickles with cold meat, cheese with a knife, &c., &c. Entrance to the Club is free—when no one is looking. One Hall Porter may exclude, if strong enough. The Club-house was formerly given by the King to these Bhoddist refugees, with right of sanctuary; and now, if anyone oppressed, or in difficulties, wishes his case to be tried by the old Boodleian Law, he has only to rush into the Club-hall, go on his knees, and cry "O Boodles, O mong Boodles! à moy! Boodles à mong aide!" and then he may safely leave his case in the hands of the Hall Porter. This is one of the oldest privileges still existing in the West-End; and is one of the few that has never been abused.

HONOUR TO THE LORD MAYOR.

HERE is brave news for you, just now wired from the French Metropolis:—

"The *France* of this evening announces that the Lord Mayor of London has been decorated with the Cross of the Legion of Honour, in recognition of the reception of the French Members of the International Telegraph Conference and Literary Congress lately held in London."

Deem not this tribute to the grand LORD MAYOR merely a testimonial to turtle—though that would be something on the part of neighbours who excel in culinary criticism, and the knowledge of what is good. But the Corporation of London and the Civic Sovereign have lately distinguished themselves by deeds better, even, than their dinners. As Champions of Open Spaces they have won golden opinions from all sorts of men; except those who hate them for having rescued Epping Forest and Burnham Beeches from enclosure. The Cross of the Legion of Honour, in position as a pectoral on the LORD MAYOR's bosom, will be contemplated by every sinner at his hospitable board as quite the right object in the right place. For, of course, no pedantry and pettiness in *excellis* will pretend to hinder the great LORD MAYOR from wearing the Foreign decoration he has so worthily won.

Is not the City King within the City, and on his own throne, the Fountain of Honour? And may he, or ought he, not to be allowed to wear, or license any of his subjects to wear any cross, star, gem, jewel, or other ornament, which he or they may have had rightfully presented to them, and have not usurped? Not citizens of London merely, but cosmopolitans, are they not justly entitled to sport any mark or marks of distinction whatsoever, wherewith they have been invested by any potentate or people in the whole world? And would not the attempt, on the part of any officious Jack-in-Office, exercising authority westward of the site of venerated and vanished Temple Bar, to restrain them from the enjoyment of that glorious privilege, be a more impertinent, as well as irreverent act of *lèse majesté* than it is bearable to conceive?

Six Things to be Proud of.

By a Child of Impulse.

1. Not to have written a Book.
2. Not to have given a Recitation.
3. Not to have appeared in *Vanity Fair*.
4. Not to have been presented with a Testimonial.
5. Not to have been offered Knighthood.
6. Not to be buried in Westminster Abbey.

BRITISH ARMY DISCIPLINE.—The Scourge. (*Romish Church Glossary.*)

NIGHT-BIRDS THAT MAKE WEST-END NIGHT HIDEOUS.—The owls of 'ARRY after his larks.



A "CONTRE-TEMPS."

First Curate. "DELIGHTFUL CHANGE IN THE WEATHER—A LITTLE SUNSHINE AT LAST! I HOPE IT'LL—"

Second Curate. "WELL I—'NDEED IT'S RATHER INOCCUPANT FOR 'SLOCUM PARVA.' OUR SPECIAL SERVICE OF PRAYER FOR FINE WEATHER IS FIXED FOR NEXT SUNDAY!!"

MUSINGS BY THE MEGATHERIUM

At the Crystal Palace on a Bank Holiday.

SINGULAR World, very much so! Much lacking, I think, in simplicity. In our post-tertiary period Nature gave ease and felicity. Now—well, things puzzle me greatly; and yet I have learned quite a lot Since WATERHOUSE HAWKINS—confound him!—first had me perched up in this spot.

Holidays now. Ah, dear me! what a subject is *there* for reflection! Fail quite to fathom the mystery, spite of prolonged introspection. Work seems a wonderful lunacy, but, of all freaks of humanity, What are called rest and amusement, betray the most hopeless insanity.

Rest! That means row and coarse revelry, eating, and drinking, and smoking. (Ludicrous habit, that last!) rude romping, and satyr-like joking. Men play the fool till they're fagged, without even enjoying their folly; Saunter, and gorge, and get drunk, and then call the whole thing being jolly.

As for amusement, good gracious! a hobby-horse roundabout's funny As sport for a race that's so proud of its knowledge, its taste, and its money. Vanities all, I suspect. We had none in our primitive time; Yet how contented we were in our forests and pluvial slime!

Worthy friend Mastodon there, just imagine him—ludicrous thing!—Shying for Cocoa-nuts—horror!—or playing at Kiss-in-the-ring! Any true pachyderm 'd blush to be caught at such capers; in fact I'll Warrant such things would be thought *infra dig.* by that gay Pterodactyl.

Romping! Now that's a Yahooism passing my power of explaining. Though I have seen such a deal of it. Would that my scorn were restraining. Mrs. or Miss Megatherium, seeing such pulling and hauling, Would have been shocked, and have shown it by means more effective than squalling.

I dare not attempt to describe it. But horse-play they call it, I think. Any respectable donkey, I'm sure from such grossness would shrink.

Curious creatures, these men, and their Civilisation's a puzzle; Proud of their speech, yet their mouths I have often a yearning to muzzle.

Language? A howl or a squeak is sweet music to 'ARRY's foul oath

Or sensual snigger. Friend DARWIN says Man is the ultimate growth

Developed from—not Megatheriums—that I do hope of a verity.

Or else I should be so ashamed to acknowledge my latest posterity.

Rest? Recreation? Oh dear! Loose loafing, and lewdness, and beeriness.

Say, is a hog in a sty a worse instance of coarseness and dreariness?

Doubt if the Sages have done their full duty by human Society.

Until they impart to Amusement more decency, sense, and variety.

THE MINISTERIAL DINNER AT GREENWICH.

FIRST VERSION.

(According to the imagination of the poetical British Public.)

Prime Minister (after the Waiters have brought the coffee and retired). And now, my dear colleagues, let us discuss the events of the coming Recess.

Secretary for Foreign Affairs. I shall devote the whole of my time to opposing the schemes of Russia in Asia. I may tell you that I have already—

[His voice is lost in a confidential whisper.

Secretary for War. Yes, of course I must look after the Army. I think I can tell you now the conclusions at which the Committee of Reorganisation will assuredly arrive. First the cavalry will—

[Explains plans.

First Lord of the Admiralty. Ah! and now about those Chinese gunboats. Of course we must try a counter move, and I have already made arrangements—

[Enters into interesting details.

Chancellor of the Exchequer. Yes; I hope to have time to finish the Budget. You see—

[Goes into figures.

Home Secretary. I am glad to have an opportunity of your opinion before we part on a matter of vast importance. I wish to discuss Capital Punishment. Now, I can not help believing—

[Avows his belief.

Prime Minister. My dear friends, before we break up, one word. It is my intention during the Recess to devote myself to creating a new Empire which shall far surpass in grandeur ancient Rome or the modern Indies. (Enter a Waiter, abruptly.) Bring some more cigars!

[Exeunt Ministerial party, dissembling.

SECOND VERSION.

(According to the inner consciousness of the prosaic Mr. Punch.)

Prime Minister (after the Waiters have brought the coffee, and retired). And now, my dear colleagues, let us discuss the events of the coming Recess.

Secretary for Foreign Affairs. I think I shall go to Dieppe. You see it is a very pleasant place, and the people know me. Then, later on, if I can, I may have a little yachting. [His voice is lost in a confidential whisper.

Secretary for War. Yes, of course I shall have some shooting. They tell me that, by a little careful nursing, the pheasants—

[Explains plans.

First Lord of the Admiralty. Ah! and now about those improved steam-launches! Of course I must get one for my place on the river. I have already made arrangements—

[Enters into interesting details.

Chancellor of the Exchequer. Yes; I hope to have time to run over to Monte Carlo. You see—

[Goes into figures.

Home Secretary. I am glad to have an opportunity of taking your opinion, before we part, on a matter of vast importance. I wish to discuss Port Wine. Now, I cannot help believing that if you get it over in the wood, and—

[Avows his belief.

Prime Minister. My dear friends, before we part, one word. Mind, during the Recess, not a word of "shop." I won't be bothered with any nonsense. I want to be quiet, and not to create new Empires surpassing ancient Rome or the modern Indies. And now, as you have finished all the wine!—(Enter a Waiter, abruptly.)—Bring some more cigars! [Exeunt Ministerial party, dissembling.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



AFTER

H. S. MARKS. R. A.

ORNING only (Saturday, August 2, Commons).—The House got over most of the remaining Civil Service Estimates, and on some way with the Army Estimates also, Hibernian Obstruction notwithstanding.

Monday (Lords).—Honour to the brave—and the successful. On the motion of Lord CRANBROOK, a vote of thanks to the Governor-General of India, and Her Majesty's military forces engaged in the late—happily late—Afghan war, passed *nem. con.*—save that the Earl of GRANVILLE questioned the propriety of including the Viceroy's name in the resolution. The noble Earl probably wished to avoid the appearance of committing himself and his party to approbation of the policy of waging a war for a scientific frontier. But their Lordships, whatever doubt any of them may have had about that, unanimously voted that the war had been well waged.

East India Loan Bill read a Second time, and the other orders of the day disposed of *paucis verbis*.

(Commons).—Duplicate to Lords' vote of thanks moved by the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER, and duplicate assent and objection thereto on the Liberal behalf expressed by Lord HARTINGTON. Actual omission of Lord LYTTON's name flatly moved by The Major, who compared him to Sir BARTLE FRERE (meaning an odious comparison) and accused him of having mismanaged the resources of India. Amendment, of course, seconded by an Irish Member, and supported by other Irish Members of the same description; but backed also by Sir W. HARCOURT, Mr. JACOB BRIGHT, Mr. ANDERSON, and Sir WILFRID LAWSON. Negatived by 148 to 33.

Likewise, by 140 to 28, fared another Motion to the same effect, which the facetious representative of merry Carlisle and the United



ECONOMICAL.

Young Wife (shopping). "I'M GIVING A SMALL DINNER TO-MORROW, AND I SHALL WANT SOME LAMB."

Butcher. "YES 'M. FORE-QUARTER O' LAMB, 'M?"

Young Wife. "WELL, I THINK THREE QUARTERS WILL BE ENOUGH!"

Kingdom Alliance was enabled to propose by a permissive form of the House.

The Member for Glasgow, by the way, in opposing the vote of thanks, described the Afghan campaign as a "twopenny-halfpenny affair." Does not "twopenny-halfpenny" seem a remarkable epithet considered as applied to any affair so necessarily expensive as even the very cheapest campaign, in disparagement, by a Scotchman?

After customary disputation, vote at length agreed to.

In Committee of Supply, Vote of Credit (£3,000,000) for the Zulu War agreed to likewise; as also sundry votes on Army Estimates.

Thus much of eloquence expended and business done between the hours of four o'clock in the afternoon and ten minutes to three in the morning.

Tuesday (Lords).—Met at five. Adjourned at twenty minutes after, having in the meanwhile passed four measures of practical legislation. Humdrum business, but better than humbug.

(Commons, Morning).—Order moved for going into Committee on the Irish University Bill.

The O'DONOGHUE announced that, "owing to representations made to him by several sincere friends of Catholic Education in Ireland," it was not his intention to proceed with his intended Motion to reject the Bill.

Mr. P. J. SMYTH moved that the Bill be referred to a Select Commission.

Mr. COURTNEY supported the Motion.

Mr. OSBORNE MORGAN recommended the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER to put this little Bill upon that funeral pile which very soon he would have to light. A remarkable suggestion of cremation coming from the author of the Burials Bill.

In deference to a sense generally expressed that the Bill, though a somewhat lame affair, was on the one hand a compromise and on the other an instalment, the House was allowed to go into Committee thereupon.

Debate on an Amendment moved by Mr. COURTNEY, with a view to effect the object of the Bill by enlarging the existing Queen's

University's Charter, occupied the rest of the day, all but a short time devoted to Railway and other business.

(Evening).—Debate on Mr. COURTNEY's Amendment resumed; and Amendment finally withdrawn.

Another Amendment, moved also by Mr. COURTNEY, and others by other Hon. Gentlemen, rejected. Then, further consideration of the Bill postponed: the House adjourning.

Note, that among the supporters of this Bill was Mr. NEWDEGATE. Hence it would seem to be at any rate a measure little calculated to Catholicise Science and History, in education, overmuch.

Wednesday.—The Irish University Bill passed through Committee, unaltered by several attempted Amendments, except that, a new clause having been moved by Mr. J. LOWTHER, enlarging the powers of the Senate, words, on the motion of Mr. NEWDEGATE, were thereunto added, providing that the name of each member of the Governing Body shall be laid before Parliament. Obviously a requisite safeguard, and a rational if Protestant precaution.

Brief despatch of further business, and then adjournment of the House, with a hearty appetite, no doubt, on the part of Honourable Members invited to partake of the Lord Mayor's Dinner to Her Majesty's Ministers. *Respicite finem.* But the end is not quite yet.

Thursday (Lords).—Business undone. The Volunteer Corps (Ireland) Bill, sent up from the Commons, and moved by Lord MONCK, was thrown out through vote of Previous Question moved by Lord WAVENEY, and carried by a majority chiefly of Irish Peers in the proportion of 39 to 16. Is this the way, my Lords, to cultivate Irish loyalty, obliterate national distinctions between Her Majesty's subjects, snuff out Home-Rule, and consolidate the Union? Eh?

From the foregoing figures, however, it will be seen that the majority of the Peers were absent from the House; and an Irishman, perhaps, might truly say that most of those present also were absentees.

Business done. Their Lordships passed the East India Loan and the Turnpike Acts Bills; after which they forwarded some smaller Bills a stage, and rose at seven in the evening.

(Commons).—In answer to Sir H. D. WOLFF (and not Sir WILFRID

LAWSON), Mr. STANHOPE said it was proposed to abolish the office of beer-taster at the India Office. The existence of such a functionary is probably new to most of us. Unless his place be a sinecure, his duties must be bitter work.

The remaining business of the Session was promoted, in Parliamentary fashion, by a long palaver about it.

The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER announced that the Public Works Loans Bill would be taken on Saturday.

Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, by way of consulting expedition, moved the adjournment of the House in order to beseech Sir STAFFORD NORTH-COTE to massacre more Innocents out of some thirty-six still lingering, and, in particular, at least to pare the Public Works Loans Bill of its contentious clauses.

To this request, and to other appeals from Hon. Members, the CHANCELLOR replied that he intended to put the Bankruptcy Bill out of its misery, and to reduce the Corrupt Practices Bill to a year's continuance Bill; but to proceed with the Banking Bill, as well as the Public Works Loans Bill, which Mr. CHAMBERLAIN was himself to blame for having impeded on a technical pretext. As to being asked to cut off the "contentious clauses," all he could say was, "I won't."

The House resounded with cheers. The Right Honourable Gentleman had, at length, shown that he could say "No."

So much for CHAMBERLAIN; and then the House, in Committee of Supply, voted all the remaining Supplies, Civil, Military, and other, having thus completely estimated the whole of the estimates, and determined, for the Session, the question of Supply and Demand.

Friday (Lords).—Lord CRANBROOK, in reply to Lord CARNARVON, told their Lordships that the Government were determined to break up the Indian Museum. It was expensive, and inadequate to the uses it ought to serve. Its economical and botanical parts would go to Kew; the others elsewhere amongst various institutions to be decided on after thought.

Lord SALISBURY, answering Lord STRATHEDEN AND CAMPBELL, announced that all the Russian forces had cleared out of both Eastern Roumelia and Roumania, and also of Rustchuk—the latter on the 4th instant. A good riddance of those same Russians.

Having made progress with a few practical Bills of minor moment, their Lordships rose.

Commons (Morning).—The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER created a laugh by saying, in reply to a question from Mr. LLOYD, that the renewal of the Ballot Act was a question for next Session. Is Sir STAFFORD also among the wags?

The *séance* was mostly spent in a lively and animated discussion of a Contract newly made with the P. and O. Company for the conveyance of Indian Mails. On Division upon an amendment moved by Mr. J. HOLMS, Contract affirmed.

Evening.—Sir WILFRID LAWSON, in moving an address to Her Majesty praying her not to approve of the erection of an Image to the late PRINCE IMPERIAL in Westminster Abbey, took occasion to pitch, with natural if indiscreet indignation, into the Bonapartes; whereby he reaped the reverse of the House's approbation.

The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER rebuked the Champion of Temperance for his outspoken language; taking, by the way, occasion to state that the proposal to erect the said Image came from Dean STANLEY, and in no way originated from the QUEEN.

After deprecation, in various quarters, of needless introduction of Foreign Politics, and amid vociferous manifestations of impatience on the part of Hon. Members, the subject of the Napoleonic Effigy dropped.

The Vote for Queen's Colleges, in spite of opposition by Mr. SHAW, was affirmed. Other Money Bills and Orders of the day were promoted a stage, and the House shut up shop.

CRANIOLOGY ON THE CONTINENT.

FROM a statement in *La Nature*, Mr. *Punch*, it appears that Dr. LE BON has lately published a number of interesting measurements of the capacities of the skulls of statesmen, philosophers, and men of science, literature, and learning of whom the brain-room is mostly above the average. *La Nature*, however, also says that Dr. BORDIER lately measured thirty-six crania of guillotined murderers in the museum of Caens, and found that "their average was very respectable"; likewise that the French crania shown at the last anthropological exhibition, which were those of criminals who had died in prison, "had mostly capacities much above the average." Perhaps greatness of character in the way of JONATHAN WILD the Great, as well as in that of an ALFRED, or any other great personage, good as well as great, immoral equally with moral greatness, may be generally conditional on greatness of the brain, and then we ought of course to find a little cranial cavity distinctive of petty rogues and thieves. But perhaps we shouldn't; and how to ascertain whether or no? How are British physiologists to pursue, like MM. LE BON and BORDIER, any researches on the skulls of criminals as compared with those of the better classes? The skulls to

which they might be helped by Mr. MARWOOD and the prison authorities are doomed to moulder in caustic earth, and be destroyed, never, like *Yorick's* skull, to be dug up again. Might not these skulls be turned to physiological account? Would it not be better if they were, and if investigators could at least obtain casts of the heads of deceased malefactors, and convicts were thus made to contribute somewhat—*post mortem*, at any rate—to the good of Society?

Or would it, in the view of the Home Office, be of no advantage at all to Society, medical or moral, to ascertain the relations existing, if any exist, between the mind and the brain; the contents of the cranium and the character? Is cerebral physiology, in particular, as Mr. Toots would say, of no consequence; or, indeed, physiological science, so called, at large and altogether all humbug? These questions about brains may perhaps next Session exercise those of the Collective Wisdom, in so far as brains are exercised in the proceedings of Parliament. In the meanwhile, the fruits of physiological research remain, to the extent above indicated, forbidden fruits to the English cultivator in his own country, the land of HARVEY, and of the namesake of Master LITTLEJOHN HUNTER.

THE EXCURSIONIST.



He was wandering wide on the bleak sea-wall,
By the mud where the waves ought to be;
And the wind played a game with the coat and the shawl,
And the gingham umbrella, and the gay parasol,
And the basket and bag he was laden withal,
And the wife and the children three.

Clearly he
Was enjoying what he'd call "a spree."

But his eye rolled wild, as the rude East wind
Whisked his Sunday hat far out to sea;
And he swore a sad oath as he chattered and grinned,
While his wife round his head her best handkerchief pinned,
And the children howled loud, with their faces all skinned,
And their trousers all burst at the knee.

For you see
The East wind was uncommonly free.

Then the merciless rain on the sea-wall smote,
And the gingham was blown inside out;
And the gay parasol, and the shawl, and the coat;
And the bag and the basket were fairly afloat,
And the wife of his bosom blown over a boat,
And the babies all flying about—

Such a rout!
'Twas a pitiful sight, without doubt.

Still that singular man kept his strange wild course
By the marge of that mud-covered bay;
And he laughed a grim laugh that was strident and hoarse,
As he saw how the wind had pronounced a divorce;
For his wife and his babes were borne on by its force
Till they vanished in mist far away.

I may say,
I was shocked at his seeming so gay.

I was grieved as I marked how, through pitiless rain,
He went wandering on all that day;
And I thought, if I happened to meet him again,
I would ask for what sin he endured all this pain,
And the reason he roved on the brink of the main
While his wife and his babes were astray.

For this trait
Seemed a strange sort of thing to display.



So I asked that weird man if he'd give me the tip
Why he wandered on thus through the pour;
And he eyed me with scorn, while a grin curled his lip,
As he answered, "This here is a cheap Pleasure Trip:
Seven hours by the sea, and a blow and a dip,
And a walk by the bootiful shore!"—

Then he swore!
For he'd got all he'd paid for—and more.

HAPPY-THOUGHT GUIDE TO LONDON.

(Being a Dickens of a Dickshunary for the use of Visitors to the Metropolis.)

BOROUGH (THE).—Chiefly celebrated for its Welsh Rabbits. A good deal of sport here for Londoners.

BOTANIC SOCIETY'S GARDENS.—Celebrated for its "Flower Shows," which, being invariably held on wet days, are hence called "Shower Flows." The Fellows make a fine income out of the Gardens, their shares being worth scent per cent. "Tickets of Leaf" are given to subscribers and Fellows: conditions of entrance for strangers are that you can't come in without somebody's leaf.

BOXING.—A custom in the Metropolis on the 26th of December, when it is just as well to be out of London. The police never interfere. The ceremony of Boxing the Compass, performed by the Man at the Wheel, at the Docks, is usually performed on this day. Box Hill, out of London, is where Box met Cox for the first time after a lengthened separation, and acknowledged one another as long lost brothers, without a strawberry mark on the left arm. Here, at a neat little inn, much frequented by Londoners, who are driven down on the Box Hill coach, paying extra for the Box seat—in commemoration of this historical event everything is done to remind you of the celebrated brothers—the poultry-yard is hedged round with box, so that box and cocks may be associated; while the German beer is measured in German quantities, and tapped from barrels by turning cocks, thus again, associating *Bocks* and *Cocks*. However, this is not strictly speaking in London; so let us return.

BRITISH MUSEUM.—A capital place to go into when it rains. Everything here is of British manufacture, no matter what label it may bear: hence the name. There is a fine collection of umbrellas in the hall, and, if you are very careful, you may leave with some little memento of your visit. The Museum is devoted entirely to the amusement of the public. In the Reading-Room there are about 100,000 volumes always on hand, and you are allowed one every five minutes. You can borrow a pencil, and make notes on the margin of every book, or write your name inside, with "Presented to" before it, and "by the British Museum" after it, and then you can take it with you. You can insist on the attendants taking ladders and reaching you down any book you may wish to see from

the highest shelves. For a small gratuity to the poor-box you can secure the entire attention of a clerk during your stay in the Museum, who will light candles to illuminate manuscripts, wind up the Megatherium, which plays several tunes, and show you the Great Seals, quite tame, and, when you require relaxation, he will play with you at Elgin Marbles, giving you first knuckle down and fifteen out of forty. Do not leave without reading in the Assyrian Gallery, an early number of the *Daily Telegraph*, containing a graphic and interesting account of the Creation, written on the spot by their Own Correspondent, probably Mr. GEO. AUGUSTUS SALA. Get your attendant to give you some of the most amusing stories in the Witt Collection, and do not omit to visit the statue of JOE MILLER, about which you may remember there was so much excitement, that the question "Shall JOE MILLER have a statue?" became of political significance. Walk into the *Ethnographical Department*, and see every god who has had his day. Don't be disrespectful, however. Remember the conduct of the man who took off his hat to a broken-nosed statue of Jupiter, on the plea that though "rather in the shade now, yet he might come into power again." *Vive HENRI Cinq! HENRI sank, but HENRI may rise.* Notice up on the Coin and Medal Room, "Please not to Medal with the Coins." Go in the spirit of inquiry, and in every department get hold of the attendant in charge, and keep on asking him, "I say, look here, what's this?" If he can't tell you, complain of him to the Governor of the Museum, who will punish him by giving him so many pages of the Catalogue to learn by heart every night, and repeat without book before breakfast every morning, for three months.

You may only joke with the attendants in the Witt Collection. Here they are accustomed to being dug in the ribs and slapped on the back. They show here several cases of fine-pointed jokes, cutting remarks, SYDNEY SMITH's patent Scotch incisor, and a new hand-machine for turning a conversation. On Sunday, admission can be obtained over the railings, care having been taken the previous day to procure a few of the duplicate keys. Follow out this advice, and no matter where you come from, or where you want to go to, you'll soon find the nearest station.

BROMPTON.—"Stands Brompton where it did?" Certainly not. It has almost entirely disappeared. The tradition of its Oratory—the Brompton Oratory—will long survive as an evidence of the peculiar oratorical talents of its members. In the garden of the Oratory the inhabitants still cultivate the Flowers of Rhetoric.

BROOKS'S CLUB.—The Club that Brooks used is still shown at 60, St. James's Street. The Brooks in question was not our own dear SHIRLEY, who, skilled in fence, used a rapier—not a club, and latterly, as Editor, was satisfied with a strong staff.

BUCKHURST HILL.—An outing, in the neighbourhood of Epping Forest. Here is a pretty new Saturday-till-Monday sort of hotel, recently built. When the Emperor of All the Russias visited London, his question to the Lord Chamberlain was, "Where are we going on Sunday?" To which the Chamberlain replied, "The QUEEN will give you an outing." The Czar started back, horrified. "A knouting!" he exclaimed. "Give me a knouting!" And he would have left there and then, had not HER MAJESTY entered at the moment, graciously explained the reply, and taken the Autocrat, *nolens volens*, to Buckhurst Hill.

BUCKINGHAM PALACE.—Salute the sentries with your umbrella. Say "*Hou-p-là!*" Eyes right! They'll ask, "Who goes there?" You reply, "Friend!" Then wait for them to answer, "Pass friend, and all's well!" when you at once enter the yard, and walk straight up to the Palace. On State occasions a uniform is necessary, and the QUEEN, as Victoria the First, receives in State. On ordinary days, however, only morning dress and a "top hat" are *de rigueur*, and you simply send in your card by the under-butler, to inquire if "Mrs. GUELPH is at home." Nothing more; as this is taking them as they are—*en famille*. On Sunday you must be able to prove yourself a *bonâ fide* traveller before admittance is granted. There is no charge for admission, and the quotation from SHAKESPEARE, "So much for Buckingham Palace!" is either a forgery or a proof of his ignorance.

On State days the hereditary costumes from Madame TUSSAUD's are all brought in carriages, with some of the figures to fill up the groups gracefully, and a deposit is left at Baker Street as security. After the Drawing-Room is over, they are duly returned before eight o'clock in the evening, the great Officers of State having to make good any damage done to the figures. The grounds of the Palace are pretty, and altogether it is quite a place where to spend a happy day.

BURLINGTON ARCADIA.—A Western passage lying midway between one of the frontiers of Bohemia and the border of Belgravia. Here Burlington Arcadian shepherdesses stroll about, living by hook and by crook. Sheep-shearing, or fleecing, is a favourite pastime. The Arcade itself was probably built by Cardinal WOOLSEY, and presented, as a dry skittle-ground, or an Anna-Boleyn alley, to HENRY THE EIGHTH. Admission, free—and easy.

BUSSES.—(See CONDUCTORS.)

HINTS FOR TRAVELLERS.

(By Mr. Punch's impulsive but cautious Contributor.)

Amsterdam.—Capital place! most interesting! In Holland, of course; with pictures, and trees, and—yes—canals. On second thoughts, the place is very damp, and, perhaps—

Boulogne.—Ah! excellent! So near town, and so lively! Splendid bathing—charming *café* on the pier! On second thoughts, there's the Porte, and, perhaps—

Cologne.—Most interesting! grand cathedral! Noble river! The place where the Rhine becomes beautiful! And then there's the *Eau de Cologne*! On second thoughts, *à propos* of the *Eau*, the real perfume of Cologne is—well—perhaps—

Dieppe.—The very spot! A thoroughly French watering-place, with all the charms of pleasant society, good hotels, and a glorious sea! On second thoughts, the sea voyage over is outside six hours, and, perhaps—

Étretat.—Could scarcely do better! Sure to meet a number of charming persons; and the dresses are lovely! On second thoughts, dressing three times a day when you are away from London is—well—perhaps—

Florence.—Grand! Such Art-galleries! A man can scarcely claim to be properly educated unless he has seen and appreciated the treasures of Florence! He must now dawdle away his time in a hotel. On second thoughts, the hotels are not very comfortable until later in the year, and, perhaps—

Genoa.—Also in Italy—glorious Italy! The land of sunshine and bright skies! On second thoughts, dirt is not improved by a strong light, and, perhaps—

Heidelberg.—The subject of many an Artist's pencil! And the place deserves the honour! What a glorious view meets your gaze, after you have climbed the mount upon which the Castle stands! On second thoughts, ascending a hill in August is no joke, and, really, perhaps—

Interlaken.—One of the sweetest spots in Switzerland! A de-

lightful place! Then how grand to watch the sun set over the Jungfrau in rosy majesty! On second thoughts, a red glow in the morning means rain, and when it rains at Interlaken—well—perhaps—

Jerusalem.—A grand idea! Not so very difficult to reach with a circular ticket! On second thoughts, "personally conducted" touring is—well—yes—perhaps—

Kiel.—Very interesting! Where the Danes tried hard to hold their

own. On second thoughts, a German watering-place is not suggestive of—well—perhaps—

Lucerne.—Lovely spot. Schweitzerhof Hotel quite the best in Switzerland; and then the beautiful lake! On second thoughts, you ought not to get too near the water, and perhaps—

Madrid.—In Spain. Quite new ground to thousands! So easy to get to nowadays! Then think of the bull-fights! On second thoughts, the food at the hotels is not exactly—well—perhaps—

Naples.—Of course, see it and die! It is scarcely a day's journey from Rome, and you can get there in less than no time. All you have to do is to put yourself in the train. On second thoughts, railway travelling far south in August is—well—perhaps—

Ouchy.—Most picturesque! The Beau Rivage simply charming! Splendid grounds, numerous dances, and lots of music! On second thoughts, a band under your window before you are well awake is—well—perhaps—

Paris.—Of course! Paris is a necessary! Consider the Boulevards, the theatres, the streets basking in the sun-light! On second thoughts, the glare of Paris in August is—well—perhaps—

Quebec.—Actually in America! Delightful trip. In these days of fast travelling a mere nothing! On second thoughts—the Atlantic. Under the circumstances, really—really—perhaps—

Rotterdam.—Very interesting, indeed! So thoroughly foreign after leaving England! You find everything so Dutch after you land. On second thoughts, before you land, the average voyage is—well—perhaps—

St. Petersburg.—Everybody ought to know something about



UMBRELLA ON THE BRAIN.

OWING TO THE WEATHER, AND FOR VARIOUS OTHER REASONS, THE BROWNES ARE PREVENTED THIS YEAR FROM TAKING THEIR CONTINENTAL TRIP, VERY MUCH TO MRS. BROWNE'S DISAPPOINTMENT, WHO CONSTANTLY DREAMS THAT THE FAMILY UMBRELLA HAS BEEN CONVERTED INTO WINGS, AND THAT SHE AND HER HUSBAND FLY TO OTHER CLIMES, IN BLESSED INDEPENDENCE OF RAILWAYS OR STEAMBOATS.



AN UNSATISFACTORY TERM.

MR. BULL. "AND THOSE ARE YOUR ONLY PRIZES?"

MASTER BENJAMIN. "YES, SIR. WE DID OUR BEST; AND WE SHOULD HAVE DONE BETTER IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR THOSE IRISH FELLOWS!"

Russia. It is easy enough to get there. Every night a train starts from Paris for St. Petersburg direct. In a very short time (after a comfortable journey) you find yourself in the city of palaces, statues, and Nihilists. On second thoughts, a foreigner, in the present disturbed state of the country may—well—perhaps—

Trieste.—A [delightful spot, full of interest. Magnificent port, and fine bathing! Italian people and Austrian officials. On second thoughts, as there is so much discontent ripe just now, and the Italians are so fond of revolutions, perhaps—

Uig.—Delicious spot! Sounds foreign, too, but it isn't! On second thoughts, with the Continent before you, why go to Scotland? So, really, perhaps—

Venice.—Ah! The loveliest place in the world! Such palaces, such picture-galleries, such churches! And then lounging all day, listening to the songs of the boatmen and the hum of the insects! On second thoughts, the mosquitoes are simply— Yes, really, perhaps—

Wiesbaden.—Charming spot! Within easy distance of lots of nice places, too! A few years ago, "distractions" associated with green cloth, cards, and ivory balls, were quite the vogue. On second thoughts, ex-gambling places become rather dull, and perhaps—

Yarmouth.—By all means, if you don't want to go abroad. Good place for bloaters. On second thoughts, you may have too much of the savour of the Sea, and so, perhaps—

Zurich.—On the lake! So delicious! Suggestive of a soft song and perfect rest! On second thoughts, if you want perfect rest you ought not to take a long tour and— Well—yes—perhaps—perhaps you had better avoid all these places—and—yes, to be sure—stay at home!

The Alderman's Friend.

ADVERTISEMENTS describe the new remedial preparation for the reduction of corpulence as an American invention; but Mr. AULDJO affirms its original discoverer to have been a brither Scot. He informs us that "Anti-Fat" was first obtained and applied to the abatement of obesity by Mr. MACLEAN.

A ROYAL FUGITIVE.

WAGS, seeing that CRETWAYO has taken to flight, go about affirming that his name should now be pronounced with a variation. The King of the Zulus, they say, ought, in his present circumstances, to be called CUT-AWAX-O!

MIXED MATHEMATICS.—Given a Donkey-Engine, to determine its Horse-power.

MORIBUND.

(Monody by a much-fagged Member.)

"The speeches at the Ministerial dinner at the Mansion House are the dying swan-song of the Session."—*Times*.

THE Session dies! Swan-like? Oh, Jupiter, Remembering sadly how St. Stephen's carries on, Methinks you err;

Small aptness is there in the strained comparison. The points of the analogy to trace,

Pray what of music, dignity, or grace

Accompanies the parting Session's exit?

We'd let the poor thing pass, we would not vex it

With memories. But music? One might take

The charivari at an Irish wake

As a more fit similitude. How truly

'Twould type the Celtic shindyings, rude, unruly,

That long have plagued the public tympanum!

Swan-song? 'Tis all a hum!

You joke with us, great Jupiter, and smile

In grim Saturnian style.

Post-prandially let Ministers rejoice,

To lend the dying Session dulcet voice;

Our aching ears have memory, and know better,

Though WHEATHAM, after many a liberal wetter,

Expand in glowing glory,

And shout his tintamarre to all that's Tory;—

Though SMITH and BURY our twin forces butter,

While vinous cheers greet every vaunt they utter;

Though Beaming BENJAMIN

Vent bland beatitudes about Berlin,

And scientific frontiers bought, not paid for,

Or shape a pleasing puzzle, plainly made for

The Sphinx's latest, than its earliest tougher,

And fog with phrases each bucolic buffer;—

Let SALISBURY and NORTHGOTE bandy banter,

In imitation of the Arch-Enchanter,

And cits shout praise till all appears (True) Blue,

It will not do!

"Capital Muniments" comfort not us,

And as for BEN's new-fangled Cerberus,

The triune peasant,

Evolved, like the proverbial German's camel,

From an imagination facts ne'er trammel,—

Political economy made pleasant

By comic quips and cranks,

May charm the Tory ranks,

Accustomed to be fed on paradox

As nubibustic as the realms of Nox;

But you'll as soon check earthquakes with a fiddle

As settle the Land-Question with a riddle!

The Session's moribund; all men rejoice.

But for its parting voice,

To call it "swan-like" were a mere abuse

Of Art rhetoric

Or diction metaphoric.

No, Jupiter, mere mortals it must strike

As much more like

The dreary, dying cackle of a goose!

THE FRATERNAL AGE.

(A Fragment.)

"VICTOR HUGO, who presided yesterday at a lecture by M. LOUIS BLANC, said that in the twentieth century war, capital punishment, monarchy, dogmas, and frontiers would all disappear."—*Daily Paper*.



NOW that no one had written the history of a crime. Why? Because to write the history of a crime you require these two things—a Police-Court and a Reporter.

But the flat of the twentieth century had gone forth, and said to the Police-Court and the Reporter, "Now then, what are you doing here?" Then it effaced them.

Hence, at Port-aux-Ânes on the first day of April,

1879, there was nothing left but the Policeman. At first he had not liked this. He had said to himself, "No thieves, no business. There will be nothing to catch—not even the Magistrate's eye!" Then he skipped about on his beat, and tried to catch himself tripping. After this he sang a catch. But he still felt out in the cold. This was something. It enabled him to catch one.

The villagers said, "The empty charge-sheet has done it. It has proved a wet blanket."

This reminded him of the bed of the river.

No one had ever yet communicated to him anything to his advantage. He determined to stand on the bank, and drop it a line. It seemed to him the way to catch something.

He said, "I am now on my own hook, and can enjoy my leisure." He was right. It was his bank holiday.

But a picture of recreation may sometimes be too highly coloured. Even the account of a bank holiday may be overdrawn. Such was the case with this one.

Then it came to a close. How? By a sudden check.

This very extraordinary thing had happened.

Five hundred thousand strangers, fully armed, equipped, and provided with powerful field and siege artillery, arrived at the little village of Pont-aux-Ânes, and asked for dinner.

When five hundred thousand strangers, fully armed, equipped, and provided with powerful field and siege artillery, ask for dinner, they sometimes forget to pay for it.

These five hundred thousand strangers forgot to pay for it.

Then some one uttered this tremendous word, "Police!"

And now these two were facing each other. Might meeting right. A Field-Marshal meeting a Policeman. The ridiculous opposite the sublime. A fruitful antagonism. Then they talked through an interpreter.



DESECRATION !

English Angler (on Saturday Evening). "ANYBODY EVER FISH UP HERE ON A SUNDAY, M'UM?"
Scotch Landlady (in consternation). "HECH, MON! YE'D BE JAIL'T!!"

"Where are we now?"
 "Over the frontier."
 "Over the front tier. Then I am in the pit. I have orders."
 "Possibly. But they are not admitted after seven."
 "Seven be hanged!"
 "Capital punishment is abolished."
 "Then the free list cannot be suspended."
 "True. Who sent you in?"
 "My master, the President."
 "Does he ride on a Circus horse, wear epaulettes, draw £300,000 a year for doing nothing, lay foundation-stones, and lunch with a military band?"
 "He does."
 "And have his head stamped on halfpence?"
 "Quite so."
 "And will his heir in turn be died also?"
 "The President never dies."
 "Then there is no Monarchy. Without Monarchy there can be no war. You'll have to go back."
 You cannot alter the determination of an express train by argument. Logic is thrown away upon the whelk. Power and stolidity. These things must be treated like the last omnibus. They must be allowed to pass.
 The Policeman knew this. He let these five hundred thousand strangers, fully armed, equipped, and provided with powerful field and siege artillery, have their way.
 So they passed.

And now the world had for the seven-and-twentieth time to witness this colossal apotheosis—Paris invaded.

Yet this tremendous thing is not an outrage. You cannot annoy a peacock. Throw stones at it, and it will open its tail at you. This is a supreme act. A transformation.

And in this transformation Titans are engaged in minor parts. Everybody has got on a big head. It is a chaos of surprises. Then in the midst of stupendous coruscation a voice says this, "Here we are again! How are you to-morrow?"

It is the language of the Phoenix. Everybody is satisfied. Paris has spoken.

Then men look at each other and say, "This is the twentieth century. Everything disagreeable has been abolished. There surely cannot have been an invasion?"

Someone has replied, "Oh dear no, not in the least. It has merely been a fraternal walk over."

To this synonym History has affixed a splendid comment—she has said, "Walker!"

THE WEATHER AND THE CROPS.

CALL not present weather fickle.

Now, in sunshine bright and blithe,
 When the Swain should whet the sickle,
 Rain, too constant, wets the scythe.

Wet, wheat harvest still delaying,
 Soul of British Farmer grieves,
 In his fields around surveying
 Haycocks piled instead of sheaves.

Strawberries have outlived their season;
 But their flavour's nearly none:
 Mulberries ripen not, by reason
 Of the woful want of sun.

Yet, though cereal crops look shaky,
 Hope we still that things will mend,
 Turning out all right, old MECH,
 As a trivet, in the end.

APOLOGY FOR PUBLIC ART.

A DEFENCE of the glaring monstrosities in the shape of pictorial advertisements disfiguring the hoardings and walls has been set up by Mr. SOWERBY. He quotes in their behalf the declaration of a Saint, and Sage as well, that "*Picture idiotarum sunt libri.*"



A DANGEROUS RIVAL.

Fashionable Wife. "GOOD HEAVENS, GEORGE! YOU ARE NOT GOING OUT TO DINNER LIKE THAT!"

Athletic Husband. "JUST AIN'T I THOUGH! LOOK HERE, MARIA, I'LL GRANT YOU YOUR NECK AND SHOULDERS, AND YOUR PRETTY FACE; BUT I THINK I BEAT YOU IN THE MATTER OF ARMS—AND IF SO, WHY SHOULDN'T I SHOW AS MUCH OF THEM AS YOU DO?"

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

A Look-in at the Royalty and the Folly, and a Look-out again—A few Words about Pinafore—Lyceum—Absence—Novelty—Prospect—Suggestion—Weather permitting.

SIR,—The other evening I went into the Royalty Theatre, now under the successful management of The BRUCE, to see *Crutch and Toothpick*, a farcical comedy by GEORGE R. SIMS, followed by a mythological extravaganza—*Venus*, written by Messrs. E. ROSE and AUGUSTUS HARRIS. The last *Venus* I had seen at this theatre was Miss ADA CAVENDISH, now *tragédienne de la première classe*—quite the SARAH BERNHARDT, in fact—when *Ixion*, or *The Man at the Wheel* was all the rage, with FELIX ROGERS as an inimitable *Minerva*, Miss FURTADO for the dashing young hero, LYDIA MAITLAND a most glorious *Apollo*, poor JOE ROBINS a stout *Ganymede*, and DAVID JAMES a spring-heeled *Mercury*.

Crutch and Toothpick, from whatever it may have been adapted by Mr. GEORGE R. SIMS, is very funny in its situations and business, has some capital dialogue, and is well acted all round. It is in for a long run—at least it *sims* like it.

One of the best scenes is between *Amy Jones* and *Cecil Leighton*, two parts capably played by Miss NELLIE BROMLEY and Mr. LYTTON SOTHERN, though by the time this appears in print the cast will probably have been altered. So good a company ought to be kept together. Mr. EDGAR BRUCE is to be congratulated on having effected a good start, and having gathered round him all the materials of a good Palais Royal sort of Company, equally good at farce and burlesque, ready for prose or verse, talking and walking, singing and dancing, as occasion may require.

"O Royalty where are thy charms?" The spectator who drops in at ten—which he is wrong in doing, as he will miss *Crutch and Toothpick*, but better late than never—will be able to answer this question satisfactorily.

NELLIE BROMLEY
Looks so comely,
EDITH BLANDE
Very grand,
ALMA STANLEY
Rather manly;
I was took
With little Miss BROOKE,
Who plays *Gallus*,
And nothing *allus*.

It will not occur to any but the poetic mind that "nothing *allus*" is poetic licence for "nothing else."

Mr. GROVES, a very good low comedian, of the Comptonian school, who plays *Vulcan*, has some very funny business with little Miss BROOKE, who takes the part of a diminutive page to *Mars*.

Of tender age,
She plays the page
To PHOEBE DON,
With helmet on;
As *Mars* she charmed,
She's so well armed!

But I hadn't time to see more than the first scene, which seemed to promise well.

My friend said, "Stop! see
Miss EMILIE COPSEY!
And, something *still* more,
Miss L. GILMORE.
Stay half an hour,
You'll see Miss GOWEN,
Miss DAISY CLIVE
And others, five,
Miss DARNCOMBE, GREY.
You'd better stay!"
My hand I kisses
To all these misses,
And so depart. At duty's call,
One Miss for me, and that's—miss all!

MORAL.

The "direction," at least, is good, I admit;
With seventeen "Misses," he's scored one "hit."

So I went off to *Another Drink*, which seems to be getting along far better than was at first expected, Mr. ANSON and M^{me}. DOLARO being almost as good as they are in *The First Night*—the first genuine success of the Folly Theatre under Madame's management.

L'Assommoir didn't seem to me to be a good subject for burlesque, but Authors and Actors have got lots of fun out of it, and left lots in it. Mr. WYATT, as *Goujet*, is a good dancer. He has already distinguished himself in burlesque at the Strand, when he took Mons. MARIUS's part in *Diplunacy*, and gave a very good imitation of Count BANKROFF.

By the way, at the Royalty they've got a good Musical Director, in Mr. EDWARD SOLOMON, who, in evening dress, and bâton in hand, might be advertised as "SOLOMON in all his glory—every night at ten!"

Pinafore has been to the front a good deal lately, and now seems to have got mixed up with *Trial by Jury*. The Company (Limited) of the Opéra Comique have been, apparently, *écarté*, or rather, *é-D'Oyley-carté*. H.M.S. *Pinafore* was boarded by the crew of H.M.S. Director Ship, the defence of the first-named barque being organised by Captain BARKER, who seems to have got himself considerably barked. Of course, now both sides have let the steam off, it will all end in smoke; librettist and composer will weep on the directors' necks, who, in turn, will join hands with Mr. DONKEY CARTE—which he isn't by any means—and the Bark of the Barker being silenced, the Noble Proprietor call in the worthy Architect, Mr. FOWLER, and all play "FOWLER my Leader"—the Leader being Mr. CELLIER—and all end by going, piously, to CHAPPELL.

But I have fled from Town: the Friendly Zulus finished me.

I'm afraid I missed something in being away when Miss GENEVIÈVE WARD

"Walked in silk attire,"

and the critics, out of consideration for the feelings of our dear old "Pal," felt that they

"Zillah had to spare."

But, I say, SIMPSON & Co., what are you about?

Is this an exemplar
Of you and CLAUDE TEMPLAR?

If so, don't do it again, or you'll be condemned to be branded and watered, and marked with a *Cigar on the Wrist* for the rest of your unnatural existence.

Mr. IRVING promises a system of variety in his entertainments next season. Short runs and more pieces. An excellent plan. Instead of the present long runs for a thousand and one nights, let us limit a success to one run of seventy or eighty nights, or even a hundred, during which the next new piece is being rehearsed. Then let the new piece have its turn, and if as successful as its predecessor, it can fulfil its term of one hundred nights while they are preparing some light One-Act piece, or *pièce de circonstance*. Then the run of Number Two being finished, the two pieces could be alternated, and the new one-act vaudeville, or farce, or burlesque, played with one or the other, or both. In the meantime a new piece should be in rehearsal. Thus the *répertoire* would be gradually filled, Actors would be in constant training, Authors hard at work to meet the demand, having, in addition to their nightly fee, an "Author's Night" for every run and revival, as in the days of GOLDSMITH. Such seems to me something of the rough basis of a

new plan of theatrical management—not unlike what Mr. HOLLINGSHEAD has accustomed us to at the Gaiety, and what we are promised by Mr. IRVING.

COUNT BANKROFF, Esq. is to have the Haymarket for the best part of the year, and Mr. CLARKE for the other best part of it. The Bourgeois of the Asses' Bridge—free version of *Les Bourgeois de Pont Arcey*—will be produced at the Prince of Wales's, and Mr. HARE, with *Les Kendals*, comes out at the St. James's, where Mr. SANTLEY will sing the opening chorus, set to some popular Hare.

Will there be a Ballet of *Injyable Injia*, by Rajah VAL PRINSEP, to follow?

The theatres ought all to be doing well in such weather. "Who will o'er the downs so free?"—when there's a certainty of being wet through the skin to the bone? The partridges are all drowned, there are no pheasants, the strawberries have got water on the brain, and the weather, with here and there a brilliant exception, may be described in the words of the Scotch farmer, as "Rain all day, with show'rs between." Who'll go out of town? I will, as sure as I am here, there, and everywhere

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

A VOICE FROM THE WEST.



A, MEASTER PUNCH!

OUR Lan'lord's a grand zort o' man, tho' I 'zure 'e we zees little on un;
He hes yacres mwore land i' th' North, an' a terruble fine house in Lonun;
Why he goos an' he taaks to th' QUEEN as a mid to a zurt o' relation,
An hes letters an' peapers by scores consarnin' th' good o' the nation;
They do tell I, all awver th' yearth there iddun noo pleace nor noo voke.
But he's a gotten a vinger in pie, an' gies 'em a cuff or a poke;
Zo, in coorse, 'tis a natural thing that a zet o' poor tenants like we,
Tho' we pays un his rent twice a year, shudden often clap eyes upon he:
When me Lord has his yead a-stuek vull o' Afganistan an' Zululand,
Th' flavior's a-zort a-tuk out o' our bits o' pasture an' pleugh-land.
'Tis no mwore 'n a man mid expect.
Why, I've proved th' zame thing avore now.
When I've staid late at market next day—nothin' hwomly 'ud relish noo how!
Th' zong zes 'tis zad vor t' dthink th' brightest things ne'er lastes long,
But that Lan'lords should ha' t'come down betokens surely so'thin' wrong!
There's my neighbour, WILL COX, zes 'tis right; but he's gotten a zort o' a twist

Vrom 'readin' newspapers an' books, which on'y puts dthings in a misk.
I do like dthings t' be as they be, or t' be as em onst used t' wos;
An' how I've a-got on zo well, I can tell 'e th' why an' becos:
I ha'n't got noo feelins nor care vor a man that's a-got 'em a fig.
Low 'Church or High Church, what odds? An' th' seame atween Toory an' Whig.

Whatsomever a Lord do wish done, th' plain duty o' we is t' do it,
An' ef there's a hole i' th' ballad, teake care 'at noo eye do zee droo it.
Civil'ty to yagents is chip, nout th' wore'r but th' brim o' oon's hat,
Just by lettin such voke ha' their say a notch med be scored, min, at that.
A zort o' a law'r he mid be, an' not up to much about land,
But he's a-gotten th' ear o' me Lord, an' carries the reins in his hand;
A tenant wi' such mun be sueut—a duck'd yeid can come to noo harm.
By straight votin' an' not tellin' lies, I've al'ys bin free o' me varm.
But now there's such care an' contrivin', such outtin' an' countin' th' cost,
'Tis clear we can't be as we hev bin, an' th' charm o' th' country is lost!
Vor a varmer to live like a treadesman, an' work at his treide wi' his brain,
Vor a lan'lord to teake his bare rent, an' not zeek vor noo funder gain,
'Twon't suit I, that's vor sartain, an' zoo I'll git out on't, an' dwell in a cot:
An' zoo call an' smoke a pipe wi' me, Measter Punch, if ye come near theaus spot.

JERE. SMALLBONE.

"AUDI ALTERAM PARTEM."

MR. STEVENSON has published a clever and amusing volume, entitled *Travels with a Donkey in the Cevennes*. This gives us the Driver's view. A contributor suggests that it might be instructive and amusing if we had the Donkey's.

TO THOSE ABOUT TO TRAVEL.

MY VERY DEAR SIR,

August 4, 1879.

I AM afraid you have always misunderstood me. Although I have over and over again impressed upon your mind that I am the very soul of honour, I have never been able to persuade you that a loan to me of the ridiculous sum of half-a-crown could, under any circumstances, be considered a profitable investment. However, it is ever my endeavour to return good for evil. I am true to my principle on this, as on every other occasion.

Sir, Mr. Punch, I have noticed that one of your Contemporaries has published a number of letters upon the subject of cheap travelling. Allow me to offer my experience, for the benefit of yourself and your readers. I jot down a few notes.

Route.—Doesn't matter in the least. Go where you will, but take care never to visit the same place twice. As novelty will be your aim, when you have once "done" a town you won't want to see it again. Besides the inhabitants of the neighbourhood will not desire to renew their acquaintance with you—on friendly terms well understood. If your presence makes them disagreeable (as it most likely will) surely it is a shame to give them cause for irritation. Always be considerate in your dealings with your fellow-man.

Journey Ticket.—Of course you will borrow the money for this indispensable aid to travelling. Borrow as much as you can. Then journey first-class. You will find, if you manage properly, that it will not cost you more than second, or even third—in the long run.

Hotels.—Select the best and the finest rooms. Dine at the *table-d'hôtes*, and drink the choicest wines. To act in a spirit of strict economy, all you will have to do is to rise before any one else is awake, and to leave your hotel when all the officials are sleeping.

Golden Rule.—Never to pay. It is perfectly unnecessary to be guilty of such a ridiculous piece of ceremony when by the exercise of a little ingenuity the matter can be easily avoided.

There, Sir, I think a trip conducted on my principle should be about the cheapest on record.

Always yours sincerely,

Address—well, no matter! JEREMIAH DIDDLE.

Suds.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

What do you think is the latest move among the Co-operatives? Have you seen this?

"The London Co-operative Laundry, Limited."

Going to wash their own dirty linen. Just what they ought to do.

A DISGUSTED SHOPKEEPER.

THE LAST MUSICAL ANAGRAM.

"Pinafore,"

"Fine Op'ra."

THE LEGEND OF EXETER HALL.—To be Sold.



TACT.

Admiring Friend. "WHAT, ANOTHER PICTURE! WHY, THAT'S THE SECOND YOU'VE FINISHED THIS WEEK!"

Pictor. "THE THIRD, MY BOY, THE THIRD!"

Admiring Friend (wishing to be pleasant). "AH, WONDERFUL! THAT'S WHAT I ALWAYS SAY WHEN I HEAR PEOPLE ABUSE YOUR PICTURES. 'THEY MAY BE BAD,' I ALWAYS SAY; 'BUT JUST LOOK AT THE LOT OF THEM HE TURNS OUT!'"

"NOBLESSE OBLIGE."

NOWADAYS when our native dramatists have to borrow so many ideas from the French, it is refreshing to find a novelty racy of the soil. Such a novelty *Mr. Punch* imagines he has discovered in the recently revealed privilege of a Noble Lord to disregard the verdict of a County Court. 'Tis true the case which brought this very satisfactory state of the law to light turns out to be a *canard*. As a matter-of-fact, no Nobleman has claimed his privilege, as a Peer, to avoid the payment of his coal-bill. *Mr. Punch*, however, publishes the following rough idea of the end of the Second Act of a domestic drama, for the benefit of those it may concern hereafter:—

SCENE—A scantily but elegantly-furnished apartment in the house of the Unknown. Large Eight-day Clock in an old-fashioned case. C. WOLFHILDA, regarding it with affection, is discovered as the Curtain rises to soft and plaintive music.

Wolfhilda. Strike again, trusted friend of my childhood! Let thy chimes bring back to me the dim memories of the happy past. As I listen to thy silvery music methinks I see a noble mansion crowded with retainers, humble friends with bended knees bowing before me. (Noise without.) What was that? (A heavy tread is heard on the staircase.) Intruders! And my poor father, weary of opening bill-containing envelopes, asleep in yonder chamber! He must not be disturbed! (Enter GOODHEART GRAB.) What would ye?

Goodheart Grab (with feeling). Fair lady, I would not distress ye—no, not for the wealth of the Indies—

Wolfhilda (eagerly). Then withdraw! We are poor, Sir, but proud. We have seen better—far better—times! (Looking at him steadily.) No, I do not know you! I have never seen your face before!

Goodheart Grab. Would that you had never seen it! Nay, do not start! My heart, Madam, is in the right place, although my profession forces me into houses where (I admit it) I am anything rather than an honoured guest!

Wolfhilda. What mean you by these strange, these sob-shaken words?

Goodheart Grab. Oh, that I could conceal my identity! Oh, that I could picture my life as one long act of kindness and philanthropy! Madam, I am an officer—

Wolfhilda (haughtily). An officer should be a gentleman!

Goodheart Grab (earnestly). Ay, indeed he should! But is it gentlemanly to take the stair-carpet from the stair, to seize the arm-chair and the coal-scuttle ere they can be used, to lay desecrating hands upon the tea-tray, the foot-stool, the chandelier, and the homely but necessary kettle? Tell me is all this good, kindly—in a word, the conduct of a man of gentle birth?

Wolfhilda. As you put the question to me so plainly, I confess it's not!

Goodheart Grab. And yet all this—and more—must I do in the way of business! Oh, woe is me! Would that I had been born to a happier lot!

[Buries his face in his hands and weeps.]

Wolfhilda. And yet you say you are an officer?

Goodheart Grab (after an effort). The officer of the sheriff! Nay, do not shudder and turn away from me—ah! she has fainted! (Sadly.) Well, it is better as it is! Poor girl, I will leave the sofa upon which she now reclines until the last.

[Begins to remove the furniture.]

Wolfhilda (recovering). Is this some terrible dream! (With a shriek.) No! he is seizing the Eight-day clock! Father, Father! Save it!

The Unknown (entering suddenly in an enormous dressing-gown, which completely hides his costume). Hold! (In a tone of great authority,) I repeat—hold!

Goodheart Grab (fiercely). By what right do you interfere? Know that I have a warrant of distress. I do but the bidding of my master. Your master, the Sheriff, before whom all men bow! (Calmly.) And now, Sir, who are you?

The Unknown (haughtily). Who am I? (Throwing off dressing-gown, and appearing in a Peer's mantle and coronet.) Why the Duke of Islington!

Goodheart Grab (sinking on his knees and removing his old and battered hat). Your Grace! Pardon and forgiveness!

[Grovels in the dust.]

Wolfhilda (throwing her arms around the Eight-day clock). Saved! Saved!!! Saved!!!

Tableau and Curtain.

There, the Third Act must be left to the fancy of the dramatist himself. However, if the playwright has a very lively imagination, he might introduce a scene in the House of Commons in which the First Law Officer of the Crown might be depicted defending the principle of privilege—with success!

HOME-RULERS AT HOME.

HOME-RULE, that Irish device for dismembering the Empire, as it has hitherto been regarded by all of Her Majesty's rational subjects, appears now all at once to have become quite another thing. An important meeting of Home-Rulers was held on Saturday last week, under the presidency of Mr. PARNELL, at, of all places in the United Kingdom, the Crystal Palace, Sydenham. Mr. BIGGAR and other speakers on that occasion are reported to have advised their hearers to vote, irrespectively of the principal political parties, at the next election, for candidates prepared to side with Home-Rulers. Excellent counsel to give the Irish inhabitants of this Island. For Irishmen domiciled in England, of course, Home-Rule simply means Parliament continuing to sit at St. Stephen's. Thank you, Mr. BIGGAR; thank you, Mr. PARNELL; and good subjects and citizens as the London Irish, and the rest of their compatriots resident amongst English constituencies, generally are, it is almost certain that your admirable advice will be duly followed.

A Crop in Cyprus.

It appears from some recently published correspondence that considerable offence has been given to the Cypriotes of the Orthodox Faith by Captain INGLIS, the English Commissioner, in having, perhaps a little too unconditionally, introduced a certain regulation of domestic prison discipline into the penal economy of Cyprus. The Captain, it seems, ordered the hair and beards of two priests imprisoned at Famagusta, to be cut. Perhaps this was a rather indiscriminate allotment of that truly British institution the County Crop. By the way, the County Crop, at any rate is a crop which will certainly prove to have been in no wise affected by the wet summer.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



SATURDAY, August 9, Commons (Morning only).—The Consolidated Fund (Appropriation) Bill brought in by Sir SELWYN IBBETSON amid much cheering, was read a first time during repeated demonstrations either of enthusiasm, or of delight in the prospect of the approaching holidays, which moved Hon. Members to holloa, now at last seeming to see their way, although not yet having got absolutely, out of the wood.

The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER moved the Second Reading of



THE "PINAFORE" COSTUME.

DEMORALISING EFFECT ON A WELL-BROUGHT-UP FAMILY.

a Bill involving the principle of Protection, designed, however, to protect not British Industry from Foreign Competition, but the National Treasury from local Micawbers, municipal authorities and others, seeking to borrow more money from it than they ought. This, the Public Works Loans Bill, was opposed by Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, who described it as a "meddling and muddling" measure, quoting his words; but borrowed language, in connection with a question of loans, may seem not incongruous. His opposition, seconded by Mr. RYLANDS, was, after some prattle, withdrawn, and the Bill allowed to be read a Second time.

The House, then, having moved a few more steps onward in various Legislation of more utility than interest, adjourned.

Monday (Lords).—Their Lordships, in a short sitting, expedited sundry matters of course.

(Commons).—Mr. CROSS, with reference to the decision alleged to have been arrived at by the Jury on the Derby murder case by drawing lots, read a letter from the Foreman, denying that they had drawn lots, and explaining that, as six of them were for a verdict of murder and six for manslaughter, they had only balloted for a Chairman, who was to have a casting vote. This, the HOME SECRETARY thought was doing much the same thing as what they were accused of doing. Did the Government intend the capital sentence to be carried out? asked Mr. CALLAN. Mr. Cross thought it was quite unnecessary to ask such a question.

It is no longer in these days quite a fact that—

"Wretches hang that jurymen may dine;"

but at least one convict has had a narrow escape from being sent to the gallows by a toss-up, to which, virtually, Gentlemen of the Jury resorted as a means of saving themselves time and trouble.

On the Second Reading of the Consolidated Fund (Appropriation) Bill, Sir J. GOLDSMID, in a long speech, impugned the Government's Egyptian policy, which the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER, beginning with a defence of NUBAR PASHA and Mr. RIVERS WILSON, vindicated, or tried to vindicate, at equal length.

After inconclusive debate the subject was dropped, and the Bill before the House allowed to be read a Second time.

The Irish University Bill went through its final stage, and passed amid a chorus of cheers.

On then came the Public Works Loan Bill, upon which, on order for going into Committee, Parliamentary parley was kept up until the electric light on the top of the Clock Tower began to pale its ineffectual fire at sunrise, and so Legislators went on, the Bill having passed Committee, with the Corrupt Practices Bill, till ten minutes after Big Ben had struck seven. Then home to bed, alas, instead of up to breakfast, to be out early on the moors.

Tuesday (Lords).—They advanced divers Bills sent up from the Commons.

On proposal of Government to negative Committee on the Poor Law Amendment Bill, in order to get on with it, the Earl of REDESDALE protested against hurrying Bills at the end of the Session, and divided the House, to no purpose. After that, the Nobility adjourned.

(Commons).—The Banking and Joint Stock Companies Bill, enabling Unlimited Liability Companies, especially Banks, to transmute themselves, with safeguards, into Limited, went into Committee, and out of it pared and pruned, with the addition of a Clause to answer the purpose of "Reserve Liability," suggested by Mr. SHAW, and accepted, with a jump at it, by the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER.

At last the Corrupt Practices Bill, appointing Election Petitions to be tried by two Judges instead of one, passed its Third Reading.

So did the National School Teachers (Ireland) Bill, and the Appropriation Bill, and then, after progress with another Bill or two, a truce to talk.

Wednesday (Lords).—Their Lordships persevered in dealing with Bills sent up from the Lower House, and drove several of them on another stage.

(Commons).—On the motion of the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER, the Standing Order appointing the Wednesday sitting to close at six was suspended that Mr. FAWCETT might say his say on the Water Supply of London. He said it so well, showing the water to be execrable both as to quality, and supply, and expense also, that Mr. CROSS engaged, on the part of the Government, to make the Metropolitan Water Supply question a holiday task for the approaching vacation. Should they find it necessary to supersede the existing Companies, those bodies will be compensated; without any regard to the prospective value of their shares, but only according to the price of them as it stood at the end of last June.



WOKE UP.

"'Tis the voice of the sluggard,
I heard him complain."—WATTS.

Boots. "EIGHT O'CLOCK, SURE!"

Voice (from the deeps). "WHY DIDN'T YE TELL ME THAT BEFORE, CONFOUND YOU!"

Upon this truly cheering announcement, the House hoorayed. Londoners have now some prospect of being in the way to obtain, sooner or later, a supply of cheap and good water instead of dear and dirty diluted sewage. Skies, forefend any slip 'twixt the cup and the lip!

Sir C. DILKE, considering the HOME SECRETARY'S statement "very satisfactory," recommended the Member for Hackney to withdraw the Resolution he had moved to the effect that, as the Metropolitan Board of Works had failed to tackle the Water Difficulty, it was "a subject which ought, without further delay, to be dealt with by the Government." That, the Government grants. Motion, therefore, withdrawn.

Enter SERGEANT-AT-ARMS. "I have to inform the House that, in obedience to their orders and Mr. SPEAKER'S warrant, I have this day taken into custody CHARLES EDWARD GRISSELL."

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER. "Ha! h'm! We will talk of him to-morrow!"

After this episode, a little more business done, but the House Counted Out at 6'30; when Ministers and their friends off, as fast as possible, by steamer to Greenwich, and a diversified fish dinner, comprising, besides turtle and white-bait, the daintiest delicacies, and inclusive of the choicest and most celestial intoxicating liquors.

Thursday (Lords).—Lord SKELMERSDALE, on the part of Lord DE L'ISLE, contradicted a newspaper paragraph stating that the latter Noble Lord, having been sued in the Brompton County Court for £2 8s., the amount of a coal-bill, had pleaded the privilege of a Peer for non-appearance. No such thing.

A whole batch of Bills then passed their Third Reading. Thereafter, Noble Lords assented to the Commons' amendments of the Supreme Court of Judicature Amendment (Officers) Bill, and adjourned once more.

(*Commons.*)—Sir M. HICKS-BEACH, in reply to Mr. ANDERSON, said, and answering Mr. COURTNEY repeated, that the Government had not been informed, and did not believe, that Sir GARNET WOLSELEY had set a price on CETEWAYO'S head. What could have put such a fancy into Mr. ANDERSON'S?

The House, on the Motion of the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER, adjudged Mr. GRISSELL, for having evaded the SPEAKER'S warrant for his apprehension,

besides having committed a breach of privilege in the first instance, to be sent to Newgate for the remainder of the Session on the point of expiring. But, as the SPEAKER previously said, the prisoner, though released on prorogation, will by no means have been purged of his offence by his few hours' purgatory, but will remain liable to further purgatorial pains and penalties next Session.

On moving for papers relative to the Treaty recently concluded with YAKOUB KHAN, a long denunciation of that pact by Mr. GRANT DUFF, followed up by Lord HARTINGTON, and replied to by Mr. E. STANHOPE and the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER, led to nothing of more consequence than a Count Out at the reasonable hour of 9'26.

Friday, Theatre Royal, St. Stephen's. Close of the Season. The Managerial, that is Ministerial, Address, called, in the lingo of Constitutional fiction, the QUEEN'S Speech, was read by the LORD CHANCELLOR. Her Most Gracious MAJESTY was advised to say that:—

She was glad to release her Lords and Gentlemen from their labours.

She continued on good terms with Foreign Powers, and intended to try and make them keep their engagements.

The Treaty of Berlin had been faithfully carried out, and the new map of Turkey was nearly finished. The Russians had evacuated the Balkan Peninsula, and her MAJESTY was pleased to approve of Prince ALEXANDER'S promotion from Battenberg to Bulgaria.

The effects of the late war were an excuse for the delay of promised Turkish reforms, but she meant to keep pegging away at the Porte until it kept its word.

Her Government and that of France between them had, owing to the past misrule, suggested a slight change in the Viceroyalty of the Land of Egypt.

She had concluded a treaty with YAKOUB KHAN, guaranteeing peace, safety, and a strengthened Indian frontier, and re-establishing friendly relations with Afghanistan.

Her troops, British and native, engaged in the Afghan war, deserved the vote of thanks they had received from both Houses. She also thanked the Native Princes, as well those who offered, as those who gave assistance.

She hoped the Zulu war would be soon over; lamented the precious lives it had cost; and hoped her South-African Colonists would learn how to manage their own affairs in future.

She thanked the Commons for having handsomely come down with the needful dust.

She congratulated her Lords and Gentlemen on having passed the Army Discipline Act, Acts appointing a Public Prosecutor and Amending the Law, a Joint Stock and Banking Companies Act, and an Irish Education Act.

She had pleasure in granting a Commission to inquire into Agricultural Depression.

Withal, she blessed her Lords and Gentlemen, and bade them farewell. The Ministers having thus tootled their own trumpets, as it were, by the Royal month, the Session of 1879 passed into Infinity; went off like Herr BREITMANN'S "Barty" and his lager beer, away in the ewigkelt.

R. I. P. It seems to have given us a few good laws, and has left our liberties none the less.

CONVERTS AND CANNONS.

NOTWITHSTANDING that the great gunsmith, Herr KRUPP, has manufactured steel guns which work wonders, yet, as accidents will occur to the best-constructed steel ordnance, the Admiralty, it is said, are now considering a proposal made to them by that other eminent artillerist, Sir WILLIAM PALLISER, to apply to the heavier guns in the Service his system of converting old guns, by giving them a lining, not of steel, but of soft, ductile, coiled wrought iron, forming a barrel, placed loose, so to speak, within the gun; a method already partially adopted in the United States Navy. In thus proposing to convert old guns, Sir WILLIAM PALLISER may be supposed to regard them as old sinners, although he trusts their state may not be so bad but that there is some hope for them. The conversion of these old guns will certainly at least be genuine should Sir WILLIAM PALLISER be enabled to renovate their interiors.

VIRTUES AND THEIR REWARDS.



S the KHEDIVE on his retirement, graciously intimated that he was willing to accept, as a little memento of the valuable services he had rendered Europe in general, and Egypt in particular, "a stipend of £120,000 a year, together with a furnished Neapolitan villa and perquisites," it is understood that the following arrangements, conceived in the same graceful spirit, will be carried out with as little delay as possible.

His Majesty, King CETEWAYO, as soon as the condition of affairs at the Cape will admit of the offer being delicately made, to have the refusal of the State Chambers at Hampton Court Palace, together with the right of salmon-spear on Moulsey Weir, and free access with half an impi of friends to the deer preserves in Bushey Park.

The unfortunate but distinguished Nobleman at the present moment incarcerated in connection with the Tichborne claims to receive a free pardon and apology from the Government, and, with a suitable pension, take his seat in the House of Peers as Lord DARTMOOR.

King THEBAW, on the termination of his next birthday festivities at Mandelay, to be presented with a public-house in the Borough Road, placed on the free list of all the East End music-halls, and to enjoy the privileges of a foreign ambassador when appearing on the morning charge-sheet at one or more of the Metropolitan Police Courts.

Mr. MACKONCHIE, to be presented with a purse containing the amount of his own costs, accompanied by a highly illuminated letter of congratulation from Her Majesty's Judges, and the promise of the next vacant Archbishopric.

Sir BARTLE FRERE, to take the title of Duke of Isandiana, and be requested to lay the foundation-stone of a commemorative Colossus of himself, to be erected, by British tax-payers, on Wormwood Scrubs.

And Mr. BIGGAR, to be installed in the House of Commons as permanent Chairman of Committees.

HAPPY-THOUGHT GUIDE TO LONDON.

(Being a Dickens of a Dickshunary for the use of Visitors to the Metropolis.)

CABS.—Or, as they are called in Parliamentary language, Hackney Carriages, which is probably a corrupted cockneyism for 'Ackney Carriages, or, still more probably, for 'Ag'ny Carriages, so called on account of the ag'nies—the beautiful ag'nies—to be endured when riding in one of them.

There is a vast amount of professional etiquette among the Cabmen who are most tenacious of their rank.

They are divided into two classes—the Growler and the Hansom—but the Growler is rather the more common of the two. This implies that, as to Cab Rank, the Hansom is the aristocracy, and the Growler is a little commoner.

Cab Regulations are as follows:—Always to be sauntering along the road at a snail's pace until the driver sees some people about to cross when he will at once say "C'up!" and urge his beast into a sharp trot. The driver will select one person who is about the middle of the crossing as the object of his attack. This is called the Cabman's First Charge.

When you are in a hurry to catch a train, the Cab-driver will always choose this occasion to explore what, at some time or other, may have occurred to him as the shortest possible route to the railway station in question. These streets, if not resulting in a "No Thoroughfare," or a *cul de sac*, will be so narrow as to render passing almost impossible, and, for this reason alone, will have been already selected, as the best road to anywhere or everywhere generally, by dray-carts, coal-waggons, and carrier's vans.

On a rainy night, after the theatre, it is a rule with all cabs to keep as much out of the way as possible, and make a favour of carrying anybody. On these occasions they look rather for quantity than quality, and would prefer leaving a Duchess out in the wet without an umbrella, to refusing to take a party of four as far as Camden Town.

CHANGE RINGING.—This ancient ceremony is practised on almost every shop-counter in London, the shopkeeper deciding by the ring of the change, whether he will take it or not. The customer will do exactly the same in return; and if you find that a bad shilling has been given you, threaten the shopkeeper with a Mint prosecution unless he immediately gives you a good florin down on the nail. The bad shilling being dangerous in his possession, pocket it. It may come in very usefully on several other occasions.

CHARING CROSS.—Originally the quarter where all the women resided who went out "charing." Here lived the celebrated Betsy Waring—

"My name's BETSY WARING,
What goes out a charing."

The old village of Charing was utterly destroyed during the battle of Trafalgar, which took place in its immediate vicinity, where Trafalgar Square, with the four Lions and NELSON's Monument now stand.

From Charing Cross all distances are measured, and in any dispute with a cabman, you have only to insist upon his driving back to Charing Cross, and measuring the road as he goes along. Of course you will wait till he returns, and equally, of course, he will do what you ask him.

CHARITY.—The Charity Commissioners sit from eleven till two every day at the Home (where Charity begins), Westminster. The Charity Commissioners hear appeals from other Courts, and are bound to take a charitable view of everything. They are waited on by Charity Boys and Charity Girls.

CHEAPSIDE.—The name speaks for itself, but the visitor to London must bear in mind that there are two sides to every question, and if one side is cheap, the other is cheaper. When he is done on one side, let him give the other a turn. Before the end of the day he will be done brown.

CHIMNEYS (see SWEEP).—There's no difficulty in finding one during the Derby week. Some Sweeps are bigger than others. Smoky chimneys may be cured like Hams.

CHOPS AND STEAKS.—For information on this subject you can't do better than buy a little book, published years ago, entitled *Behind the Grille*. Some of the best grills, perhaps, are near the Stock Exchange, so that members can go and get refreshment during the day as often as they like, and be always chopping and 'changing. Try the King's Head, City, the Criterion, Piccadilly, or "Cri," as it is briefly called—the "Cri is still they come!"—and the Holborn Restaurant, at which last-named establishment the steak is always "first chop."

THE MAY-FAIR KING.

(Abridged Edition.)

"Inspector DENNING was accordingly instructed to proceed to Folkestone to meet Mr. GRISSELL, but he thought it well to look into that gentleman's house in Mayfair prior to leaving town. There yesterday Mr. GRISSELL was found having luncheon with Mrs. GRISSELL and family. . . . Immediately the warrant ordering his removal to Newgate was made out, he was informed by Colonel FORRESTER that the House had decided that he was to be imprisoned in the City Prison. Mr. GRISSELL did not seem in the least surprised."—*Daily Paper*.

You may meet the tidal early, so nice and early, Sergeant dear,—
And, while you're scouring Folkestone, I'll be lunching quietly here;
For of dealing with my betters I've a candid handsome way,—
And I'll just try the Clock for a day, Sergeant; I'll just try the Clock for a day.

I thought Boulogne would do it, and meant to cut it fine;
But take it all in all, perhaps, WARD's was the safer line;
Though, as they're off on Friday—(a twenty-four hours' span)—
I think I'll just turn up, you see, and face them—like a man.

And so now you've got me tightly, got me tightly, Sergeant dear;
But where's the cabman driving to? What word is that I hear?
What! Take me off to Newgate in the maddest merriest way?—
Well, that only means quod for a day, Sergeant, that only means quod for a day!

TWO DISTINCT CLASSES.—The Aristocracy and the 'Arry-stocracy.

THE HEATHEN ZULUS.—An impi-ous lot.



A SEASONED VESSEL.

The Squire (engaging new Butler). "WELL, I DARE SAY YOU'LL DO; BUT LOOK HERE, RICHARDS, I MAY AS WELL WARN YOU THAT I OFTEN GET OUT OF TEMPER WITH MY SERVANTS, AND WHEN I DO, I LET 'EM HAVE IT HOT—MAKE USE OF DEVILISH STRONG LANGUAGE, YOU KNOW."

New Butler (with quiet dignity). "I HAVE BEEN ACCUSTOMED TO THAT, SIR, FROM MY LORD THE BISHOP!"

ST. STEPHEN'S-SUPER-MARE.

SCENE—A Bathing-Machine.

BENJAMIN and STAFFORD discovered stripping for a plunge.

Staffy. Oh, BEN! This is better than Westminster!

Ben. Yes.

Staffy. Phewh! Isn't it lovely at last to undress?

Ben. Ah, STAFFY, that stuffy old chamber had tried E'en your mildest of tempers.

Staffy (pomposo). I own it with pride.

I see it's no use. I must give it 'em hot.

I did put my foot down at last, did I not?

Ben (drily). Like an elephant.

Staffy (huffily). Humph! you're so deucedly chaffy.

The Times complimented me.

Ben. Never mind, STAFFY.

Leave zealots to mumble each dry party bone,
Let us go in a plunger for ease and ozone.

Staffy. Oh yes, like a bird, BEN. This sniff of the briny
Is stunningly scrumptious, golumptious, divine!

Ben (musingly). He

Is getting quite slangy with rapture!

Staffy (recklessly). I know it.

I don't care a puff for propriety. Blow it!

I'm in for a dip, and a deep one. Oh, jimminy!

None of your half-and-half, niminy-piminy,

Duffing hip-bath, and that sort of business for me!

No flopping and floundering fiddlededee!

A regular souse, eh, my BENJAMIN?

Ben (catching the contagion). Rather!

Pull away, Mr. Bathing-Man, take us out farther.

Staffy. Oh yes, Mr. P. Go on! Ever so far!!!

We like to be out of our depth.

Mr. Punch (significantly). Right you are!

But don't go it too risky, young fellows.

Staffy (confidently). No fear!

We are used to deep waters.

Ben (meditatively). And troubled ones.

Staffy. Hear!

But a lively cool plunge through this brine-scented foam
Is lumps better than constant hot-water at home.

So out you pull, PUNCHY, my pippin!

Mr. Punch. No doubt!

But take care that I don't have to pull you two out

In another sense, STAFFY.

Staffy. Oh stuff! We can swim.

I'm a regular porpoise myself. As for him!

Why BOYTON himself isn't in it with BEN

At keeping his head above water.

Mr. Punch (with much solemnity). Young men,

The brine's inebriety—

Staffy (impetuously). Oh, shut up that!

BEN, haven't you got a smart epigram pat

To bottle this blessed old buffer up sharp?

Ben. Hem! Please to remember, friend P., that your carp

Is not a sea-fish!

Mr. Punch (tolerantly). That joke's fishy, my lad.

Staffy. Get out! An impromptu as isn't half bad.

No lessons in holiday time, if you please.

Take us out now, and don't be a jolly old tease!

Mr. Punch. Well don't cross your tease, as you call him, so often,

And—well, at this season e'en Mentor must soften.

Staffy. Tormentor, you mean.

Mr. Punch. Oh, refrain, reckless wag!

Staffy. You've nagged me enough, now whip up t'other nag.

Take us out, take us out! I am mad to be in.

Ben. And I do like deep water.

Staffy. He's fish, all but fin,



ST. STEPHEN'S-SUPER-MARE.

MASTER B. "TAKE US OUT EVER SO FAR!—WE LIKE BEING OUT OF OUR DEPTHS!"

And I doubt if the ocean is deeper than he!

Mr. Punch. There are sly undercurrents—
Staffy. Oh! fiddle-de-dee!

We are both safe as houses.
Ben. More slang!

Staffy. My dear BENNY,
For Quintilian-plus-Priscian I care not one penny.
I'm busting with rapture that must find a vent.
Mr. Punch (genially). Well, there, plunge away to your hearts' full content!

(Left luxuriating.)

FRIENDS AT A DISTANCE.

(THIRD SERIES.—SUMMER.)

CHAPTER I.

Summery—Journey—Morning—Observations—Breakfast—Bill of Fare—Strawberries and Cream—Hercules—Scotch Farmer—Lunch—Three Courses—Difficulties—Dyspeptic—Lawn-Tennis.



SUMMARY of Journey—(which is the only thing Summery about it just now).—“Stands Scotland where it did?” Yes, certainly. Take the Midland Train from St. Pancras at 10:30 A.M., and you'll find it, without a change.

First Morning.—Lovely. Bracing air. View of islands, mountains, rivers, and Ben Somebody—not Disraeli—in the distance. The “Ben” something we're

looking at in the distance is a Big Ben with a vengeance.

Breakfast. Scotland is celebrated for its breakfasts. What will I have? Loch Fine haddocks, very fine haddocks, or Ayr trout, or Clyde salmon, or cold beef, or ham, or eggs poached, or ham and eggs, or eggs boiled, or bacon, or duck, or chicken curry, or broiled chicken, or some tongue, or some braised something, or kishadee?—and, of course, tea or coffee with plenty of cream, and shortbread cakes (hot), or rolls, or buttered toast, or toast unbuttered, or bread-and-butter cut ready to save trouble, or some peculiar Scotch cakes, and some jam or marmalade, and, to finish with, just some fine fresh strawberries and cream.

My breath is almost taken away by the *embarras des richesses*. It will be taken away entirely, if I only accept an eighth of the offers. Allow me to consider. Let me first observe to everyone that it is a lovely morning, and, as an apology for what I am about to receive, so appetising. Everyone agrees with me. I only hope every thing will agree with me as well as everybody. Coffee with hot milk and the thickest cream? Yes, please. Haddock, to begin with? Well—yes. And salmon broiled as the *lever du rideau*. To be followed by the comedy of Broiled Chicken, in three Acts. Act I., with an egg. Act II., without an egg. Act III., with a little curry, and a quotation *Curie! curie!* During the *entr'actes*, the toast-and-butter band will perform—(and what will the waistband be doing?)—and the whole to conclude with the laughable farce of Strawberries and Cream. That's my programme, or bill of fare.

What cream, what strawberries! Delicious, luscious, enormous. Scottish Queens. They're too big to be Skittish Queens. I had I confess no idea they were so enormous, until I had smashed them up, and got through half a plateful. I have undertaken a herculean task.

One of the Seven Labours of Hercules should have been to have eaten strawberries and cream. It is an expansive dish.

Happy Thought.—Must go in for lawn-tennis, or rather, must go out for lawn-tennis.

The game of lawn-tennis is a first-rate training for anyone going in for strawberries and cream.

Walk about. Have another look at Ben Lomond, or, as he keeps himself at a distance, and I am a stranger, it would be more respectful of me to speak of him as Benjamin Lomond. We look at castles in the distance—Castles in Ayr. Discuss the prospect of fine or wet weather. Talk to a Scotch farmer over the hedge. It is one thing to talk to a Scotch farmer over a hedge, and quite another for a Scotch farmer to talk to me. This reminds me of the riddle. “What's most like a cat looking out of window?” and so forth. I can't understand a word of what the Scotch farmer says to me, except when he says “What for no?” which seems to conclude his argument, whatever it may have been, to which I reply politely, by saying, “Yes, quite so,” and then I wish him good morning.

On our return from the summer-house, we again look at Benjamin Lomond, and discuss the weather and the crops.

The morning has passed very quickly.

Luncheon.—What will I have?—beef, ham, chicken, tongue, mayonnaise, lobster cutlets, pigeon-pie, salmi of duck, salad, green peas, French beans?—and, to follow, shall it be strawberry and currant tart, or currant fool with cream, or jelly with cream, or tipsy cake with cream, or champagne cup, or claret cup, or hock, and, to finish with, just a few strawberries and cream, some Scotch cake, and a glass or two of sherry?

I have three courses before me. More. Can I venture on strawberries and cream just to finish with? Yes. My host says it's only at first you feel the effect a bit when you're not accustomed to it.

Courage! Screw my courage to the sticking point. No doubt about the strawberries and cream being the sticking point. But shall I blench before strawberries and cream? No!—but I shall afterwards—probably. No matter. Nothing like dash when in action! *C'est magnifique! Mais ce n'est pas la guerre. A propos* of “dash,” perhaps just a dash of liqueur might—eh?

Another five minutes, and only an empty plate is before me. Regrets are vain. One cannot undo the past, but one can unbuckle one's waistband.

“Oh, horror!” as the librettist of an Italian Opera expresses it—“O unhappy one!”

For the first time I ascertain that the fool of a tailor has neglected his duty, and has omitted the waistband. The climate here is very bracing, but I want unbracing. I can only “let out” at the tailor.

I wish I hadn't taken that last big strawberry—the *tria-juncta-in-uno* one.

Mem.—It's the last straw-berry that breaks the camel's back. I must bask in the sunshine with a pipe. No lawn-tennis at present, thank you. Presently I'll cut in. “Never again with you, my Scottish Queen!” I mentally vow to the strawberries and cream. Then I add, “At all events, not for some time.” Feeling that this is rash, I reduce it to a determination not to take so many twice in one day: a few, and then without cream. I am already suffering from a sort of nightmare in the daytime, in a waking sleep.

It is my turn to play at lawn-tennis.

“Now, then!” shouts my partner, “you must run; as we've got to play the winners.”

Have we? As far as I'm concerned I shall not disturb their proud position. Fortunately, our lawn-tennis firm—our side I mean—consists of an active and a sleeping partner. The latter myself.

At Lawn-Tennis.—The game is a series of surprises—chiefly to myself. My first uncertainty is to whether I shall hit over the net, or not. If I do send it over the net, the next uncertainty is to whether it will fall into the right court. I serve. *Ich dien.* Bless the Prince of WALES.

Surprise the First.—It is over the net.

I feel that I have done my duty, and finished for the day. This excitement is not shared by my partner, or the opposition firm.

Surprise the Second.—Return of the ball. I hit at it wildly.

Surprise the Third.—I have hit it.

Still greater Surprise.—Everyone cries out “Bravo! Fine stroke!” I smile knowingly, and feel inclined to bow in polite acknowledgment. I suppose I've scored something, but no one makes any remark on the subject; and while I am thinking whether I shall run the risk of exposing my utter ignorance of the game by asking anything about it, the ball is flying about. I didn't even know we had begun again. I make a dash at it—

Surprise again.—Hit it, and up it goes over a tree—miles away, apparently,—perhaps to Benjamin Lomond. Ironical cheers. I explain that “I hadn't an idea I'd hit it so hard,” and I examine the racket, as though the fault, somehow or other, was in that.

“The other side!” says my partner; and I find that we have got into a fresh game, or that I've wandered out of my court. Ought I to stop always in one court? Will ask afterwards. I wonder how the game is? Are we winning, or are they? If I knew how the scoring went, I should feel more interest in the game. If I could only get excited about it, I could forget the strawberries and cream, and run. As it is, I do not feel excited, and do not forget the strawberries and cream, and I don't run.

My partner is running about, playing capitally; I, as the reserve force, am waiting, as it were, to be called out.



CHEERING!

First Artist (on a Pedestrian Tour). "CAN YOU TELL WHICH IS THE BEST INN IN BACONHURST?"

Rustic (bewildered). "DUNNO."

Second Artist (tired). "BUT WE CAN GET BEDS THERE, I SUPPOSE? WHERE DO TRAVELLERS GENERALLY GO?"

Rustic. "GO TO THE UNION MOOSTLY!"

I flourish my bat, just to keep up some excitement, and say, "Well played!" in praise of the other side's performance. Except for the look of the thing—by "the thing" I mean the racket in my hand—I might be an impartial spectator who has stepped into the court quite by accident. I am doing no good, and very little harm. I am an armed neutrality, practising masterly inactivity.

My partner is working away tremendously—he is gasping. I wonder whether he has been hitting balls that I ought to have taken? He has just made a splendid hit from the furthest end of his court, and I am watching his performance with unbounded admiration, when he cries to me, I think, "Now take it!" and I become aware of a ball jumping up, quite playfully, just in front of me. I make for it. Too late. I only hit the ground. Ironical cheers from the gallery on the lawn. Partner angry.

"You might have hit *that*," he says.

I explain, humbly, that I thought it was *his* ball.

"What do I mean by *my* ball?" he wants to know, testily; and, before I can further explain my theory (which I find is peculiar to myself), of each person having his own court and not interfering with the other's, he cries out, "The other side!" and I find that I am just in his way when he is about to serve.

The other side, relying on my still remaining the sleeping partner, send me what every one calls "a nasty one."

Immense surprise—I take it, and return it. Great success. I feel, all in a moment, that I shall never be able to do it again, and devoutly hope it won't be returned. Just to give me breathing time.

It is not returned. Thank goodness. I have breathing time, and, so to speak, I breathe again. My partner is pleased. I think we've won the game. No; it's "Deuce." Now what the deuce is deuce?

One of our opponents is called away, and a young Lady—a quiet-looking young Lady—takes her place. She has to serve to me.

Now I shall have a chance. She will probably send an easy one. I prepare to receive an easy one. I am in attitude (there's a good in attitude), and she hits. I run forward. The ball is not over yet. Fault.

I am walking a few steps backwards, quite leisurely, so as to replace myself, when, without any cry of "Play!"—it's so unfair not to cry "Play!"—she has served!

Surprise.—The ball comes at me. It is no longer a ball—it is an invisible something, whirling like a rifle-bullet through the air! Whizz!—I hit out vaguely and spasmodically. Roars of laughter from the gallery on the lawn. Bravo! "Eh? where is it?" I want to know. My next question is, "Wasn't it out?" Not a bit of it. I dread the time when I shall have to stand up again before that young Lady. It is some comfort to be told afterwards that she is one of the best players in the county.

Wishing to be deeply interested in the game, I ask what the score is, when my partner replies, "Vantage to us." I say, "Oh indeed!" and haven't an idea what he means. I shall find out. But why on earth can't this sort of game be scored simply like "fives"? Why can't the game be fifteen, the players who are "in" to score, their opponents trying to put them out, and no "fault" to be allowed to the "game ball"? I am meditating on this, when my partner shouts out something, —the ball arrives at my toes. I make some extraordinary gymnastic effort, and hit my chin with my bat. How, I don't know. It came up like a spoon.

Happy Thought.—New name for novel, *Cometh up like a Spoon*. To be followed by *Goeth down like a Strawberry*.

"You thought you were taking some more strawberries and cream," observes my partner, sarcastically. We have lost the game. More than that, we have lost the set.

Last Surprise.—The set! We've played a set! Don't like to ask "How many go to a set?" I fancy I hear someone say that our opponents won five games out of six. Which did we win? The first, I think.

Hostess politely asks me if I will play again. With a great show of self-denial, I say, "Oh no, let somebody else take my place." Offer accepted at once.

"Now," I hear some one remark, "we shall have a good game." I light a cigar, and join the gallery on the lawn.

'ARRY ON THE ROAD.



EAR CHARLIE,
BIN at it again. Oh, I *ham*
sech a 'ot 'un all round!
If there is any fun to the fore,
you 'll find 'ARRY all there,
I 'll be bound.
'Twas the River last week,
you 'll remember; this time,
my dear boy, it's the Road.
Lor! I tumbles to every fresh
fakement as easy as go and
be blowed.

'Twas a bit of a bean-feast,
yer see, and our lot tooled
it down in a drag.
Four-in-hands is the fashion
jest now with the pick of
Society's bag.

Our Toffs has bin took with a taste to turn hammytoor Jarvies—rum
fad!—
And a meet of the C.C.'s a picter as swell as can easy be 'ad.

I often trots down to the Park for a twig when they muster, my boy.
Sech Toppers a-tooling sech teams is a thing every Gent must enjoy.
And then the fine females! Oh, CHARLIE, a Marcherness mounting
the box
Is a 'eavenly sight, and no error, to blokes as 'ain't Radical blocks.

We wosn't quite up to *that* form, but *we* 'ad a most nobby turn-out;
Sech cattle, my pippin!—four greys; and our Whip, though a little
bit stout,
Wos as clever a card as you'd drop on, he 'andled the ribbings to
rights,
And to see him negotiate corners was one of the loveliest sights.

I know a good 'oss when I see one; it isn't for nothing, old chump,
As I 'se parted so free to the Coachies, and artfully put on the pump.
Lor, the wrinkles and tips I 'ave landed a-'bussing it to and from
town!
Though them tuppenny smokes do run up when one's funds is a little
bit down.

'Bus-drivers is nuts on havanners and partial to goes of rum 'ot;
But it's wuth it, my boy, yus, it's wuth it, to know to a morrel
wot's wot.
There's few of the pints of smart cattle but wot I am fly to at once,
And a Briton as ain't a bit 'ossy I holds is a mug and a dunce.

I 'ad the box-seat, mate, oh, trust me! I squared that like pie with
our Whip,
Which he gave me the tip confidential-like over our very fust nip.
Says he, "You're like B. AND M.'s Matches—you *strikes* on the box,
Mate, you do."
And he gives a sly crook with his elber, and doubled hisself nigh in two.

That's a way as most Coachies 'ave got, you might think they wos
took pooty bad;
But it's merely purfessional, CHARLIE. Oh! wosn't them other
chaps mad
When they twigged 'ow he spotted yours truly? He give me the
ribbings to 'old,
While TOM BLOGG, who declares he drives tandem, wos simply left
out in the cold.

Then the 'orn-tootling, CHARLIE! Oh, scissors! jest didn't we give
'em tantivy?
To the wrath and disgust, I 'll lay tuppence, of many a drowsy old
mivvey.
We all 'ad a turn coming 'ome, and the gruntings, the wheezings,
and shrieks,
Must 'ave given the road such a rouser it won't be forgotten for
weeks.

Row? Noosance? Oh, nonsense! Wot's that to a chap when he's
out for a game?
I 'ave knowed most respectable buffers to do the hidentical same.
Wy, I spotted a lot of old gents tooling 'ome t'other night from the
"Ship,"
And a-busting their cheeks in a style as seemed nuts to their smart-
looking Whip.

Ours said I'd a lip, and no error. I know it got thundering sore.
Coach-'orns is a little bit brassy, and orkurdy small in the bore.
But cave in and cut it? Not me! No, I jest blew away like old
boots,
While the driver, my mouth being busy, obligingly blew my cheroots.

TOMMY swore he was kidding me proper—*me*, CHARLIE! I like the
idear.
But two 'ours of continual bellows do make a chap dizzy and queer.

Leastways I suppose it was that as perdoosed sech a rummy effect, That at last things got rayther mixed up, and the finish I can't recollect.

But I know that it came on to rain, and next morning I woke looking pale, With a lump on my lip, and my face all streaked green with the dye from my veil. There was six cigar-ends in my pocket—don't fancy I smoked quite so many— Two corks, and a big white bone button, a threepenny-bit, and a penny.

I started that day with two quid; so it piled pooty stiffish, dear boy, Still I 'old with the Four-in-hand Clubbers that Coaching's the sport to enjoy.

It's fun and good form all in one like, and when sech top-ropes yer can carry,

Who cares if it does come expensive? Not
Yours everlastingly, 'ARRY.

A HUNDRED AND TWICE-TOLD TALES.

(A Story for the Silly Season.)



THE Waiting-room was crowded. All the passengers had missed their trains and were ready for conversation. For a few minutes there was a very Babel of sounds, and then a Gentleman, dressed in a cheap suit of dittos and a wide-awake, by sheer force of lungs claimed the attention of the company.

"You really must attend to me," he shouted, and then finding that he had the ears of the meeting, he continued in a lower voice. "It is absolutely necessary that you, nay, all the world, should hear the story of my adventures. A fortnight ago I went to a hotel in Belgium, where I stayed one night—only one night. I had some eggs (a couple, and not too fresh), with my tea, the same meal for my breakfast, and I occupied a small bedroom on the third floor. And, what

do you think! They actually 'had the impudence to send me in a bill with a total of five francs fifty centimes!"

There was a murmur of horror, and then a gushing young bride, with a little blush, lifted up her voice.

"I cannot help feeling that it will interest you and many more to learn where EDWIN and I went for our honeymoon. We are not very rich, so we were not able to go very far. We started from London *via* Folkestone and Boulogne to Paris, where we saw the principal sights. We then went to Geneva and took a boat to Ouchy. We came back and got to Lucerne, and went up the Righi in a railway. And then we saw Interlaken, and returned to Paris, getting to London once more *via* Boulogne and Folkestone. It was the first time we had been on the Continent, and we enjoyed ourselves thoroughly."

This little narrative was exceedingly well received by the assembled company, and then a portly clergyman continued the conversation.

"I think it only just that you and others should learn the result of my investigations for the last twenty years of the manners and customs of the common house-fly. I have noticed that the common house-fly loves to hover about a window, doubtless attracted to the glass by the light. At night-time the common house-fly will fix upon curtains and ceilings, remaining for hours in the same place until the morning. I could tell you a great deal more about the common house-fly were I not fearful of wearying you. Under these circumstances I will reserve what I may have to say or write upon the subject to a future opportunity."

The clergyman had scarcely finished his little lecture when an elderly gentleman, in blue spectacles, hurriedly addressed the meeting.

"I really think that you and the public generally should know that I have frequently heard the nightingales singing in a lane immediately in rear of my garden wall."

This announcement was very well received, and then a lady of masculine appearance continued the conference.

"I wish to make the following plain statement of facts. On Tuesday last I had occasion to take an omnibus from a London suburb to the Bank. In a journey of not more, at the outside, than five miles, we stopped to take up or put down passengers no less than nineteen times! I may add that the seat of the conveyance was hard, and the straw with which the floor was strewn was at least two days old. These facts speak for themselves, and require on my part no further commentary."

The lady of masculine appearance had scarcely relapsed into silence when three portly gentlemen sprang to their feet at one and the same time.

"I took a train yesterday," said the first, "and it arrived five minutes after its time! Disgraceful!"

"I took another," exclaimed the second, "which reached the terminus a quarter of an hour late! Scandalous!"

"And I another," shouted the third, "which never arrived at all! We were forced to change carriages at the Junction! Infamous!"

"What you have all said is exceedingly interesting," observed the gentleman in the cheap suit of dittos and the wide-awake, who had been the first speaker, "and I strongly advise you to follow my example, and to send long letters about the matters you have mentioned for publication to the leading newspapers."

And they all did!

CONVICTION BY CHANCE.

SCENE—A *Withdrawing Room* adjoining a *Court of Justice*. *Jurymen retired to consider their Verdict.*

Foreman. Well, Gentlemen, 'twon't be no good for we to go on talkin'. 'Tis clear we can't possible convince one another that way, so as for to agree on our werdict. Six for guilty, and 'arf-a-dozen for not guilty, 'adn't we best toss up?

Second Jurymen (doubtfully). Would that be doing exactly right?

Foreman. Wy not? We're twelve, ain't we? Very well. Wosn't there another twelve once, and wen one of 'em 'ung 'is self, didn't the 'leven survivors draw lots 'oo should fill up the wacanoy? Wot's the difference 'tween drawin lots and tossin' up? and 'ow can we do wrong if we goes by the 'Porsales?

Second Jurymen. They couldn't do better than draw lots in their circumstances?

Foreman. No more can't we, in ourn.

Second Jurymen. Well, I don't know; but I seem to fancy we could. Being equally divided amongst ourselves, isn't that equivalent to having a reasonable doubt? and oughtn't we to give the prisoner the benefit of it?

Third Jurymen. Oh, bother, that's refining too much. Let's toss up. Toss up, and trust to Providence.

Foreman. Are all on you agreed to that, Gentlemen?

The Rest. Agreed!

Foreman. What shall it be, then? Best two out of three, or sudden death?

Second Jurymen. Wouldn't sudden death, in a question of death or life, be a little too summary?

Third Jurymen. What's the odds? We can't stay here argyfyin' all day; and I wants my dinner.

The Rest. Toss up—toss up; let's toss.

Foreman. Now, then. (*Produces a copper coin.*) Best two out of three. Guilty, 'eds; Not Guilty, tails. (*Skies copper.*) 'Eds!

Third Jurymen. Heads it is.

Foreman. 'Ere goes again. Tails!

Third Jurymen. 'Tis woman.

Fourth Jurymen. Of course, you muff! Wot else but woman could yer 'ave with a Queen's 'ed on a 'apeny?

Third Jurymen. Go it, once more.

Foreman. Now for the finisher. (*Tosses the third time.*) 'Eds! Guilty! Is that your werdict?

The Rest. Unanimous.

Fourth Jurymen. *Non compos.*

Third Jurymen. But seeing after all 'twas a toss-up, suppose we recommend the prisoner to mercy, Gentlemen?

Foreman. That's it. That'll 'it it orf exactly. Guilty, but recommended to mercy.

[*Exeunt into Court to deliver their Verdict, whilst Curtain falls.*]

A DOUBTFUL COMPLIMENT.

"SIR GARNET WOLSELEY, SORT," said a gallant Irish Officer, "was the man to send to the Cape. Bedad, that GARNET is a Cg Diamond."

MARY ANNER TRANSMOGRIFIED.

"Lord LYTON has issued a minute on the subject of the education provided for the children of poor Europeans and Eurasians in India, from which some hints, which might be useful nearer home, might advantageously be borrowed. . . . Lord LYTON writes that 'the daughters of Europeans and Eurasians of the humblest classes are frequently taught so-called accomplishments which are worse than useless to them.' . . . Identically the same state of things goes on in England. . . . One consequence is that it is almost impossible to procure domestic servants. Our housemaids are all lady-helps nowadays; brazen-faced hussies, who cannot cook a chop or darn a stocking, scrub a floor or keep a door-step in order, can talk theatrical criticism, and are wise in the study of fashion-plates. . . . What we lack is the raw material of strong men and women, not a company for the revival of *High Life Below Stairs*."—*Standard*.



EAR SUSAN JANE,
WHEN you've per-
roosed the rubbish above
written,
Aperypo of some remarks
on Ingya by Lord LY-
TON,

I make no doubt your lips
will curl with horty
scorn, as mine did.
It's just amazing how
folks' minds by prejudice
is blinded!

You know, of course, that
I lately I've gone in for
education,
Which lost me!—such is
jealousy!—my latest
situation.

No doubt 'twas gall for
Missis BROWN, a reglar
stuck-up Tartar,
To find her daughter beat
by me in fingering a
Sonatar.

And why not, SUE? Is
genius a thing of rank
or station?
(Though a retired dry-
salter's wife ain't no
great elevation)

Perish the thought a thousand times! No! Education's benison
Can't be confined to "Norman blood"—for which see Mr. TENNYSON.

It's all the Nobs's narsty spite as makes 'em so insult yer.
But, SUE, I've riz above sech ways since I went in for culture.
Do parties think our souls is dust, our hands bot fit for dusting?
That door-steps is our destiny? It's really too disgusting!

Hussies, indeed! The eppythet is *infry digmytaters*.
Such Billingsgate is only used by coarse and vulgar naters.
A housemaid—how I hates the name!—who's proud and self-respective,
Would scorn for to demean 'erself to such low-born invective.

Sweetness and light may bless the lot of the most 'umblest Christian,
While a purse-proud drysalter's wife may be a mere Philistian.
I often soars to brighter speres whilst scrubbing floors or stitching—
Oh why should snobs in parlours sniff at culture in the kitching?

What Ingya's got to do with it is what I fails to hit on.
We're not black niggers I should 'ope, not yet, my dear Lord LYTON.
No, no; we are ground down enough with work, low wage, and worry,
But not so low as your poor brutes as lives on rice and curry.

The cry is, "No accomplishments for Servants!" Highy-tighty!
And why not, I should like to ask, good Mr. High-and-Mighty?
If a 'ousemaid's got a horgan—which my upper C's a buster!—
Why call her "hussy" 'cos she shows a soul above her duster?

And as for the Theayter, SUE, why, next to Art and Fashion,
I certny must admit the Play is my pertikler passion.
High Life Below Stairs? Not a bit? I'm no such vulgar shammer.
'Igh Hart and the Hintense is what I looks for in the Drammer.

They talks about our "spere of life," them orty hupper suckles.
Ah, SUE! becos we're smutty-nosed, or red about the knuckles,
That ain't no reason why our souls should be sech ones to grovel,
As not to thrill at Coop's woes or WEEDEE's last new novel.

They wants to keep us down, dear SUE. Sech princerples is foodle.
These ain't the Middling Ages, though, and no uplifted noodle
Shall keep me from attending Plays, or larning the peyanner,
Or marrying—but that's tellings, dear.

Yours trooly,

MARY ANNER.

CAVEAT CAVAGNARI.

"This advice was significant, and its acceptance may probably be taken to indicate the completion of a change in the attitude of the AMEER towards the Government of India. YAKOOR KHAN has despatched a courteous reply to General KAUFMANN, in which he has suggested that for the future any communications, complimentary or otherwise, from Russia or Russian agents, should be sent through the Indian Viceroy."—*Times*.

It being quite impossible to exaggerate the importance of this diplomatic triumph, as bearing directly on the stability and security of our Indian Empire, it is with the greatest satisfaction that Mr. Punch publishes the first instalment of an intercepted correspondence evidently not intended for the eye of the British Viceroy.

From the General commanding the Forces of His Imperial Majesty the Czar of all the Russias to His Serene and Exalted Highness the Ameer of Afghanistan.

On the Amu Darya,
Dog Days, 1879 (Old Style).

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR SERENE HIGHNESS,

I HAVE received your last esteemed communication, inquiring after the health of my August Master, the Great White Czar, inclosing cheque for commissions, and asking me whether I can give you a good recipe for a cheap and wholesome batter pudding, and I have much pleasure in replying to your Serene Highness as under.

I am happy to inform you that my August Master is as well as can be expected in this unusually damp weather, and, spite of a nasty little influenza, which he hopes to shake off as soon as he can get away from the Winter Palace, is, as we say on the Upper Oxus, tolerably "fit."

With regard to the Commissions, I have endeavoured, I trust successfully, to meet your Serene Highnesses' taste, and I shall be glad to hear that the fifty dozen of damaged strawberry-jam, the three-and-sixpenny magic lantern, box of conjuring tricks, bathing machine, and pink ulster have given your Serene Highness every satisfaction.

And now permit me, on behalf of the great Potentate I have the honour to represent, to offer you, as a testimony of the friendship which it is his earnest endeavour to prove to you, one dozen of the best boot-blackening, a highly-trained hyæna, a set of paper collars, and—last, not least—a handsome second-hand mechanical piano, on which he has had arranged, with august condescension, an entirely new and original composition of his own. This little effort he trusts your Serene Highness will accept and adopt as the future National Anthem of your country. It is simple, majestic, solemn, and, when once heard, not easily forgotten, and is entitled "*My Grandfather's Clock*."

Appended is the recipe for the batter-putting (a Russian one), which I trust your Serene Highness will find serviceable.

Taking this opportunity of enclosing your Serene Highness a summons and a couple of suspicious-looking envelopes that have been waiting "to be forwarded" to you at this Station for some time,

I am, with every expression of profound esteem,
Your Serene Highness's respectful Servant,
THE GENERAL IN COMMAND.

The enclosures, consisting of a County Court summons for the price of a pair of imitation epaulettes, an advertising circular of a new hair-dye, a threatening letter from a firm of solicitors at Smolensk, and the offer of a lucrative engagement from the proprietor of a Music-hall on the Lower Danube—though all of them highly significant documents from a Central Asian point of view, Mr. Punch does not think it incumbent on him to publish in *extenso*. It is enough for him to have shown how well-grounded has been the "Russian terror" of those gentlemen who have all along clamoured for a "scientific frontier"—and something more. Mr. Punch trusts he has done this.

ARMY CLOTHING.

CAPTAIN CAREY has been honourably absolved of an unfounded sentence. Uniform for Members of a blundering Court-Martial—Muf(t)ti.

RELATIVE PUNISHMENT.—Quod.

NEPTUNE TO THE NEW LIGHT.

Neptunus de profundis loquitur :—

'Tis meant to foil my tantrums, and I know it.

How soon though I could scare the biggest pot of 'em
With a big storm! I will not though; no, blow it!

'Twould disappoint the Nobs, a well-filled yacht of 'em.

Play Polyphemus to their "Galatea"?

No, that were not a genial idea!

Down winds, and waves flow smoothly for awhile,

Let the Prince ply the trowel, place the bottle;

I'll show 'em Neptune on his boys can smile;

I'd cheer, but that the brine makes hoarse my throttle.

They gave it mouth though bravely. That's the style!

Prince, Duke, Swell Tar, M.P.—a motley tattle!

With a red-hooded Doctor of Divinity,

And the whole Corporation of the Trinity.

Well, man loves ceremonial and full dress,

And can't hold celebrations without shouting;

URIOUS race, these Islanders, but tough;

Given to fuss, yet brave, and not soon beaten!

I've nursed 'em in a fashion stern and rough,

As is the sea they've fixed their white-wall'd
seat on;

And yet they seem to like their grandsire gruff.

It has stood well, this tower of sturdy SMEATON;

And now two Princes place a well-squared steady
stone

As the beginning of a brand-new Eddystone.

I balked 'em once, for fun, now let 'em go it,
Prince, Duke, Peer, Admiral, the whole swell
lot of 'em.

I don't mind drinking to their task's success.

I'll test it, though; and when my winds are flouting

The pile's broad base, and my wild winds' fierce stress

Is on it, and storm floods are pelting, spouting,

Let's hope the tower may boast a long survival,

And DOUGLAS prove old SMEATON's worthy rival.

Winks to the Wise.

THE Conservative Government may be popular at present, but they have spent a mint of money, and—"Wait till they present the Bill." So, virtually, said Mr. GLADSTONE, the other day, to the Liberal Electors of Chester. At the coming Election, it may be hoped that our WILLIAM himself, in the character of a candidate, will also present a BILL, and that the Bill will be truly honoured by a British Constituency in returning, otherwise than a British Grand Jury returns, a true BILL.



A "POSITION" IN PRACTICE.

HOW A DOUBT SUDDENLY OCCURRED TO A NOTED WIMBLEDON PRIZE-WINNER (WHO HAD VOLUNTEERED FOR ZULULAND) AS TO THE ADVANTAGES OF THE "BACK-POSITION" IN ACTUAL WARFARE!

HAPPY-THOUGHT GUIDE TO LONDON.

(Being a Dickens of a Dickshunary for the use of Visitors to the Metropolis.)

CHRISTY COLLECTION.—This Collection never performs out of St. James's Hall. Here Moore's Melodies—Black-a-Moore's Melodies—may be heard twice daily. London is the place, *par excellence*, for Blacks. The London Blacks are also to be found, in the finest weather, on various race-courses and on the sands. Londoners are supposed, as the seaside lodging-house keepers say, to "bring 'em with 'em."

CITY COMPANIES.—The City is as celebrated for its Companies, as the Aldermen are for their corporations. In giving any history of the former, it is impossible to observe the rule of "Present Companies always excepted." These Bodies possess considerable landed property in various parts of Great Britain and Ireland, consisting of woods, meadows, moors, streets, lanes, and "park-like estates." These generally are known as "Company Manors." A City man may be known by his Company. Every Company confers certain invaluable privileges on its members in return for certain duties.

The Apothecaries' Company.—Election by ballot. When the voting is against a candidate, he is said to be "pilled." When elected, he is "draughted" into the Company. The daily regimen observed by the members is settled, every week, at Doctors' Commons. Members are bound by oath to take, once a month, whatever the Council may prescribe, and walk so many came-miles a day. On State occasions they appear in the old court-plaster costume, their hair being Seidlitz-powdered. Anyone who can claim Gold Beater's kin is entitled to a pension. The founder of the Company was DIACKYLUS or DIACHULUS, who came over with JULIUS CÆSAR. There is a statue in their hall *Ad Diachylum* which is not shown to everybody. You, as a visitor, can ask to see it, as you're not everybody. The Apothecaries have to see to the health of the Livery of the City, after every banquet, free of charge. Motto—"Experientia dose it."

Bakers' Company.—President, the Master of the Rolls. Miss

THOMPSON, the Artist who painted the celebrated "*Roll-Call*," was at once elected an honorary member. Only the Upper Crust of the City belongs to this Company. It was founded in the time of OLIVER CRUMBWELL. The pensioners of the Company, who do no work, are styled "Loafers," and, according to their pension, "Twopenny Loafers," "Quartern Loafers," &c.

Curriers' Company.—For making curries. Motto—"Ain't it 'ot!"

Dyers' Company.—A charitable Guild, which assisted the people when in a dyer state of distress. Motto—"Il faut mourir."

Fishmongers' Company.—Net profits immense. No Government inspection of accounts permitted by virtue of an old charter, which is illustrated by the arms of the Company—a hand pulling at a line, at the end of which is a hook fastened into the jaws of a gigantic fish. Legend—"Draw a Weil."

The Founders' Company.—An opposition to Lloyd's Shipping Insurance. The work of the Company is to provide crews for the foundering of vessels. "Founders' Day" is kept with great solemnity. Motto—"All in the Downs."

The Gunmakers' Company.—We have not yet heard their annual reports, which are made chiefly during this and the next two months. For details, read the *Hyde Park Powder Magazine* for September. Motto—"Pop goes the Weasel."

The Joiners' Company.—The Joiners' Company provide marriage licences. These licences are renewable every year, with gun licences, but do not extend to breach-of-promise loaders. Motto—"Time and Tied."

The Mercers' Company.—This is short for The *Im-mersers*. This Company provides all the bathing-machines and bathing-women for the coast. Motto—"Deus ex machinâ."

The Pewterers' Company.—Modern form of abbreviation for the *Pew-terrors*. This Company provided the female pew-openers for all the City Churches. The Company is not so rich as it was formerly. Motto—"Non piu mesta."

The Salters' Company.—Another more modern Ecclesiastical Company for providing Psalters. The present spelling is a novelty. There are the Dry-Psalters, or Psalters without music; but most of them are noted. Motto—"He's altered."

The Skinners' Company.—Associated with the Sharpers' Company. Their members "skin the lamb" at race meetings. The Three-Card Trick, and all tricks with cards are taught at the Skinners' College from ten to four daily. Motto—"Paz."

The Watermen is a Temperance Company in opposition to *The Vintners*; *The Lightermen* do not admit any member who cannot walk eight stone two, or ride seven; *The Glovers' Company* is always at sixes and sevens; *The Horners* are perpetually in a dilemma. This latter was founded by the celebrated, too self-complacent JOHN HORNER, who, though cornered, made a "plum."

There are many other Companies, including *The Loriners* (whose name clearly speaks for itself), *The Turners* (which as a political society is ready for anything), and *The Upholders*, which is a self-supporting society.

COUNTRY THOUGHTS.



CENE—A Farm-house remote from railways, stations, towns, telegraphs, co-operative stores, and "the busy hum of men" (but not of bees). *Landscape*—wild. *Population*—thinly scattered. *Weather*—more than dubious.

Characters.—Pater, Mater, and children, pilgrims from a "towered" city, for the benefit of country air, quiet, and diet, and a little fishing.

Does it rain?
(*The first thing in the morning.*)
How's the Glass?

The Butcher has never sent the leg of lamb?
No home-made bread—only Baker's! He calls twice a week.
What time does the post come?
Is it going to clear?
Where's the wind?
What o'clock is it?
What time do we dine?
Where are the Umbrellas and Waterproofs?
Is the Pony all right again?
When will the Waggonette come back from being repaired?
Are your drains in good order?
What a poor fruit-garden!
Will it be fine?
Will there be a flood?
Are there any letters this morning?
Will the Rector and his wife call upon us?
Will there be a School Feast, or a Flower Show, or a Band of Hope Festival, or an Odd Fellows' Anniversary, or a Temperance Demonstration, or a Cricket Match, or a Church re-opening, while we are here?
Surely it will not be wet on Sunday!
Will the children fall into the well, or get lost, or be stung, or be kicked by the horses, or run at by the cows?
Will the pimpernels be open or shut this morning?
How that dog did howl last night!
What's the time?
Will dinner be punctual?
We've forgotten to bring the Croquet set with us!
When will the stream be fit for fishing?
What shall we do if the children are taken ill, for the Doctor lives five miles off?
Do the Swallows fly high or low?
When are the Cows milked?
They only churn occasionally!
We cannot have any Poultry until the end of next week!
Does it look any brighter?
Who's got the paper?
That mischievous boy has broken the top joint of my rod!

Why did we not bring more books?

Will HORACE TAYLOR send us a hamper of grouse this year, and in what condition will the birds be by the time they arrive at this outlandish place?

Have you rats?

A Garden-roller—what capital exercise!

How beautiful is the flower of the common domestic potato! How well it would look in crewels!

Can we hire a Perambulator?

What a disagreeable smell! Oh, that's from the brickfield!

How much may be endured for the sake of broad beans and bacon!

How long is it to supper-time?

I wish they could let us have a little more cream.

Will it ever leave off raining? (*The last thing at night.*)

IN THE NAME OF THE PROPHET—LAW!

SCENE—Westminster Hall. Anxious Client, attended by Lawyer's Clerk, discovered waiting outside one of the Courts of Law.

Anxious Client. Are you sure that my case comes on to-day? You see it has been put off so many times, that—

Lawyer's Clerk (cheerily). It's all right, Sir. Run it to earth this time.

Anxious Client. And you have got all the papers?

Lawyer's Clerk (showing bag). As safe as the wig of the Lord Chancellor, Sir.

Anxious Client. I am sorry that none of your principals could attend.

Lawyer's Clerk. Utterly impossible, Sir. You see Mr. KOSTS is engaged on a Divorce Suit, and Mr. FOLIO is in the middle of that Shipping Inquiry. But you will find I will pull you through, Sir, right enough.

Anxious Client. But you are rather young.

Lawyer's Clerk. That's a fault, Sir, that will mend in the course of ages. By the way, Sir, I went to a Music Hall last night, and saw—

Anxious Client. Pardon me, but I am so nervous about my action, that I can think and speak of nothing else.

Lawyer's Clerk. Oh, it's all right, Sir. The trespass can be as clearly proved as—

Anxious Client. Trespass! My case has nothing to do with trespass!

Lawyer's Clerk. Hasn't it, Sir! Never mind; I have got it all in the bag. Don't you be bothered, Sir. We will pull you through.

Anxious Client. You ought to, I am sure. I have seen the Counsel half-a-dozen times, and explained the matter over and over again. He said it was very intricate, but that he was safe to get a verdict for me.

Lawyer's Clerk. Ah, did he? Well, he ought to know, Sir. Who was he?

Anxious Client. Why, Mr. WHIGBLOCK, Q.C. Do you mean to say you are not expecting him?

Lawyer's Clerk. Oh, it will be all right, Sir. I rather thought he was in the Divorce case—but there, it's sure to be all right.

Anxious Client. Why I have retained him for the last twelve months! If he does not represent me, Sir, I am a ruined man! I tell you, Sir, a ruined man!

Lawyer's Clerk. Oh, it's sure to be all right, Sir. We always put WHIGBLOCK into our big things. That's why I thought he might be in the Divorce case. Now don't bother yourself any more, Sir.

Anxious Client. Not bother myself! Why, the fate of my wife and innocent children depend upon our gaining our cause. If we lose our verdict we are beggars, Sir—beggars!

Lawyer's Clerk (yawning). All right, Sir,—we will pull you through. Halloa, there's Old FOODLE! Why, I thought he had retired years ago. He's the greatest muddler at the Bar,—regular muff, Sir!

Mr. Foodle (approaching Lawyer's Clerk). Hem! ha! to be sure! You come from Messrs. COSTS AND FOLIO—eh?

Lawyer's Clerk. Yes, Sir.

Mr. Foodle. Hem! ha! to be sure! Eh? Let's see, let's see, let's see! Hem! ha! to be sure! Mr. WHIGBLOCK is in a case of yours, eh?

Lawyer's Clerk. In several of our cases, Sir.

Mr. Foodle. Hem! ha! to be sure! But, dear me, dear me, dear me! Haven't you a client who is interested in an estate near Muddlebury—something to do with a railway or a ferry, or something or other of that sort, eh?

Anxious Client. Why, that's my case, Sir! As Mr. WHIGBLOCK would tell you—

Mr. Foodle. Hem! ha! to be sure! Glad to meet you. The fact is, Mr. WHIGBLOCK is occupied elsewhere—yes, occupied elsewhere,—and—hem! ha! to be sure! he has asked me to take his brief!

Anxious Client. Good gracious! Mr. WHIGBLOCK not coming!
Mr. Foodle. Hem! ha! to be sure! No, no, no. He finds it impossible. Dear me, dear me, dear me! I think you are the plaintiff in this matter?

Anxious Client. No, Sir! The Defendant! (Almost stupefied with despair.) And Mr. WHIGBLOCK is not coming!

Mr. Foodle. No, no, no! Sorry I have no more time for consultation. Should like to have heard what you had to say about the matter. Hem! ha! to be sure! Doubtless shall pick it up as we go on. (To Lawyer's Clerk.) You have got all the papers?

Lawyer's Clerk. Yes, Sir. (Aside.) Rather rough upon the poor old chap to put it in FOODLE's hands. (Aloud, to Anxious Client.) This way, Sir. They are waiting for us!

[*Exeunt the Dramatis Personæ into Court to obtain a verdict.*]

BATHYBIUS.

(A Ballad of the British Association.)



BATHYBIUS, of all names! Bathybius, who's he?
 A Bathybius that dwells in the depths of the sea.
Bathybius Haeckelii, by HUXLEY so named,
 After HAECKEL, philosopher, protogen-famed;

Protogen, Protoplasm, both the same appellations
 With "a little"—*Fluellen* would say—"variations."
 Your Bathybius is Protoplasm, lying outspread,
 A glaire smeared on the surface of Ocean's deep bed;

Protoplasm, living substance, primordial slime
 Out of which have grown all things organic, in time,
 So they say, and left part of that primitive stuff,
 It would seem, like Bathybius, much more than enough.

Or does Protoplasm still living creatures produce?
 Does Bathybius, in that kind, perform any use?
 Or constitute only a species of meat
 For the fish and marine animalcules to eat?

Does Bathybius, who's fished up in lumps from below,
 At the bottom of Ocean continue to grow;
 By absorption of food does Bathybius increase?
 Is he subject in part to decay and decease?

To Bathybius though HUXLEY stands sponsor and Sam,
 Certain other Philosophers count him a sham,
 A secretion, or product of some kind or sort,
 An impostor, a duffer—a humbug, in short.

Never mind; the Professor who gave him his name,
 In his bantling, Bathybius, believes all the same,
 And professes the hope that his doubtful young friend
 Will a credit turn out to himself in the end.

You may say that Bathybius in company dwells
 With the Sea Nymphs, and Tritons whose trumpets were shells,
 And old Neptune, things mythical; that may be true.
 But Bathybius, for all that, be not a myth too.

FROM THE MOORS.

Sportsman. Much rain, DONALD?

Donald. A bit soft. Just wet a' day, wi' showers between.

PAINTING THE LILY!

THE Benchers of the Temple have been recently employing their leisure in "improving" the pretty *jet d'eau* that used to adorn Garden Court. Instead of a circular Italian fountain, in keeping with its classical surroundings, there now exists (to quote Sir GEORGE BOWYER) "a high and heavy piece of New Road pottery, from which the water flows." Moreover, the basin has been enclosed by an unsightly square iron rail, which completely spoils the grace of its curve.

Mr. Punch begs to suggest a few other alterations which are likely to meet with the approbation of the reformers. From this list he excepts the last, which, however, is more likely to be popular with the public than all the rest put together:—

The Thames Embankment.—The trunks of the trees to be painted yellow, and the lamp-posts decorated with faded artificial flowers.

St. Paul's Cathedral.—Half-a-dozen chimneys in red brick (Elizabethan period) to be added to the dome.

Trafalgar Square.—The paws of the lions at the base of NELSON's Column to be converted into drinking-fountains, and the Statue of CHARLES THE FIRST to be beheaded.

Albert Memorial.—To be whitewashed. The groups of marble to be painted chocolate, picked out with black.

The Marble Arch.—To be increased in size with the aid of a wood framework and some roughly-painted canvas.

Westminster Abbey.—The windows to be filled in with red brick, and the towers to be gilded.

The Crystal Palace.—The glass to be stuccoed, and coloured pink. And, lastly, the Benchers' Chambers in the Temple to be painted green, and labelled "Hanwell Asylum, Branch Establishment."

TO THE TIMID TOURIST.

(A Seasonable Hint.)

SIR,—In these days, when to "make hay while the sun shines" is to perform that operation in five minutes, and when the length of a holiday can only be "between the showers," one of the pleasantest trips is by the L. C. and D. line to Dover, thence by the *Calais-Douvres* to Calais, run on by train to Boulogne, and so back next day, unless it's your Saturday to Monday, with Sunday, like the Queen's Proctor, "intervening." The Timid Tourist who takes this outing—an out-and-out outing—may paraphrase the lines in *Alice in Wonderland's* "Jabberwock," and say of himself—

"O happy day!
Le Douvres-Calais!"
 He chortled in his joy!

And it's a great thing to be able to chortle for forty-eight hours, or for twenty-four, or for even four out of the twenty. "One who Suffers" gives this hint, and when he can chortle about a sea-passage, it must be a good one. As regards this particular outing, the initials of the L. C. and D. route might stand for "Let's Come and Do it."

Yours truly,

LE MARQUIS DE MALDEMER.

NO POPERY AMONGST PAUPERS.

THE sympathy of Mr. BUMBLE has been awakened by a report in a paper to the effect that a meeting of the Cardiff Board of Guardians broke up, the other day, in disorder, the result of an angry discussion, occasioned by a communication from the Local Government Board confirming the appointment of a nurse, whom they objected to because she was a Roman Catholic. In this respect, their behaviour, Mr. BUMBLE is disgusted to observe, has been ascribed to bigotry; as if, in objecting to a nurse on the ground of religion, the parochial mind of any respectable body of Poor Law Guardians could ever possibly be actuated by any consideration whatsoever for any such contemptible trifles as paupers' souls. The reason why they disapproved of admitting a nurse on account of her being a Roman Catholic, was because they were afraid that, as such, she would be very likely to perform the duties of her office after the manner of a Sister of Charity, in a precious deal too mild and gentle and lenient a way to be a fit and proper attendant on the vile and vicious inmates of a Union Workhouse.

NO COMPARISON.

QUEEN RANAVOLONA, Sovereign of Madagascar, has addressed an edict to her subjects, exhorting them to send their children duly to school. There appear to be minds sane enough to be susceptible of education even in Madagascar. That is the best answer to the question—What Island is like Bedlam?



PIC-NICS.

IF THE SUN WERE NOT BROILING, AND THE SAND DIDN'T GET INTO THE SALAD, AND THE ROCKS WERE SOFT AND SMOOTH, AND THERE WERE NO HORNETS, AND ONE HADN'T TO GO THREE-QUARTERS OF A MILE FOR WATER, WHAT A TAME AFFAIR A PIC-NIC WOULD BE!

"A CHIP OF THE OLD BLOCK!"

KHEDIVE JUNIOR, *loquitur* :—

ALLAH! Bismillah! Bother them, I say,
Those brand-new Frankish boots. Take them away!
Toe-pinching torture is not to my fancy
To-day.

I much prefer my banished Sire's old slippers
To those new-fangled Infidel toe-nippers.
I won't be pinched to please those graspy, greedy
Bond-grippers.

Take them away! They may be all the go
In Paris, London, but the Egyptian toe
Has not a Chinese beauty's squeezability,
Ah, no!

Talk of Egyptian bondage? If the Giaour
Can bear such pedal stricture for an hour,
The dog must be as tough, or as elastic,
As dour.

Tight-fits may suit the West, 'tis Eastern use
To wear our garments, like our morals, loose.
He who courts corns and bunions must be truly
A goose.

Aha! They're sweetly sold, those sons of Sheitan,
Who thought my Sire's son into fits to frighten,
Wishing my purse-strings, like my loose *pantoufles*,
To tighten.

Blundering botchers! Cobblers void of skill!
Think they to bend the stubborn Orient will?
Their boots boot nothing, and their labour's issue
Is nil!

I hope they like Egyptian darkness. Dogs!
Floundering about 'midst our financial fogs.
They find the Egyptian donkey does not gallop—
It jogs!

Son *vice* Sire displaced! Oho! what fun!
The Giaour discovers 'tis "like sire like son."
ISMAIL, thou art avenged, and those who wronged thee
Are done!

Ah, Allah! I could dance with sheer delight.
The family slippers fit me—oh! yes, quite.
Slave, take those boots, and tell the Franks I find 'em
Too tight!

[*Left performing a pas seul en pantoufles.*]

Bismarck and Banting.

A MORNING contemporary supplies the following information with respect to

"PRINCE BISMARCK.—It is stated in Berlin that one result of the stay of PRINCE BISMARCK at Kissingen has been a considerable reduction of his weight and bulk."

Of his bulk, perhaps; and it may be none the worse for the Great Chancellor that his shadow is less than it was. But his weight apparently remains, in European politics, at least, as great as ever.

A Country Sell.

Native Joker (dissembling). It's been very fine here for the last week.

Tourist (who has been kept in by the showers, indignantly). What's been very fine here?

Native. The rain. Very fine rain.

[*Exit Native Joker, hur-*



“A CHIP OF THE OLD BLOCK!”

KHEDIVE JUNIOR (*log.*). “TAKE-’EM AWAY—TAKE ’EM AWAY! NONE OF THEIR TIGHT EUROPEAN BOOTS FOR ME! THEY MAY SAY WHAT THEY LIKE—I MEAN TO STICK TO MY FATHER’S SLIPPERS!!”

FRIENDS AT A DISTANCE.

(THIRD SERIES.—SUMMER.)

CHAPTER II.



SECOND Day—More
Cream—Cakes—
Proverbial—
Shortbread—
Names—Lunch
—Party—Tennis
—Life—Living
—Sleeping—
Book—Third
Day—A change
—Care—Mac-
duff—Two emi-
nent individuals
—Weather signs
—remarkable—
Forecasts—
Friends—Points
of interest—Re-
petition—Ben
and Robbie—
Hearthstone—
Views—Night.

BREAKFAST as
before. Luncheon
as before. More
strawberries and
more cream. Also
cakes. I forgot
that this is the

Land of Cakes. I shall not forget it again in a hurry. In fact, there's no chance of being in a hurry, after the cakes and the shortbread. Why "short-bread?" Because it's what they call "eats short"—but lasts long. However, it is short and sweet—shortbread and sweetbread all in one. Somehow Shortbread sounds like an upholsterer's firm. No; that's SHOOLBRED.

We commence the day with a walk to the summer-house, to see if Ben Lomond hasn't disappeared during the night; and on our return we say, "There's BURRNS'S Monument." This is a sort of religious duty. After this we can play till lunch.

At lunch a party. After lunch it increases, like many other parties do after lunch. I feel inclined to "join the Gallery," and watch the lawn-tennis.

Too many strawberries and cream spoil the tennis-player.

Excellent exercise. Difficult to watch. Difficult to score. At present I am bothered by "deuce" and "vantage."

Watching first-rate players is a cause of great comfort to me. They miss. They sky the balls over trees. They hit their chins. They fail to send 'em always over the net. In fact, the better the play the less the hitting, the quicker the scoring, and the shorter the game.

The best players get themselves into very absurd attitudes. As one of the Gallery, I am immensely amused. I find I know just enough of the game to be a critic. I see clearly what everyone ought to have done.

Having played once, I say to myself, "He played no more that day"—which is a quotation adapted; and I think that half-an-hour's meditation on a sofa, or in an easy-chair, with a book, and one's eyes shut, would refresh me considerably before dinner. "Do so, BARKINS," I do so.

At dinner, more cream with fruit tart.

After dinner, more strawberries and cream. Last night of strawberries and cream. Feel a little heavy. "There was the weight that pulled me down, O CROMWELL." Also quotation. After a course of strawberries and cream, I shan't be much "pulled down," O CROMWELL! By the way, did SHAKESPEARE think that CROMWELL was an Irishman, when he made WOLSEY address him as "O CROMWELL"? (Note for Shakspearian Society.)

After a short game of billiards, I retire to my room.

Take up a book—*Is Life worth Living?* by MALLOCK. That is the question—"Is life worth living?" Interesting subject. In the middle of the first chapter, I think I certainly won't eat any more strawberries and cream. Every additional spoonful of strawberries and cream weakens the power of resistance in the will. No; strengthens it, I should imagine, for, after a while, there's no more will—it must result in a most determined "won't."

The "Positivist School" wish to show that Life possesses an intrinsic happiness which makes it worth living for its own sake.

Hum!—let me see. Tremendous breakfast in the morning, pipe at the right time, lawn-tennis, driving, riding, strolling, great garden always open, shooting, luncheon, lawn-tennis, &c., *da capo*—dinner,

champagne, claret *au choix*—billiards, music, toddy, bed . . . "Is life worth living?"

Happy Thought.—"Is Life worth Living" depends on the Liver. Sum this up, and suggest it to Mr. MALLOCK with my compliments.

"Is Life worth Living?" I don't know. I'll go to bed.

I read Mr. MALLOCK'S admirable work in bed—that is, four pages of it. I begin to meditate on some of his problems. Don't think much of Professor HUXLEY. He shuts his eyes to facts . . . So will I . . .

Is Sleep worth sleeping? Yes.

Third Day.—Morning. No strawberries and cream, thank you. Shortbread? No, thank you, not this morning, Baker. Will I stroll out and—"See Ben Lomond and BURRNS'S Monument"?

Yes, with a pipe. Not a bag-pipe, but a 'bacey-pipe—a baggy-pipe. Scotch joke, registered. "Lay on, Macduff," which was a good tip of Macbeth's, as Macduff beat him, and anyone laying on Macduff would have won. But to our stroll.

I am in the country of two celebrated individuals, ROBBIE BURNS—pronounced "BURRNS"—and Ben Lomond. I am perpetually being reminded of BURNS, and somebody is always pointing out Ben Lomond. When we can't see Ben Lomond, we are contented with a view of BURRNS'S Monument, at ten or fifteen miles' distance. When it is too hazy to see either, we guess at the spot where each would be if we could see it.

In the morning. Examine glass. Glass going up, but rain coming down. Weather forecasts in this country appear to be, if rainy in the morning it's safe to clear up afterwards; but when "afterwards" may be is a trifle vague.

Weather signs, as far as I can gather from natives, are peculiar. When you see a fly lying down in a dusty road, it's a sure sign of rain. A dog barking all night is another sure sign. When a cock crows in the daytime, it will rain before night. When you hear a clock strike ten very clearly, it's a sure sign of rain. When you can't see Ben Lomond fifty miles off, it's rain to a certainty. When you can see it most distinctly, there's no doubt about it going to be bad weather. When there's a mist about BURRNS'S Monument, it's sure to be going to rain. When the cows get up, and stand about in a field, it's an infallible sure sign of rain; also when they lie down under a tree. The appearance of midges and flies in numbers, betoken a change in the weather for the worse; if the midges bite and the flies sting so as to drive everyone wild, it will rain before morning to a dead certainty; and the only promise of fine weather is when it's pouring, or when it's thundering and light'ning, or when there's a drizzle, or a dense mist. Under these last conditions the glass rises, and everyone is hopeful. But when the weather is fine, and the sun shining, then we all go about examining the weathercocks, looking at BURNS'S Monument, and shaking our heads at Benjamin Lomond in a nervous, anxious manner; for when it is a down-pour we know the worst, and hope for the best, but when we get the best, we know that any change must be for the worse.

After breakfast my host suggests walking up to the summer-house. By all means. He takes glasses with him, as if we were going to the races. When at the summer-house, he adjusts the glasses, and scrutinises the details of the country as carefully as though trying to detect unfriendly Zulus concealed behind the hay-cocks in the mealy-clover-fields. I watch him anxiously. He is looking about for somebody or something. I am silent. Presently he smiles with joy. "There he is!" he cries. "You can see him!" And he hands the glass to me.

"See whom?" I ask.

"Ben Lomond," is the answer. "There he is!" And he directs my sight towards the spot.

Yes, there is Ben Lomond—a "Big Ben" of Scotland. I shouldn't have picked him out as a celebrity at this distance, if he hadn't been pointed out to me. [Happy Thought. Good subject for a "Celebrities at Home" paper—"Ben Lomond chez lui."]

"Can't see him very clearly to-day," says my host, with a tinge of melancholy in his voice, as though he were afraid that Ben Lomond had got tired of Scotland, and had left the place quietly during the night. "'Fraid there's going to be a change in the weather!"

I return him the glasses, and he has another look at Ben Lomond, to ascertain if he really is there. He is. He hasn't gone away.

Then, with an attempt at getting up some fictitious excitement in Ben, I ask for the glasses again, as I want to have another look at him.

This pleases my host, I am sure, who is fond of Ben, as a sort of pet to be shown to guests.

"He looks well," I remark.

"Yes, he does," says my host, much gratified, as if the thriving condition of Ben Lomond was due to his peculiar system of feeding him.

"What's his height?" I ask, in a tone implying the deepest interest in Ben, as one might express for a tall lad who was outgrowing his strength.

My host is a little hurt by the question, for it turns out that Ben



THE AGRICULTURAL INTEREST.

Landlord (to Tenant who had given up Farming at the end of his Lease, to await better times). "WELL, JACKSON, HOW DO YOU LIKE LIVING ON YOUR CAPITAL?"

Farmer. "NOT TOO WELL, MY LORD; BUT I FIND IT CHEAPER THAN LETTING YOU LIVE ON IT!"

Lomond—his Ben—is not by any means the tallest in Scotland, there being at least three other Bens above him. However, Ben turns out to be about three thousand two hundred feet, and, as I am as pleased with this estimate as I should have been had I heard he was twenty thousand, the smile returns to my host's countenance, and he takes another look at Ben through the glasses with an anxious expression, as if he were making quite sure that he had not done Ben an injustice by understating his height—perhaps leaving out one of his numerous feet.

"No," he murmurs, more to himself than to me, as he lowers the glass—"that's it. Yes; he's about three thousand two hundred feet." He says this in a decided tone, as the result of his having just measured him with his eye, and he returns the glasses to their case.

We go back to the house. On the terrace he points out a spire in the distance, visible to the naked eye—BURRENS'S Monument. We see it too clearly. Sign of rain.

Luncheon.—Several guests. Elderly Gentleman asks me if I've been in these parts before? No, never.

We walk out together afterwards,—that is, the Elderly Gentleman and myself. He takes

me apart, and, as if he were going to tell me a secret. We light a cigar, and walk up the plantation. He is evidently bursting to impart some confidence to me. Perhaps a scandal about our neighbours. I do not notice that we have entered on the path that leads to the summer-house. He has been asking me all the way along whether I know this person and that person. Evidently a scandalous story coming, which will be most amusing.

We stop at the summer-house.

He takes my arm. His manner becomes most confidential. I didn't catch his name when he was introduced, but I have a vague idea that his name was something like HEARTHSTONE; but I do not risk it. I don't address him as HEARTHSTONE; I only think of him as HEARTHSTONE. Being a Scotchman, of course he is *The* HEARTHSTONE of Hearthstone, and none other genuine.

HEARTHSTONE of Hearthstone takes my arm and draws me to the side of the summer-house. "He's going to tell me—I feel sure of it—of some awful crime committed on this spot,—a legend, with a scandal and a ghost in it."

"Yes," he begins, slowly, and I am all attention—"where we are standing—"

"Yes," I say, encouragingly, catching his tone.

"Where we are standing," he continues, "you can just see—between those two trees right in front of us—"

"Yes," I reply, nodding my head at the trees just a few feet from us, which probably mark the spot where some dreadful deed was committed.

"Well—between those trees," he goes on deliberately, and now raising his right hand, slowly, and shading his eyes, and once more I am all attention—"yes—between those two trees—straight before you—"

"Yes—"

"Well—that's Ben Lomond!"

I feel as if I had been awfully sold. I look at him, to see if he is in earnest. He is—terribly in earnest.

Not liking to hurt his feelings, I say, "Yes, I see it." Then I add, presently, "I saw it this morning."

"Ah!" he says, not a bit chagrined or disappointed. "Of course ALLISON showed it you."

"Yes, he did."

We return. HEARTHSTONE of Hearthstone leads the conversation on to various topics, chiefly sporting, and all interesting as novelties. Before reaching the house he stops, as though he were a pointer on the track, and, after a brief pause, observes in rather a subdued tone, as though uncertain as to how I am going to take the remark,

"You can see BURRENS'S Monument from here. There it is."

I reply, "Yes, there it is."

"Ah!" he returns, quite cheerfully, "ALLISON will have showed it you this morning."

Yes; my host did show it me this morning.

HEARTHSTONE of Hearthstone is satisfied. Dinner. We are all satisfied.

We stroll out.

A lovely night when the stars shine bright, and the moon sheds her light, &c., &c., when, in fact, everything is conducive to poetry, specially a good digestion as a basis, and I am standing on the terrace—as we all are—smoking. The others are chatting, and I am silent. I am thinking of the starry firmament, of "Is life worth living?" of strawberries and cream, and other sublime subjects, when a voice exclaims,



MAGNANIMITY MAY DEGENERATE INTO WEAKNESS.

BROWN'S BULLDOG FLIES AT A STRAPPING YOUNG FOREIGNER, WHO CALLS FOR MONEY (FOR THE GERMAN BAND). BROWN ACTUALLY HOLDS HIS DOG BACK!

"By Jove! I didn't think it was possible!"

All are startled. What is it? A gathering of the Clans? A descent of the Highlanders on the Lowlanders? An explosion of a cask of whiskey?

No. The speaker is a JOHNSTONE of Johnstone; and I inquire anxiously what may be the matter.

"Oh, nothing," he replies. "Only—if you stand exactly *here*—and I move from my place, and take some pains to place myself exactly there—

"Well?" I ask, expecting an *Aurora borealis*, or something marvellous.

"Well," he goes on, extending his right arm, "by this light you can just see—Ben Lomond."

"Ah! Yes. Thank you. Very interesting." Only if I look at Ben again, I'm— But no matter.

Carriages. Guests depart. Host sees me up to my room. Everything comfortable. Quite. He goes to the window. The blind is up. He shakes his head sadly.

"Going to rain to-morrow?" I ask, cheerily.

"No," he replies, "I don't think so."

Then why shake his head so despondently? Well, he had told them to give me another room—not this.

"Anything the matter with this?" I inquire.

"Oh, no, it's all right," he returns. "Only"—he adds, regretfully—"you can't see Ben Lomond from the window. Good night." And he retires.

[Happy Thought.—Then it's a bad look-out for Ben Lomond.]

I open *Is Life worth Living?* Commence reading. Knock at door. "Come in!" My host's head appears. He has quite forgotten to tell me that my window commands a splendid view of BURRERS'S Monument. Oh! Much obliged to him. Good night. I shall dream of Ben Lomond and the Monument.

EFFECT OF A RECENT STORM.

THE tempest blew away tiles off the roofs of houses, and turned the tiles into projec-tiles.

WARDS FOR THE WEALTHY.

THERE are very many persons, who, in reply to the question, "How do you do?" might too truly reply, "Very ill," and yet be also correctly describable as "well-to-do." With reference to this class of people, Sir RUTHERFORD ALCOCK, writing on "Hospitals for the Middle Classes," announces that the Treasurer and Governors of St. Thomas's Hospital contemplate making arrangements to set aside certain wards for the reception of paying patients, and suggests that this example should be followed in time by Guy's, Bartholomew's, and ultimately by all other hospitals, general and special. Wanted, in the meanwhile, hospital accommodation for persons doing well enough to be able to pay for it, and ill enough to stand in need of it. At present the Hospital does well only to those that do ill as to estate as well as in body; but its benefits yet remain to be extended to ill-doers of the better sort than those others, as doing ill in health alone, but being, in point of pecuniary circumstances, better off.

Summer and Autumn.

"SUMMER," cried in a splendid Brogue, MURPHY, "we'd none; And before it has ended Here's Autumn begun!"

"'Tis high time I should go," Said the Swift to the Swallow; Which bird answered, "I trow When you flit I shall follow."

INTEMPERATE WEATHER.—Beery, Heavy Wet, and "Muggy."

BIOLOGICAL QUERIES.

DR. ALLMAN, President of the British Association, delivered to that body, at Sheffield, an address on the Basis of Biology, which may have been instructive to a philosopher, whilst intelligible to a young lady. Many a scientific lecturer evinces lucid intervals only; but Dr. ALLMAN in his discourse maintained an uniform lucidity. Some of his interesting statements were suggestive of questions none of which were asked by any of his hearers.

He said that plants as well as animals could be narcotised by chloroform and by ether, and that in the state of insensibility thus induced on them, their organic functions are mostly suspended. Has alcohol also a characteristic effect upon plants? Will it intoxicate them? Will it make any plant whatever drunk and incapable? Drunk and disorderly, perhaps, it can hardly render any mere plant, howsoever a wild one; or even any zoophyte.

Dr. ALLMAN explained that irritability is one thing, and consciousness is another. No doubt. But is it possible for an old gentleman, for instance, to be irritable without being conscious of his irritability?

Are we quite sure that the irritability of plants is unaccompanied by consciousness? Have the *Drosera* and other carnivorous plants no appetite for the insects they eat? Ought cucumbers and cabbages to be cut under anaesthetics, and when they are not, is the gardener chargeable with cruelty to vegetables? And should not a Society be instituted for the prevention thereof?

Waste and Woodland.

FROM a Parliamentary report on the forests in Cyprus lately published, it appears that, under Turkish mismanagement, there had so long been going on such a great and grievous waste of timber in that Island, that there are few if any. The Government is expected to take immediate action, in order, as soon as possible, to replace the Cyprus trees. There is no reason why they should not begin to plant away speedily, for the Massacre of the Innocents has by no means cleared their Nursery grounds.

A GREAT PAROCHIAL STORM.



H, MR. EDITOR!

WHENEVER there comes a big storm, there are two or three gentlemen who at once write off to the *Times*, just as if it had rained, hailed, thundered, and lightened for them alone. They always seem to think that they have been on the very spot where the storm was at its worst, and yet, after all, they never tell of more than an inch or so of rain falling. In our part of the country we do not think much of an inch, I can tell you. Why, I have often had it knee-deep in the dip in the road by my house, and yet I have never written to the Editor of the *Times*. However, the parish I live in is as good as any other parish—for a particular breed of Berkshire hogs I would back it against all England—and therefore it is high time that it should get into the newspaper, for indeed we did have a storm here on Saturday week. Were our good Parson living I would get him to write, but he has been dead these five weeks, and they have not had time as yet to appoint another. I suppose they have been too busy getting in their hay. I am, however, the next best thing to the parson, for I was his Warden, and have lived here, man and boy, fifty years come next grass. Now, Sir, what I want you people in London to understand is this. The worst part of this storm was in this here parish. In fact it was the most parochial storm I have known in my time, and I know as much about parish matters as most people. Following the example of the good folk who write to the papers, I have kept a kind of diary-like of the storm, which may be you will care to print. If so, you are welcome to it, for I don't see that if I keep it, it will be of any good to me, and so you may as well have it. Here it is:—

Diary of the Great Parochial Storm of the night of Saturday, August 2nd, 1879.

Five o'clock in the Evening.—I had my tea, with a Yarmouth bloater for a relish.

5'30.—I smoked a pipe. A jackass began to bray and the Squire's peacocks to scream. "Depend upon it," said I to my wife, "we are going to have a storm to-night;" for those animals do not make noises for nothing. It is not in reason that they should.

6'30.—Neighbour STOKES came in, and I said to him, "Mark my words. We are in for a storm to-night." He said it was not in the forecasts in the newspapers. I said, "Blow the forecasts and the newspapers too. My jackass does not bray for nothing, no more does the Squire's peacock."

8'0.—I sat down to supper, and made as hearty a meal as ever I have in my life. Heaven be praised for it!

9'0.—It began to lighten, and I turned to my wife and to Neighbour STOKES, who had stayed to supper, and said, "There! I told you so. I knew how it would be!"

9'30.—We had a glass of something hot to comfort us, and I smoked another pipe. The storm grew worse.

10.—Neighbour STOKES set off home through as heavy a rain as ever I have seen. However, it served him right for trusting those forecasts.

10'15.—As there was nothing to be got by sitting up, I went to bed, and slept soundly till next morning.

Sunday, August 3rd.

8.—Up and out before breakfast to look about me. Met Neighbour STOKES, and asked him whether I hadn't been right, after all? Met Mr. JONES, the curate, and told him as how I had told Neighbour STOKES and my wife that I knew there was a storm coming. Mr. JONES said that in all the years he was in the College of Oxford he had never seen such lightning. This will show how bad it was, for he is a very great scholar, and knows, they say, double Greek. It had thundered so much, he said, that he had not been able to write his sermon, and so would have to preach an old one. I told him there was nothing wonderful in that, for I knew that all the milk in the parish must have been turned sour, and so it was not to be looked for that anyone could write a sermon on such a night as that.

11.—Neighbours coming to church told me of a sight of mischief that had been done. A litter of pigs had been drowned. Three barrels of beer turned sour, not to mention the milk. An old shed had had the roof taken clean off. An old woman living in a hut near the Common had been awakened by the water coming in at the back-door, and had passed the night on the table. Another old woman coming home late had had the lightning playing about her umbrella for a quarter of an hour together. But I have not patience to go through half the things I heard; besides, the bell left off ringing as they were telling me about what had happened to the Squire's new hayrick, and, being Warden, I had to hurry into the vestry, only just in time to march into church behind the Curate.

There ends my Diary of the Great Parochial Storm so far as it goes.

Perhaps some day, when I have got the corn in, I shall have time to finish it, when you shall have the rest, should you like it.

I am, Mr. Editor, your obedient Servant,

JOHN WEATHERWISE,

Fieldton, August 8th, 1879.

Farmer and Churchwarden.

A TRIBUTE AND A TROUBLE.

WHAT will Mr. TRACY TURNERELLI do with the "Tribute," as he calls the Wreath, which, instead of encircling the brow it was designed to decorate, hangs upon his hands, and whereby he declares himself a heavy loser? He public-spiritedly offers to "hand it over to one of our great national museums, to be preserved in perpetuity as a specimen of English goldsmith's work of the Nineteenth Century," and proposes that, "to carry out this purpose, a suitable and costly case should be procured;" at a cost of about £100, at which it would be considered, perhaps, a case of cost at least costly enough. This cost, however, he seems to imagine might possibly be defrayed by subscription; and he hopes to be reimbursed for the expenses he has contracted in getting the Tribute up, "but this" he leaves "to the generosity of the British Public." He will be happy to receive communications on this matter. Very likely.

Being, as he says, out of pocket by the "Tribute," and that "Tribute," a Wreath of gold, having been thrown back in his face, couldn't Mr. TRACY TURNERELLI, by leave of his subscribers, pocket the affront?

Then he might still, perhaps, be enabled appropriately to carry out the purpose of handing the "Tribute" over to a great national museum, by disposing of it to the representatives of Madame TUSSAUD. Clearly the most suitable place for it in all England would be the popular Collection in Baker Street; where, having himself also been added in wax, Mr. TRACY TURNERELLI might remain in perpetuity—his effigy posed in the act of crowning Lord BEAconsfield with the tributary Wreath for ever.

Cookery and Culture.

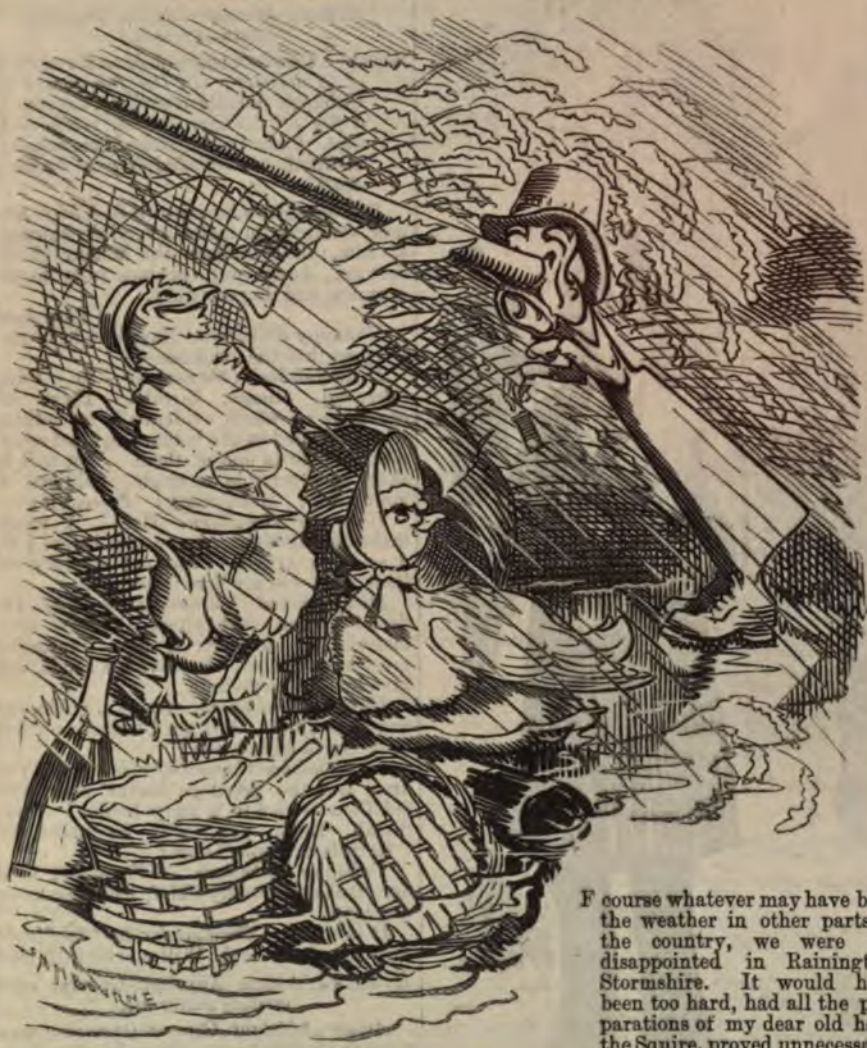
To "English epicures" whose ideas of liver as a luxury for the table are limited to calf's liver and bacon, the following extract from a column of advertisements in the *Times*, may be somewhat interesting:—

CUISINIÈRE FRANCAISE, pas moins de 30 livres. Age thirty-five. Bonne référence Anglaise. &c., &c.

This *Cuisinière* may be very well worth full thirty *livres* sterling, and is perhaps up to more in cookery than so many ways of cooking liver, or of cooking so many different livers. Her skill as to livers probably exceeds her knowledge of *livers*, although perhaps she may carry the contents of no end of cookery-books in her head.

SHOOTING ON THE FIRST.

(A Suggestion for a Chapter in the next Sporting Novel.)



Of course whatever may have been the weather in other parts of the country, we were not disappointed in Rainington, Stormshire. It would have been too hard, had all the preparations of my dear old host, the Squire, proved unnecessary. But no, a glance through the

window in the early morn showed that all was right. It was pelting as it had pelted for weeks past. We were in for a regular wet day. Had it cleared up at the last moment it would not have mattered, as for miles round I could see nothing but a level sheet of water.

Thoroughly pleased, I put on my waterproofs, with a jaunty air. I took the greater care with my toilette, as I knew that LOTTIE was waiting to greet me in the breakfast-room.

"How well you look," exclaimed the dear girl, as I hurried into her presence. Why, you only want a helmet to be the very image of the diver at the Polytechnic!"

Without any loss of modesty, I may admit, that the compliment was not undeserved. We had scarcely time to exchange any further greeting, when HAROLD and his father appeared at the breakfast table. They, too, were fully prepared to brave, if not the battle, at least the storm.

After a hearty meal, we got into the boat that had been pushed up beneath the window. The head keeper was in attendance, with half-a-dozen umbrellas; and a Newfoundland had been added to our dogs.

"He's so fond of the water!" exclaimed the Squire, "and will be of the greatest assistance to the retriever."

After kissing my hand to LOTTIE, who watched us as we disappeared through the drizzling rain, I seized an oar, and pulled bow to HAROLD's stroke. The boat made rapid progress.

"Take care, my lads," sang out the cheery old Squire, who was steering. "We have passed the carriage road, and should be somewhere in the avenue by this time. Can you feel any branches?"

We replied in the negative, but had scarcely time to answer, before bump went the boat against some masonry.

"What's that?" asked the Squire, turning to the keeper.

"Well, Sir, I don't rightly know, but if you give me your glasses, I think I may find out. You see all this here water be very confusing. It can't be the church spire, because I know the weathercock ain't yet covered, and— Why, to be sure! What a fool I am! It's the top of the chimney of the West Lodge!"

And so it proved to be. To make a long story a short one, we had about as good sport as

our neighbours. We once thought we saw a rabbit floating on a hurdle, but did not get near enough to verify our supposition.

"And now, lads, for lunch," cried the Squire. "LOTTIE will be waiting for us on the barge moored to the top of the haystack. I have got a little surprise for you, that I think will please you. We won't let the rain beat us. For years past we have lunched under the haystack, and we will lunch there to-day."

The dear old Squire! So profuse in his hospitality, so luxurious in his arrangements! I don't believe it would have occurred to any other man. But, certainly, it was very pleasant. As we got to the barge, we saw the men at the air-pumps, and everything in readiness.

"Now, off we go!" was the cry, and the Squire, HAROLD, LOTTIE, myself, and the lunch, in a twinkling, were fifteen feet under the water!

We could not speak much in the diving-bell; but, you may be sure, LOTTIE and I exchanged a thousand glances. In the afternoon, however, we had some excitement. LOTTIE had gone home, and we had visited every likely spot in search of the birds, but, evidently, the weather was too bad for even partridges to be out in.

"Come, my lads," said the Squire, turning to the beaters, who had followed us in a punt. "We ought to be near the river. Who's for a swim? You may kick up something."

In a moment, half a dozen boys and men were diving in the water. Suddenly the tail of the pointer stiffened.

"Mark!" cried the keeper.

A gleam—a loud report—and a splash.

"I think I hit something," I said, as I removed the empty cartridge from the barrel of my still smoking breechloader.

The retrievers and the Newfoundland dashed into the water, and came back to the boat burdened with the spoil.

A few hours later, I was standing in the library talking to LOTTIE.

"I am afraid you have had bad sport," said the fair girl. "I suppose you have added nothing to the larder. And yet you might have got something for me, Sir."

This was said with a charming pout. I hurried from the room, and returned triumphantly with the contents of my game bag.

"Nothing for you, darling!" I cried. "Why, you know I would give my life for you! But see, I have not forgotten you. Pray accept this trifle as a memento of my never-dying devotion." And I laid at the feet of my loved one—a salmon!

A Bull for Spain.

It is rumoured that on the occasion of King ALPHONSO's second marriage, DON CARLOS will accept the title of "Infant," with a large pension, and finally relinquish all claim to the throne of Spain. If this satisfactory conclusion to Civil War beyond the Pyrenees is reached, the Ex-Pretender, having laid down his sword, will still have to pay for his railway ticket. Clothed with his new dignity, it will yet be inaccurate to describe his Royal Highness as an "Infant—in arms."

A MYSTERY EXPLAINED.

Mr. Punch (after reading a recent Gazette). Can you tell me, my good British Public, the meaning of the letters G.C.B.? British Public (promptly). To be sure—Great Cape Blunderer!



"SOLD!"

School-Board Inquisitor. "GOOD MORNING, COACHMAN. YOUR NAME IS PROSSER, I BELIEVE! HAVE YOU ANY CHILDREN—BOYS OR GIRLS?"

Old Groom (assuming intense meekness). "YES, SIR; AT YOUR SERVICE, SIR. YES, SIR, TWO GIRLS, SIR—"

School-Board Inquisitor. "DO THEY GO TO SCHOOL?"

Old Groom. "SCHOOL, SIR? NOT THEY, SIR!"

School-Board Inquisitor (fiercely). "AND PRAY WHY NOT?"

Old Groom (shaking his head). "AH, SIR, THEY'VE GOT SUCH WILLS O' THEIR OWN, SIR!"

School-Board Inquisitor. "AHA!"—(Producing Note-Book with ardour.)—"THEIR NAMES AND AGES?"

Old Groom (still more meekly). "JANE AND MARY, SIR. ONE'S NINETEEN, SIR, AND THE OTHER'S JUST TURNED O' TWO-AN'-TWENTY, SIR!" [Exit Inquisitor hastily.]

A Problem.

Who will interpret the following, from a Western paper?—

COUNTRY HOME for a Gentleman; pony carriage, cow; or a little Girl to Educate with one who has a Governess. Apply, &c.

THE TERRIBLE EXAMPLE; OR, THE WAR-OFFICE PLOT.

(Military Drama—adapted from the South-African.)

SCENE—A modern battle-field on the morrow of a disaster. In the foreground an Unhappy Subaltern waiting, in front of a file of Soldiers, bound, ready to be shot. Enter Distinguished Commander-in-Chief, surrounded by a brilliant Staff.

Distinguished Commander-in-Chief. And now, Soldiers, to make a terrible example of him, and vindicate the honour of the Service. Load your carbines fully to the muzzles, and do your duty.

[They load.

Unhappy Subaltern. Nay, but hear me! I repeat that the evidence—

Distinguished Commander-in-Chief (fiercely). Silence, Sirrah! There are occasions on which evidence is as nothing when weighed in the balance against sentiment. This is one of them. You will be shot, as a terrible example. Soldiers, to your work! Make ready! Present!

Unhappy Subaltern. Hold! I would make one last dying observation before I fill a soldier's grave. I was not on duty—at least, that was my firm impression.

Distinguished Commander-in-Chief. Indeed! Then that alters the case most materially. Soldiers, a firm impression must be respected. Remove his bonds, and give him an easy-chair.

Unhappy Subaltern. Thanks, noble and generous Chief. And am I indeed now free to receive a deputation?

Distinguished Commander-in-Chief. You are. But the privilege leaves your poor old Commander in a sorry hobble! How, Sirrah, think you, will he make his "terrible example" now?

Unhappy Subaltern. Believe me, most excellent and worthy Chief, I neither know nor care.

Distinguished Commander-in-Chief (with suppressed emotion). Will no one help me?

Enter an Astute Adjutant-General with writing materials.

Astute Adjutant-General (throwing open a large blotting-book). Yes—I! See, here is a piece of official paper, a full inkstand, and a pen. With these trifles, rest assured I will make it tolerably hot for somebody. The illustrious General, for instance?

Distinguished Commander-in-Chief. Impossible. He was under the firm impression that it was all right. Besides, he is an excellent fellow. No, no, my good Adjutant, that was not what I meant by a "terrible example." Such things are not for Pall Mall. Now, is there no one—

Astute Adjutant-General (brightly). Ha! I have it! There is someone—a distant Colonel—

Distinguished Commander-in-Chief. A distant Colonel, said you, my worthy Adjutant?—a distant Colonel? Good! That's good! Proceed!

Astute Adjutant-General. A distant Colonel, who, I think, might perhaps be worked in judiciously—

Distinguished Commander-in-Chief. Into a manifesto? I see it all, my worthy Adjutant. You will clear the Authorities at home—

Astute Adjutant-General. Give a slap at those at a distance—

Distinguished Commander-in-Chief. Vindicate the honour of the Service—

Astute Adjutant-General. Write the most killing letter of the dull Season—

Distinguished Commander-in-Chief. Make a terrible example of—

Astute Adjutant-General (getting off his horse, and bowing). The distinguished Commander-in-Chief—

Distinguished Commander-in-Chief (curvetting to the front). And the Astute Adjutant-General! (To Audience.) And if our kind friends in front are only satisfied, there isn't a merrier, madder autumn joke going than—

Astute Adjutant-General. "The War-Office Plot; or,—

Distinguished Commander-in-Chief. "The Terrible Example."
[They retire, bowing, as Curtain falls.]

THE WOMAN'S RIGHTS' VADE MECUM.

(Compiled for the use of Males by a Distinguished Female Member of the British Association.)

Q. What is your position as a man?

A. I am a unit in a minority.

Q. As women belong to the majority, what is your duty to them?

A. To submit myself entirely to their guidance.

Q. Have you any rights?

A. Certainly. I have the right to know how to make a pudding, to darn a stocking, and to scrub a floor.

Q. Are you the head of your own household?

A. Yes, theoretically.

Q. What privilege does this theoretical "headship" confer upon you?

A. It gives me the privilege of settling all the bills and earning the money with which those bills are paid.

Q. Ought you to be given a vote?

A. That is a matter that should be referred to my wife for decision.

Q. In what way has your education been neglected?

A. I have wasted my time in learning grammar when it ought to have been employed in mastering the principles of ironing, clothes-washing, and bonnet-trimming.

Q. Of whom should the Members of the House of Commons consist?

A. Of maiden Ladies who admit that they will never again see five-and-thirty.

Q. When should an M.P. be forced to accept the Stewardship of the Chiltern Hundreds?

A. When she shows her want of wisdom by taking a husband.

Q. Ought such a person to be bullied by her "Lord and Master?"

A. Of course she ought—the silly thing!

Q. In spite of this, what is the first duty of every man, and why?

A. To propose. Because every Lady should have the right of choosing between single blessedness and married life.

Q. Were a Bill passed to carry out this idea, would it increase the number of marriages?

A. Of course it would not.

Q. Why wouldn't it?

A. Because it wouldn't.

Q. Then why should such a Bill be passed?

A. For the very best and most conclusive of Ladies' reasons—because it ought to be!

MEMORABLE DEPARTURE.

THE Obituary of last week records the exit from Life's stage, in advanced years, of one of the most meritorious Actors that ever trod it—SIR ROWLAND HILL; a performer of the first class among those who perform uses. It has been well suggested that his earthly relics should rest in Westminster Abbey. In the meanwhile, his survivors will please themselves in contemplating the Essential Self of one of the greatest benefactors to his country and to the civilised world that it ever produced, as now inhabiting an abode among the band of departed worthies who in this life were heroes, and saints, and bards of the better sort:—

"Inventas aut qui vitam excoluere per artes."

An inventor, surely, of this description was the man of genius for organisation who invented, and, in spite of all opposition, succeeded in getting established, that system of cheap postage which has been one of the chiefest additions contributed, in these latter times, or perhaps any other, to the greatest happiness of the greatest number.



FRIVOLITY OF OUTWARD SHOW.

"I FEEL SURE THIS HAT'S NOT BROAD ENOUGH IN THE BRIM, AUNT JEMIMA!"

"WHAT DOES IT MATTER, CHILD! LOOK AT ME! I PUT ON ANYTHING!"

SERIOUS DOUBTS OF SCIENCE.

(A Soliloquy by a Training-College Tutor.)

THERE they go from their Congress, that crew of free-thinking Philosophers they

Whose Cosmogony, naughty as new, and Biology, lead men astray!

Poor Apologists feeble, in vain, Faith and Science to reconcile try.

Truth's clear language away they explain when appearances give it the lie.

Ah, there seem firm foundations, no doubt, for the falsehoods those heretics hold,

The Geologists, they who make out that this world is tremendously old.

That the Sun, Moon, and Stars had their birth at no certain time, so long ago;

And that Man was in being on Earth ages ere we believe that we know.

True, the link 'twixt the Ape and Mankind they confide in remains to be found;

But ere long they'll that evidence find, in the drift or elsewhere, I'll be bound.

The delusion will then be complete, so that, when it has blinded their eyes,

They'll embrace and hold fast the deceit that Man's real descent was a rise.

Ay, and Science has wonders, in sooth, of what sort, if their nature were known?

Lo, those fossils, a simular tooth, like enough, or a counterfeit bone.

Look, e'en skeletons whole and entire, in museums the Sages have got,

Which their minds with wild errors inspire—Mastodon, Megatherium, what not?—

Lying wonders and signs were to come. Have they not come, whilst men never knew,

And deceived them all round, save but some, and almost even those chosen few?

I suspect, and incline to believe, locomotives and steamers a snare,

And photography feigned to deceive, a device of the Princedom of Air.

Electricity, too, with its light, and its quick-as-thought word-flashing wire!

Ha, and Science, by flying a kite, has it not from on high drawn down fire?

The Deceiver, whose wiles to escape will be possible barely for me,

May be Science in bodily shape; some Professor, perhaps; which is he?

FRIENDS AT A DISTANCE.

(THIRD SERIES.—SUMMER.)

CHAPTER III.



ISITS — Grounds —
Ben again — The
Monument — Da
capo — Fortunes —
Macmillonaires —
More Ben — Ex-
terior — Interior —
Views — Landscape
gardening — Drive
home — Prospects
— Grouse — Mal-
lock's book again
— Morning — Plans
— Review — Pro-
posal — Tam — Sou-
ter — A child —
Ganging area —
The Statue.

NEXT morning I take the initiative. I point out Ben Lomond and BURNS's Monument to my host. I know exactly where to find them, and, so to speak, I can put my hand on them

at a moment's notice,—that is to say, from these grounds; but, away from here, I am always being introduced to either Ben or the Monument, or both, as something quite new which I oughtn't to miss on any account.

We pay visits, and see beautiful grounds and magnificent houses. No matter where I go, people, perfect strangers, with the kindest possible intentions, take me into various parts of different grounds, and, always confidentially, with a sort of implied compliment that this is a treat they wouldn't trouble themselves to give every visitor, they say, "Look! from here you can see Ben Lomond!" And a little while after, "There! do you see that spire-looking thing in the distance?" "Yes." "Well, that's BURNS's Monument."

Nobody thinks much of anyone's place if it doesn't command a view of Ben Lomond or the Monument, or both. As for the latter, it is like the Crystal Palace—there is no getting out of sight of it; and unlike Ben, it almost defies the variations of haziness.

The Isle of Arran comes next in the list, but as an object of interest it is not, so to speak, within several miles of either Ben or The Monument.

After a week of it, when anyone comes up to me mysteriously, and wishes to take my arm in a confidential manner, and walk me off to a distant part of the grounds, I at once, and boldly, say to him,

"Look here! Is it anything about Ben Lomond, or BURNS's Monument? Because if it is, I've seen 'em both, and know all about 'em."

I am becoming callous. I can't be caught even by an excited stranger in a trap—I should say I can't be caught in a trap by an excited stranger (I mean as we are driving in a trap)—calling out, suddenly, "Oh, look!" I never turn my head. I shake it, and simply, but firmly, reply, "I know. Ben Lomond, or BURNS. It won't do with me."

I'm not to be taken in. Catch a weasel asleep, and show him BURNS's Monument!

More luncheon and tennis-parties. The hospitality is something delightful. Everyone lunches and dines with everyone else, and invitations are flying about right and left. As a visitor I find myself quite at home. Better than merely "at home," as if I were at home I shouldn't be doing this. The conversation is general, and is on the turn-and-turn-about principle. Those who are not playing tennis discuss those who are, and so each party has its innings of play and talk. Highly instructive.

"From information I receive" I gather that no one who hasn't sixty thousand a year can live in Scotland—or, at least, in this part of it. At this present moment the united fortunes of the four sets engaged in lawn-tennis amount to, as far as I can compute, about five millions. A monthly account of the residents in this fortunate Isle might be called *Macmillonaires' Magazine*.

I am introduced to a young lady—Miss FERGUSON, of Arkiltree. I mean that it sounds like "Arkiltree," though I should be, and am, puzzled how to spell it. I notice that everybody is Somebody of Somewhere, and that Somebody of Somewhere invariably speaks with a sort of contemptuous pity of a Somebody of Somewhere Else who

happens to possess the same name. You are either *The Somebody of Somewhere*, or *A Somebody of Somewhere*, or, with a sudden and startling drop, *The Nobody of Nowhere*. *Additional Note*—that most of the names are pronounced either as if the person speaking were cracking a nut and talking at the same time, or trying to struggle against being choked, or suddenly interrupted by a sneeze.

"She's a millionairess," whispers Captain MACDONALD to me, alluding to Miss FERGUSON of Arkiltree, and accompanying the information with a friendly nudge and a wink, evidently implying, "Go in, and win." Neither of us can go in and win, but I thank him for the hint, which was well intended. We chat.

Have I been here before? No, I've not. Do I play tennis? Only a little. Don't I think it very nice having this seat on a bank so as to see the games going on below? I do. It is an excellent position. It is beautiful weather for lawn-tennis, isn't it? It is: charming. I suppose Miss FERGUSON plays a great deal? Oh, yes. She often comes over here, too. It's a nice drive, and such a beautiful place. It is.

"Yes," she says, and suddenly rises. I follow her example, being under the impression that she is inclined for a *tête-à-tête* stroll in the grounds. No; she is shading her eyes with her folded fan, and is, I fancy, watching the game.

"Yes," she exclaims, "you can!"

"What?" I ask, looking about.

"You can see Ben Lomond from here."

Then she resumes her seat. I believe there's a conspiracy to show me Ben Lomond. I ask her if BURNS's Monument is visible. Dangerous ground. She doesn't like my tone in alluding to BURNS. If I had been "going in to win," according to Captain MACDONALD's advice, this remark would have settled my haggis—so to speak with a little local colour.

Miss FERGUSON of Arkiltree takes her turn at lawn-tennis. I talk to Captain MACDONALD of Monteith—I think it's "Monteith"—at all events, it sounds like some "teeth" or other—who repudiates all connection with the MACDONALDS of Drumrick—and I am on a wrong ground again. However, we pull together, so to speak, on the subject of a gentle tonic composed of one part brandy to three of soda, and we enter the house.

Our hostess, at whose place we are spending the afternoon, invites me to view the orchids. Charming! splendid colours, and fantastic, elf-like forms. They remind me of those fairy pictures of DICKY DOYLE's, where the little tiny atomies are riding on petals, and playing hide-and-seek in the flowers. Wonderful models for a transformation scene by Mr. BEVERLEY. We pass on to another house—tropical plants. Am I fond of flowers? Very. She supposes I often visit the Botanical in London? Rarely: but I will. The hostess learns that there is a prize for Landscape Gardening. I believe there is. "It is quite an art," she adds. "It was a very clever landscape-gardener who planned this part of the grounds, and chose this spot for the Tropical House." "Excellent," I say, and am about to enlarge on the luxury of being able suddenly to change, as it were, from Scotland to India without taking more than a couple of steps, when she interrupts me with—

"Yes, isn't it? And so clever, too, to keep Scotland before you while you sit under an Indian palm!"

"I don't quite see how he has accomplished this," I say, deferentially.

"No?" She rejoins, highly pleased, "You wouldn't at first, but if you look between these two large plants which form a sort of frame, you'll see—there—you see it now—that's Ben Lomond!"

And she is triumphant. I don't like to ask anything about the Monument—BURNS's, I mean. I subside. This Ben is becoming to me a sort of pantomime mountain perpetually exclaiming, "Here we are again!"

ALLISON says he'll drive me home by a different route, through some lovely scenery. I stipulate that if Ben Lomond or the Monument is visible, neither shall be pointed out to me.

Agreed. I am happy.

Lovely evening drive. Promising sunset. Mist rising.

ALLISON is silent about Ben and the Monument, but falls back on the Isle of Arran, which is just visible in the distance.

We trot on, enjoying everything in the balmy air and delicious silence.

"Fine day to-morrow?" I ask.

ALLISON shakes his head. He is uncertain. Why?

"Well," he says, "you can see Ben Lomond so clearly to-night; and, if you look—"

No, no! I'm haggis'd if I do!

I know what's coming. "If I look, I shall see BURNS's Monument."

No, no! Drive, on, Macduff!

Captain MACDONALD of Monteith discusses with ALLISON of Drumfraser the grouse prospects. The latter is afraid "the birds will be very wild." This seems nothing but natural. I should be uncommonly wild if I were going to be shot at. As a grouse on the tw I should quote Mr. TOOLE, and say, "It does make me so wild!"

The Captain wants to know if I am "going out on the twelfth." I reply, that, as at present advised, I have no intention of "staying in" on the twelfth. If I do "go out," I do not think the grouse will have much cause for alarm. They certainly need not be wild if they only know I am coming. ALLISON informs us that he has had some excellent accounts from the moors.

[Happy Thought (for Stock Exchange).—Better accounts from Moors than from Turks.

Thoughts on Lawn Tennis by Somebody who's "not so young as he was," and who is no longer a racketty fellow.—Forty's the deuce. Fifty's the deuce and all. At forty, if it's still "vantage to you," you're lucky—or forty-nate. At fifty the game's over. (Put these down on retiring to rest, and call them, instead of *Young's Night Thoughts*, which were very heavy, *Young's Night-Light Thoughts*.)

Happy Thought on seeing a Young Lady forcibly return a ball just over the net, before it had touched the ground—

"When lovely woman stoops to volley——"

I don't know the remainder of the quotation, but supplement it with—

What can her male opponent do?

Before retiring to rest, take up WILLIAM HURRELL MALLOCK'S book, *Is Life worth Living?* What would the grouse answer to this on the twelfth? Don't think much of HUXLEY, don't think much of Dr. TYNDALL . . . think less and less of anybody . . . sleep, gentle sleep . . . *Le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle* . . . out, out, brief candle . . . *extinguo!*

Plan for Next Day, if fine.—Look at Ben Lomond and BURNS'S Monument in the morning, immediately after breakfast. Ben and Burns rather hazy. Evidently been out all night. We drive over to see the Yeomanry shoot the Militia, or *vice versa*.

Part of the practice is that the Yeomen are to ride a certain distance at full gallop, jump off, shoot something or somebody, jump on their horses, shoot on their horses, then, in taking a fence, be perhaps shot off their horses.

I see the Yeomanry riding at a tremendous pace. I get hold of a military man, and ask him what they're doing. He is not quite certain—in fact, at first he is unable to see if they are doing anything until he gets his glass in his eye, when he informs me that the enemy are supposed to be advancing from the right, and the cavalry, he adds, are manœuvring. The "manœuvring" appears to me to be the simple process of scudding away as fast as they can lay legs to the ground, in the direction of the left, when the enemy are only supposed to be advancing from the right. I don't like to express my opinion, as a civilian, boldly to the military man by my side, but this manœuvring appears to me to be uncommonly like practising how to run away when the enemy's coming. It's what I should do myself, I've no doubt, in actual warfare, but I shouldn't require any practice. Still, it's a pretty sight, and I am informed that "the retreat is masterly." We adjourn to take a tonic. There is a good deal of dust, a great smell of sulphur, and a refreshment-tent, to which we make a masterly retreat—treating and retreating every half-hour. I believe that the day's festivities are to finish with a grand torchlight procession in honour of BURNS'S next centenary.

There's always something going on somewhere in honour of BURNS. Dinners in commemoration of BURNS'S birthday. Breakfasts with the same object. A great Cheese Show for the benefit of the Burns Statue at Kilbannock. Grand Cake Contest given by the MacDougal trustees, the proceeds to go towards erecting a statue of BURNS on the first vacant spot.

This morning—after one strawberry and no cream (nothing like diet)—ALLISON suddenly says,

"Would you like to——"

"See Ben Lomond?" I at once interrupt him.

"No," he replies, "it's——"

"BURNS'S Monument?" I say immediately. "I'm sure it's one or the other."

I'm right. It's the other.

They are going to unveil a statue to-day, and Tam O'Shanter and Souter Johnie will be in full force. *Ne Sutor ultra crepidam*. Don't let Souter Johnie take more than he can carry. He can just tak' a wee drappie i' th' ee, but he munna be aye drarn drinkin'. Yes, by all means let's go and unveil a statue. "A chield's amang ye," &c. We start—Souter Johnie, Tam O'Shanter, and the chield.

A Definition.

(Suggested by a Course of Allman, Schopenhauer, and Mallock.)

WHAT is Life? Since Philosophers cannot agree,

Let a poor puzzled Sciolist hazard a guess;

'Tis a thing that begins in a Cell—with a C,

And ends in a Sell—with an S.

PARTRIDGE TO CARTRIDGE.



ou copper-headed son of a gun! you grinning powder-monkey!

Don't think your spitfire looks can make me feel the least bit funky.

You're just blank-cartridge, I believe—at least I fondly hope it.

So pray go off, explode yourself—in vulgar language, slope it!

You make me, as my red-legged coz, the Frenchman says, *très-fâché*.

I'd like to mash your paper body into *papier-maché*!

Why you should want to riddle me's an unfathomable puzzle!

What call have you in my affairs to poke your ugly muzzle?

D'ye think it's any fun to be eternally made game of,

And peppered in a sneaking way a Kaffir would think shame of?

His *assegai* is *assez triste*, but your Number Five is "trister."

And when it lodges in one's twist, by Jingo! it's a twister!

A fowl has feelings, and to play with them, whate'er you say, Sir,

Is nothing less, it seems to me, than what you call foul play, Sir.

My young ones' "cheep," though dear to me, you hold as something cheaper.

Your guns should carry widows' caps, for they make me a weeper.

If I had time, I'd fire away in words a trifle stronger;

But you're not worth my powder, and I'm shot if I stay longer!

SPEECH BY A DISTINGUISHED STATESMAN.

IN the course of an address delivered, the other day, in the Biology Section of the British Association, Dr. PRE SMITH animadverted on a species of creatures who, though not themselves quadrupeds, object to and oppose vivisection altogether, even albeit performed for the advancement of physiology, to the benefit of bipeds. Of course they are not exactly dumb animals; and Dr. SMITH particularised one of the kind that was generic enough to make a declaration, which the Doctor quoted as below:—

"So little do they appreciate the difference between formal knowledge and real knowledge, that a distinguished statesman once assured me that he would as soon have his leg cut off by a man who had gained what he called his knowledge from books, as by one who had 'walked the hospitals.'"

An articulate bray from a *Dogberry* in high place, or a *Bottom* in *excelsis*. To think that anybody capable of such an asinine utterance could have been a distinguished statesman! Do we still enjoy the advantage of his distinguished statesmanship? His principal distinction, one imagines, has probably been acquired by opposition to physiological inquiry more than by anything else, unless, indeed, by the observation Dr. PRE SMITH adduced from his mouth, which, were the name of this distinguished statesman to transpire, would assuredly earn him the reputation of a no less distinguished donkey.

A Good Word for a Weed.

AS Mr. GLADSTONE, the other day, at the Hawarden Agricultural Show justly observed, Mr. BADGER, in his *Cottage Gardening*, has correctly "described a weed as a thief and a robber." Therefore, of course, every weed growing on ground where it has no business, and plundering useful plants, should, as soon as possible, be taken up.

A POLICY OF NEGATION.

WHAT is Nihilism? Nothing can be plainer. A determination to destroy everything, and put Nothing in its place.

ONE DAY MORE.

M. ALBERT MILLAUD, of the *Figaro*, having, in his graphic and truthful series of articles entitled "*Huit Jours à Londres*," dispelled nearly every possible "illusion" connected with "perfidious Albion," *Mr. Punch* feels that a ninth day might have dealt, admirably, with perhaps the greatest illusion of all. In fact, so strongly does *Mr. Punch* feel this, that, for the sake of completing an accurate picture of London for the benefit of his Parisian friends, he takes upon himself the responsibility of finishing off the series appropriately, as follows.

I had missed the train, and there was nothing left to me but to pass one more day, in this kennel of filth, which Frenchmen by courtesy style *Londres*. But how to spend it? A nobleman from Soho Square determined the question for me.

"You will," he said, "go and see the one great man whom your Paris, beautiful and particular, salutes with the kiss of respect. I know the Duke CAMBRIDGE, and have influence with M. le Prince de GALLES, and Sir HENDERSON. It is a difficult matter, but I will secure you the permit."

It is impossible to oppose the English nobleman. Though he wears evening dress with a tall hat and white kid gloves before the hour of breakfast, he is brutal and dangerous.

"Come," he added, "here is one of the vehicles of the Coaching Man's Club. *Le jeune LÉOPOLE* is driving, and there are five sport-Dukes on the *banc aux couteaux*, but it has the licence to carry thirteen inside. Let us mount."

We are arrived now. The sentinels are passed, and so is the Grand Staircase on which Beefeaters, the soldiers of the City, are lying about, in twos and threes, raving appallingly in the last stages of frenzied intoxication. It is brandy-and-soda-water in tubs that has done this, and it is a terrible sight. My guide only kicks them, and passes on. This is "*British phlegm*."

But we are in the presence of the great personage at last. Let me

describe the room. It is of colossal proportions, and is decorated with tiger-skins, Chinese lanterns, advertising placards, and barbaric emblems. Over the door is a gallery containing the band of the *orse-guard-blue*, a hundred and fifty strong, in full regimentals, playing a national jig. Opposite are reserved seats. I look up. There is a sliding roof. This is to let escape the fumes of continual

orgy. It is horrible, but it is English, and convenient. And the surroundings?

Here, in the corner, piled in savage confusion, are boating oars, maces, cricquette-bats, coachman's whips, and official costumes. On the rug are a "*pacque*" of *bouledogues* wallowing in the remains of a huge tureen of *turtle-soupe*. Their lord and master has finished his "*lunching*," and has thrown it to them with a terrible oath. And what of him?

My Guide introduces us. He has on top-boots with spurs, a military breastplate, and is covered with paste diamonds. On seeing him one is reminded instinctively of the British aristocrat. Then one notices that he has on white kid gloves and a tall hat. This tells that he springs from the people.

But let us watch him. He rises and fills a silver goblet with grog and porter. It holds fifteen gallons. One sees, as he staggers down the staircase, spilling its scalding contents, and treading on the faces of his Beefeaters as he descends, that he has emptied it several times already.

We follow him. He has rolled down the steps, and is lying helplessly in the gutter. An omnibus goes over him, then another. A policeman passes indifferently. No one seems to notice him. This is the characteristic of England, that every one looks out for himself. Then he gets huddled up against a lamp-post. He is not hurt. He is only melancholy.

My guide tells me that this is his habit every morning. I survey him, covered with mud, trodden under foot, hustled by everyone, insulted, yet feebly crying for more "*grog*;" but I feel no surprise. I say to myself, "After eight days' experience of this terrible people, ought I to wonder that I am standing outside the *Mansion-Ouse*, and that this helpless bundle of gold lace and rags lying in the gutter, like an unclaimed sack of potatoes, is the great *Lor Maire*!"



"L'INVITATION À LA VALSE."

Sir Fredewick. "MAY I—A—HAVE THE PLEASURE?"

Fair American. "WAL, I DON'T MIND IF I DO TAKE THE CREASES OUT OF MY KNEES A BIT!"



A CRUMB OF COMFORT.

JONATHAN. "THEY *DU* SAY WE SENT YOU THIS DARN'D WEATHER! DON'T KNOW 'BOUT THAT! ANYHOW, I GUESS WE'LL SEND YOU THE CORN!!"

FARMER BULL. "THANK'EE KINDLY, JONATHAN, BUT I'D RATHER HA' DONE WITHOUT BYTH!!!"

A CRUMB OF COMFORT.

(Cordially administered.)

INTERLOCUTORS—*The Sympathetic Mr. Punch and the Sorely-trying British Farmer.**British Farmer.* A Crumb of Comfort, eh? Well, Mr. P., The Crumb's a precious little one—for me.*Mr. Punch.* I fear you're right, friend.*British Farmer.* Glad you're of my mind.

Your cuts at me sometimes have not been kind.

Mr. Punch. But always fair.*British Farmer.* Humph! The wrong way they've rubbed me.

The public, as a general rule, have dubbed me

A most inveterate grumbler, cause or none.

I don't grudge wags their little bit o' fun,

But now I hope they'll own I've some excuse

For grumbling.

Mr. Punch. Yes. But grumbling's little use!

Better look round, take stock of your position,

With a keen eye to bettering your condition.

British Farmer. Look round? I do; and see a cheerless sight;

Swamped fields, a harvest spoiled by Swithin's spite.

There never was such weather. Why, they say,—

I read it in the *Times* myself to-day,—

This year our grain, two-thirds of it at least,

Must come from foreign countries, west or east.

Cold comfort there! They say those blessed Yanks

Send us this weather that has played such pranks

With poor old England.

Mr. Punch. That's a joke, my friend.

But wheat, and lots of it, they're sure to send.

British Farmer. Well, that's no joke, for me.*Mr. Punch.* No; but JOHN BULL,

When his home granaries are less than full,

May thank Free Trade that he has free command

Of the lush harvest of another land.

And howsoever we grumble, or poke fun,

All Britons' interests at last are one.

British Farmer. But what am I to do?*Mr. Punch.* You've read, no doubt,

The figures and the facts of ZWICKE and PROUT?

Food for reflection there.

British Farmer. I don't quite see—*Mr. Punch.* I dare say not, just yet, but bide a wee.

Shrewd brains and sympathetic are at work

Upon the task we may no longer shirk,

Of squaring agriculture with the need

Of a new time.

British Farmer. I hope they may succeed.*Mr. Punch.* Science and sense must come to labour's aid.

We've not seen the last issue of Free Trade.

You funk it still, I fear, but by-and-by

Its further application you may try,

And find the bogey friendly, after all.

British Farmer. Meanwhile the pinch is sharp.*Mr. Punch.* The comfort's small

That friendly words or prospects far can yield

To present trouble.

British Farmer. Look at yonder field!

A slushy swamp that should be ruddy sheaves!

It's just heart-breaking!

Mr. Punch. Granted; and it grieves

The heart of BULL, and of his Mentor,—me,

So sad and ruinous a sight to see.

We're all concerned to help you, in a way

Whose value may extend beyond to-day.

Your business now is England's. Let us hope

That thought and care with your hard case may eope.

Meanwhile, cheer up! Even in this climate queer,

Wet can't be endless,—better luck next year!

[Left making the best of it.]

A DRAPER'S MYSTERY.

THE following extract from the advertising columns of a certain newspaper, presents an obvious parallel to a pretty passage in one of the most elegant, graceful, and imaginative of SHAKESPEARE'S plays—

DRAPERS.—E. S.—, Eastbourne, wishes to EXCHANGE SONS with another draper. Has been in the business 12 months.

To similar effect, conversely, with the above advertisement, *Celia* exclaims in *As You Like It*—

"O my poor ROSALIND! whither wilt thou go?

Wilt thou change fathers? I will give thee mine."

The correspondence, in thought, between the two foregoing examples of authorship, as it suggests a comparison of E. S. with W. S., implies, perhaps, on the part of E. S. a degree of culture and ideality considerably exceeding an ordinary draper's average. At the same time his proposal of an exchange of offspring, addressed to the trade, seems to indicate the existence of quite a peculiar and hitherto unknown department in a draper's business.

HAPPY-THOUGHT GUIDE TO LONDON.

(Being a Dickens of a Dickensary for the use of Visitors to the Metropolis.)



CIVIL-SERVICE STORES.—Stores where the Customer ought to be served more civilly than anywhere else in London. Of course the Customer himself must be equally civil, otherwise he forfeits his privileges. At the entrance, the Civil Customer meets the Civil Service Doorkeeper, who immediately holds the door open, observing, as he bows with a radiant smile, "Delighted to see you looking so well, Sir, or

Ma'am, or Miss. Pray don't stop out in the cold. Allow me!" &c.

And the Civil Customer will smile and bow, and say, "Thank you so much!" or "A million thanks!" or "Oh, you are quite too awfully polite." To which the Doorkeeper will reply, "Oh, don't mention it!" And so you, if you be the Customer, pass in.

The rest of the business is conducted on the same polite principles of Civil Service.

"Would you have the goodness to inform me how much a pound that bacon is?"

"Might I trespass on you to know the exact price of half a half-penny packet of ordinary pins?"

To which the Civil Servant will reply,

"I have the extreme pleasure to inform you that the article in question will come to exactly one farthing. Shall I make you up a packet of that size? With the greatest possible pleasure. Permit me to carry it for you to the door."

Then the Civil Customers to one another at the pay-desk:

"You will excuse my remarking, my dear Madam, that I have been waiting here for some time."

"I'm sure I beg you a thousand pardons for presenting myself before you, but, noticing that you did not seem to have your purse ready, I thought it would give you more time to prepare yourself if I were to take your place at the desk."

To the Clerks in the pay-place:

"I should be so exceedingly obliged if, when you have quite finished your conversation with one another—but not before—oh, not for the world!—you would give me some of your valuable time and invaluable attention."

Civil Service customers have to be supplied with a ticket, of which particular care must be taken in January. The cold weather affects them seriously; in fact, it is said that "*All tickets expire in February*"—therefore use extra caution, take it to a doctor's, wrap it up, protect it, and, if it only survive February, it is safe for another year.CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE.—Erected on the Thames Embankment by Professor ERASMUS WILSON, of the Skinners' Company. The Needle is not an advertisement for WHEELER AND WILSON'S Sewing Machines. Perhaps this statement is needless. The hieroglyphics on the Obelisk, when translated, mean "A friend in Need'll be a friend in Deed." This was an old Egyptian proverb (*vide Colney Hatchette's Foreign Library*). The other Needles are still to be seen near to the Isle of Wight, but this completes the set. For further particulars see *Threads of my Discourses*, by Mr. ALDERMAN COTTON, M.P.

COACHING CLUBS.—Associations of Tutors for seeing pupils through various exams. Apply at CRAMMER'S, Regent Street. There are Army Coaches, Navy Coaches, Indian Civil Service Coaches, Uni-



"VIVISECTION!"

Melancholy Barber (with a soul above his business). "I DON'T GET MUCH OF A LIVIN' BY IT, SIR!"

Customer (through the lather). "THEN—YOU OUGHT—FOR YOU SCRAPE—HARD ENOUGH—FOR IT!!!"

versity Coaches, and Slow Coaches. They are generally "full inside," and mostly "all right." Motto of Club, "*Pupilla oculis*."

COAL EXCHANGE.—A most useful establishment when anything can be exchanged for coals. Some years ago "the Coal Hole" was a Cave of Harmony in the Strand, like the Cider Cellars in Maiden Lane. Information on the subject can be obtained at the Coal Exchange from the damsel at the bar, whose attachment to a handsome coal-heaver has been celebrated in the well-known song, which she herself used to sing with much taste and pathos:—

*Heaver! of thee I'm sadly thinking!
Thy gentle voice my spirits shall cheer.
Thine was the eye at me always winking
Over the pint pot containing the beer.*

It is well worth visiting the Coal Exchange merely to hear this beautiful ballad.

THE COCOA TREE.—In St. James's Street. Well worth a visit. Entrance free as far as the Hall Porter's desk. Be always polite to this official, remembering that any one who is "*Hall Porter*" can't be a *half-and-half* sort of a chap. When there, apply to him, and, for a small fee, he will give you a full and interesting account of the milk in the Cocoa-nut, though as yet modern science has not been able to explain the *raison d'être* of the hair outside. Here all games are played for Cocoa-nuts, and the Members travel about to the various races with a large supply of this nutritious fruit, as prizes for successful competitors at Aunt Sally and the sticks. The Cocoa Tree Club is a most thriving establishment.

COLDBATH-FIELDS.—The name speaks for itself. Here the tired Londoner can plunge and be invigorated. The fresh sparkling stream is supplied from the Bagnigge-wells. The Cockneys say that "waters from the Wells strengthen you for going up the 'ills'."

COLLEGE OF ARMS.—Ask to see the Head.

COMMISSIONNAIRES.—All non-commissioned officers, who, on retirement, receive their commissions from the public. Their headquarters used to be Sergeants' Inn.

JUPITER PLUVIUS.

(A Jovial Old Gentleman gushes.)

Now, my Girls, come get on your goloshes,
And your waterproof trusty array;
You Boys, too, in your spruce mackintoshes:
And away to the meadow, away!
Never mind, though the turf all a squash is,
Spite of rain, at Lawn Tennis go play!

Hop off; I'll hobble on, and my leisure
Awhile, under shelter, employ
In watching your game; I take pleasure
In Youth's laughter, high spirits, and joy;
Which enliven me, too, in a measure,
I forget not I once was a boy.

SAINT PARTRIDGE AND SAINT SWITHIN.

THE celebration of the Feast of St. Partridge, which fell due on the 1st instant, had this year to be generally, if not universally, postponed owing to the lateness of the harvest yet to come, if, indeed, the weather will allow of any. This unseasonable and uncanonical put-off has been necessitated by the continual rain, of which the downpour, now of so long duration, is popularly ascribed to the animosity of St. Swithin. But is that imputation sustainable? Can it be possible that St. Swithin owes St. Partridge a grudge, which he is paying him off, being actuated towards him with such spite and ill-will as to be capable of causing the postponement of his Festival by deferring his day, apparently *sine die*? Is that the way in which one Saint can be imagined behaving to another? Can sweet St. Partridge be conceived to have soured St. Swithin, offended him, made him angry? Do Saints in the present circumstances and situation of St. Swithin still remain subject to vindictive and violent wrath? *Tantene animis celestibus ira*? No, no. The Saint who could demean himself to the petty malice of hindering the observance of his fellow Saint's anniversary, would be altogether unworthy of the name he is invoked by, and the *nimbus* he wears. At the same time it may perhaps truly be said that St. Swithin, for our sins perhaps, has been giving us too much of his *nimbus*.

A TRULY RURAL DEAN.—The Dean of Ferns.

THE "CHEEP" OF THE PARTRIDGE.

Perdix Cinerea loquitur.

'Tis the voice of the Sportsman. I hear him complain,
"All my hopes of big bags have been damped by the rain.
With birds shy and scarce, flooded furze and no stubble,
To beat dripping covers is scarce worth the trouble."
Aha! The wind's ill that blows nobody good.
True the wet has proved fatal to many a brood,
Parent birds have made moan over eggs swamped and addled.
When our covers were lakes in which ducks might have paddled,
But partridges drowned when they'd scarce chipped the shell,
Yet,—yes, on the whole, 'tis perhaps just as well.
Water! Better than fire; and a cold in the head
Is not quite so bad as a dose of cold lead.
Prime time for swell vassals of powder and shot!
What's September to them, without plenty to pot?
Oh! won't they fume, as they look out this morn
On these damp furzy swamps, and yon drenched standing corn?
Poor grumbling gun-maniacs! Isn't it fun?
In the game "*Birds v. Barrels*," we birds will score one
Just for once, I should hope. In this beautiful bog
I am safe, I should fancy, from man, gun, and dog.
They may bag a few birds on the skirts of the wheat,
But I don't think *this* cover will pay 'em to beat.
St. Partridge be bothered! St. Swithin's *my* Saint,
May his rainy rain last, I shall make no complaint.
No! Farmers and Sportsmen may grumble together—
For my part, I rather approve of the weather.

(Left chuckling.)

CASE IN THE LONG VACATION.—*Florin v. Halfcrown.*

COUNTRY SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

PIPE.

Going (with umbrellas, cloaks, shawls, ulsters, connaughts, and waterproofs) to a Floral and Horticultural Show—flowers, fruits,

vegetables, table decorations, poultry, pigeons, rabbits, guinea-pigs, cats, canaries, silkworms, bees, and domestic pets—six miles in a wagonette drawn by a horse which has grown obese and lazy through want of work; frequent hills, long and steep, up which the male occupants of the carriage, one of whom has lost the slimness of figure which once adorned his youth, are expected to toil on foot; weather showery, ending in a thunderstorm which lasts the whole of the return journey; detention at a blacksmith's, caused by the horse casting a shoe.

Walking on a hot morning with the children up a narrow lane, rugged, rutty, hilly, abounding in large and loose stones, soil calcareous, and sticky from recent rain, to see and enjoy the extensive view of town and country from the summit, to rest on the grass, and gather specimens of the wild flora of the district. View blurred and obscured by sudden shower, grass too wet to sit down upon, collection of harebells, ox-eyed daisies, ladies' fingers, ragged robin, pimpernel, speedwell, and other botanical rarities; an impossibility: children disappointed and fractious, supply of buns inadequate to demand, youthful tumbles in efforts to gather the wild clematis festooning the hedges, downward journey stickier than ever, great relief on reaching "Southfield Farm" again.

Being weighed in company with a party of friends and relations. Result many pounds heavier than you expected, and more than is consistent with ease, comfort, and graceful proportions. Jokes, banter, and recommendations of "Anti-Fat."*

* The exact weight of our Contributor has been deposited in a sealed envelope, bearing an appropriate and identifying motto, at the office for future reference.—ED.

Escorting the children, in the afternoon, to see the cows milked. Frequent stoppages *en route* to inspect and admire the pigs, puppies, poultry, calves, and other denizens of the somewhat moist and miry farmyard, and to take a look of blended fascination and terror at that formidable monster the bull, fast bound in his secure and solitary stall.

Going over the farm, mostly under an umbrella, getting very damp and dirty, and betraying to our kind and shrewd conductor a deep-seated ignorance of crops, soils, averages, animals, implements, draining processes, and field operations.

Between the showers, pacing up and down in front of the farmhouse, attended by "Maggie" and "Tearem," walking round and round the garden, examining the rain-gauge and barometer, watching the clouds, sauntering into the farm-yard, looking into the cow-sheds and stables, gleanings valuable information from the obliging bailiff, strolling by the turbid and swollen stream, and wishing it was in a fit state for fishing; ultimately retreating into the dining-room when the rain again comes drifting and scudding over the hills, and there, in a pleasant recess, sitting in the window-seat, and forgetting the weather in the pages of *Guy Mannering* or *Kenilworth*.

Lounging on the hay in the rick-yard—when it is fine.

Lying on the straw in the barn—when it is wet.

The chase—a rat-hunt!

Feeding the poultry.

Ordering dinner—to be ready half-an-hour earlier than usual, as it may clear up in the afternoon in time to go and see the flood.

Questioning all the oldest and most experienced authorities in the parish on the subject of

the weather, and recording in a large note-book local proverbs and superstitions about rain, wind, clouds, storms, rainbows, and sunsets.

Writing letters, one especially to the old and faithful retainer in charge of your house, to acquaint her that you may return home a week sooner than you intended, in consequence of the weather.

Making up your meteorological diary. Making your Will.

Bed, 9'30 P.M.



"MAKE THE BEST OF IT."

"NEVER MIND THE RAIN, MY DEARS. THIS IS WHAT YOU CAN DO WITH A SOU'-WESTER AND FISHERMAN'S JERSEY. AND NOT SO BAD, AFTER ALL!"

A VOICE FROM THE WEST.



MEASTER PUNCH,
ZUMTIMES I ha' thowt, as I
zot i' th' carner, a-zmokin' me
pipe,
What th' varmer t' good droo's a-got
wi' his crops avore ar'n' o' 'em
be ripe;
Yet mid he but reäp what 's a-zown,
an' gather an' kip what 's a-got,
Vree-treäde an' bad seasons mid
vrown, he'd rub droo't all con-
tent wi' his lot;
But th' voke 'at there be vor to
kip—pon-me-song, 'tis a puzzle
t' me—
Upon zoo many yäeres o' land, that
we all be zo fess as we be!
Jest zo fur dtheisum lines I'd
a-pen'd, Meäster Punch, when
there cum t' me back,
Wi' a grin on his veäce, neighbour
Cox;—but I'll write down th'
words we did crack:—

Cox. Why jes-zo Lord BEA-
CONSFIELD zays; top o' peäper
I've zeen it i' prent—
"Dree rents must be paid by th'
land." (Noo wonder our money 's
a-spent!)

"Th' lab'r'er his wages must hev; an' th' landl'ord his rent, twice a year;
An' th' varmer hev so thin' t' live on;" tho' markets an' seasons be queer.
Jere. About gurt men, I b'lieve, it's a-zaid, th' zeäme thowts 'ill creep into
th'r yeä.

But tidden jest what I da meän, what th' gurt man in Lon'on 's a-zaid.
I be n't goin' t' zay—no not I! that I vind any fau't wi' lan'l'ord.
He's a-born to high steätion, an' zoo he's a right to all we can afford;
But when I'm a little bit push'd, I do dthink how th' load do increase,—
Th' schoolmeästers, sojers, an' sailors, jails, paupers, highways, an' police,
Th' kippers, th' yägers, th' lawyers, all a teäkn a pull at oone cup,
Whatsoever th' land may bring forth, noo wonder 't is all zwoller'd up!

Cox. Bravo, JERE! thee'st come a bit roun'; but dtheis lan'l'ords dost worship
zo much,

Tidden they that do prey on th' land, but th' laws 'at do meäke 'em as such;
Wold faggots o' ship-skins, an' wax, ink, an' dry-dust, wi' red teäpe a-tied,
Wi' entails an' dowries zo loaded they cou'dn' be free ef they tried!
Well! Th' land, we be twold, must be juggl'd—hoons-pocus—its dree rents to
yield.

But there's oone 'at ye both ha' vorgotten,—seäst yonder fat rook i' th' yield?
Jere. Th' parson!

Cox. Th' tithe-rent be zure! 'at both thee an' Lord B. ha' vorgat!
Now, varming can't carry vover rents!—but I'll tell 'e a tale 'ats' zo pat:
A wheeler by trade was JOHN JUKES, like a brave 'un he'd work a long day,
An' th' harder he work'd the moöre jolly, wi' a light purse he'd just pay
his way;

But oone night he did hit on a plan o' meäken o' mouse-traps by steam,
An' straightway sich work did come to un, an' money like gold in a dream;
Zix voremén JOHN paid t' look a'ter a parcel o' journeymen ehäps,
An' he furnished himself wi' a carriage, an' all th' wide world wi' his traps;
But bime-by a slackness come roun', while his spending run on all the same,
An' JOHN, to his horror, f'un' out Yankee mouse-traps, dirt-chip, were to
blame:—

Oöne day in his carriage I met un, a-wasted t' poor skin-an'-grief,
Zays he, "WILL, do'e gi'e me advice, I'm a-broke if I don't get relief."
Zays I, "JOHN, do'e zell dtheis vine carriage, get rid o' th' fools ye've a-made;
If still ye can do a day's work ye may still drive a good wholesome trade.
But as for dtheis fal-lals and follies, ye mid stan' vor a time such expense,
BUT TH' MEÄKEN O' MOUSE-TRAPS OÖN'T CAR' IT!"—Zo there now, 'at's good
common sense!

JERE SMALLBONE.

A DISTRICT IN DARKNESS.

HERE, extracted from a Manchester paper, is an enigma in the form of an
advertisement, of

CLEAN comfortable LODGINGS, for a Young Man. Christian preferred. No
children. Address, &c., Ardwick.

The advertiser would prefer a Christian for a lodger to a Jew, or a Mahometan,
or a Heathen, or a Secularist, or an Agnostic, but would receive, not to say take
in, anybody of any religion, or no religion at all, rather than nobody. This
lodging-house keeper is clearly not bigoted. The relative proportion of Chris-
tians to the rest of the population in and about Ardwick would seem, from the
above intimation, to be of questionable magnitude; so much so as to suggest that

Christian Ministers of all denominations would find that
district an eligible sphere of missionary usefulness. The
Bishop of MANCHESTER might as well perhaps look to it.
If he doesn't, Stiggins, or the local Anti-Bishop may.

But what is the desirated Christian to understand
by "No children"? That he mustn't bring any, or that
there are none in the house, and that he is presumed
to entertain, in virtue of his religion, some peculiar
objection to children? In that case, the party adver-
tising for a Christian lodger apparently professes, and
contemplates him as professing, some very recently
developed form of Christianity.

PLAY VERSUS WORK.

NOWADAYS half-a-score of weekly papers indulge their
readers with glimpses of scenes from the "private life"
of public men. Some of these sketches are innocent
enough, while others are not so blameless. The latest
edition of the list is a series of papers called *Workers*
at Play.

Always ready to improve a good idea, Mr. Punch would
suggest a companion volume, to be entitled *Players* at
Work. To put the matter in a practical form, he pub-
lishes a sample "first number," which is heartily at the
service of the professional "biographers":—

MR. HURRY SKURRY LOUNGE IN MUSCLEDOM.

Some miles from London exists an old house buried in
a forest of trees. A few paces from the principal en-
trance is a racecourse, in the back garden there are
excellent preserves, and at the end of the lawn appears
a lake well stocked with all sorts of fish. In the
county of Loamshire there is not a more convenient
country residence.

It is night as we enter Mr. HURRY SKURRY LOUNGE'S
sanctum. He is dressed in full evening costume, and
nods as we approach him.

"Glad to see you," he says with a yawn. And we can
but admire the muscular development of his finely-
shaped throat.

We hint that we should like to know how he has
been spending the last eighteen hours.

"Well, I came here," he says, taking up a bedroom
candlestick, "for perfect quiet. After a long London
season, one requires rest, don't you know?"

We agree with him cordially.

"Well, I was up at a quarter to five this morning," he
continues. "I wanted to try a mare I have in training,
and didn't wish to be overlooked by the touts from the
sporting papers. So I walked five miles out and five
miles in, and got up a very good appetite for breakfast."

Again we encourage him with our approval.

"Then some of the girls came to see me, so I had to
take part in twenty or thirty games of Lawn Tennis.
You know that cousins (especially when they belong to
the fair sex) will have their way. We were interrupted
by the gong for luncheon."

"Yes?"

"Well, the afternoon passed in the usual manner.
The North of our county is playing the South at cricket.
Our side was in, and at about three o'clock I found it
was my turn to go in for a second innings. Knocked
about the ball in fine style, Sir, and was not out for
seventy-two! It was now too late to do anything very
athletic, so I filled up the pause before dressing for
dinner with a run of a dozen miles or so on a bicycle."

Again we nodded.

"Well, dinner over, of course we had dancing. You
know what a country-house is when it's full of people.
If I waltzed once, I waltzed a dozen times, and I am
precious glad that the hour has arrived for bed."

"You seem to have had a great deal to do," we hint.
"I question whether I could get through the same amount
of work."

"Of course you couldn't, because you are such a busy
fellow. But, you see, I have nothing on earth to do, so
I have plenty of time to be lazy!"

And with a gigantic yawn, Mr. HURRY SKURRY
LOUNGE lights his candle, and retires to rest.

THE BEST TOURIST'S COMPANION FOR 1879.—An Um-
brella.

'ARRY ON THE RAIL.



EAR CHARLIE,
STILL keep-
ing the game
up! I likes
a good slog
while I'm
in.
Life's jest
like a shettle-
cock, CHAR-
LIE, with
no think
when not on
the spin.

The River
and Road I
'ave done, as you
know, for I spun you
the tale;
And now I'm jest back
from a journey, a
regular rattler, 'by
Rail!

Hexcursion to Margit,
my pippin, five bob
there and back, don't yer
know.

But our party was quite up-to-
Dick,—you're aweer as I never
cuts low.

Nine on us, five gurls and four
fellers, jest one of the latter too
few,

But they knowed me of old, did
our lot, and they always counts
'ARRY as two!

I tell you, old man, 'twas my day. I was never in lovelier form;
And as for the petticoats, CHARLIE, I regular took them by storm.
Two was told off to me—LIZ and CARRY—but, bless yer, I fetched 'em all round.
I should make a 'ot Hottoman, CHARLIE, Turk style suits me down to the
ground.

We was off by the earliest train, and 'ad breakfast, a buster, *ong root*;
Cold tea, 'ard biled heggs, and green happles,—you know gurls is nuts upon
fruit,—

Wound up with a nip and a Pickwick. I tell yer it wasn't arf bad.
There is nothing like starting a spree with a good bottom layer, my lad.

We 'adn't much time by the briny, the weather, as usual, was rummy;
But the fun on the road made up that, and our progs was peculiar lummy.
Tuck in? 'Tain't the word. If you'd spotted the tea as we nine put away,
You'd 'a said that, at ninepence a nut, 'twas a spec as looked 'ardly like pay.

Srimps? Scissors! 'Ow CARRY did crunch 'em! No finnickin' peeling,—no
fear!

Heads off, and then bolt, holus-bolus,—that's bizness! And as for the beer,—
Not to name other labels of lotion—well, nines into thirty won't go;
But put it in pots, my dear boy, and you'll not be far from it, I know.

Comin' 'ome was the barney, my bloater! We got in together, us nine;
CARRY sat on my knee in one corner, there bein' a rush on the line.
Young GREEN's concertina was 'andy, TOM BLOGG's a rare dab at the bones,
If we didn't raise thunder and tommy, old chap, it's a caution to JONES.

We did give it tongue I can tell yer, I didn't choke off, not a minnit,
And when I bring out my top notes, railway whistles is simply not in it.
We chorus'd and clump'd it to rights; for a row-de-dow toe-and-heel treat
The floor of a long railway carriage, third class, isn't easy to beat.

Then the chaff at the Stations! 'Twas spiffing! We put some old guys on
the wax.

Do they think when a gent rides by rail he must pass all his time reading tracks?
A fig for sech mumchance old mivvies! I 'ates the 'ole bullion-mouthed brood.
When a feller is out on the bristle a jolly good 'owl does 'im good.

As for languidge! Them *Telegraph* twaddlers may trot out their CAROS and such;
Is a chap on the scoop to be burked for a "blowed" or a "blooming" too much?
Yah! Talk is like tea; it wants "lacing" with something a little bit strong,
And if it do run to a *d* now and then, why I don't fox the wrong.

It's all Gospel-shop gruel, dear boy. We'll look after our own parts of speech,
And rap out a boath now and then without asking a prig on the preach.
Wot limp 'uns there is in the world! Why, a gurl in our carriage that night
Pooty nigh did a faint at our fun, and I know it was all nasty spite.

A chalky-faced creature she were, and she sat by 'erself
and looked sad,
And when TOM checked her up she complained that our
bacco-smoke made 'er feel bad,
And *could* we just sing a *bit* softer? Oh, snakes! we'd
the highest old game,
Till a big chap stood up from behind, and declared 'twas
a thundering shame.

He'd a fist like a sledge, so we stashed it. But wasn't
it like her dashed cheek?
'Owsomever we made up in shindy; they can't quod a
chap for a squeak.
I never did 'ear sech a rouser; and as for that impident
CARRY,

She swears if there is a gay dasher, it's

Yours as per usual,

'ARRY.

IMPENDING EXCHANGES.

THE Baltic for the Baltic Coffee House.
Bulgaria for Belgrayia.
The Black Forest for Wood Green.
Broadstairs for the Broadway (Hammersmith).
Brussels for the Waterloo Road.
Burlington Bay for the Burlington Arcade.
The Grand Canal for the Paddington Canal.
Chamouni for the Savoy.
La Grande Chartreuse for the Charter House.
China for the Potteries.
Copenhagen for Denmark Hill.
The Caledonian Canal for the Caledonian Road.
Deal for the Royal Oak.
The Forest of Dean for Bishop's Road.
Edinburgh for Scotland Yard.
Filey for Sheffield.
The New Forest for the Old Bailey.
The Lake of Geneva for Ball's Pond.
Giant's Causeway for Westminster Hall.
Inverness for Inverness Terrace.
Jerusalem for the Old Jewry.
Lausanne for the Swiss Cottage.
Loch Katrine for Catherine Street, Strand.
Lombardy for Lombard Street.
Lowater for Bayswater.
Madrid for the "Spaniards" (Hampstead).
Majorca for the Minorities.
Milan for Mile End.
The Mer de Glace for the Crystal Palace.
The Meeting of the Waters for Clapham Junction.
Mont Blanc for Snow Hill.
Mont Cenis for the Holborn Viaduct.
Niagara for the Chelsea Waterworks.
The Nile for Egyptian Hall.
North Devon for South Molton Street.
Orme's Head for Orme's Square.
Oporto for Cork Street.
Patterdale for Paddington.
Poste Restante for the G. P. O.
St. Petersburg for Moscow Road.
The Pontine Marshes for the Essex Marshes.
Ramsgate for Lambeth.
Scarborough for the Borough.
The Seashore for the Strand.
The Isle of Skye for the Sky of London.
South Africa for South Kensington.
Stockholm for Stockwell.
The Tiber for Tyburnia.
St. Mark's, Venice, for Mark Lane.
The Great Wall of China for the Charing Cross radius.
W(h)itstable for Whitefriars.

Wonderful Alteration.

FROM the City, and in attendance at the Conference
undermentioned, the *Times* Correspondent reports that—

"The quaint and quiet old city of Basle is very lively
to-day. The Evangelical Alliance is holding its seventh confer-
ence here."

This is remarkable. The times are changed. Now an
Evangelical Assembly imparts liveliness to the place it is
held in; whereas in other days it would rather have
rendered it "serious."



A CONSIDERATION.

Sir Charles. "I SHOULD LIKE OF ALL THINGS TO SEE YOU IN PARLIAMENT, CHARLEY."

Son and Heir. "WELL, SIR, I DON'T MIND; I BELIEVE IT'S A VERY GOOD SORT OF PLACE; AND THEN IT'S SO HANDY TO THE AQUARIUM."

MUSIC HALLS FOR THE MILLION.

RESPECTABLE and decorous Reader, fancy the Very Reverend the Dean of WESTMINSTER actually sitting and listening to popular melodies and negro minstrelsy in a Music Hall. Imagine him accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. COWPER-TEMPLE, the Earl and Countess COWPER, Sir CHARLES TREVELYAN, and the Rev. Canon DUCKWORTH. What would Mrs. GRUNDY say? Of course, "How shocking!" And 'ARRY? "What a lark!" For 'ARRY no doubt has information enough to apprehend that gentlemen and ladies of rank and repute, such as those above-named, would be ridiculously unfit to be seen in a haunt of low dissipation, associating with himself, and allowing their ears to be disgusted if not defiled by the strains of his favourite vocalists, singing the songs which he loves.

People, however, not above holding shares in a Music Hall Company are surely quite capable of visiting, if not frequenting, a Music Hall. And all the foregoing names, and those of no less than eight-and-forty other more or less distinguished personages, appear, in a Prospectus, as the members of a "Provisional Council," at the head of a Joint Stock Company lately formed to promote the establishment of Music Halls.

But now for what 'ARRY, perhaps, will term a "sell!" The Music Halls which those "Swell" and "Nobs" (as he would call them) propose to supply will not be establishments in which 'ARRY could obtain B. and S., for example. At least he could only get served with the S. without the B. They will be Temperance Music Halls. Their designers are incorporated by the name of "The Coffee Music Hall Company, Limited." This Association professes that "its object is nightly recreation for the working and lower middle classes, freed from the elements of intoxicating drink, and its accompanying evils." So the Coffee Music Hall will be purely and literally a *Café chantant*.

Unacquainted with this statement, it would be another "sell" for 'ARRY to be apprised that, regarding music as a recreation peculiarly

EXAMINATION PAPERS FOR SCHOOLMASTERS.

(To be set by the Boy of the Future.)

1. WHAT do you understand by the term "breakfast"? Do you consider a breakfast complete without tea, coffee, kidneys, chops, cold meat, potted shrimps, honey, jam, and hot rolls and butter?
2. Point out the defects of *Mrs. Squeers's* domestic management at Dotheboys Hall, Yorkshire.
3. Define "lunch," and give your opinion as to the advisability of using once-cooked meat for a hash.
4. Give the full meaning of "swipes," "stick-jaw pudding," and "resurrection pie."
5. At what hours of the day and night may a glass of sherry-and-bitters be taken with advantage?
6. What wines do you give your boarders at lunch, dinner, and supper?
7. Given the kitchen garden in May, and the run of the cruet-stand—make a salad.
8. What do you know about *entrées*?
9. Write a short biography of either SOYER or FRANK CATELLI.
10. Explain the uses of HARVEY'S Sauce, truffles, garlic, chilli vinegar, and capers.
11. Write a short essay upon "A little dinner for four."
12. Do you believe in bread-sauce, currant-jelly, and mint-sauce? If you do, give as fully as possible your reasons for this belief.
13. How should coffee be made?
14. Give the *menus* of the dinners with which you have entertained your boarders every day for the last six weeks.
15. Give your opinion upon the following mooted points—(1) Wine at breakfast; (2) Ice after dinner; (3) Sweets at lunch; (4) and Champagne at dessert.
16. And lastly, supposing you supply your pupils with food that would amply content a *gourmet* and a *gourmand*, do you really expect them to be satisfied?

Legislation and Lung-work.

How much can "Parliament out of Session" Help "Agricultural Depression"?
As much, by talk, mere talk, no doubt,
As when 'twas in, so now 'tis out.

suitable, after a hard day's work, for persons in the condition of the masses:—

"This Company will provide for such persons an entertainment to which any man may take his wife and daughters, or even allow his wife and daughters to go by themselves."

No such entertainment, of course, would 'ARRY patronise with his presence—not if he knew it. The recreation would perhaps be even more out of his way than the refreshment. Amongst the names on the Council of the "Coffee Music Hall Company" appear those of Sir JULIUS BENEDICT, and Mr. and Mrs. GERMAN REED. These are obviously guarantees for the music of the contemplated Coffee Music Halls, in addition to the other names; all so many securities also for the words that will be sung to it.

The Promoters of the Coffee Music Hall Company, having every reason to believe that Coffee Music Halls will prove a good commercial speculation, accordingly invite application for shares to be made to the Directors through their Bankers, Messrs. HOARE. Here, therefore, is an opportunity for a good work, and also a chance of an equally good investment; of reaping a reward by beneficence, instead of, as too commonly, incurring the unpleasant drawback of self-sacrifice, in being money out of pocket.

A FRENCH TRANSLATION.

In the department of the Hautes Alpes there is a place which bears the more remarkable than generally well-known local name of Gap. This Gap in the High Alps is a diocese, and not a *crevasse*. The *Journal Officiel* the other day announced the appointment of Mgr. GUILBERT, Bishop of Gap, to the vacant see of Amiens.

Not to suggest a comparison which may be deemed irreverent, if not odious, and without intending any disrespect to a venerable Prelate, it may nevertheless be said—let us hope it is no offence—that Mgr. GUILBERT, now that he has been transferréd



FORBEARANCE.

Young Lady. "JOHN, HOW LONG SHALL YOU BE, AS I WANT TO PRACTISE!"

Gallant Young Gardener. "OH, GOO YEOUW ON, MISS AMY—GOO YEOUW ON! I SHA'N'T MIND YAR NOISE!"

Gap to Amiens, occupies a position in which he cannot but a little remind one of *Bottom the Weaver* with the donkey's head on, to whom *Peter Quince*, in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, exclaims, "Bless thee, *Bottom*! bless thee! thou art translated!" Only, if anybody has pronounced a benediction on Bishop GUILBERT, it is LEO THE THIRTEENTH, and no such personage as *Peter Quince*.

The *Journal Officiel* further states that the Abbé ROCHE is to succeed Monsignor GUILBERT in the see of Gap. In that case it is to be hoped that M. ROCHE will prove a creditable stop-gap.

HAPPY-THOUGHT GUIDE TO LONDON.

(Being a *Dickens* of a *Dickshunary* for the use of Visitors to the Metropolis.)

COVENT GARDEN MARKET.—The sweetest, nastiest, prettiest, dirtiest, brightest, dullest, beautifullest, beastliest place in all London. The road round the Market being generally almost impassable, is invariably chosen by cabmen whose fares are in a hurry, as the shortest route from East to West, or *vice versa*. The smell of the refuse on a fine summer's morning must be most exhilarating to the residents and the extreme vegetarian. The pavement is, for the most part, tastefully strewn with orange-peel, cabbage-stalks, and flower-stems, insuring the pedestrian all the excitement of ice on the path in the middle of summer. Here the Clowns and Pantaloons study the effect of butter-slides for the forthcoming Pantomimes. The Language of Flowers, as heard among the carts, is not the most lovely in the world. Thanks to the exertions of the employees at the Tavistock and Bedford hotels, under the piazza, the roadway on their side is kept tolerably clear. The latter house, sweetly, neatly, and comfortably kept in a good old-fashioned way by *Mistress A. WARNER*, is "A. Wunner"; and while most reasonable to everyone, is dear to all its patrons, who cling to it as a home in London. *Mr. Punch* speaks of it as a very old friend, for 'twas here that the "Men of Mark"—of "dear old MARK"—with SHIRLEY in his brilliant white waistcoat, at their head, were wont to congre-

gate and discuss the affairs of the nation. *Floreat Bedford!* And oh if the Duke would but have the Market, or a part of it, moved elsewhere, or make some improvements there, then would we bless the Duke of BEDFORD, as we do his Grace of ARGYLL!

CRICKET.—Chiefly associated in London with "on the hearth." But if the question be asked "Where on hearth shall we go for cricket?" the answer will be "Lords," as preferable to "Commons," which are generally such a distance from town. The great games are at Lord's, but there is also the Oval, Kennington, where they carry on their little games just as well. At the Oval neither the University nor Public School Matches have been played; when this happens, it will be an *oval* proceeding—which, as a pun, is quite too *ovally* shocking! Admission, as a member, to Lord's is by ballot—cricket ballot, of course; and a certain age being an essential qualification, the candidate must not be past mark of mouth, which is certified by the dentist in attendance, who draws your stumps, if necessary.

THE CRITERION.—Familiarly abbreviated as "The Cri." Usually the Full Cri. The refreshment department is Messrs. SPIERS AND POND's, which suggests an excellent idea of co-operative qualities—the sharpness of *SPEARS* and the depth of *POND*. The former's advice to the barmaids is, "Look after the Pence, and the Ponds 'll look after themselves."

CRYSTAL PALACE.—One of the finest sites about London. Latterly the Show has not been equal to the Site. The visitor to London wishing to see the Crystal Palace, can do so with advantage to his pocket from Piccadilly, opposite the Green Park. If it is a fine day, he will enjoy this view, and can easily imagine the rest. The Directors of the C. P. Co. must have felt at times inclined to label it "Glass—with care."

CUSTOMS.—All sorts of peculiar customs in London. Visitors from the country and foreigners have only to call at the Customs House, where, on payment of a small fee, they will be duly instructed. Lessons from ten to four.

THE PROPER PLACE FOR THE CUTLERS' FEAST.—The Edgeware Road.



THE WASHED-OUT TENNIS-PLAYERS.

A Reminiscence of the Rain.

(Chorus.)—"WE'RE ALL THE WAY FROM BELGRAVIAH, AND WE DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO!
WE DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO-O-OO! WE DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO-O-OOO!
WE'RE OUT OF PLAY, AND WE'RE WILLING TO PLAY—BUT WE'VE GOT NO PLAY TO DO!"

THE AGE OF MUFTI; OR, WHAT IT OUGHT TO COME TO.

"His Majesty met the Czar to-day at the little Russian border town of Alexandrowo."—*Times Berlin Correspondent.*

An event like the above naturally fills the European atmosphere with many rumours. These, however, *Mr. Punch* has never been in the habit of regarding either with very much interest or satisfaction. What august personages, when they meet, do say, or are supposed to say, strikes him as far less gratifying than what they ought to say. He, therefore, supplies the deficiency on the present occasion, in the shape of the following dramatic sketch, a couple of copies of which he has already despatched to Alexandrowo, in the hope that it may be found useful and suggestive on the next.

SCENE—A Railway Platform at a small border Town. An August Nephew, surrounded by a brilliant Suite, discovered waiting the arrival of a Train. Enter, from a saloon carriage, an August Uncle, followed by a distinguished Staff.

August Uncle. Well met, my Nephew. (They embrace.) And thanks, in the name of the great Fatherland, for this cordial reception. I see the heroic Popingierkintsky Regiment, of which, I believe, I am the honorary Corporal, lines the ticket-office. 'Tis thus, 'tis thus—(Refers to his Notes.)—Ah, yes, of course: 'tis thus, the Kaiser of one army is the Corporal of another, and vice versa. Thus, that the mighty military brotherhood effected in the union of the Hohenzollern and the Romanoff, guarantees, at the cannon's mouth, the perpetuity of those principles of the barrack-room, which—

August Nephew. Quite so. But if you wouldn't mind stepping behind the refreshment counter, I rather—wanted to ask you—

August Uncle. Of course;—if I am going to make you a Drum-Major of the 89th Dragoons of the Line. I am. See, here is the full-

dress uniform, drum and all, in the luggage-van; and I mean to add, if I can find room for them on your breast, the Star of the Order of the Blue Hyæna (third class), and the Grand Cross of the Iron Side-board of Prussia. You seem full; but,—ah! the very thing. Here is a vacant spot on the side of your neck. [Pins them on.

August Nephew (bowing). Thanks. But if you would have the goodness to step this way? (They retire to the Refreshment Counter.) And, now that we can talk freely, I must tell you, worthy Uncle, frankly and at once, that I have had enough of all this foolery.

August Uncle. Foolery? But you surprise me! What—doesn't it fit comfortably in the back?

August Nephew. Nay, do not misunderstand me. I am not attacking the tailor, but the system. Why should you, a hoary and respected veteran, and I, an elderly gentleman,—for I'm getting on,—deck ourselves out, on every possible occasion, in trappings which, if they are anything more than a bit of vulgar and idiotic display, imply distinctly that we are both of us, belted, spurred, and armed, as the representatives of two mighty military hosts, ready to rush headlong to carnage on the first battle-field that offers.

August Uncle (interested). Dear me, there is something in that. Eh?—Well, as far as I am personally concerned, you know, I would go about in an Ulster to-morrow. But my people? I must, you see, think of them. Believe me, my August Boy, it is the military vapouring of the nation that forces the ruler on to the horse's back.

August Nephew. Worthy, but misguided Uncle, I would put it rather thus: It is the military tailoring of the ruler that crushes the nation under the horse's hoofs.

August Uncle. And you are not, then, of opinion that cutting off the flower of the nation from productive labour, inducing the stagnation of trade, and exciting revolution at home and revenge abroad, is, on the whole, worth the privilege of belonging to a highly respectable military family and sleeping in epanettes?

August Nephew. Well, no, dear Uncle; to be frank with you, I am not.



"THE FLESH-POTS."

The Parson. "I'M VERY SORRY TO HEAR, MRS. BROWN, THAT YOU WERE PRESENT, LAST NIGHT, AT A 'PLYMOUTH BRETHREN'S' TEA-MEETING. I HAVE OFTEN TOLD YOU THAT THESE DOCTRINES ARE HIGHLY ERRONEOUS!"

Mrs. Brown. "ERRON'OUS, SIR, THEIR DOCTRINES MAY BE; BUT THEIR CAKE, WITH SULTANY RAISINS, IS EXCELLENT!"

August Uncle. Well, well, boy,—you shall have your little whim. Eh? A general disarmament? There—there—say no more about it. I will tell Bismarck to wire at once to Paris and Vienna, and the thing's done.

August Nephew (moved). Thanks, prompt and worthy Uncle—a thousand thanks! Ah! you know not what it is to wear three breast-plates night and day, and have your soup, tepid, through a spongy iron filter!

August Uncle (confidentially). My boy, I do! (They both laugh heartily.) And now to promulgate the new era. (Leaving the Refreshment Counter.) Gentlemen, you may all return to your ploughshares, your bureaux, your counters, your coal-mines, and your children!

All (with enthusiasm). Impossible! It is scarce seventeen years that we have parted from these trifles, and we are all as yet a little on the right side of seven-and-forty! We repeat, once more, respectfully, "Impossible!"

August Nephew. No, my friends—not so. Henceforth the Romanoff and the Hohenzollern will each cultivate not the military but the social traditions of his house. Prepare for a surprise! We have each ordered our first evening suit. To-morrow Europe becomes a vast "At home."

August Uncle (taking his hand). Yes, my boy,—millions cannot conveniently cross frontiers in dancing boots and evening dress. Cheer, Gentlemen, for the age of Mufli has commenced.

[They gradually remove each other's decorations as the Curtain descends.]

Hard Lines in Hives.

FRED your Bees. If you don't, they won't survive the winter. They have not made honey enough to last them through it. The little busy Bee that is when it can be, has, owing to bad weather, been obliged to remain idle, and was unable to improve the shining hour for the want of sunshine. So, in effect, says a Bee-keeper instructing, in the *Times*, other keepers of Bees; which insects he informs them that—

"Some prefer loaf-sugar for feeding, but the best refined moist will answer equally as well."

Still it may be imagined that, as food for Bees, your loaf-sugar would be the nearest thing to your bread.

WORDS WITHOUT SONGS.

MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,

I HAVE been very much struck by a correspondence that has recently appeared in the columns of one of your contemporaries about the scarcity of good English songs. I do not think that the matter has received fair treatment. It has been assumed by some of the writers that we have no good composers, when, as a matter of fact, the poets and not the musicians are in fault. Some one has said (or if he has not said it, he ought to say it immediately), "Let me make the words of a nation's songs, and anyone else may compose the music." If we had better poetry, we should have better ballads. Under these circumstances, I have no hesitation in rushing myself to the assistance of our song-makers. They want novelty, and I think I can supply the article in great profusion.

As an earnest of my powers, I give a few specimens. The first I select is quite a new idea. Why should we not have songs about village pumps, new brass door-knockers, or old street-lamps? In the following I have taken as a theme a well-known article in constant domestic use. I have called it—

THE SOUND SIGNAL.

The Babe is startled on the nursery floor;
The Schoolboy pauses in his game;
The Lover lingers at his darling's door,
And half forgets to breathe her name.
The six weeks' Bride with blushing pleasure leads;
The Justice follows with his dame.
With hurried steps march Men of Thoughts and Deeds.
The Grandsire strives to march the same.
"Come the short and the long to the boom of my dong,"
Are the words to the song of the loud Dinner-Gong.

Then again, why should not foreign fairy tales suggest occasionally an idea? The story of the *Little Tin Soldier* has often appeared to me to contain the germ of a notion. I have knocked off a quaint little something (of which below I give the first verse), which I frankly admit is founded upon this fable. I call it

THE IMPECUNIOUS WARRIOR.

Came a penniless hero dancing
To the place where Love was lancing
A number of darts very bold, dear!
"My belle I feign would be ringing."
"My beau must list while I'm singing."
And this was the song, I am told, dear.
"Din a din, din a din!"
What is love without tin,
My poor little light-hearted soldier?"

But perhaps the most touching song in my portfolio is one which deals with the life of a well-known type of London Society. The mother with a daughter to marry is a character that might move the sternest heart to pity. I call the little poem I have written about this unhappy lady

THE MIDDLE-AGED MATCH-GIRL.

It was terribly dreary
In the well-lighted hall,
She was fearfully weary
At the very late ball.
For oh! she had been sitting
Very close to the wall
For hours, yes, unremitting,
Smiling to one and all.
She was the middle-aged Match-Girl;
Matchmaking, yes, was her care;
Her child was the no-great-catch girl,
And he the much-chivied heir!

There! I think this last idea simply charming; and if some of our clever Composers would only come to me, there would be no further complaint about the dearth of native talent. In conclusion, I particularly pride myself on the fact that the above songs are entirely original. We have had nothing like them before.

Believe me, dear Mr. Punch, yours sincerely,
APOLLO JUNIOR.
Butterfly Gardens (late Grub Street).

THE DEATH STROKE TO ART IN THE EAST.—A knock-down blow on the Temple.



NEW SYSTEM OF EDUCATION.

First Mamma. "I SEE THAT YOUR CHILDREN PADDLE."

Second Mamma. "YES. DON'T YOURS!"

First Mamma. "NO; I'VE MANAGED TO MAKE MY THREE BOYS BELIEVE THAT IT IS VULGAR AND UNGENTLEMANLY EITHER TO GET THEIR FEET WET, OR SIT IN A THOROUGH DRAUGHT, OR BOLT THEIR FOOD, OR EAT GOODIES BETWEEN THEIR MEALS, OR GO TO JUVENILE PARTIES, POOR DEARS. THEY'RE RATHER SOFT, PERHAPS, BUT THEY'RE TWICE THE SIZE OF ANY OTHER BOYS OF THEIR AGE, AND THEY'VE NEVER HAD AN HOUR'S ILLNESS IN THEIR LIVES."

BETWEEN THE ACTS.

PLON-PLON loquitur:—

HAN! "One man in his time plays many parts,"
So saith the English SHAKESPEARE, doth he not?
Meaning—no matter! Preachers stretch their text
Ofttimes beyond its first significance,
For special application,—why not I?
I have played many parts, nor played them ill,
Though mostly minor ones, alas! But now,
What if poor PLON-PLON, much derided "Pro,"
Mere General Utility Man, sometimes
Esteemed the veriest Super, should at last,
Though late yet not too late, possess a chance?
Aha! It likes me well, right well, i' faith.
Methinks that I could star it with the best,
Would they but let me. B-r-r-r! I bear a chest,
And boast a calf! Yon swaggerer on the wall
Had port and front no better than mine own.
So bravely mounted, booted, spurred, and draped,
With rampant charger, and with flying cloak,
He shows pure demi-god. Set him afoot
Beside me, and I'd match him brow for brow,
Fine chiselled lip for lip, forelock for forelock.
The Ladies swear I'm like him, line for line.
And why not act for act, triumph for triumph?
'Tis the dress does it. I could play his part,
Called to the front, caparisoned aright,
Welcomed by a full house. Ah! shall it be?
His part indeed's a little out of fashion,
Less popular, perchance, than when he played it:
Damned by its last performer, who at length
Was hissed from off the Stage, a *dénoûment*

He might have 'scaped had he not scorned my hints.
The piece is old, the rôle is not the rage,
But there have been revivals that eclipsed
The original performance. Is't so sure
The present play will run much longer? Ah!
A change were now my chance! Where could they look
For one to fill *his* part, save *here*? 'Tis true
I have pooh-poohed it times and oft, have sworn
The Stage were well if once well swept of it.
But what said shrewd NAVARRE, gay huckster-hero?
"Paris is worth a mass!" And, after all,
The part, as I should play it, would appear
A new creation, and entrance the house
From gods to groundlings. All the TALMA swells
Within this breast! I'd pose as Hercules!
God Mars himself! though *that* might rouse rude mirth
Amidst mine enemies. I must dissemble
A little longer—but—a time *may* come!!!
[Left dissembling.]

Country Talk "by the Card."

"HERE's a tolerablist chaainge o' weather fur the better," said CORYDON, "come at last. Notwi'standun the wet zummer, I expects we be gwiun to ha' zummur like a bit of a harvust aater all."
"Doan't thee holler," answered THYRSIS, "afoor thee bist out o' the 'ood."
"Out of the 'ood, dost thee say?" retorted the other husband-man. "Naa, mate. Thee mane'st out o' the waater."

WEIRD SISTERS. — Phylloxera Vastatrix, Potato Blight, and Colorado Beetle.



BETWEEN THE ACTS.

M. PLON-PLON (*"General Utility"*). "I'M SURE, I CAN PLAY THE PART—IF THEY'LL LET ME. I ONLY WANT THE COSTUME!"

FRIENDS AT A DISTANCE.

(THIRD SERIES.—SUMMER.)

CHAPTER IV.

A Ceremony—Untimely Jest—Commencement—Cakes and Wine—Struggles—Honour of Burns—Bell—Funereal—Apologies—Spirit—The Trades—Genius—Private Character—The Processionists—Outlaws—Costume—Souter—Tam—Ceremonial—Reading—Speeches—Masonic—Band—Interruptions—The Member—Oration—Ceremony concluded.



WE are full of BURNS. BURNS'S Monument is in the distance, and inside it is BURNS'S Statue, wrapped up as though they were afraid of his catching cold. He is to be unveiled to-day. Of course somebody says that "he hopes the covering will come off at the first pull, so that there may be no un-a-vailing efforts." But somebody is frowned down as this is no joking matter.

Everyone talks of BURNS. As we drive along to the town we

pass waggon-loads of festive people, bonnie lassies, and their chiefs—all, so to speak, going on about BURNS.

The town is crowded. There is to be a monster procession of the trades, and crafts, and guilds, and societies—from Freemasons to Foresters, all represented. Refreshments have already begun at the hotels, public-houses, eating and drinking houses, in honour of BURNS.

With difficulty we enter the Town-Hall. It is crowded. There is open house for everybody, and everybody appears to be taking advantage of it, in honour of BURNS.

On the tables are cakes of all sorts and sizes, principally of the sponge kind, quite new, canary yellow inside, and light brown without. Fresh and filling. Everyone is talking energetically, everybody is explaining everything to everybody else, and all mouths are full of BURNS and hunches of cake. So much cake, and such huge cakes, I never saw. When a cake appears, which happens every five minutes, there is an immediate rush for it by every one in its immediate vicinity. At first I withdraw in order to allow the elders to "cut in;" finding, however, that I am losing by this politeness, and that there is no chance of any sustenance for another three or four hours, I make a gallant and dashing descent on a waiter with a cake. I am a foraging party, and I intercept the supplies that are going into the front room. Waiter makes a faint show of resistance, but yields, and I retire with the spoil, of which I have only time to take a modest slice, before it has been demolished by rapacious cake-eaters. One cake, two feet high, made in a jelly-mould pattern, is placed on a table by a struggling waiter, and disappears in less than no time. It has been pounced upon by Town Councillors in black coats and white ties, and visitors. Everyone has a glass of something in one hand and a slice of cake in the other. The "something" is either whiskey, sherry, brandy, or port—the spirits, of course, with water; if it weren't for the water, there would be *Burns on every tongue* with a vengeance.

The white ties and the black coats, and the cake and sherry, at first suggest the notion of a funeral, without the gloves and weepers. There is something funereal, too, in the idea that all this festive cake-eating is "to the memory of BURNS." We seem to have

"Come to bury CÆSAR, not to praise him."

Suddenly, a deep-toned bell takes to tolling at regular intervals. Whether this is an accident, or a signal, I don't know, but the effect is solemn, and more than ever suggestive of a funeral, or an execution. Perhaps it means that the artist has just executed the statue.

What I specially notice in all remarks about the great ROBIN BURNS is that everyone apologises for him. His genius is taken for

granted, and scarcely alluded to, but the shortcomings of his private life seem to demand perpetual excuses. BURNS undoubtedly represented the spirit of the people, and the spirit of the people is whuskey.

But that was in his jovial moods, when his genius was making a night of it among the drinkers of the New Lights, which ROBIN had exchanged for the Auld Lights of other days that had not yet faded. Because other folks were virtuous, were there to be no more cakes and whuskey for ROBIN?

The popular view of ROBIN BURNS is inscribed, as a motto, on the car of the Carpenters, or Butchers, or one of the trades. I don't distinctly make out which it is—perhaps the Top Sawyers: "*Robin was a Rantin' Rovin' Roarin' Boy!*" When the Rantin' Rovin' Roarin' Boy was suffering from the effects of to-morrow's headache, then his genius inspired him with the *Cotter's Saturday Night*, and so balanced the account. He had a sober genius, and a drunken genius, and was perpetually between the two, like GARRICK in the well-known picture, between Tragedy and Comedy. But by whichever inspired, the sober or drunken, the works are inspirations, powerfully good or powerfully bad, as it might chance.

Tam O'Shanter and *Souter Johnie* were a couple of drunken blackguards, for whom every Scotchman has more than a sneaking kindness. Their faults are to be pardoned because they drank much.

To-day the Statue of BURNS is erected in honour of his genius, and not in honour of his private character, to which any allusion, in connection with this celebration, seems to me entirely out of place.

Thirty thousand, and more, are here to honour BURNS, the excise-man, in whose memory thousands of pounds have been spent and to whom, living, an appreciative country barely afforded a subsistence. The dead lion of Scotland is in far better condition than was the living dog.

Here are the Freemasons in all their glory of aprons, and signs, and tokens, and squares, and sashes, and hammers, and mallets, and ribands, and jewels, and other insignia. They walk along in procession, trying to look very mysterious, as though not a gallon of whuskey should force their secrets from them. Here are Worshipfuls, and Deputy Worshipfuls, and Masters, and Past Masters, and Junior Wardens, and Senior Wardens, and Deacons with trowels, and Tilers with their tiles on, and a band in full blow—all in honour of BURNS, who was himself a convivial craftsman. Then there are the Carpenters, with a triumphal car, in which is one of the trade at work, in honour of BURNS, who wasn't a carpenter. Then come the Butchers, mounted on saddles of mutton, with drawn bills in their hands—though these ought to be carried by the Bankers; then the Firemen, with their hose ready to extinguish the fire of genius, in honour of BURNS, or, should the necessity arise, to put out the speaker in the middle of his address; then the Gardeners, in honour of BURNS, with bunches of the flowers of poetry, and the Printers, with a car representing a press, and attended by a Printer's Devil correcting a clerical error, in honour of BURNS and the New Lights; then the Foresters, in russet boots, large hats, and feathers, green velvet tunics, and the regular "penny plain, and twopence coloured" costume of the merry days of "*Bold Robin*"—not BURNS, but *Hood*—poets both, by the way. *Friar Tuck* is out of it, but here is *Maid Marian* in a sort of fancy Kilmarnock bonnet and a gorgeous riding-habit of pink and scarlet; and here, too, is *Little John*, whom I can't distinguish from *Robin Hood*; and the popular outlaws are all doing their best to keep up a gay and gallant appearance while bestriding unpleasantly restive steeds, whose sudden movements cause an expression of brief but sharp agony on the countenances of the bold outlaws, who for the first time seem to be doubtful as to whether theatrical pink "fleshings" are quite the most comfortable, or most durable, costume for an equestrian. If they have ridden from Sherwood Forest, I pity them.

Here are two low comedians, from some theatrical company, dressed as *Tam O'Shanter* and *Souter Johnie*, from whom great things are expected, but who do nothing at all, and look very much as if they were wishing they had confined their make-up to their own stage, and had not come out as a sort of advertisement which won't have much effect on anyone.

We all gather about the Statue, from which the vast crowd is separated by ropes and rails.

The Ceremonial commences.

Somebody reads something to the Provost, who, in return, reads something to him. These proceedings are of so strictly a private and confidential character, as far as the general public is concerned, that the theory generally prevailing outside the mystic circle of six feet in diameter, is, that the officials are reading BURNS'S poems to one another—perhaps for a prize. Then somebody else reads something else—another poem, perhaps—which is replied to. Official-looking papers are handed about to flurried people, who appear astonished to get them, and who, having got them, don't know where to put them. The questions, "Who's that?" "What's



LAWN-TENNIS COSTUME.

(Designed by Mr. Punch.)

he doing?" "What's going on now?" are general. The Ladies up above, near the Statue, smile on everybody, and try to interest themselves in the proceedings by guessing at what it all means. To the majority of the spectators the entertainment is a sort of open-air Dumb-Crambo played at by the Provost, the Town Councillors, and somebody on a chair.

The mysterious personage who has taken the chair, not as a formal proceeding, but because he really wanted to sit down, is the Member of Parliament, whom the officials on the steps are doing their best to keep hidden until the proper moment, when he is to be produced as a sort of *coup de théâtre*, which is intended to take the people as much by surprise as does the ring which the conjuror finds in the centre of an orange. He is the trump-card of the Festival pack: his eloquence is to be like the brilliant bouquet of fireworks which brings to a splendid climax a *fête* at the Crystal Palace. He is kept back not to be caught sight of by anyone but the exceptionally privileged, who, on being introduced, shake hands with him, as though he were going on a long and dangerous voyage, and not likely to return. This shaking hands with an orator who is about to address a crowd, seems to suggest the idea that we are taking leave of him because he may ramble in his discourse, and wander to such an extent that we may never see him again.

At the right moment the sitting M.P. rises, and is shown to the people, when an energetic fogleman gives the signal for a cheer, which signal other foglemen below obey and reply to. The result is a hearty cheer from at least five hundred out of the thirty thousand, of whom the remainder, being still in a state of uncertainty as to what's happening, think that something must have gone wrong, as what they have come to see is the Unveiling of the Statue, and the Statue is still covered up, as if the family were out of town.

Then comes a cry in the vernacular, "Up wi' the Hippen!"—meaning, "Raise the Curtain!" and equivalent to *Hamlet's* impatient exclamation to the poor player, "Leave off thy damnable faces, and begin!"—which rather disturbs the gravity of the officials, and testifies to the growing impatience of the assembly. Taking the hint, they proceed to business, cutting short several other persons with documents all ready, who thereupon pocket them with an air of deeply offended importance.

Now silence is demanded for a prayer by the Masonic Chaplain. The demand is at once complied with by the Freemason's Band

mistaking the signal, and striking up a tune closely resembling "He's a Jolly Good Fellow!" which, in any circumstances, can scarcely be considered an entirely devotional air.

The band, having their eyes firmly fixed on their music, and their lungs hard at work, are with difficulty silenced, excepting, however, the big drum and cymbals, who, having got into a sheltered corner under the steps, where ignorance of the whole proceedings is their bliss, keep it up between them in fine style, until they are absolutely collared by the infuriated conductor, and the tune shaken out of them, when they subside sulkily.

And now we are ready for the Masonic Chaplain.

He raises his hand and delivers a Masonic Prayer, in which there are a few sly hits at Burns's private life, with an apology for his weaknesses, which, considering the occasion, strikes me as coming a little late, and being rather more than usually out of place.

However, only about twenty people, of whom I happen to be one, quite close to the Chaplain, hear what he is saying, and the other twenty-nine thousand nine hundred and eighty people, about and below, are perhaps under the impression that the gentleman with his hand up is trying to pull the covering off the Statue.

Then the band is called upon again, and reluctantly re-commences where it left off. Once more they're wrong. They were asked for the "Old Hundredth," and they have resumed "He's a Jolly Good Fellow!" or whatever the "Masonic Anthem," of a very rollicking description, might have been. But I suppose the Masons know best, and doubtless they possess some authoritative tradition for "He's a Jolly Good Fellow!" having been played on the opening of Solomon's Temple, with HIRAM of Tyre as conductor of the orchestra.

Then the Member of Parliament, not yet entirely visible to the crowd, pulls a string, and down comes the drapery, discovering not only the Statue, but somebody who had been hiding behind the Statue, and who now slips down hurriedly and hurts himself. Immense cheering.

Then the Provost and the officials crush themselves into as small a space as possible, in order to show the Member of Parliament to the people below, and to get well out of reach of any consequences of his oratorical energy. More cheering, led by the fogleman.

Then the Member of Parliament, holding on tightly with the grip of a drowning man to the stone parapet in front of him, waves his right arm aloft, sways himself to and fro, and with exhausting effort, pitches his voice so as to be distinctly heard—well, say within a semicircle of twenty yards to the farthest point. If he has any voice left to-morrow, I'm a Dutchman. He literally vibrates under the exertion, and seems actually to perspire through his black frock coat. From those straight in front of him, and from the fogleman's immediate followers, he receives the profoundest attention, but the outsiders have already begun "all the fun of the fair," and the guilds and trades want to be home again, and out of these festive dresses as soon as possible. Actuated by this sentiment, one body of processionists,—I rather fancy it's the bold, outlaw, *Robin Hood*, and party, still painfully anxious as to the durability of their pink fleshings,—sets the example, and their band strikes up a noble march just as the Member of Parliament is making one of his best points. This disconcerts him only for a second or two, but the exodus has commenced, and, as no set of processionists can move off except accompanied by their band, the harmony of the proceedings is somewhat interfered with.

The oration goes on, interesting to those who, being close at hand and so jammed up that they can't get away, have nothing left for it but to cheer loudly at every point which they think is likely to be the finish of the speech, while those not personally known to the excellent Member, or who are not directly under his eye, are looking about to discover the shortest, easiest, and quietest way of escape, comforting themselves for what they may lose, by remembering that they'll see it all in the papers to-morrow.

So we return to the hotel and fetch the trap.

Only just in time, for already the whiskey has begun to tell on a great number of those, who, in drinking to BURNS's memory, have considerably impaired their own.

Tam o' Shanter and Souter Johnnie I see before me,—two genuine successors of Tam and Johnnie, with more than a wee drappie in their ee—"fou," helplessly "fou," but insisting on driving themselves home in a gig, but which, to begin with, they can't even climb. The landlord and his ostlers are equal to the occasion, and on their third attempt to mount, which ends in their both sprawling in the yard, they carry them off, swearing, protesting, kicking, and struggling to fight everybody, and finally lock them up in an empty old two-stalled stable, where they can lie like pigs, as they are, in the dirty straw, till they recover their senses, murmuring to themselves, "A mon's a mon for a' that."

The festivities will be kept up, I am informed, until a late hour in honour of the Rantin' Roarin' Rovin' Boy ROBIN BURNS. One of these celebrations is enough. "Never again wi' you, ROBIN."

Back to ALLISON's and thus ends not a Nicht wi' BURNS, but a Day wi' him. And, in the words of the modern songster, "What a day we've been having."



"ONE TOUCH OF NATURE."

(George has promised his Ethel the first shot, for luck! A covey rises!)

Ethel (at the critical moment). "OH, GEORGE! PERHAPS THEY TOO HAVE LOVED!"

THE ABLUTION OF SMOKE?

HOPE has a bad character for being addicted to telling flattering tales. Is one of them the recently published promise that there is about to be an end of all those execrable nuisances, the ugly, black smoke-belching, sky-begriming tall chimneys?

Is it really true that a Mr. JOHNSON, Manager of Mr. BEAUMONT'S Lead Works in Northumberland, has invented flues and machinery, by means of which smoke can actually be washed clear of soot and noxious gases, its remainder, after purification, being merely harmless vapour; escaping and mingling with the atmosphere sweet and clean?

Can it be that this invention has not only been patented but put to the proof; tried, and found to answer in several "plants," and, particularly, on a large scale, at the Engineering Works of Messrs. GOODFELLOW, Hyde? If successful experimenters *pro bono publico*, as well as for their own boot, Messrs. GOODFELLOW are indeed to be accounted among the best of fellows.

Has fact demonstrated the truth of the statement that the various products said to be washed out of the smoke can be collected and utilised, so as to become remunerative? In that case, what an improvement, for manufacturers, on any contrivance for enabling them to consume their own smoke are arrangements of which the operation may be described as *ex fumo dare lucrum*!

Doubtless every British Manufacturer in his senses would rather wash his smoke clean than let it poison the air, if he was quite sure its purification would be less expensive than its waste. Otherwise, he would be unworthy of the name of a British Manufacturer.

What a blessing both for all who benefit, and for everybody that is aggrieved, by smoke and soot, will the devices alleged to have been accomplished for the ablation of the latter from the former, and therewith the abatement of stench also, prove, should they be found to be not only practicable but also profitable, and, notwithstanding that hoaxes are now in season, should the announcement of effectual appliances for the process of smoke-washing not itself turn out to be all smoke!

ROUGHING IT ON THE RIGI.

(Extra page for the Tourist's Companion.)

CONVERSATION ON A KULM.

THERE is scarcely comfortable accommodation in this room for thirteen.

We would rather sleep inside the hotel than in the lake.

Are you the proprietor, or the coalheaver?

Why do you hit me with a ruler on the cheek, the eye, the neck, the calves, the cuffs, and the breast bone?

Is that the hair of my friends that you have in both your hands?

Do not throw those gentlemen over a precipice.

Could you oblige me with a bandage, a yard of sticking-plaster, a warm bath and a doctor?

Are these assailants in white neckties brigands in evening dress?

Why does the M.P. cry "Murder!"?

Is that an Oxford Celebrity or a portmanteau leaving the hotel hurriedly by the window?

I have not seen the new direct route to Arth, over head-and-heels down the mountain side, which you undertake to show me, alluded to in Murray.

Ah, here is the litter, the medical man, materials for making my will, a firm of solicitors, and a return ticket.

Specialty of a Public School.

OF whatever description may be the sorts of Food wont to be provided for the body, as also for the mind, of Youth in the generality of Public Schools, there is one, at least, of those seats of learning—and teaching—at which the very best of meals must, if there is anything at all in a name, be supposed to be supplied to the scholars; namely, of course, Eton College.

"NOT BEFORE THE BOY" (for £150 a year).—Mutton he can't eat.

THE TWO IDEALS.



LADY, primly fair, appeared to me ;
Moon-eyed, and mild, and pulpy-
mouthed was she ;
Sloping shoulders, slim exceed-
ingly.

A studied negligence, a mannered
grace,
In every turn of form and trait
of face,
The calmly critical regard might
trace.

Her tresses hung in tendril-
tangles down.
Long, spirally-disposed—a droop-
ing crown
Like poor Ophelia's, when about
to drown.

Yet there was that about this
torrent hair
Suggestive of the comb and
nightly care ;
Perchance curl-papers even, here
and there.

Unguents those twisted tresses
did anoint ;
Each slender finger, innocent of
joint,
Tenderly tapered to a trim-nailed
point.

One arm, its elbow resting on a
book,
Curved downward with a soft
and supple crook,
Like pendant willow - branch
above a brook.

The other, its attenuate fingers spread
With careful symmetry, upbore her head,
Which drooped like that of one with woe nigh
dead.

Her waist, strait-cinctured, was of sylph-like
size ;
The curv'd lashes of her almond eyes
Were of a length that filled me with surprise.

It seemed one might have hung his hat thereon.
In all that dainty frame of aught like bone
Or solid sinew outward sign was none.

She seemed a thing composed of pulp and pap,
From her small head, with its coquettish cap,
To the limp digits drooping o'er her lap.

Meseemed that I before had somewhere seen
This moon-eyed maid of melancholic mien,
But knew not when or where it mote have
been.

"Who art thou, languorous lady?" I inquired.
"And art thou moribund, or merely tired?"
Said she, "I once was very much admired.

"But men—ah, me! the false and fickle race!—
Have lapsed to utter coarseness, lost all trace
Of love for genuine Della Cruscan grace.

"Albums and Books of Beauty once enshrined
My pictured loveliness, genteel, refined ;
Bards sang sweet praise of me to every wind.

"Alas! the limners limn, the lyrists sing
A new Ideal now, and throng to bring
Gifts to its shrine. Behold the Hideous Thing!"

Instant I turned, and lo! another Dame,
Attired in wreathed robe of ruddy flame,
Through the mysterious shadows slowly came.

Fulvous she was, with frizzed, flamboyant hair,
As of a rufous Jewess in a scare ;
Her cheeks were cavernous, her form was spare,
Not boneless, like that other's. One might see
Its osseous framework, fashioned curiously,
And study its scarce-veiled anatomy.

She stood as one from whom each garment slips,
Limp, with a hinge-like flexure at the hips,
Drooping and pendulous of lids and lips.

Her eyes were hollow, dusk, like fires outburned,
And to the earth in hopeless languor turned,
As they for restful death and darkness yearned.

Forlorn, and faint, and fatefully foredone,
Satiate of all delight beneath the sun,
As sick of passion, as unfit for fun.

Only some hint of fierceness subtly stole
From eyes that spake the tigress in her soul,
Hands weak of all but will, for blade and bowl.

"Who art *thou*, sombre shape?" low queried I.
Whereto she answered with a windy sigh,
"I am the last Ideal set on high!"

"In the æsthetic cult there is not space,
More than one Idol at one time to place,
Now Mediæval Gloom, now Modish Grace.

"Yon figment of factitious fancy led
Fools of the Finden era. She is sped.
Æsthetic Beauty—I—reign in her stead."

Then broke a shaft of sunshine soft and warm,
And lit the twilight that lent strongest arm
To Morbid Passion, Meretricious Charm.

Seen in whose honest light those twain did show—
To-day's Pard-Princess, Nymph of long ago—
Twin Shadows, void alike of life-blood's flow.

BIGOTRY AND BEGGING.

At a special meeting reported,
says the *Post*, to have been lately
held, in the prospect of a bad
harvest, at Newington Free
Church, Edinburgh—

"The Rev. Dr. Bzoo, in addressing
the meeting, expressed his conviction
that the unseasonable weather was a
judgment on account of national sins,
among which he enumerated infide-
lity, the encouragement of Roman
Catholicism by Government, the re-
lations which this country maintained
with foreign countries, Sabbath-
breaking, and profane swearing."

Dr. Bzoo, then, if the foregoing
are really his words, is convinced
that the late rains were owing to
the agency of supernatural power,
and not that of natural causes.
He regards them as miraculous,
and believes that a succession of
miracles, consisting in the phe-
nomena of storms of rain, and
wind, and thunder and lightning,
has been in course of performance
for several months past on ac-
count, among other national sins,
of the encouragement afforded by
Government to Roman Catho-
licism. In the same way, Ultra-
montane Bzogs, or analogues to
Bzoo as to intelligence, have
ascribed sundry calamities to the
destruction of the Temporal Pope-
dom. Of course, the diverse
Bzogs are equally certain of the
truth of their respective asser-
tions, and alike know nothing
whatever about it. The Bzogs
on both sides beg the question
they affirm by a tremendous as-
sumption for which the only ex-
cuse that can conceivably be
pleaded is intellectual beggary.

MR. PUNCH'S BAG FOR
SEPTEMBER.

ONE Sea Serpent.

Forty-seven gigantic Goose-
berries.

Half a dozen showers of living
Frogs.

Seventy-nine changes of the
weather.

Sixty-one cases of Wife-beating
in low life.

Sixty-two cases of Husband-
deserting in high life.

Twelve reports of Cholera in
Belgium.

One hundred and fifty-four
indignant denials of the same.

Three silly Pieces.

Four hundred and seventy-six
stupid Novels.

Two hundred thousand nine
hundred and eighty-four point-
less Jokes.

Twelve tons and a half of super-
fluous Correspondence.

One hundred and five "Shunt-
ing" accidents.

Ten complaints about the Post
Office.

One hundred complaints about
the Temple.

A thousand complaints about
Hotel charges.

A million complaints about
everything else.

And—a Partridge!

SMALL GO BY A GRECIAN.—*Resurrectio* ; *ἀνάστασις*. Resurrection pie ; a-nasty-sis pie.

SUNDAY SWEETNESS AND LIGHT.



Y friends, one ounce of example, we all know, is worth a pound of precept. The Rector of St. Mary's, Southampton—heir of a large name—has set not only his parishioners but his profession a pattern with respect to the observance of Sunday out of Church hours. Witness the following short and sweet extract from the *Times*:

"SUNDAY BANDS.—Canon BASIL WILBERFORCE has allowed the use of St. Mary's Rectory grounds, Southampton, next Sunday, for the performance of the Sunday afternoon band."

Of course the music to be performed on Canon WILBERFORCE'S premises on Sundays will be music of a suitable sort. The better the day, the better the music. People

who go to hear it must not be disappointed with it if they find it exclusive of selections from comic operas, of dance music, of Music-Hall music, and of all music especially adapted to the taste of 'ARRY, and congenial to frivolity and foolish minds. It will, perhaps, even be limited to that particular description of noble and lovely music specifically called sacred. Nevertheless, bravo, Reverend BASIL!

Truly, the better observance of Sunday is progressing. The Town Council of Belfast have at last, after long contention, decided on opening public baths and wash-houses for three hours on Sunday mornings. Some persons require to be told that cleanliness is next to godliness, and ablution a suitable preparative for divine service. For the proposal to allow people in Belfast to wash and be clean before going to church, was stoutly opposed. And there was something to be said against it. *Audi alteram partem*. Hear, for instance, a reverend gentleman of a name at least singularly suitable to the subject of debate, the Rev. Dr. WATTS—and would not his namesake, Dr. WATTS the Greater, a native, by the bye, of Southampton, and a logician as well as a bard and a divine, have very much applauded what Canon WILBERFORCE has done there in the matter of Sunday bands? Hear Dr. WATTS the Less, before

the Belfast Town Council. In introducing an anti-Sunday-baths-and-wash-houses deputation, Dr. WATTS argued at length against the necessity of bathing on the Sabbath, and in particular—according to the *Northern Whig*—made the following avowal:

"Now, he did not see why it was necessary to open public baths on the Sabbath morning. It was not necessary for a man to bath himself every morning. There were other days of the week than the Sabbath on which baths could be had. A man who got a bath twice a week was not badly off. He would not occupy the time of the Corporation any longer."

In like manner reasoned other speakers in the subsequent discussion. In particular a Mr. MACGEAGH averred that

"He held, if they went on in this way, they would have the Continental system before they knew what they were about. He himself had a bath in his own house, hot and cold, and since he was born he never took a bath on the Sabbath Day. (*Laughter*.) To take a bath on the Sabbath morning he would look upon as a very wrong and improper thing, and he did not sympathise with those gentlemen that did. (*Laughter, and cries of 'Vote!'*) He was sorry also that the parks were open on the Sabbath Day."

Does the religion of Mr. MACGEAGH allow him to wash his hands on a Sunday? What is the utmost extent to which it compels him to abjure cleanliness? Of course he and Dr. WATTS, and the rest of the Sunday unwashed Sabbatarians, have the consistency of their opinions. Not one of them cooks, or has cooked for him any food whatsoever on Sunday; they each and all eat their meals cold, and, since carving is work, they limit themselves to meat that requires none, and to dry bread, because it is quite sufficient to sustain life without butter, which necessitates the labour of spreading. If any one of those objectors to Sunday washing does not likewise go the whole hog in respect of eating and drinking, what a hypocrite and a humbug he must be!

"IS LIFE WORTH LIVING?"

WHEN you are changed at your birth by your foster-mother, and have to be contented with the status of a costermonger when in reality you are the son of a Peer?

When you are the "good boy" of the family, and yet by a cruel arrangement of your brothers and sisters, get all the blame for their mischief and none of the credit for your own virtuous deeds?

When you are sent to a public school where you are fagged and neglected, or to a private establishment where you are starved and bullied?

When you go to the University, join a third-rate College, belong to a slow set, allow yourself to be called a "Squill," and yet are ploughed for Smalls?

When, loving from your childhood up the profession of arms with all your heart and soul, you find yourself forced by circumstances to accept a family living somewhere or other in Cumberland?

When, naturally fond of retirement and much addicted to writing pious tracts for children, you are compelled by the desires of your father to accept a commission in a crack Cavalry regiment, where bear-baiting is the rule and a quiet five minutes the exception?

When, loving one young Lady with everlasting devotion, you find that by some bungling you have married her not too amiable nor too beautiful sister?

When, having taken a house in town, you discover that it lies too low, is too small for you, and that your wife insists upon living in the country?

When, having taken a house in the country, you discover that it stands too high, is too large for you, and that your wife insists upon living in town?

When, as a lawyer, you can't get clients, as a doctor lose all your patients, or as an author see your novels "slated," and hear your pieces hissed?

When (most melancholy fate of all), finding yourself on a desert island or on the top of the North Pole, you suddenly realise the fact that in such a locality it will be next to impossible to secure the current number of *Punch*?

SKELETONS IN THE CITY.

THE *Standard*, in a paragraph under the heading of "Human Remains in the City," records the discovery made the other day by some excavators while digging a hole in Cannon Street, of a number of human skeletons entire, overlying a quantity of loose bones, and states, in addition, that—

"Portions of an old pump, bearing date 1638, have also been found near the same spot."

An old Pump! The remains of an old Pump—whose were they? The poor old Pump might have been a Common Councilman, might he not? or a Macebearer; or a Swordbearer; or a Remembrancer; or a Sheriff; or an Alderman; or even a Lord Mayor? Where be your feasts now? your turtle, your venison? your dishes of everything that anybody could wish to sit before? Now get you to the City Chamberlain, and tell him that let him be never such a jolly old brick, to this favour he must come; make him laugh at that! The remains of a Pump! An old Pump! A poor old Pump that shall never more raise water. Ah, well!

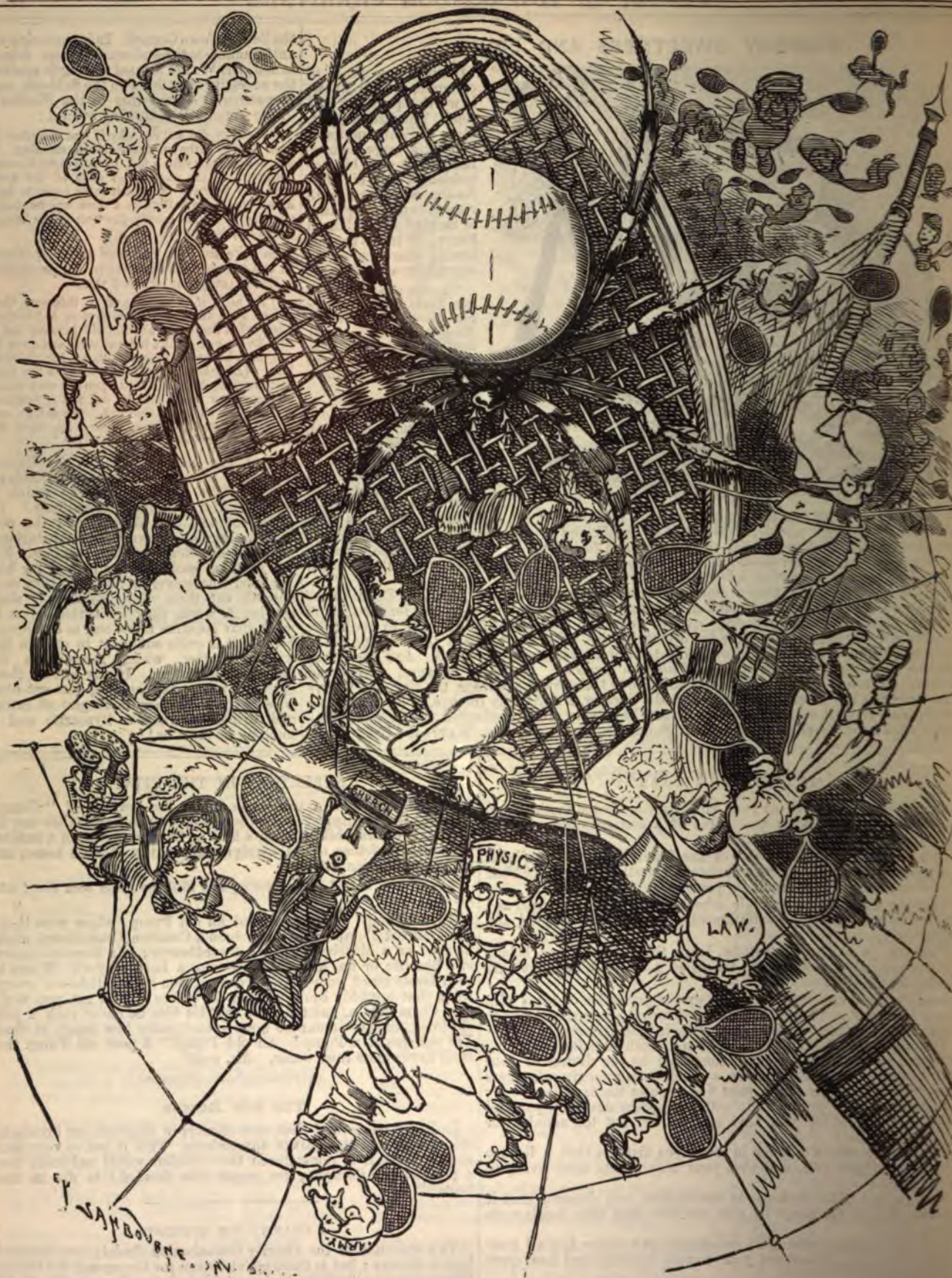
The Sole Reason.

It has been noticed that executioners in England are invariably volunteers from the craft of shoemakers. This is not so very astonishing when it is remembered that cobblers would naturally have a professional partiality for people who decided "to die in their boots!"

A CHARITY FOR QUIETISTS.

THE operation of the Charity Organisation Society may be excellent in its way; but is there not also room for the agency of a Charity Disorganisation Society, to be established for the purpose of disorganising the barrel organ-grinders?

SURGERY IN SEASON.—Couching the skies for Cataract.



"THE GREAT TURF TYRANT AND HIS VICTIMS."

A MODERN SAGA.

(With acknowledgments to Professor Longfellow.)

NAMED like some Viking old!
Thy deeds, brave NORDENSKIÖLD,
No Scald in song hath told,
No Saga taught us!
Telegram brief and terse
Did the strange tale rehearse.
Worthy of deathless verse
The news it brought us!

Far in the Northern land
Gathered a gallant band,
Under thy guiding hand,
Swede sturdy as sage;
And, with unshrinking heart,
For the sixth time made start,
To ope to mind and mart
The North-East Passage.

On, past that Kara Sea,
Erst ice-bound mystery,
Now to its stout keel free,
Slowly yet surely,
Eastward the *Vega* bore,
Till round that headland hoar,*
Never yet turned before,
Sailed she securely.

Then, spreading wing, she flew
Where, whilst the white whale blew,
Labour'd her learned crew,
Dredging and sounding.
True modern Vikings they,
Born of our better day,
Finding in bloodless fray
Pleasure abounding.

Fighting a dauntless fight
'Gainst Nature's Titan might,
Winning from Arctic night
Light for their fellows.
Fearless and scornful ease,
Sure stouter souls than these
Ne'er of those northern seas
Braved the chill billows.

On till with ice-pack close
Compass'd, and endless snows,
They, midst the frozen floes,
Fixed winter quarters.
Nigh thrice a hundred days,
'Neath half a sun's scant ray—
Locked in those icy ways
White waste of waters!

Many a hunting bout
Helped the long winter out,
Whilst the Norse *sarants* stout
Searched, watched, and noted.
Then, that grim season past,
Scattered the floes, and fast
Through Behring's Straits at last
Safely they floated.

So Courage wins the game!
Brave Swede, thy Viking name
Ranks on the roll of fame,
Northern DE GAMA!
Who shall applause refuse
To that long Arctic cruise,
Told in that brief, swift news
From Yokohama?

Three hundred years or more,
On that far Arctic shore,
For way that eastward bore,
Man hath contended.
Now thou hast reached the goal,
Swede, sage and stout of soul,
Skool! to thee, Norseman, *Skool!*
Thus the fight's ended!

* Cape Chelyuskin, or Severo, the northernmost promontory of Asia.



THE GENTLE CRAFTSMAN. (P)

Trascible Angler (who hasn't had a rise all day). "THERE!"—(Throwing his fly-book into the stream, with a malediction)—"TAKE YOUR CHOICE!"

POOR NEEDLEMEN!

A VERY serious discovery has been made public within the last few days, to which we lose no time in drawing general attention. A letter in the *Times* ascribes ignorance to Inspectors of Elementary Schools—not of dates or decimals, nor of parsing or physical geography, but of an accomplishment which it may surprise a great many well-informed people to hear that distinguished Graduates of our Universities, high wranglers, first-class men, Fellows of Colleges, are expected to possess—Needlework! not embroidery or crewels, but plain, unadorned, homely, useful needlework!

These hardly-used gentlemen (the Inspectors of Schools), whether married or single, whether engaged or disengaged, are required to examine the needlework done by the children in our elementary schools, the "hemming," the "backstitching," the "button-holing," the "seaming," the "whipping," the "herring-boning," the darning and patching, the cutting-out and making of shirts and frocks and pinafores; and we are told, as might be expected, that they are hardly equal to the obligation; in fact, to bring forth once more a fine old crust'd joke, that their performance of this part of their duty is but so-and-so.

Great is the commotion in the Education Office. The telegraph has been working night and day. Communications, in cipher, have been continually passing between the Chiefs who are out of town and the officers who are left in Whitehall, and the outcome of it all is a set of stringent regulations, drawn up mainly with an eye to future appointments, which will come into operation as soon as Inspectors and Candidates for Inspectorships have had sufficient time to acquaint themselves with their full force and meaning. Alterations may be made in the new Code, but substantially it will probably stand as follows:—

No. 81,647. September, 1879.

INSPECTION OF NEEDLEWORK IN ELEMENTARY SCHOOLS.

At all future examinations of Needlework by H.M. Inspectors, a Committee of Ladies (three to be a quorum) will be invited to attend, under whose eyes the inspection will be conducted. The Education Office is confident that any Lady who may not be satisfied with the proceedings of the Inspector, will at once communicate with the Department.

In future the eyesight of all Candidates for Inspectorships must be certified by the Government oculist.

Henceforth all Candidates for Inspectorships will be required to produce, in addition to the usual certificates of baptism, vaccination, manners, respectability, &c., a certificate signed by three matrons (not being relations or friends), testifying that the holder has satisfied them as to his knowledge of the theory and practice of Plain Needlework.

Candidates not furnished with such a certificate must be prepared to pass an examination in Plain Needlework, both cutting-out and making, extending over three days, and conducted by examineresses nominated by the Committee of Council on Education, the Society of Arts, and the Commissioners of Sewers. (The Directors of the Bank of England have kindly offered the use of roomy apartments in Threadneedle Street, where the examinations will be held.)

AUTUMN SUITS.



THE World's fixed fashion, amidst many mutable,
Is the pursuit of pleasures that seem suitable;
But, like the suits Snips advertise in Autumn,
They do not always suit us when we've bought 'em.
Paterfamilias, of peace in quest,
Finds that small bills and Brighton suit him best;
Mamma, whose marriageable flock her care is,
Were better suited with the Rhine and Paris.
TOM's suited with a Moor and much to shoot,
FAN finds the sands and spooning better suit;
JACK's suited with an easy-going tutor,
And JANE—at last—is suited with a suitor.
LILY declares Lawn-Tennis suits her well;
WILL's suited wheresoe'er he meets with NELL.
Monaco suits the impecunious BOB,

And Scarborough, the swell uplifted snob;
Whilst Margate, where the toothsome shrimp is found,
Suits 'ARRY, so he swears, "down to the ground."
Fair weather suits the Cockney pseudo-Sailor,
Paid bills—when he can get 'em—suit his tailor.
Perks suit the sea-side harpy, apt at dodgings,
Whose victims are not suited with their lodgings.
Long holidays and tips just suit "our boys,"
While we're best suited when they make least noise.
An early rising suits the wearied House,
But scarcely suits the partridges and grouse.
What sweetly suits the stumping minor Member
Is full reports—he gets it in September.
The wandering Savant finds he's suited well
With Science, plus the charms of Miss BLUE BELLE.
Sea-serpents and big gooseberries—for good reason—
Suit Editors; Autumn's the Silly Season.
BEN's suited with success and Champagne jelly,
WILLIAM with work and some new *casus belli*.
So badly have things grown, blown, rooted, fruited,
Farmers with the swamped season are not suited.

Candidates applying for a nomination will be expected to satisfy the Education Department that they know who was the inventor of Needles, that they are acquainted with the places where they are made and the mode of their manufacture, and that they have sailed (at least once) round them.

Any Candidate possessing a patchwork counterpane or quilt, or a family sampler, will be required to deposit a drawing of its pattern and a specimen of its stitch, certified by a Justice of the Peace to be done by the candidate's own hand, at the Education Office, fourteen days before his nomination.

Any Candidate who can prove that he has ability sufficient to darn his own socks and sew on his own buttons, will be entitled to extra marks.

Candidates will have the option of writing an Essay either upon—(1) "The Advantages and Miseries of Button-Holes," or (2) "The History and Development of the Modern Wristband."

A preliminary examination will be held in London, Dublin, and Edinburgh, and any Candidate failing to satisfy the Examineresses that he is competent to hem a duster, to distinguish long cloth from calico, to discriminate between cotton and thread, and to differentiate "seam, and gusset, and band," will be disqualified for further competition.

The Education Office intend, as soon as the Long Vacation has terminated, to communicate with the authorities at our Universities, and to impress upon them the necessity of founding Professorships of Plain Needlework. They also have in contemplation a scheme for the establishment of Training Needlework Colleges, where Candidates for Inspectorships could pass at least six months of their time before offering themselves for examination.

These regulations will remain in force until a Female Branch is added to the Education Department, when the Inspection of Needlework, as well as of Cookery, Cleaning, Domestic Economy, and other cognate Arts and Sciences, will be transferred to duly qualified Inspectoresses.
By Order.

The mass of men,—sad it should so befall,—
Are suited—like a Zulu—not at all.
Punch of all outward things, power, pleasure, pelf,
Is independent, for he suits—himself!

ARCADES AMBO; OR, WHO'S THE PATRIOT?

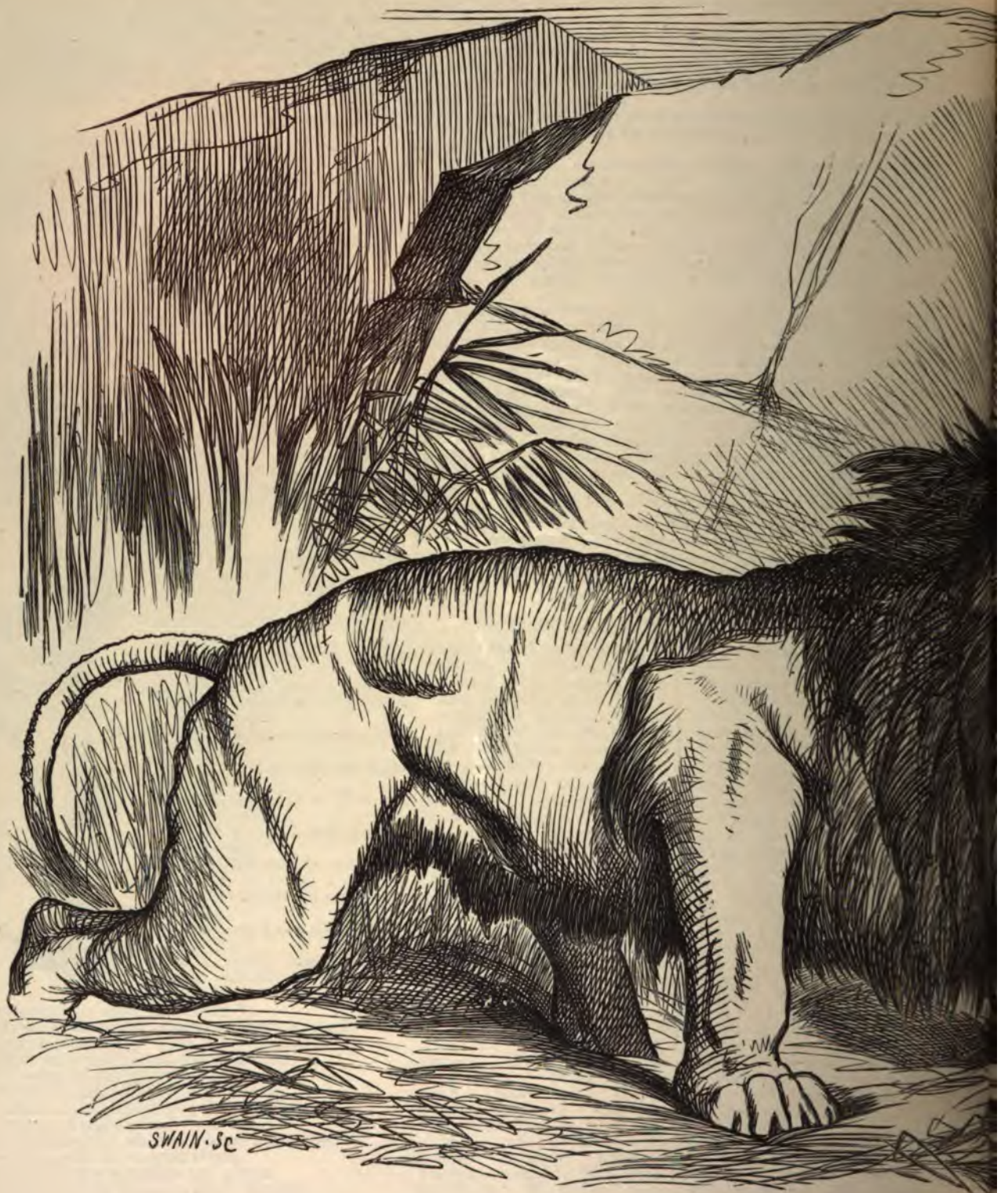
SCENE—*The shady solitude of an old Park. Acknowledged Ornament of Government platform discovered on his back in a swinging hammock, with a pile of uncut Blue Books under his head, gazing peacefully at the calm heaven above him.*

Acknowledged Ornament (reflecting). Yes, not a doubt of it—the party horizon is as promising—as clear, as yonder still and smiling summer sky! No vestige of a cloud. Berlin a triumph; Cyprus almost forgotten; no question asked about the Balkans; the Zulu business ending really economically; and, last not least, due to the splendid foresight of our illustrious Chief in all that Afghan business, the *prestige* of the country at its zenith! Capital! The party is safe for years. Time enough next Session to write to the LORD CHANCELLOR about that— (*Enter domestic with evening paper.*) Halloa! What's this? Another row? (*Jumps from his hammock.*) What! the "Scientific" bubble burst? A possible entanglement with Russia! Collapse! Disaster! The country ruined! Why, where shall we be? Oh, this will never do! Hang it!—I'll wire to CAIRNS at once! [*Does it.*]

SCENE—*The margin of a muddy trout stream. Distinguished Supporter of Opposition tactics discovered huddled up, rod in hand, upon a rain-drenched gate staring irritably at the water, and catching nothing.*

Distinguished Supporter (cogitating). Disgusting prospect! And yet we've had so much to make it hot for them! Stagnation all the winter;—weather rotting crops (I hope this rain intends to keep it up); and then they've made no end of slips. But, there (*lashing the water angrily*), what's the use of anything! I'm sure we've done our best, when they've pulled one way, to pull hard the other. But what's the use of statesmanship? We can't get in; and if this kind of thing goes on, we shan't be in—for years! There's that tea business,—I've had to take it for the Boy at last. (*Enter domestic with evening paper.*) No! never! Yes! Here it is in black and white! (*Throws rod wildly into river and dances.*) Glorious! Who could have thought of such a stroke of luck as this? Another war! Repulse, perhaps! The mischief spreading! A mutiny! Fresh taxes! Sublime! *We shall be in within six months!* By Jove! the Boy shall wait! I'll wire to stop the tea! [*Does it.*]

PROBLEM FOR PROFESSOR HUXLEY.—*Omne vivum ab ovo.* Does the egg contain an Ego?



FIAT

(THE BRITISH LION)



STITIA !!

(THE AFGHAN WOLVES.)

IN MEMORIAM.

Rowland Gill.

ORIGINATOR OF CHEAP POSTAGE.

Born at Kidderminster, Dec. 3, 1795. Died at Hampstead, Aug. 27, 1879.
Buried in Westminster Abbey, by the side of James Watt,
Thursday, September 4.

No question this of worthy's right to lie
With England's worthiest, by the grave of him
Whose brooding brain brought under mastery
The wasted strength of the Steam-giant grim.
Like labours—his who tamed by sea and land
Power, Space, and Time, to needs of human kind,
That bodies might be stronger, nearer hand,
And his who multiplied mind's links with mind,
Breaking the barriers that, of different height
For rich and poor, were barriers still for all,
Till "out of mind" was one with "out of sight,"
And parted souls oft parted past recall;
Freeing from tax unwise the interchange
Of distant mind with mind and mart with mart;
Releasing thought from bars that clipped its range;
Lightening a load felt most i' the weakest part.
What if the wings he made so strong and wide
Bear burdens with their blessings? Own that all
For which his bold thought we oft hear decried,
Of laden bag, too frequent postman's call,
Is nothing to the threads of love and light
Shot, thanks to him, through life's web dark and wide,
Nor only where he first unsealed men's sight,
But far as pulse of time and flow of tide!
Was it a little thing to think this out?
Yet none till he had hit upon the thought;
And, the thought brought to birth, came sneer and flout
Of all his insight saw, his wisdom taught;
All office-doors were closed against him—hard;
All office heads were closed against him too.
"He had but worked, like others, for reward."
"The thing was all a dream." "It would not do."
But this was not a vaguely dreaming man,
A wind-bag of the known Utopian kind;
He had thought out, wrought out, in full, his plan;
'Twas the far-seeing fighting with the blind:
And the far-seeing won his way, at last,
Though pig-headed Obstruction's force died hard;
Denied his due, official bitters cast
Into the cup wrung slowly from their guard.
But not until the Country, wiser far
Than those that ruled it, with an angry cry,
Seeing its soldiers 'gainst it waging war,
At last said resolutely, "Stand you by!"
"And let him in to do what he has said,
And you do not, and will not let him do."
And so at last the fight he fought was sped,
Thought at less cost freer and farther flew.
And all the world was kindlier closer knit,
And all man's written word can bring to man
Had easier ways of transit made for it,
And none sat silent under poortith's ban
When severed from his own, as in old days.
And this we owe to one sagacious brain,
By one kind heart well-guided, that in ways
Of life laborious sturdy strength had ta'en.
And his reward came, late, but sweeter so,
In the wide way that his wise thought had won:
He was as one whose seed to tree should grow,
Who hears him blest that sowed it 'gainst the sun.
So love and honour made his grey hairs bright,
And while most things he hoped to fulness came,
And many ills he warred with were set right,
Good work and good life joined to crown his name.
And now that he is dead, we see how great
The good work done, the good life lived how brave,
And through all crosses hold him blest of fate,
Placing this wreath upon his honoured grave!

FRIENDS AT A DISTANCE.

(THIRD SERIES.—SUMMER.)

CHAPTER V.

Grouse—Summary—Consolation—Preference—Driving—Rule—
Exceptions—Zulu—A Point—Bogs—Birds—Aim—Thoughts—
Sighs—Dogs—Bogs—Laugh—Sadness—Shooting—Hitting—
Diary—Tennis—Out of it—Arrival.



August 12th.—Bravo, grouse! A day wⁱ Moor after a night wⁱ BURNS. The Lowlands.

Lovely weather,
Tiring heather,
Good strong leather
For the nether
Man;
Pointing dogs,
Sticky bogs,
Fire at grouse,
Go in souse,
Get out how I can.

Summary of Morning's Performance.—Walked for the first hour and saw no birds. Next two hours the birds saw me. Luncheon. Pigeon and steak pie; the "Consolation Steaks." End of Act I.

After luncheon. Walking, hopping over, and into, the boggy peat, and re-peating the process, on the bonnie—I should say boggie Scotch moor, is fatiguing. A prospect of three hours' more Hop-Scotch is not encouraging.

[Happy Thought.—Ayr and exercise.]

The birds have a knack

of getting up just when a bird is the very last thing I'm thinking about.

I fancy I should prefer "driving," when, I am informed that you are put into a pit—like JOSEPH by his brethren, only that wasn't on a grouse moor—and the birds are driven towards you. To enjoy this entertainment I fancy I should prefer a seat in the pit, to remaining in the bogs. You sit, quietly and happily, for half-an-hour or so, then, as you see them flying towards you (so it was vividly described to me), you go "bang, bang!" and down they come.

All this I feel is an exact description of what I should do, were I in the pit, from the very commencement of "sitting quietly and smoking a pipe for half-an-hour;" in fact, I follow it with all a sportsman's keenness up to the "bang, bang!"—the go-bang—in which, as far as letting off the gun goes, I yield to no man living—but at this point the description ceases to apply to me. The dénouement of "down they come!" is not my climax. When I "let off" the gun, I generally "let off" the birds at the same time. I say generally, because there is no rule without one, or two, brilliant exceptions. The grouse may think they are safe with me, but they are not. I am not to be depended upon. I may kill them when they least expect it. I have sometimes wept over the untimely fate of confiding rabbits innocently sitting up in a field, and, often, absolutely staring me full in the face, up to within a second of their decease. They didn't think I was in earnest, poor things! But I was; and I've eaten them afterwards—in pies. Perhaps they thought I'd only got a hare-trigger, and wasn't going in for rabbits. But when I've once tasted blood, so to speak, I could shoot anything—even a landlord from behind a hedge, I believe, just for practice, and about quarter-day. Yes, when I've once begun, all the latent savagery of my nature comes out. Also, when I've not tasted blood again, so to speak, and meaning when I've missed every blessed shot, I feel as wild as the birds are, and am ready for anything. I am vindictive; I rage against the birds; I could put torpedoes in the peat bogs, and make a bag of some thousands in a minute. Are these the peaceful sentiments of a Christian? Yes—when he's given himself up to the Moors.

[Happy Thought.—Anyhow "driving" must be better than walking.]

Pointer points. Keeper makes mysterious signs to me, as if he had caught sight of a Zulu, or other black game, in a bush. I am still stealing towards the mysterious spot, and am arranging in my own mind exactly what I shall do should a covey suddenly get up,



A GROUP OF 'ARRIES.

IN THE CENTRE OF WHICH MAY BE SEEN THE PLAIN BUT CAPTIVATING MR. BELLEVILLE, WHO EXPLAINS TO THE LOVELY MISS ELIZA LARKINS THAT IT'S OF NO CONSEQUENCE WHETHER A MAN BE HANDSOME OR NOT, "SO LONG AS HE LOOKS LIKE A GENTLEMAN!"

when, before I have quite settled my plans, there is a chuckle, a flapping of wings, and away flies a bird. Bang!—with one barrel—and away he still flies.

And as he flies
The Keeper sighs.

Wonder, to myself, why I didn't fire the other barrel immediately. The other barrel doesn't seem to come so readily. If this is so, next time I will begin with the other barrel. If my mind had only been quite made up before that grouse appeared, he would never have left this moor alive. But as it is—

The Grouse that flies
And gets away,
Surely dies
Another day.

I feel that if I were to meet that bird again, it would be the worse for him.

I tramp o'er the moors, breathing slaughter against the grouse. It is a long time before I see another. I fancy they are hiding, and looking at me as I pass.

A young dog is told off to us. He is a gay young dog, and fond of practical joking. All his points are sly jokes, as there is never anything to be seen. He is chastised for playing the fool, and dismissed to the care of a boy, who brings us such an old hand at the game that he scores two points straight off. I bang both barrels, as a sort of *feu de joie*, and the birds go off exultingly. The Keeper sighs again heavily. I fancy I hear a smothered laugh in the direction of the boy with the comic dog. The boy looks serious enough. Perhaps it is an illustration of "The little dog laughed to see such sport!" On we tramp again.

Interminable bogs! To paraphrase what a trespassing Scotchman said when he was asked where he was going to—"Bog again!" so it is with me—"Bog again!" I'm again up to my knees, or knickerboggers.

When asked, subsequently, if I've had good shooting, with the strictest regard for truth I can reply, "Yes, first-rate shooting—with an emphasis on the 'shooting';" but as to the *hitting*—that were to inquire too curiously.

Chuckle, chuckle, flap-flap, from a bird. The Keeper, who has

given me up as hopeless, takes no notice of either the bird or me, except to sigh to himself and to plod on. But my blood is up. This time he shall not escape me. Bang! Missed! Bang! Winged him! "I've done the deed! Did you not hear a noise?" Rather.

Now, more birds—quick! The cry is still, they don't come. But I have finished with a grand blaze of triumph, and the Keeper who had been with me, and whom my splendid failures have plunged into the deepest melancholy, is radiant once again. "Sigh no more, Keeper!"

End of Second Act. Milk and whiskey. End of *The Gamester*. Return of Shooter JOHNIE.

It suddenly occurs to me that no one has pointed out to me all day either Ben Lomond, BURNS'S Monument, or the Isle of Arran in the distance. A most remarkable day.

In the paper next day I see with pride, in the accounts from the moors, "Mr. Allison of Dumdoddie and party bagged eighty brace, three plovers, and four hares." It is gratifying to know that I was one of the "party." Also gratifying that details are not given. In fact it would be invidious.

We spend our evenings in reading BURNS'S Poems and toasting BURNS'S memory. I don't wonder at BURNS'S memory being kept so warm in Scotland, as it's so frequently being toasted.

Then, later on, with the whiskey we become philosophical, and discuss MALLOCK'S *Is Life worth Living?* A Nicht wi MALLOCK, HUXLEY, TYNDALL, and GEORGE ELIOT, who, with *Ophelia*, might ask—

"What means this, my Lord?"

Whereupon I should reply—

"Marry, this is miching Mallock—O!" Which sounds very like what BURNS himself would have said—"It means mischief."

Night-Light Thoughts on Lawn-Tennis.—A perfect specimen of Lawn-tennis would be "A Love game, and no Deuce." Scoring at Lawn-tennis contains the headings of Chapters in a Romantic History:—Chapter I. Fifteen, Love.—Chapter II. Thirty, Love.—Chapter III. Forty, Love.—Chapter IV. Forty, Fifteen (Love's out of it).—Chapter V. Forty, Thirty (Better Match).—Chapter VI. Forty all! Deuce!—Chapter VII. Coquetting. "Vantage to one, 'Vantage to t'other. The Deuce, like the Queen's Pross

intervening.—Chapter VIII. Triumph.—Chapter IX. A Love Match. Retirement.

No more strawberries and cream. As *Rip Van Winkle* used to say, "I've sworn off." Feel lighter-hearted in consequence.

Charming place. Weather unsettled. We all hope it will make up its mind to "fine."

Lovely afternoon. Three courts ready. Visitors arriving. On reaching the lawn, I hear an energetic lady arguing with her opponent, across the net, as to the state of the score.

"I'm forty!" she announces, at the top of her voice.

Her opponent, who is waiting for her service, replies, "Yes, forty and one fault!"

She admits the one fault cheerfully.

There's a moral! "Forty, and only one fault!"

Well, well,—in vain is the net set in the sight of the tennis-player!

[*Happy Thought (here).*—Excellent Scotch name for a Tennis Professor—The MCRACKET.]

They are making up their sets. Our hostess is, as it were, casting the parts for three comediettas of four *dramatis personæ* each.

Becoming wary by experience, and aspiring to improve, I prefer playing in company with my fellow-men. As, out of politeness to the fair guests (of various ages), I cannot utter this sentiment aloud, I adopt much the same plan of tactics as one does in a ball-room when the smiling hostess attempts to surprise you into dancing with some neglected faded fair one, for whom she has charitably undertaken to find partners.

The formula then is, "Thank you so much, but I've been dancing everything, and I really must," &c.; or, plainly and defiantly, "Thanks, but I'm engaged—just waiting for my partner to return;" or, "Thanks, but I don't dance a galop, or a waltz," &c., or any other excuse ready at the moment. Or one retires into a remote corner of a conservatory, followed by the hostess with her *protégée*, or down to the refreshment-room, or, in fact, "anywhere, everywhere, out of the world!"

I see a gallant set (male) in flannels and colours. I should like to make one of their party. They were enthusiastic till I came up diffidently. The hostess suggests my joining them. They pretend to be in doubt as to whether MACLAREN isn't coming. The hostess says I can play till he comes. There is no avidity on the part of the flannels and colours to close with this proposition.

It suddenly occurs to me that I am in the position of the "Neglected Faded Flower" for whom the hostess is so charitably anxious to obtain a partner. I say, apologetically, "Perhaps you've made up your set?" They reply, awkwardly, "that they have, but—" Then they regard one another in a furtive way, and appear considerably embarrassed. MACLAREN comes to their relief, and they hail him with such a shout of joy as might come from a crew on a shoal at the sight of the lifeboat. I fancy I detect a wink passing round among themselves as they retire to their ground.

In the meantime the other sets have been made up, and, for the nonce, I am out in the cold.

At this moment a trap is driven up carrying two young ladies and a small boy.

He is in that neatest of all boys' suits, an Eton suit; so white about the collar, and so trim about the legs, so generally natty and tidy, and, when topped up, on a Sunday, with a glossy hat, so thoroughly "gentlemanly"—the type of an English home Institution. The boy, I feel instinctively, is an Etonian. I shall interview him.

MUSIC AT THE SEA-SIDE.—Of course you find C in a space of the Base Cliff.



THE WET SEASON.

Old Gentleman (on his way to bed, after several tumblers, tapping the Clock-case). "GLASSH UNCOM'LY HIGH, C'SHID'RIN' QUAN'TY 'F WET WE'VE HAD (hic)!"

Civilisation in Central Africa.

FROM an advertisement in the *Daily Telegraph* it appears that by some person or persons there is

WANTED, a MAN ROASTING COOK, thoroughly capable, and up to the work.—Apply, &c.

We are informed by recent travellers that there exist in the Interior of Africa certain races of natives, who, whilst endowed with considerable intelligence, and some good qualities, are yet addicted to anthropophagy. Can it be that they are in a measure so civilised as to combine the cultivation of culinary art with the practice of cannibalism; and are those, any of them, the parties who advertise in an English newspaper for a Man Roasting Cook

A DOUBTFUL DERIVATION.—Academy, from "alpha privative" and "cad."—A school in which there are no cads.



A FILIAL REBUKE.

Squire Quiverful (who has a large family, to his eldest Son). "THESE ARE UNCOMMONLY GOOD CIGARS OF YOURS, FRED! WHAT DO THEY COST YOU?"

Fred. "SIXTY SHILLINGS A HUNDRED."

Squire Quiverful. "GOOD HEAVENS! WHAT EXTRAVAGANCE! DO YOU KNOW, SIR, THAT I NEVER GIVE MORE THAN THREEPENCE FOR A CIGAR!"

Fred. "AND A VERY GOOD PRICE, TOO! BY GEORGE, GOVERNOR, IF I HAD AS MANY CHILDREN TO PROVIDE FOR AS YOU HAVE, I WOULDN'T SMOKE AT ALL!"

HAPPY-THOUGHT GUIDE TO LONDON.

(Being a Dickens of a Dickshunary for the use of Visitors to the Metropolis.)

DEVONSHIRE CLUB.—The members are all of the Devonshire *crème de la crème*. They go out "junketting" every summer. Cider Cup, known as "The Cider C," is their favourite beverage.

Singing, "O that a Devon Draught should be
As deep as our jovial 'Cider C'!"

Devonshire titles are given to all the rooms. For instance, the Conversation Salon is the "Talkie Room," the Lavatory is the "Ilfracomb-and-Brush Room." The *ascenseur* comes up in the "Lifton" portion. The Hall-Porter is invariably chosen from his appearance as a *front-Daw*-lish man.

DOCKS.—Situated in Bow Street, Middlesex Sessions House, the Old Bailey, and other parts of the Metropolis. The best way of seeing them thoroughly is to trip up a policeman, and sit on his head, until he agrees to take you to the nearest dock. Sometimes a great deal of force is necessary to induce him to comply with your request; but as a policeman has, legally, "power to add to his number," he will call a few others, and you will soon be bonded, and in dock. The London children are instructed at an early age to make the acquaintance of the dock, in the nursery rhyme—

"Dickory, dickory, dock!"

and in Dock-tor WATTS's celebrated

"Let docks delight."

It is thus our youth are indoctrinated. A sure way to obtain admission to any dock is to stay sufficiently long at the bar—any bar in the neighbourhood will do—and refuse to leave until turned out by the landlord.

DRAINAGE.—Advice to visitors: Never take lodgings in London until you are quite safe as to the drains. If anything unpleasant arises in consequence of your neglect to make "assurance doubly *sewer*," you will probably be compelled to bring an action against the lodging-house keeper, sue for damages, and so be yourself the suitor or chief *suer*.

DRESS.—Reversible suits are the best—morning dress one side, evening the other. Always be in the fashion. White hat with black band, yellow coat with brass buttons, blue velvet waistcoat and plaid trousers, with patent leather boots, white gloves, high collars, and red tie, are never out of place. Always wear cheque trousers on a Bank holiday.

DRURY LANE THEATRE.—The home of our National Drama when in town. Though quite close to Covent Garden, and has been, until quite recently, "in the market." This splendid building is, generally, open all the year round—to an offer. It has lately been reported as leased to a party of the name of HARRIS. Whether the names of BETSY PRIG and GAMP are associated with the management, has not yet leaked out. The former of these two can hardly be in it, as "BETSY" has just now quite enough to do elsewhere.

DUST.—The police have strict orders to take up anyone kicking up a dust in the streets. The ratepayers who are regular in their dues are entitled to the services of a man who does the dust. When you ask in the morning if he has come as usual, you will receive the answer, "Bin and done it." For much information on this subject see a work called *Dustward Ho!* translated from the Hindostanee of DOST MOHAMMED. If the dust is not attended to regularly, they make a *nieu* 'ash of it.

EALING.—(Vide MEDICAL MEN.)

ECCLESIASTICAL COMMISSIONERS.—A separate department of Commissionaires, being composed of Clerks who are ready to take Orders. They belong to the surplise population. They bring home the ecclesiastical linen for the Ritualistic clergy, any one of whom will explain to you the gist of the poem known as *Back from the Wash*; or, *The Cotta's Saturday Night*.

EDGEWARE ROAD.—The road by which, as indicated by the name, you go to Edgeware, just as a *cul de sac* might be called a Noware Road.

EGYPTIAN HALL.—Dedicated to the mysteries of the ancient Egyptians, and paying more than the modern Egyptians. Here live the Magician COOKE and the Neck-romancer MASKELYNE, who cuts off Mr. COOKE's head. At first, people used to think that the Cook in the firm was a female, and wanted to call it MASKELYNE AND FEMININE, but, on inquiry, our nervous reporter found them both out—a very rare occurrence; in fact, they said they'd never been found out before; and, in answer to his questioning as to either of them being at home the page-boy (lately from School Board tutors) replied, "Neuter!"

ELECTRIC LIGHT.—This Elec-trick has not yet thoroughly succeeded. Mr. HOLLINGSHEAD was the first to give a light entertainment of this kind in London. "There's a good deal yet to be done with it," said someone to an American; "in the meantime there's the gas." "Gas there is!" said the Yankee. For further information see *The Gazette*.

EPHING FOREST.—When any Londoner has a holiday chance of an innings, here's the place for one of his outings. There is a new rural hotel at Chingford—which name has a sort of Chinese twang about it. But Ching-a-ring-a-ring-ford is a toooral rural place where one—and more than one—can "spend a happy day."

FLATS.—Flats have increased enormously of late years in London. Houses are now built for "taking in Flats." Of course, if the flats allow themselves to be "taken in" after reading this public advertisement, they cannot afterwards complain. A little way out of London the Essex Flats are well known, but, strange to say, have never yet been let out as apartments.

FLEET STREET.—Formerly, as the name implies, part of the river where the Fleet used to be. The only remnant of the ancient shipping interest is a small "model dockyard shop" and a few dancing sailors in the toy-shop windows. The site of the bar which used to be the entrance to the harbour, as at Boulogne and Dieppe, may still be seen. It was called Temple Bar.

FOGS.—(See HAYES, CORNHILL.)

FOLLOWERS.—(On this subject, see SERVANTS.)

FRIENDLY SOCIETIES.—(See ZULUS.)

A PIG IN A POKE!



PIG in a poke! Oh, how can
you joke,
Dear old Punch, in that
style, on the sweetest of
bonnets?
Which instead of your lash,
ought to bring down a
clash
From the bells in your cap,
in the sweetest of son-
nets!

Say "a duck in a poke," or, "a dove in a poke,"
Or "a dear in a poke," or "a pet," or "a poppet."
But "a pig in a poke"—'tis the ugliest joke
On the prettiest fashion—PLEASE, Mr. Punch, drop it!

IN RE THE RIGI.

FROM a recent letter in the *Times* it would seem that tourists visiting the hotels on the Rigi have to secure entertainment at the point (or rather the knuckle) of the fist. If the fashion is permitted to become chronic (by the patient endurance of the British public), the diary kept by the visitor to the Rigi is likely to appear in the following form:—

Tuesday, 4 A.M.—Just seen the sun rise. Rather cloudy in the valley, but on the whole magnificent. Will stay until to-morrow, as I am sure the air is excellent.

5 A.M.—Going back to the hotel. The night porter is shouting at me.

8 A.M.—Just finished a three hours' fight with the night porter. He scored "first blood" to my "first knock-down blow." I was able to polish him off in forty-seven rounds, and consequently have an excellent appetite for breakfast.

9 A.M.—After some desperate struggling with half-a-dozen waiters, have secured a cup of coffee and a small plate of cold meat.

12 A.M.—Have been asleep on a bench outside the hotel for the last two hours and a half, recovering from my recent exertions.

1 P.M.—Have fraternised with five English tourists armed with alpenstocks. One of our party has opened negotiations with the hotel-keeper as to the possibility of obtaining some lunch.

2 P.M.—Our ambassador has returned with his coat torn into tatters, and one of his eyes severely bruised.

3 P.M.—By a *coup de main* we have seized the *salle-à-manger*, and now are feasting merrily on bread and honey.

4 P.M.—Just driven from our vantage-ground by eight boots, ten waiters, the landlord and auxiliaries from the kitchen.

6 P.M.—Have spent the last two hours in consultation.

7 P.M.—A spy from our party (assuming the character of an English duke) is just leaving us for the front.

8 P.M.—Our spy has just returned, and reports that when he asked for a room the enemy attacked him with brooms and candlesticks.

9 P.M.—Have just matured our plan of attack.

10 P.M.—Glorious news! A triumphant victory! Our party, in single file,

made a descent upon the *table-d'hôte*, seized a large number of *hors d'œuvres*, and, after an hour's desperate fighting, secured a large room on the top floor, where we are now safely barricaded for the night! Hurrah!

THE SILLY SEASON.

"THE SILLY Season?" Sure the phrase,
With limitation, sounds ironic,
For in these delirious days
Silliness seems growing chronic.
Ere one bubble vanisheth
Folly hath another blown;
Silliness, like despot Death,
Claims all Seasons for its own.
Shower of frogs, and toad in granite,
Giant gooseberry, huge sea kraken,
All that on our much plagued planet
Quidnunc nerves hath stirred or shaken,—
What are ye but passing types
Of a folly that's enduring?
Wit, with donkeydom at grips,
Sometimes fears the ill's past curing.
Patriot howl, peacemonger's plaint,
Priestly feud, and party schism,
Fussy fear in wild war-paint,
Brummagem Imperialism,
Legion lures that haunt the age,
Point to MALLOCK's question giving,
When he asks, sardonic Sage,
"Whether life is worth the living."
Hardly, when once-sober BULL
Like a blatant moon-calf bellows,
Boasting his corn-measure full
When with o'erheaped chaff it yellows.
Scarcely, while our glittering Earl
Poses as a pinchbeck Jove,
Storing 'neath his frontal curl
Such *finesse* as Zanies love.
See he stands, the cunning Cook,
His imperial omelette making,
While but few of those who look
Care to count the eggs he's breaking.
Credit though it cost and peace
And prosperity, what matter?
Cackle, ye gregarious geese,
Over the expensive batter!
He will give you yolk enough,
Yet you'll find it, when 'tis tasted,
Poor as stodgiest plum-duff,
And the eggs entirely wasted.
They who change of *Chef* advise
Are abused and charged with treason.
JOHN, when once you ope your eyes,
You'll repent your Silly Season!
Blatant over loss called gain,
Pleased with gingerbread called glory,—
When was vanity so vain
As survives the year's sad story?
Fine to smite a little foe!
Grand to triumph in his thrashing!
Big on dunghills small to crow,
Self-dubbed heroes, dauntless, dashing!
JOHN, we know your heart is sound,
But you've sadly lost your head.
Shifting from Right's solid ground,
Quicksands of Intrigue you tread.
Fool of fears and dupe of dreams,
Phantom-lured and bogey-frighted,
From extremes tost to extremes,
Firework-dazzled, fog-benighted;
Is it you, JOHN? Oh, take thought!
Heed the voice of Right and Reason
Dear is the experience bought
In this too-long Silly Season!

A CAGED BLACKBIRD.

THE battle of Ulundi, putting CETEWAYO to flight, is truly said to have driven him into the bush. Now having been caught, he may be regarded as a bird in the hand worth many more than two birds in the bush.



A ZULU REBUS.—“CIGAR. NET-WOOL. SEE.”

FRIENDS AT A DISTANCE.

(THIRD SERIES.—SUMMER.)

CHAPTER VI.

The Etonian—Modern Boy—Interview—Contrast—Temporis acti—Style—Old—New—Question—Answer—Long Ago—Dead Water—More Tennis—Something New—A Match—Fagged—A Boy again—Gallery—Chaff—Retirement—Vantage—Resolution.

HAVING been at Eton myself, I am enabled to ask him certain questions with an air of an old hand. Not having talked to modern young Etonians for some time, I am a little at a loss what to say to him.

My host says to me, “Here’s TEDDY MACKENZIE—he’s at Eton. You” (to me) “were at Eton, weren’t you?”

I say “Yes,” and look at the small boy, who smiles incredulously. His smile implies “Gammon! You” (meaning me) “weren’t at Eton.”

I see that the boy’s manner is not without its effect on my host. He begins to believe I wasn’t at Eton. In another second, if this small boy goes on smiling incredulously, he’ll begin to believe I’m a humbug—a Mac Humbug—altogether.

Must put Etonian questions to Eton boy, and show I’ve been there.

I say, at haphazard, with a vague memory of the form the question ought to assume, “Where are you at?”

On thinking it over subsequently, I discover that what was in my mind was, “Where do you keep?”—a Cambridge Undergraduate expression for “Where do you lodge?” confused with “Whose house are you in?”

“Where am I at?” repeats the little Etonian, carelessly cutting at an imaginary ball with his racket. “What do you mean?—I’m at Eton.” And again he smiles, more incredulously and superciliously than before, and makes another careless cut at an invisible ball.

Now, did I reply in this manner when I was a little Etonian? Wasn’t I far more respectful to my elders? I’m afraid there’s a falling off in this respect—literally in this “respect.”



SEASONED!

Lady Tourist. "ARE THE SHEETS WELL AIRED?"

Irish Chambermaid. "TROTH, AND THEY ARE, MA'AM; FOR THE SAYSON IS THREE MONTHS BEGUN, AND THEY'VE BEEN WELL USED SINCE!"

"I know you're at Eton," I reply, blandly, while my host watches us as though it were a fine contest of intellects between me and the little boy, in which the odds were greatly in favour of the latter. "But at what house?"

"Oh!" he says, explaining to me what I do mean, and looking up at me from under his wide-brimmed hat. "You mean who's my tutor?"

Yes!—I *did* mean that. The memory of my boyhood's days comes back again in a flash! Yes, I did mean "Who's your tutor?"

"TOBY BUNFORD's my tutor," he says.

What? is it possible! BUNFORD—without the TOBY—was my tutor, and we used to call him PUNCH BUNFORD. Evidently they call this BUNFORD TOBY because he comes after PUNCH; TOBY being supposed to follow his master. Good. I give the young Etonian my information about PUNCH, and my theory about TOBY. It has no effect upon his manner, however. He still preserves his smile of supercilious incredulity, and my host, I firmly believe, thinks I am inventing my experience, but listens with as impartial an air as he can assume. The contest of intellects is still going on, only it has assumed the appearance of a serious counsel being suddenly examined by a flippant witness, before a judge who is rather pleased at the turn things are taking.

The boy looks at me as though he didn't believe for one moment that PUNCH BUNFORD had ever been a tutor, and says curtly,

"PUNCH BUNFORD's a Fellow."

Indeed! Oh, then, I suppose they make Fellows of superannuated tutors. Then the Fellows in my day had been tutors in somebody else's day. I never knew this before. Would it have made any difference in my conduct in years gone by had I known it? I don't think so.

[*Happy Thought.*—Every tutor has his day. Like a saint,—and a dog. TOBY is now having his day, TOBY BUNFORD, I mean. And his day is a "day out" in the vacation. Poor TOBY!]

I turn to my host and explain to him that, in my time, PUNCH BUNFORD was my tutor, whereat he doesn't appear the least bit interested. I feel convinced that if he talks me over with this small Etonian,

alone, he will come to the conclusion that I never was at Eton at all, and am an impostor, a sort of Claimant. I am determined to prove I was at Eton, and to compel the Etonian's respect—not for my age, but for my honesty. I wish him to recognise me as a Boy and a Brother. I should be happier if he would shake hands with me heartily, and tell me all about everything, of how the old place has changed, and how it remains the same, and how they do much the same *now* as I did *then*, and in fact, clearly prove to me that I only left Eton the day before yesterday, that I am only this little boy's senior by a fortnight or so at most, and that when the holidays are over, I shall go back again, and we shall both meet in the school yard and talk about "knowing him at home." But no—he is a determined boy. He only smiles incredulously, and remains peculiarly uncommunicative.

My host is still waiting, judicially, to hear the issue of the examination. It almost seems that I had been invited here on the strength of my having been an Etonian, and that if, from this boy's evidence, it is shown that I have *not* been at Eton, my things will be packed up on the spot, and I shall be politely requested to leave, as having obtained an introduction here under false pretences.

I can't think of old Etonian terms which could effectually confirm my position.

Suddenly the expressions "wet bob," "dry bob," occur to me. I feel my face lighting up with the radiant smile of victory. I can never forget that "wet bob" means a boy who goes in for boating, and "dry bob" one who goes in for cricket.

"Are you a wet bob or a dry bob?" I ask, with an air that implies, "Now, then, my lad, am I not a Boy and a Brother?"

"I've got a lock-up," he replies.

Deuce take him! What's a "lock-up"? I ought to know. Let me see! Oh, I remember! A "lock-up" was a boat to oneself, and "a chance boat" meant one's paying so much and taking one's chance of whatever happened to be in. Good! Now I'll show him I know all about it.

"Ah!" I say, with a smack of satisfaction, recalling happy memories of idle times, "I suppose you get your sherry cobbler and pipe, and go up Dead Water. Eh?"



HOLIDAY MAKING.

TO WATCH A YACHT-RACE, DURING A DEAD CALM, WHEN YOU DON'T KNOW WHO THE YACHTS BELONG TO (AND DON'T CARE), AND ARE SO LITTLE VERSED IN THE NAUTICAL CRAFT THAT YOU CANNOT TELL THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A SCHOONER, A CUTTER, AND A YAWL, IS NOT A LIVELY WAY OF GETTING THROUGH A WET AFTERNOON AT THE SEA-SIDE.

I rather emphasise the "pipe," implying that *I* know what these young dogs do, and that they can't get over *me*.

He stares at me. What *do* I mean?

My host stares at me, too. "That's a nice way of being at Eton," he remarks, with a dry, caustic laugh.

"Dead Water!" repeats the boy, shaking his head sharply, and nearly laughing outright. "Where's *that*?"

"Oh," I say, "come, hang it—not know Dead Water? Why, when I was there—" Ah, but it suddenly occurs to me that this was longer ago than the day before yesterday; and as the Young Etonian, all of the Modern Time has never heard of "Dead Water"—which was an aquatic lounge in *my* day—the water which was dead *then*, must have been buried, long since, in a watery grave. He could tell me more about the Dead Sea, I dare say, if I were to ask him; but I shan't.

The Etonian goes on to tell me that he occupies himself chiefly in volunteering, shooting, and drilling. This is all new to me.

"Volunteering and shooting"! Dear me!

"And," I ask, "is old WEBBER still there?"

I prefix "Old" to the name of WEBBER (who was a confectioner) because it occurs to me that if PUNCH BUNFORD is a superannuated tutor, WEBBER must be a superannuated pastry-cook.

The Etonian shakes his head, and smiles suspiciously. Am I chaffing him? He doesn't know any "WEBBER."

"He had a shop on—" (here my memory fails me)—"on—Dear, bless me, what's the name of the bridge?"

"Windsor Bridge?" suggests the boy, maliciously.

"No, no—just out of bounds," I say, with a side-look at my host, to see if he is not favourably impressed by my knowledge of localities. He isn't, that's evident. It is, apparently, to him, still a contest of wits between myself and the Etonian, with six to four in the latter's favour.

"Barnes Bridge," says the boy.

"Yes!" I exclaim, exultingly—"on Barnes Bridge, and Barnes, too, and the Pool!"

And I nearly shout with joy at remembering so much. The little Etonian only shakes his head pityingly. All gone—except the bridge.

I question him about the position of certain houses. No. He doesn't know them. He has never even heard of them. "Joe's?" Pooh! Who's JOE? "BRIAN? SPANKIE?" The Etonian smiles upon me sadly. I feel that were he to put his thoughts into words, he would say, "Poor old chap! What is he maundering about?"

I am inclined to ask if Eton exists at all, as *I* knew it?

My host tires of the conversation—perhaps of me. I remark to him, for the sake of my character for veracity, "The place must have changed considerably."

He nods.

The boy, cutting at the hundredth invisible ball with a racket, and smiling, knowingly, up at me, from under his broad brim, observes,

"I s'pose you haven't been there for a *very* long time?"

It occurs to me, as something that had never struck me before, that I have *not* been there for a *very* long time. I begin to call to mind when I left, and when I went,—dates for the boy's information, and my own.

My host suggests that TEDDY, the Etonian, should play a game of lawn-tennis with me; whereat the boy seems to measure me from head to foot (not a very lengthy calculation—though I would not hear my enemy say so), and his smile becomes more supercilious and more decided than ever.

"Do you play lawn-tennis at Eton?" I ask diffidently, and am almost inclined to add "Sir," and raise my hat to him, respectfully.

"A little—not much," he answers, carelessly, switching the racket about.

"I suppose," I say to him, still diffidently, and with a trembling sort of fear that he will, by some sort of right, fag me to fetch the balls, or order me to run and get something for him that he has left in the house, "I suppose you are a great swell at tennis?"

I put this to him in a flattering tone, so as to conciliate him, and induce him not to be severe, or unkind, with me.

"No," he says, "not much of a swell," and he begins driving the balls into the corner of the court where he is going to play.

By this time the other players in the other court—first-raters—are taking a rest, and have formed a gallery on the terrace.

I am in full lawn-tennis flannel costume, evidently intending to work hard. My antagonist, the little Etonian, doesn't even condescend to remove his coat, but saunters into the right-hand corner, and in another second, without saying "Play!" he has whizzed a ball right over the net, I have missed it, and he has taken the other side ready for next service.

The balls come whizzing over the net one after the other. He keeps me running from side to side without hitting one once, and in less than a minute the game is over.

Roars of laughter (at *me*), and ironical applause from the gallery.

I have to serve. Ripples of laughter from gallery, and facetious remarks on the match, all the worse for not being spoken out loud, but whispered half audibly.

I serve. Fault. *Mea culpa!*

I serve again; and again. *Mea culpa!* Ironical cheers. Somebody shouts out something to me. I smile, and say "What?"

Boy cries out, "Now then—that's *your* court!" and points to me to change sides. I had forgotten. I bow to him humbly, and wish I had never been at Eton.

Serve again. Good. He returns a whizzler. I make for it. Hit it. Where it goes I can't see. Nor anybody else. I have sent it flying over the tops of the trees. Ironical applause.

"Don't use so much force!" shouts my host, anxiously, who foresees the loss of the balls.

"All right!" I reply, as cheerfully as I can.

"The other side!" cries out the boy, in a tone that implies "Now then, stoopid!" and again I bow mentally in the deepest humility, and feel that I am getting fagged just as much as though I were a boy again waiting to pick up the ball behind the five-courts in school-yard. Do they exist still? I don't know. I d

care. I won't ask any more about Eton. It is no longer "the old place"—but quite a new one. And the boys are all new too. I'm sure *we* were more respectful.

Another serve. Fault. Applause. Hang the fault!

Another serve for the right. Returned into the centre. It comes slowly. I see it coming. I know exactly the place where it must bound. I slip forward, make my hit at it, but the ball passes on underneath.

Applause from gallery.

The Etonian calls out, "There's a hole in your racket."

I examine my bat. Roars of laughter, specially from boy. As I am examining it, and see no hole, it suddenly occurs to me that this is his chaff. I am perfectly sure I was more respectful to my elders—for I now admit I am his elder—when I was a boy at Eton. *On a changé tout cela.*

[*Happy Thought.*—To continue my inspection of bat as if this was part of my chaff. Everybody, however, I am sure, sees through this very shallow performance.]

More games. After the third I fall back, so to speak, on my weight of years and gravity of character, and protest I don't see the fun of running about—not, of course, that I *can't*, but simply that I don't care about doing it.

Boy becomes careless, as despising his foe. He wins all the games in something less than a quarter of an hour. I've only scored twice, when he was *VERY* careless.

I say to him, patronisingly, "Why, you're a capital player!"

He has become rather grumpy—I think he has been bored—by being sent to play with me, as if I were so many years younger, and no companion for him. At all events, he replies, candidly,

"You don't practise much, do you?"

I admit that I do not "practise" much, by way of answering his question, which implies that I "don't practise much, and can't play at all."

"Now, then," cries my host, apparently in exuberant spirits at the conclusion of my performance, "we'll have a real good match!" And forthwith, while I retire into the shade, the Etonian is mixed up in a set of four, is obliged to take off his coat, and, to my great delight, is tackled by his elder sisters, who work him hard and chaff him mercilessly: he then finds himself pitted against an elderly, but cool, and agile gentleman, an expert at the game, who, on every occasion (having no fear of Eton before his eyes), treats him as though he were a mere child; and I, as one of the gallery, following the fortunes of the game, come out of my shell, applaud ironically, make facetious remarks, call out "Butter-fingers!" when the Little Etonian misses the ball, and congratulate myself generally on taking the change out of him.

[*Happy Thought* (as one of the spectators).—"Vantage to me,"

I confess I am rather afraid of a reprisal; but he hasn't time for it, as he is taken away by his family, who have to return to dinner after this exciting contest is finished.

Happy Thought.—Shall run down to Eton and stay a few days at the Christopher—is there a Christopher?—do they "keep up the Christopher?"—just to see what the place is like. I will. Yet—won't it be melancholy? Shall I not be returning to my former haunts, like a Spirit from The Shades? I shall have no one to talk to; and if I address one of the boys, he will run away as though he had seen a ghost. I might get another ghost to accompany me. I'll try.]

A HAPPY RELEASE!

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

OF course, I congratulate Lord BEACONSFIELD and his Cabinet, and Lord CHELMSFORD, and Sir BARTLE, and Sir GARNET, and Major MARTER, and the King's Dragoon Guards, and the Local Parliament, and the Managers of Madame TUSSAUD's Exhibition, and myself, and every other despairing tax-payer, on the latest brilliant "addition" to English History—on CETEWAYO being "ketch'd" at last. But, more than all these, I congratulate you, dear Sir, because I hope you will now be rescued from the brisk fire of jokes and jocularities on the Zulu King and his name, which, I suspect, you have had to face from the very beginning of the outbreak. May your daily pile of letters now be lessened! May your W.P. baskets be immensely relieved!

Yours loyally,

AFRICANUS.

P.S.—We brought away an umbrella from Ashantee; we have now received an elephant's tusk from Zululand, another trophy for the South Kensington Museum—what are we to look for from Afghanistan?

[*"A Happy Release"* our correspondent calls it. He little knows the floodgates that the event opens on *Punch's* devoted head. Let him read what follows:—

TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

THE tide of obvious puns on KETCHWAYO just ketch'd, and Major MARTER his ketcher, having set in, with even exceptional severity, PUNCH HEREBY GIVES NOTICE that no play of words on either name can be admitted to his columns. "Play," as such things may seem to their perpetrators, they are death to *Punch*, to say nothing of his readers.]

DOCTRINAL DESIDERATUM.—Orthodoxy without Paradoxy.

WHAT WILL BE DONE WITH HIM?



Procession on the Ninth of November next (as in the Roman triumphs of old), and afterwards have to stand the fire of Lord BEACONSFIELD's rhetoric in the Guildhall?

Will he be produced as the latest African novelty at the opening meeting of the Royal Geographical Society?

Will he be allowed to lecture and exhibit himself and his kraal at St. James's Hall?

Will the Aquarium eventually get hold of him?

Will he be the Lion of the next London Season?

Will he appear at Exeter Hall?

AN anyone say?—

Will he be sent to the Tower?

Will rooms be taken for him at CLARIDGE'S?

Will he be banished to Cyprus?

Will he join the circle assembled at Hughenden Manor?

Will he be mobbed some Sunday soon at the Zulu-logical Gardens?

Will he be released on parole, and enjoy the privilege of gazing at his own effigy at Madame TUSSAUD'S?

Will he be carried captive in the Lord Mayor's

procession?

Will people at last learn to spell and pronounce his name correctly?

Won't he be photographed!

THIS WILL BE DONE WITH HIM.

He will be photographed in several cartes—each utterly unlike the other—in his fat and lean states, with and without his crown and in and out of his Court cow-tails.

He will be taken as the trade-mark for a new "South African Relish."

He will appear as the principal figure in more than one highly imaginary group in more than one of the Illustrated papers.

His biography will form a substantial part of the padding to the current numbers of several shilling Magazines.

For nearly three weeks his name will loom large in the "Extra-Parliamentary utterances" of all the less responsible members of the Ministry.

He will be missing, like the Cabul massacre, from Lord BEACONSFIELD's first rural oration.

For a month his swarthy physiognomy will appear and disappear in a dissolving view, at the Royal Polytechnic Institution.

He will enlist the sympathies of many thousands of well-meaning people, who will take the deepest interest in him for nearly a month.

He will appear in effigy at Madame TUSSAUD'S, and continue as an addition to that most perennial of exhibitions until his wax is required for a newer novelty and a more startling sensation.

And then—he will be forgotten!



WHO SHALL SAY THE RACE OF BRILLIANT TALKERS IS EXTINCT?

Festive Host (confidentially, to Lady on his right). "IT HAS CONSTANTLY SUGGESTED ITSELF TO ME, MRS. BROWN, THAT—ER—THAT THE REASON WHY THE *WEATHER*—ER—AFFORDS SO FRUITFUL A TOPIC OF CONVERSATION AMONGST ENGLISH PEOPLE, IS—ER—IS THAT THE *ENGLISH CLIMATE* IS SUBJECT TO—ER—TO RAPID *VARIATIONS*, WHICH CANNOT BE *FORESEEN*, SO TO SPEAK!"

The Same (to Lady on his left, also confidentially). "AS I WAS JUST OBSERVING TO MRS. BROWN, IT HAS FREQUENTLY OCCURRED TO MY MIND, MRS. JONES, THAT—ER—THAT THE REASON WHY—ER—WHY THE *WEATHER*, IN SHORT, FURNISHES SO INEXHAUSTIBLE A THEME OF DISCUSSION TO—ER—TO BRITISH PEOPLE, IS—ER—NO DOUBT—ER—THAT THE *CLIMATE* OF THE BRITISH ISLES IS *LIABLE*, SO TO SPEAK, TO—ER—TO SUDDEN *MUTATIONS*, WHICH WE CANNOT CALCULATE UPON BEFOREHAND!"

The Same (loud, across the table, to festive Hostess). "MY LOVE—ER—AS I WAS ONLY JUST OBSERVING TO MRS. BROWN, AND—ER—TO MRS. JONES, IT HAS FREQUENTLY, AND INDEED CONSTANTLY, SUGGESTED ITSELF TO MY MIND, THAT THE REASON WHY—ER—WHY THE—THE *WEATHER*, IN POINT OF FACT, SHOULD—ER—SHOULD FURNISH SO FRUITFUL A TOPIC OF DISCUSSION, AND AFFORD SO INEXHAUSTIBLE A THEME OF CONVERSATION AMONGST—ER—AMONGST THE INHABITANTS OF THE BRITISH ISLES, MAY—ER—MAY POSSIBLY BE OWING TO THE PECULIARITY THAT THE—ER—WELL, THE *CLIMATE* OF THE UNITED KINGDOM IS *LIABLE*, AND *SUBJECT*, SO TO SPEAK, TO SUDDEN *VARIATIONS*, WHICH CANNOT BE CALCULATED UPON BEFOREHAND, AND TO—ER—TO RAPID *MUTATIONS*, IN SHORT, WHICH—ER—WHICH WE CANNOT—ER—FORESEE!"

WAR CORRESPONDENCE OF THE FUTURE.

(STRICTLY PROFESSIONAL.)

(By Punch's own Clairvoyant Captain.)

Encampment—somewhere. Monday or Tuesday.

I MUST apologise for the vagueness of my address and doubtfulness of my date, and also for my long silence, which has been caused by my military duties. However complimentary the selection, I am not half pleased that the General commanding has detailed me as your Correspondent, in the absence of the regular civilian fellows, who have been drilled into that sort of thing. But I suppose the public would not be satisfied unless they received some account of our doings at the front! You may rely upon the intelligence I send you—as far as it goes.

Our orders are to confine ourselves to facts, and not venture on comments or opinions. I am Acting-Captain of my Company—rather an arduous duty for a subaltern of two years' standing. I know that we marched here; but as I have not been able to get hold of a map of the country, I have no idea where we are. There are some trees in the distance, and something like an encampment of the enemy, but as I cannot leave my men to make inquiries, this is all

the information I can give you at present. I must break off for the present, as my Sergeant-Major wants to speak to me.

Tuesday or Wednesday—or is it Thursday?

I RESUME my pen and my letter. As it happens, my Sergeant-Major needn't have bothered me; but when once a fellow who is Acting-Captain gets called away from his newspaper work, it is no easy matter to get back to it. I do wish that the General had left this kind of work to the regular old hands, who were up to it. I asked my Sergeant to relieve me of the job, but he was mutinous, and wouldn't. If we were not in front of the enemy, I should bring him before the C. O. for insubordination. Unluckily, there is nothing, as far as I can find, in the Articles of War or the Queen's Regulations about refusing to write letters to newspapers.

Well, we marched here, after striking our last encampment. By the way, I haven't told you how we came to strike our encampment. This will interest your readers. Well . . .

Thought so! Just as I am settling down to my letter, here comes an "Officer's call." Must cut pen and ink for the present.

Either Friday or Saturday.

For the last day or two I really haven't known whether I have been standing on my head or my heels. I should like you to be the Acting-Captain of a Company, knowing as little about it, too, as I did when I began, and you would soon see how impossible it is."



A BLACK "WHITE ELEPHANT."

JOHN BULL (*puzzled*). "HE'S COST ME ENOUGH TO CATCH HIM! AND NOW I'VE GOT HIM, WHAT AM I TO DO WITH HIM?"

THE GREAT F-RINI (*with alacrity*). "MIGHT I SUGGEST THE AQUARIUM?"

your duty to your men, and yet find time for writing to a newspaper! Of course pen and ink have had to go to the wall.

Still, as I have been told off to act as your Correspondent, I am not going to get into a row by disobeying orders. So here I am at my pothooks again.

As Acting-Captain of the rear Company of a battalion in a middle brigade, I have not the smallest notion where we are. That must be clear enough. As a Subaltern of two years' standing, and not the General Commanding in Chief, I haven't the faintest idea where we are marching to, or what we are going to do. That must be clearer still—now mustn't it?

I may, however, tell you that there has been a rumour—By Jove! the assembly is sounding! Must break off to fall in! Ta ta!

Sunday (know it's Sunday—Church Parade this morning).

We have had a lot of fighting. I don't know whether we won or not. I fancy the former, but you can never tell. All I know is, my Company behaved splendidly. Of course I could not see what we were doing. I am dead tired, but jot down these lines as I know you would like to hear from me. If I get any more news before post time, I will send it you. Good bye for the present.

ET APRÈS ?



MR. PUNCH feels, of course, in common with the bulk of his fellow-countrymen, that there is nothing to be done with Cabul, at the present moment, but to take it. As, however, he thinks that a British Army may find less difficulty in taking it than in knowing what to do with it when they have got it, he publishes a few "suggestions" on the subject, which may come in extremely useful before next spring.

Lord Lytton. The easiest thing in the world. We have only to establish there at once a Perfumery Emporium, Casino, Circus, Opéra Comique, one or two Clubs, and push on the new

frontier to the Oxus. The sooner they know this at St. Petersburg the better. As to the AMEER, I propose to give him a satin dressing-gown, a diamond ring, a volume of my poems in vellum, and attach him to my suite.

Mr. Parnell. These Afghans are a simple, kindly, harmless, and constitutional people. The country should be incorporated in "regenerated Ireland," and send a Member, with all his travelling expenses paid, to the Home-Rule Convention in Dublin.

The Emperor of Russia. Let a line be drawn straight through the city with a cannon-shot, and Russian troops occupy one half, British the other. They may then divide the contents of the Treasury between them. Here would be, at once, a truly scientific frontier for both of us.

Lord Beaconsfield. What! More fireworks required? Very well, then, we have only to take the country, and float a new phrase. Say—"Robbery with respectability."

Mr. Gladstone. It is difficult to define what I would do with Cabul. It is more difficult to conjecture what I would not do with it. But it is most difficult to face these two alternatives, and deliberately hazard neither one nor the other. Here is good, stubborn, and ponderous material for a *Nineteenth Century* article. Much comes to him who knows how to weight.

Sir Bartle Frere. Only let me get back from Africa—I'll show you what to do with it!

Mr. Toole. Why not give it to the Bard?

Lord Cranbrook. I appear to have ridden the high horse a little

too hastily. Still, I am quite open to conviction. In fact, when we do get to Cabul, I shall be extremely obliged if anybody will tell me what on earth I ought to do next.

Mr. John Bull. Get out of the mess we ought never to have got into; and after due punishment of those whom we find to blame for the massacre trust natural against scientific frontiers for the future.

THE FALLING OF THE CURTAIN.

THE capture of King CETEWAYO having at length put a finish—*Punch* trusts a permanent one—to the Zulu War, it will doubtless be considered the thing to celebrate the event, as is now customary under such circumstances, by some public monument worthy of the occasion.

Mr. Punch leaves it to others to suggest the fitting site, material, and design, though he has all three of course already in his eye. He feels it his duty, however, at once to supply what is the most important feature of the whole, the inscription for its face, and puts the following at the disposal of any recognised Committee who may take the matter up:—

IN THANKFUL COMMEMORATION
Of the close

OF THE ZULU WAR,

Unnecessary, costly, and, at first, disastrous.

It owed its origin

To the untrammelled vagaries of a farsightedness
Philosophically independent of consequences.

It enabled

Sir BARTLE FRERE

To write kindly and encouragingly

To the Colonial Secretary,

While adding the sum of

TEN MILLIONS STERLING

To the National Expenditure.

Of doubtful public benefit,

However fruitful in National humiliation,

It culminated,

In spite of the heroism and endurance

OF BRITISH SOLDIERS,

In a grave crisis,

Which astonished the Duke of CAMBRIDGE,

Drove Dr. RUSSELL into the arms of the *Daily Telegraph*,

But rescued

Sir GARNET WOLSELEY from Cyprus

And

Lord CHELMSFORD from a task beyond his strength.

Ultimately taken in hand

With energy and judgment,

It was wound up by the capture
OF THE FATTEST SAVAGE SOUTH OF THE EQUATOR.

Thus closing a fallacious policy

By the acquisition of a new and permanent attraction

At the Aquarium,

While bringing home,

To the profound satisfaction of the British Taxpayer,

To be rewarded with a Statue at Madame Tussaud's,

THE GREAT PROCONSUL OF HIS TIME.

A grateful Country,

Willing to acknowledge, in the midst of much misfortune,

One undisputed public benefit,

Has raised this Monument

In Memory

Of one of the Costliest Blunders

Of Modern Times.

Game of "Give and Take."

(Only two can play.)

He. "It is sweeter to give than receive."

Of a whipping this doubtless is true,

But of kissing I cannot believe

It holds good, till I've tried it. Can you?

She. I don't know; let's each give and receive,

And so come to proof of the prop.

Both. Then you give, and I'll take, and we'll leave

The one to decide, who cries "Stop!"

[N.B.—There is no end to this game.]

A LINE WE HAVE MISSED IN "ALLAN'S ANTI-FAT" ADVERTISEMENT.—Great reduction on taking a quantity.



ÆSTHETIC PRIDE.

Fond Mother. "YOU LIVE TOO MUCH ALONE, ALGERNON!"

Young Genius (Poet, Painter, Sculptor, &c.). "'TIS BETTER SO, MOTHER! BESIDES I ONLY CARE FOR THE SOCIETY OF MY EQUALS, AND—A—SUCH BEING THE CASE—A—MY CIRCLE IS NECESSARILY RATHER LIMITED."

Fond Mother. "BUT SURELY THE SOCIETY OF YOUR SUPERIORS—"

Young Genius. "MY WHAT, MOTHER? MY SUPERIORS! WHERE ARE THEY!!!"

BETSY THE AVENGER.

WHICH to snivel of mercy is muck, and to 'owl about reason is rot;
We must down on 'em like a tornader, and drop on 'em 'eavy and 'ot.
Shall one thought of the faith we purfess cause the red heel of wengeance to halt?

No! Slorter the murderous 'ordes, sow the site of their city with salt!

How durst they dispute what we said, or how durst they resist what we did?
The whole duty of scum sech as them is to do as BRITANNYER may bid.
Though we sent 'em an Envoy they loathed, their own rule of respect for a guest
Should have taught the dark demons to cherish the man their black hearts
might detest.

Are they Britons that patriot zeal shall be granted to cover *their* sins,
Or the pretext of national sperrit purtect their infernal black skins?
Are we Rooshians that cribbing their land should be counted to *us* as a crime,
Or the swoop of the strong on the feeble seem anythink short of sublime?

Shall the fiends who 'd resist our advances be looked on as land-loving men?
Shall the black-hided, black-hearted dogs be let stand in the way of my BEN?
Eh? Measure our vengeance like Christians? No! Hew 'em as AGAG was hewed.

Nor pause till each blade in our 'ands with the blood of a score is imbrued.

Blood! blood! Only that shall wipe out the red stain with a redder one yet.
Don't whimper to me of calm justice, nor prate about ruth or regret,
Till the slayers are slain, and the cry of their anguige through Asia shall peal,
The only right reckonin 's fire, and the only sound argyment 's steel.

BETSY PRIG's on the war-path! Who pules in a wile
party sperrit of pity?
My 'brella pints wengefully on to the sack of that foul
faithless city!
Till the cheek of each sooty-skinn'd 'ound at the sight of
our 'olocaust pales,
Blind Justice's Sword is enough; what have *we* got to do
with her Scales?

HAPPY-THOUGHT GUIDE TO LONDON.

(Being a Dickens of a Dickshumary for the use of Visitors to the Metropolis.)

FOLLY THEATRE.—Used at different times as a Place of Worship, a House of Entertainment (specially Mr. WOODIN's, who, though he was Woodin, wasn't a bit of a stick), and, lastly, as a Theatre, where, as the Hexameter Poet might sing—

"Used to sing and play the sparkling LYDIA THOMPSON,"

and where, afterwards, appeared Madame DOLARO. But

Madame DOLLY
Left the Folly,

and now it is said that Mr. J. L. TOOLE is to become its proprietor. His favourite piece for the last year has been *A Fool and his Money*; and perhaps for the opening night we shall see a fool and his money at the Folly. This seems appropriate. The wise man has said, "Answer a Fool according to his Folly;" but, in this instance, *A Fool* may make his Folly answer. Will he change the name, and, as it's quite close to "the Garden," call it The Toole House? Or will he get the Board of Works to alter the name of the street, and call it J. L. Tooley Street? However, 'tis not yet fixed, we believe, that it is *Let to Toole*, but it certainly has been for some time *To L-et*. If he's going to produce a French piece—not *Ici on parle*—he must take great care that the scene is not laid in Toulouse. It would be awkward for the popular comedian to enter in a tourist suit, and have for his first speech, "I'm bound for Toulouse." *Absit omen*—or, as our lively neighbours in Leicester Square have it—"Absinthe, O men!"—why didn't J. L. T. take Drury Lane? There he'd have had scope. No matter. We'll all rejoice when "JOHNNY comes marching home"—for he "*always* comes home to tea."

FOREIGN OFFICE.—Well worth a visit. Office for everything foreign. Representatives of every nation on every floor. China on the shelves, and documents in pigeon-English in the pigeon-holes. French commissioners sit here daily, to grant passes to people wishing to take French leave. Three married couples on the *entresol* represent the United States. The Greek *employés* are up in the Attic. Turkey in the back yard: feeding-time, three to four. A clerk, full of business, and always in a hurry all over the place, represents the Czar of all the Rushers. A rope of onions waves over the Spanish department—motto, "Give 'em rope enough." Holland is represented by the noble owner of a Duchy with his lovely and accomplished Dutch-cheese dressed in Brown Holland, and wearing a Dutch tile. Notice the request: "Blease not do dutch the Vigures." Be very polite, or he will show you his Dutch courage if once put on his Dutch metal. Chaff him, and he'll return with *Sauce Hollandaise*. There are many more curiosities—too numerous to be described; and no visitor to London should leave without seeing the F. O. In fact, he would be unworthy of the name of an Englishman if he were afraid to face the F. O.

FOUNDLING HOSPITAL.—See Foundlings, on Sundays. Dear little mites! Every visitor is requested to bring his mite with him, and leave it. Nowhere is mite more right than here.

FRIENDLY SOCIETIES.—See AQUARIUM, EVANS'S, PROMENADE CONCERTS, &c. Also, see QUAKERS and ZULUS.

GAIETY THEATRE.—Devoted to the highest kind of dramatic entertainment. The highest and the kindest are to be seen in the burlesques for which this is now the noted house. *Beaucoup de fées—pas de "fées."* The latter ballet was originally invented by Mr. JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD. The natty Gaiety *ouvresses* would as soon think of taking the visitor's two-and-sixpence—



EVIDENCE OLFATORY.

Angelina (scientific). "DO YOU SMELL THE IODINE FROM THE SEA, EDWIN? ISN'T IT REFRESHING?"

Old Salt (overhearing). "WHAT YOU SMELL AIN'T THE SEA, MISS. IT'S THE TOWN-DRAINS AS FLOWS OUT JUST 'ERE!"

LORD BEACONSFIELD would of accepting TRACY TURNERELLI'S crown. The name of Mr. EDWARD TERRY is now so thoroughly associated with this stage, that it has come to be looked on as his terry-tory or his terry firma. He is no relation to Miss TERRY or Mr. TERRIS, though this does seem a little *mys-terry-ous*. Though *His-terry* repeats itself, *Our Terry* doesn't. All this is highly in-terry-esting. As for Miss NELLIE FARREN—well, the public would miss NELLIE FARREN if she weren't there. There's not an *inch* to spare in the house when there's a *Nell* and *two feet* on the stage. That she is as sprightly as the liveliest French actress, is to be accounted for by her being of *farren* extraction. The dancing of Miss KATE VAUGHAN is deservedly *Vaunted*. When she *corn't* there she was still more *vaunted*. Judging from her activity, she is strong, though she looks a little *corn*. Mr. ROYCE is invaluable, specially when he appears as a lively *viveur* or a Royce-terer. He is an indefatigable dancer, and trains on a spare diet of bold royce pudding. He doesn't dance unless there's an *r* in the month. "That's my rule," he explains to the other RULE in Maiden Lane, "because it's not your *oyce-stir* season." In the lobby of the theatre there is a great display of pictorial art—also of practical *Hart* in the Box-office—photographs of theatrical types on the walls, and a fine specimen of Talbotype in the Manager's room. The Stalls are comfortable, and the forms are elegant. There are various Gaiety theatres over the civilised world, but by this "the Gaiety of nations is eclipsed." As the hymn of the "Church and Stage Guild" has it—

"Oh, let the laity
Go to the Gaiety!"

GARRICK CLUB.—An Association of literary and dramatic celebrities, as also of singers and composers—in fact, anybody of any note. The hall is lighted by the brilliancy of the members, while feats, jokes, *bon mots*, and witticisms sparkle and crackle all over the place. Good things are on the sideboard and in everybody's mouth. Here is a comedian lunching off "a bit of fat," and a tragedian is at a side-table cutting a joke. The *trés sec* wine of La Veuve Pommery sparkles in the glasses, and the library shelves dazzle the eye with their splendid diamond editions. Here at the side-tables are unequalled musical critics having their knife into a round of beef, while another is picking a bone with a popular composer in a corner. Clever journalists are writing their indefinite articles, racing journalists are passing the Post, while a messenger

from the great Jupiter has just called for a leader—which may turn out to be, like its mythological namesake, a Miss-Leda. The Hall itself is an Exchange of Wit, where you hear the latest quotations. The Committee are distinguished by their costume of the time of GARRICK—being all dressed in *garrick-ter*. In the billiard-room all the members dress as *Paul Pry*, when they play *Pool*. The only quiet place is the card-room, and over this door is the appropriate word, "*Pax*." Through the Aristophanic clouds of the smoking-room it is difficult to see a joke. Should you come in late, and miss it, you will be told that "it is just gone." The best day for strangers to visit the Garrick is Wit Monday.

A BRITISH BALLAD.

(Inspired by a recent Correspondence.)

I CANNOT sing the old songs,
Although you get them cheap;
Pathetic, tender, bold songs—
Oh yes, we have a heap.
But if you watch the little birds
As I have done, you'll see
Their aim is not to give their words,
But to touch their upper C.
So bring me strains from other lands,
In tongues that no one understands!
You say, "Then try the new songs;
They're elegant indeed.
Why not select a few songs?"
Pooh! Songs ain't meant to read!
You talk of "tears," and never weep,
But sweetly smile instead;
And when you have to whisper "sleep,"
You shout to wake the dead.
So give us still, from foreign lands,
The Songs that no one understands!

SHORT FOR A TWO-SHILLING PIECE.—A Bibob. A Crown might be called a Fibob.

THE SPHINX ON SHAM.

"Sham,—a stupid word generally used by stupid people."—Lord BEACONSFIELD at Aylesbury.



MY LORD BEACONSFIELD
AT AYLESBURY.

It is not gold that glitters? Fudge!
Is all success on bullion built?
Most dullards deem that they can judge
'Twixt solid gold and surface gilt.

It fogs them though, would they confess,
To gauge the sort of god I am—
The showy yet assured success
Which stupid people call a Sham.

The cant of satire on the lips
Of foolish failure moves my mirth.
False glitter? Well, its gleams eclipse
Their muddy wits, their souls of earth.
Dull, dowdy delf flouts porcelain fine,
Because 'tis gilded. All mere flam!
There's virtue in the show and shine
Which stupid people call a Sham.

A land of dullards to illumine,
A world of grovellers to inspire,
Were weary work. Let zealots fume
Of quickening light or purging fire;
To dazzle is an easier task.
Tact tickles folly's diaphragm,
And mimes and wears the modish mask,
Which stupid people call a Sham.

A stupid word by dullness shaped,
Blind spite's poor substitute for wit.
When duncehood satire's scourging aped,
The borrowed lash no longer bit.
For what but gulls were groundlings sent?
Is folly's crop not made to cram?
Tact triumphs, and is well content,
Though stupid people call it Sham!

BULLS, WELSH AND IRISH.

BESIDES the typical Bull, to which the typical Englishman, Mr. JOHN BULL, corresponds, there exist, in the United Kingdom, distinct national varieties of the *Bos Taurus*. The Welsh Bull, for instance, is usually said to have peculiarities of conformation and colour quite its own. And yet the *North Wales Guardian*, in an account of an anniversary celebration lately held at St. Mary's Church, Cefn, informs us that:—

"At three o'clock a children's service was conducted by the Rector, and an excellent address given by the Rev. LL. JONES. The English service was in Welsh."

Here is an example of the *Bos Cymricus* in no way to be distinguished from the *Bos Hibernicus*.

THE FLOWER OF THE FLOCK.—The Collie-flower, of course.

CETEWAYO.

To the Editor of Punch.

SIR,—As we all know that *Punch* is a loyal journal, and devoted to the interests of England, I solicit your aid in giving publicity to the plan I have to propose for paying the expenses of the Zulu War. I propose that CETEWAYO be given into my charge. I am prepared to hire as attendants on His Majesty the Zulus now showing at the Aquarium.

I engage to dress H.M. in regal robes, after the fashion of his Court.

I invite Sir BARTLE FRERE, my Lord CHELMSFORD, and Captain CAREY, to accompany the party on a tour through Great Britain, the United States of America, and Canada.

Every respect shall be paid to all parties, according to their position; and I engage that no person shall be allowed in the Royal presence unless furnished with cards issued at one shilling each, half the proceeds of sale of such cards to be paid into the British treasury, the other half to go in liquidation of my expenses; the cards to become the property of the purchaser, and to be countersigned by H. M. CETEWAYO, my Lord CHELMSFORD, Sir BARTLE FRERE, and Captain CAREY.

It seems to me that such an exhibition will be at once agreeable to the party, advantageous to the British nation, and profitable to myself.

J. BARNUM, of New York.

Races and Roguery.

An article quoted by the *Times* from the *Brisbane Courier* contains some interesting particulars relative to "Decaying Races"—in particular, the Maori race in New Zealand, and the Polynesian races generally. Other races that we know of are fast decaying from a cause quite notorious. There can be no doubt that the decay of Epsom Races is attributable to the roguery with which they have got contaminated by tribes of betting cads. It is to be feared that Newmarket, Ascot, and Goodwood Races will ere long be involved in decay alike with the Derby.

NATURAL HISTORY OF A NUISANCE.

BUGBEARS, of course, are now on show, along with other monsters of the dead season. One of the most horrid of these horrid objects is yet physically minute; the *Phylloxera vastatrix*, a pestilent little insect, said to be on the way to destroy all the vines in the world. Perhaps it had better be called a bugbore than a bugbear, being indeed a bore of the first magnitude, although in bodily size considerably smaller than the Norfolk Howard. It belongs, however, to another family than that branch of the Howards, being a member of the *Aphide*, though by some supposed to be a *novum entomon*, or upstart, among insects: a creature of yesterday, recently "developed," by "spontaneous generation."

But possibly the *Phylloxera vastatrix* came into existence very long ago, though not into notice until lately, when it was brought forward by the newspapers.

As an addition to standard plagues, or, what the Americans call "cusses," your *Phylloxera vastatrix* is certainly "something new and strange;" yet, being the nuisance that it is, we cannot "therefore as a stranger give it welcome," but, on the contrary, are compelled to salute it, "Unwelcome, little stranger!" And yet this odious little *Aphis* (for which a very proper *alias* would be *Aphis Lawsonii*) may be enthusiastically welcomed by the United Kingdom Alliance, as a powerful ally in their warfare against the juice of the vine.

CONSOLATION À LA TENNYSON.

(For Candidates who have failed to satisfy the Examiners at the last Oxford Examination.)

'Tis better to have shied and lost
Than never to have shied at all.

COOLNESS IN EXCELSIS.

(At Aylesbury. Apropos of the Cabul Massacre.)

"But only silence seemeth best!"—Poet Laur

A VOICE FROM THE WEST.

MEISTER PUNCH,

T'OTHER day, ridin' roun' o' th' varm, I com'd t' me furdest, an' there, Awver hedge, Zur, I zeed neighbour Cox, a-stampin' an' tearin' his yhair! Zes I, "WILLGUM," zes I, "what be-st at? Be-st a so'tpoll, or gotten a vit?" Zes he, "JEKE," zes he, "I can't stand 't; thof, min, I can stan' a good bit! See this 'ere galvanised wire (cost a shillun a yard: an' not chip). I run'd it all round o' dtheus vatches, that be laid up vor veedin' th' ship; An' yonder's dthick copse, vull o' rabbits, they've yeaten a yacre, an' moore, Enuf vor t' kip vor a month o' me yeowes an' me lambs twenty scoore! When I zeed it I know'd 'twere no use nor th' copse nor th' rabbits to bleame, Vor th' copse me Lord teakes vor his use, an' I mu'n't hev noo hands wi' noo geame;

So zes I, to myself, then, zes I, I'll goo buy zum o' dthick netted vence,— T' seave what's me own is noo crime, nor 'et goin' agin common sense,— Zo I run'd it all roun', as ye see, atwixt me Lord's copse an' my crops, An' I thowt I'd a-done a good dthing, when th' varmin so neatly I stops, 'ithout interruptin' me Lord, 'ithout yägent or kipper upset, An', thof th' cost were a tax upon me, I were glad I'd a-thowt o' th' net. Well! dtheus mornin', a blarm'd lawyer's-letter, a spun out so long as me yärm,

I've a-got, zayin', 'teake down th' vence, or else you mid 'speat quit th' varm!' Ef it war'n't vor th' missus an' kids, teake un down, min, I 'u'dn't, I swear! I can't dthink o't, eood! vor t'hot blood's a-bilin' th' roots o' me yhair!" Then, sez I to un, "WILLGUM," zes I, "now don't 'e goo gitten zo wroth, Do 'e keep a still tongue 'twixt the teeth, an' the breath vor a-coolin' the broth; Thee 'st a nasty an' radical sperit, thus the' betters t' virk an' defy; Thy Bible 'ill tell 'e thee 'st wrong to gurt Caesar his due to deny." "Gie to Caesar his due!" then he roard. "Why I pays un his rent, to be sure! HE'S A-GOT THE BEST END O' TH' STICK; 'TISN'T HONEST T' GRASP ZO MUCH MOORE!"

Well, now, thof I'd a-snub'd Neighbour Cox, as I jogg'd along back I tuk heed O' his case, that 'twere hard lines vor he, an' that ef a good chance mid be zeed T' help th' leame dog awver stile, I'd a-zort-o a-vowed I 'uld try;

When, comin' along o' th' road, who, b' th' powers o' good luck, sh'd I spy But our young Meister, Hon'able DICK—last election we'd meade an M.P.— An' I up, an' I steated th' case, an' I fitted th' cap to a T.

But, lawd! I fun' out, in a trice, I'd a-meade a mistake, an' noo end! Thof at 'lection he'd twold I, be zure, if 'at ever I mid want a friend, T' speak to un, an' zo I meade bwold; but th' way as he zuck'd his moustache, An' screw'd up his eye-glass at I, I'd a-sooner a-velt his whip-lash A-dra'd smartly across o' me thigh! Then, I zes as I hoped noo offence: Then 'e smild, an' 'e hum'd, an' 'e haw'd—"Oh, why, SMA'BONE, for this wretched fence,

Round the tares, and the turnips, and stuff, I can't see there's the smallest pretence;

You farmers have more than enough of such things that you weally can't use; And my father won't let men his land to go farming it just how they choose. Ta-ta!" zes he, "SMA'BONE!"—an' off, wi' his spurs i' th' flanks o' his cob, An' 'e left I—well, hang it!—I'll own, dumb-founder'd, a-seratohin' me nob!

JERE SMALLBONE.

MICHAELMAS "GEESE."

THOSE who imagine Lord BEACONSFIELD will dissolve Parliament, and encounter the perils of a General Election, one hour before he is legally compelled.

Those who carefully read through to the end all the speeches which are delivered in "Parliament out of Session."

Those who send back their growing sons and daughters to schools high in their terms but low in their diet.

Those who look forward to the abolition or extinction of Co-operative Associations, and anticipate the renewed subjugation of the British housekeeper to the British shopkeeper.

Those who voluntarily undergo all the expense, worry, discomfort, and disappointment of fitting, without some overwhelming inducement, or clear and positive gain and advantage.

Those who neglect or condemn the finest of all fine arts—the Art of Cookery.

Those who, in this era of cheap, good, and abundant stationery, persist in crossing their letters, and making their correspondents cross. (This admonition is particularly addressed to the best—with all its faults—sex in the world.)

Those (tradesmen) who fail to see that their true policy is to give discount to ready-money customers and genuine wares to all.

Those who subscribe to (? destruction) funds in the cause of "restoration."

Those who drink, and allow their children to drink, watered or adulterated milk, when they can readily procure an abundant supply of the pure and genuine article.

Those who dream of the return of Protection.

Those who style themselves Canons and Prebendaries, when they are nothing more than honorary ones.

Those who devour the sacred bird on the feast of St. Michael, whether it agrees with them or not.

Those who keep poultry in a London back garden, and please themselves with the thought that the hobby will pay.

Those who grumble at School Boards and the cost of the education they are diffusing throughout the country to the incalculable benefit of our England of the future.

Those who expect any good from the present Parliament.

Those (women) who adopt the ruling fashions in dress, whether they become or disfigure them.

Those who pester *Punch* with jokes about CETEWAYO, &c., &c.

WHAT THE WILD WAVES ARE SAYING.

(At various Sea-side Resorts.)



THAT mortals are a queer gregarious crowd, With very funny ways of wooing Nature:

That cheap excursionists are mostly loud, Slangy of speech, and strange of nomenclature:

That 'ABBRIET, though an unlovely lass, Is vastly the superior of 'ARRY;

And that the latter ne'er looks such an ass As when a telescope he tries to carry:

That Cockney sailors might make Plutus laugh, And wake the loud derision of old Neptune:

That sea-side Niggers shine in vulgar chaff:

That sea-side bands, if German, ne'er yet kept tune:

That English lasses, loose-tressed midst the brine, Are lovelier far than classic Nymphs and Sirens:

That sea-side "spoons" all spout that sounding line—

About the Ocean's mane—of "dear Lord BYRON'S:"

That Ocean's vulgarised by snobs and shrimps:

That man ne'er tires of idly tossing pebbles:

That British boys are saucy little imps:

And British girls bewitching little rebels:

That British tradesmen, even by the sea,

Are sadly given to talking shop and twaddling:

That bathers' manners are a little free:

That fancy can't conceive a Nereid waddling:

That curiosity seems strangely fed

When it in traveller's troubles finds its diet:

That Sweldom, when of fashion not in dread,

Oft lets its Cad proclivities run riot.

That stuck-up posings on the ocean's marge

Impress one as an anserine sort of folly:

That rollicking Vulgarity at large

Makes taste turn sick at the mere name of "jolly:"

That though old Neptune's gorge looks pretty wide,

'Tis nothing to the gauge of Cockney throattles:

That 'tis too bad to burden the salt tide

With bones, and greasy paper, bungs, and bottles:

That kissing Beauty's feet brings no disgrace,

But laving some foul cads makes Ocean shudder:

That man's a marvel when he blacks his face,

And makes a row, and calls his partner "brudder:"

That promenading on a long damp pier

Might be considered dull, if not the fashion:

That human faces wear expressions queer

When flounder-bobbing or declaring passion:

Lastly, that Neptune loves the sea-washed isle

Which prides itself so on its insularity,

But finds it somewhat difficult to smile

On Swell's vapidity or Snob's vulgarity.

"STAND FAST, CRAIG ELLACHIE!"

(With *Punch's* compliments to Sir George Macpherson Grant.)

How they swear now in Morayshire—"By George," not "By Jingo."



"OUR MR. POLYPHEMUS."

"The *Polyphemus* will be the newest development of war-ship. She will carry no guns, trusting entirely to her ram and her torpedoes."—*Latest Naval Report.*

The Classical Mr. Polyphemus. "WHY, IT USED TO BE ALL MY EYE." *Our Mr. Polyphemus.* "AH, BUT IT'S ALL MY NOSE NOW!"

A VOICE FROM THE SEA.

MR. PUNCH, SIR,

I CAN scarcely write for indignation! I have been grossly and cruelly libelled! For the last thirty years I have been a benefactor, during the dead season, to the British Public in general, and the Editors of newspapers in particular. Not one of my enemies can point to a year in which I have failed to keep my engagements. And yet because this season I was a little late, a general cry has been raised that I have shirked my responsibilities! It has been said over and over again that although September had arrived, I would never put in an appearance! But I have been amply vindicated. I can only say that if I had known what was being said about me behind my back, my advent would have been sooner.

Mr. Punch, Sir, I respect you. You are the only man to whom I would deign to offer an explanation. You may perhaps wish to learn why my visit to the shores of England has been this year delayed. Well, Sir, I have no objection to gratifying your very pardonable

curiosity. Sir, here is my case. I have heard that this year all the watering-places in England have been simply detestable. I have been told that the rain rained every day; that ARRY and ARRIETTE have had it all their own way on the Piers and the Sands, and that the boarding-house keepers and proprietors of apartments have been twice as extortionate as usual. Under these circumstances I thought to myself, "Why should I not try a new place?" But what new place? Ah, there was the rub!

But to those who dare, nothing is impossible. You may know that, as a bachelor, I have little luggage. I have not to look after a wife's boxes filled with a score of different costumes, or a child's perambulator. Without an ounce of impedimenta I could go anywhere, and I took full advantage of my liberty. Sir, I have discovered a new watering-place!—a perfect watering-place!

I will describe it to you—negatively. It is a spot free from uncomfortable hotels, dirty lodgings, and overcrowded boarding-places. The bathing is excellent, as there are no rickety machines and sandy floors. There are no German bands, Ital

grinders, nor mechanical piano-players. There is no intensely Provincial Company filling a stuffy little theatre. As there is no temple of the Drama of any sort, fourth-rate "London Stars" never fill engagements "for six nights only." There are no adulterating grocers, dishonest butchers, nor poisoning wine-merchants. The company is the selectest in the world. There are no vulgar matrons, fast young ladies, nor unpleasant old maids. Rain is unknown, and the climate is *unique*.

There, *Mr. Punch*, surely such a description should cause your mouth to water! And you want the direction? Well, I have no objection to giving it you. The only stipulation I would make is, that you do not send too many people. All you have to do is to take a balloon, and go to—the North Pole!

And now, as we live in a sceptical age, let me furnish you with a proof that I have kept my annual engagement. "Seeing is believing;" but as I am not particularly fond of company, I do not very often afford an "ocular demonstration" of my presence. But this will suffice. I quote from the *Times* of Sept. 24th:

"Captain J. F. Cox, master of the British ship *Privateer*, which arrived at Delaware Breakwater on the 9th inst. from London, says:—'On the 5th ult., 100 miles west of Brest (France), weather fine and clear, at 5 P.M., as I was walking the quarter-deck, looking to windward, I saw something black rise out of the water about 20 feet, in shape like an immense snake, about three feet in diameter. It was about 300 yards from the ship, coming towards us. It turned its head partly from us, and went down with a great splash, after staying up about five seconds, but rose again three times, at intervals of ten seconds, until it had turned completely from us, and was going from us with great speed, and making the water boil all round it. I could see its eyes and shape perfectly. It was like a great eel or snake, but as black as coal tar, and appeared to be making great exertions to get away from the ship. I have seen many kinds of fish in five different oceans, but was never favoured with a sight of the great sea snake before.'"

And, having sent you this, allow me to sign myself

Your faithful friend and admirer,
THE OLD ORIGINAL SEA-SERPENT.
Not far from Brest, France.

WITH PUNCH'S THANKS TO MR. BUCKMASTER.
—Addition to the Three R's.—Roasting.



"LIVE AND LET LIVE."

Village Doctor (to the Grave-Digger, who is given to Whiskey). "Ah, JOHN! I'M SORRY TO SEE YOU IN THIS FITTABLE CONDITION AGAIN!"

Grave-Digger. "TOOTS, SIR! CAN YE NO' LET A'E LITTLE FAU'T O' MINE GAE BY? IT'S MONY A MUCKLE ANE O' YOURS I HA'E HAPBIT OWRE, AN' SAID NAETHING ABOUT!"

HAPPY-THOUGHT GUIDE TO LONDON.

(Being a Dickens of a Dickshunary for the use of Visitors to the Metropolis.)

GLOBE THEATRE.—(See CLOCHES DE CORNEVILLE.)

GUILDHALL.—Originally occupied by the two bachelor Giants, Gog and Magog, whose effigies still adorn the interior. The beautiful crypt was originally intended for gymnastic exercise: observe the vaulting. In noticing the carving it is difficult to choose which is the best of all the bosses. This apparent equality gave rise to the saying, which has since become a Yankeeism—"Are you the boss of this place, or am I?"

HANOVER SQUARE CLUB.—No round games permitted. Hence the name. The members settle all difficulties amicably among themselves, and are known as the "Hanover Squarers."

HAYMARKET THEATRE.—For many years associated with the name of J. B. BUCKSTONE, old Comedies, and old Actors. The present lessee, the American Comedian, CLARKE, is soon to give it up to S. BANCROFT, Esquire, who is tired of the monotony of making money in the little theatre near Tottenham Court Road, and wants to vary the proceedings. Whether the Haymarket is the best market for the Busy B.'s "remains," as the philosopher says, "to be seen."

HERALD'S COLLEGE.—Well worth a visit. Rouge Dragon fed every day at three. If a stranger wishes to see the arms of any family, let him inquire at the Family Herald's Office.

HER MAJESTY'S OPERA-HOUSE.—For particulars, see HER MAJESTY.

HOME OFFICE.—Intended as a sort of Club, with suites of residential chambers for foreigners finding themselves houseless and homeless in London. Any visitor unable to obtain a bed at a hotel,

should immediately apply here. Night porter always up. No fees. Over the door is inscribed, "Wherever we wander, there's no place like the Home Office." Any complaints must be made by letter to the HOME SECRETARY, who will see that the comfort of the visitor is secured.

HORSE GUARDS.—Anyone wishing to hire horses, must apply here. The Horse Marines, in dismounted bathing-machines, are always on duty at the gates, to answer all inquiries. The charge for hiring is two-and-sixpence the first hour, and eighteen pence the second, but you may not commence with the latter, except by paying an extra shilling for the privilege. Each of the men has his own particular carriage—which you can notice, but are not allowed to hire.

THE HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.—(See PLANTS, POLICE, &c.)

THE HOUSE OF DETENTION.—Commonly known as the House of D.T.-ention for confirmed Drunkards. Unconfirmed Drunkards are not admitted.

HOUSES.—There are several Houses in London. Apsley House, Marlborough House, the House of Lords, House of Commons. The two last are public Houses. There are also Work Houses and Play Houses. There is only one House in the City which is known as "The House," but the tenants are, apparently, always in difficulties, as the Brokers are seldom out of it, and sales are perpetually going on.

HYDE PARK.—Where everyone prefers to ride, drive, or walk, though there is a line of rails all round it. In the centre are the stables of the Humane Society, where the drag is kept. A little further on is the office of the Hyde Park Magazine, where, when any of the Park-keepers are unwell, they can go and take a little powder. The Serpentine is a large piece of water famous for its serpents (as the name indicates), whence are obtained all the overstock of fish

which go to make the ride called Rotten Roe. The Aristocracy comes here on week-days during the season, and the 'Arry-stocracy on Sundays. It is a great place for meetings of all sorts, from a crushing crowd to a cooing couple.

INNS OF COURT.—Ask at the bar. There are only four Inns to describe, which is, however, rather *four-inn* to our present purpose.

IRISH OFFICE.—Motto over the door, "Now can I do it, Pat!"—*Hamlet*. Well worth a visit about luncheon time, on account of its admirable Irish stew. Ask for the Irish Steward, Mr. O'GREEDY, and he'll give you some Moore. Home-rulers on all the desks. Here ground landlords can interview ground tenants, and come to some arrangements short of shooting. There is a fine allegorical painting over the mantelpiece, representing *Signs of Fine Weather; or, A Rent in the Clouds*. Also a portrait of the celebrated "Pig that paid the rent." Don't leave without seeing the Chapel, with its beautiful Emerald Aisle.

ADOLPHUS ON PHEASANT-SHOOTING.



ONSERVOUS rnot this fad for shoot-
in'! Fact is, it's a shockin'
baw.

Fellahs talk a high-falutin',
ravin' kind of silly jaw,
As if everlastin' faggin' wound
a beastly boggy park,
Fellin' hares, and poultry bag-
gin', were the pwimest sort
of lark!

P'waps it is. Can't see't, how-
ever. Birds ain't bad to eat,
when cheap;
Neither's mutton—but we
never seem to think of
stalkin' sheep!

Pottin' beef would be excitin', and pig-stickin' 's quite good form:
Boars we know are full of fightin', and they 'd make it pwetty warm.

Chevyin' cats is cheap and pleasant; worryin' rats is hard to beat;
But where's the fun of slaughterin' pheasant, pickin' tame about
your feet?

If a fellah wants a pullet, does he bawl for dawg and gun?
If he dropped her with a bullet, Jove! how fellahs would make fun!
'Seems a farm-yard hand-fed pheasant 's quite another sort of bird;
If you wrung his neck, all present would be scweaming out "Absurd!"
Puzzles me to guess the weason. Cuwious thing is shooters' law.
P'waps you think I'm talking tweekson? Possibly. Don't know,
I'm shaw!

Pleasures of a Public School.

At the top of a column of Winchester news stands the annexed paragraph:—

"The College Summer Holidays finished on Wednesday, and the Foundation scholars, and the Commoners in Tutors' Houses, returned to their studies and school enjoyments."

Do the enjoyments of Winchester Schoolboys continue to include "tunding" and being "tunded"? If so, then perhaps WILLIAM OF WYKEHAM's young gentlemen, commonly called Wykehamists, had better be denominated Whackemists.

SLANG BETWEEN OLD SAINTS.—What a shocking bad Nimbus!

"READY, AYE READY!"

MR. PUNCH, weary with wading through three columns of "Naval Intelligence," *à propos* of the late Admiralty visit to the Dockyards, had not unnaturally fallen asleep. With the exception of a few insignificant outlying wars, when he slumbered, it was a time of peace. When he awoke, as it seemed to him, *Toby* stood before him, announcing a European war, in which all the Great Powers were engaged.

"But never mind, Master," said the faithful dog. "It is not a question of armies with us. England's foes will have to meet her on the seas."

"Come! that at any rate is satisfactory," observed Mr. Punch. "But it may be as well to have a talk with SMITH."

"Ready, aye ready!" sung out the First Lord of the Admiralty, as he suddenly appeared in the *sanctum*. "I thought you might want me, Sir; so you see I have hurried from my tour of Dockyard inspection to wait upon you."

"Quite right, SMITH. Take a chair, SMITH. And now to business. But, first, let me hope you have enjoyed your little official trip?"

"So pleasant!" cheerfully replied Mr. SMITH. "At Portsmouth we had great fun. The poor unfortunate public were chivied through the Dockyard by the Police like a flock of sheep. You should have seen them running away from us as we went to inspect the fire-engines. Ha! ha! ha!"

"Yes, yes," said Mr. Punch, rather impatiently. "But what did you do there?"

"Well," returned the First Lord, after some consideration, "when dinner was over at the Admiral's, we had the electric light on the lawn (it was rather spoilt by the weather, though); and then, you know, there was a capital ball at the Southsea Assembly Rooms. It was only five shillings a head, but we kept it up till three in the morning."

"But did you do nothing more?" asked Mr. Punch, with even greater impatience.

"To be sure we did. We gave the workmen at Chatham Dockyard a half-holiday."

"Come, Sir, no trifling. What else did you do at Portsmouth?"

"Oh, a lot of things, Sir. But then you see our plans were rather spoiled by the weather. The motion afloat was decidedly unpleasant. It was much better at the Assembly Rooms. The dance programme—"

"Silence, Sir!" interrupted Mr. Punch, sternly. "Are you aware that we are engaged in a large maritime war?"

"That is news! But nowadays the papers get hold of things long before we do."

"I have a list before me of our fleet. Now be good enough to answer a few questions. What do you know about the *Royal Sovereign*?"

"That it now represents so many tons of old iron."

Mr. Punch frowned.

"What do you say of the *Glutton*?"

"That she certainly cannot be relied upon to serve in all weathers, even on our own coasts. But then she is more seaworthy than the *Cyclops*."

"Hm! How about the *Neptune*?"

"Never been able to send her to sea since we took her from the Brazilian Government and re-christened her."

"And the *Devastation*, the *Inflexible*, the *Repulse*, and the *Sultan*?"

"All of them in dock under repair."

"They seem to be always under repair," observed Mr. Punch.

"Ah, ironclads are," replied Mr. SMITH, airily, "except when they are building, or breaking up. We have got a lot on the stocks. There's the *Colossus*, for instance. It will be a splendid vessel some day. And the *Polyphemus*—with her ram and her torpedos together—she'll astonish the enemy, some day."

"And how many of these vessels are to be costly failures?"

"I am sure I don't know!" replied the First Lord. "As I read the other day, with lively satisfaction—'The courage of the Admiralty must not be dashed by a few mistakes.'"

"But what are we to do now, Sir? Are we ready, Sir, in case of sudden emergency? Can we be said to have a fleet? Can we depend on your giving us the ships for our money, Sir?"

The First Lord was silent. Mr. Punch was about to raise his voice in repetition of the question, when in the effort he awoke.

"No naval war as yet," muttered the Sage of Sages. "Thank the Fates, it was only a dream! Under the circumstances, so much the better!" And he returned to his paper—of magnificent promises—with a sigh of genuine relief.

WHY ARE ALL CURATES CONSERVATIVES.—Because a Tory is more than half way to a Rec-tory.

A CHANCELLOR ON CETEWAYO.

(By our own Interviewer.)



O, now he is taken, you wish to know what I think of CETEWAYO? Unsuccessful as he has been, he is a great man: the greatest man in Africa. CETEWAYO is great in the greatest of knowledges. He knows how to work with blood and iron. But he can only carry out his blood and iron in half measures. Blood he has at command in quite an enviable quantity. But he is not equally well supplied with iron. What he has he gets from Birmingham. So much for Free Trade!

As to his quarrel with the English, CETEWAYO was in the right, as far as the weaker party can be. They objected to his killing his own people. But, as he said,

his people wouldn't mind him unless he did kill them. When people will not mind their ruler unless they are killed, they ought to be killed. Then the Cape Government would not, let him "wash his spears." We wash our bayonets. We washed our bayonets in Schleswig-Holstein. We washed them

again at Sadowa. The French wanted to wash their bayonets in Germany. We washed ours in France instead. There is nothing but imprudence and miscalculation, when there is anything, to blame in washing bayonets, or spears.

CETEWAYO, in wishing to wash his spears, perhaps somewhat misconceived his duty towards his neighbours. It is our duty towards our neighbours to improve them—if sometimes off the face of the earth. The British Government has too little resolution to improve away the Zulus; and the British Public has had to pay, as the public always must in the long run, for its half-heartedness.

CETEWAYO's heathenism, of course, is horrible, notwithstanding all his fine qualities. What a pity he is not a Christian! It is impossible to sympathise with him altogether. Otherwise, when I imagine him leading his army, as pictured by Lord ELCHO in the House of Commons, like a gorilla brandishing a rifle, I say to myself, after your Nonconformist divine, "There, but for the blessing of having been reared in the true religion, goes OTTO VON B——!" Your health in a pot of Sillery and Borelay and Perkins. Prost!

DONNING THE TOGA.

Turkey. General disarmament? Bismillah! But who's to begin?

Russia. Won't you? I'll promise, on my word of honour as a gentleman, to follow suit—almost immediately.

Italy. A true act of homage to the great goddess of universal liberty. Let only Austria lead the way, and her old friend, United Italy, won't be very far off.

Austria. A capital idea! But in what order are we to execute the movement?

Germany. Why, all together, of course.

France. All but France, who is trusted by Europe, and is best fitted, by the universal confidence she inspires, to act as the European police force.

England. I am prepared to take off one of the Horse Guards in Parliament Street, and to meet Europe halfway on the road to disarmament, with pleasure. You have only to let me know when you're all ready!

CO-OPERATIVE CLERGYMEN.

DEARLY BELOVED PUNCH,

As a British Tradesman in a small way, being a Chandler and Grocer, licensed to deal in Tea, Coffee, Tobacco, Snuff, Vinegar, and Pepper, allow me in concert with the Conference of the Traders' Defence Association as met the other day in that Assembly-room of the Saints what used to be, now, alas! "To Be Sold," Exeter All, for to rise my voice and uplift my Testimony agen the unwarrantable and injurious System of Civil, Military, and Naval Service Co-operative Stores. Yea, and moreover to protest and declare my cordial concurrence in the Resolution voted unanimous by my Christian friends at the above highly respectable Meeting in condemnation of the Same.

But a Rider as was subseckently added to the Original Resolution, and likewise carried by exclamation, is quite a different thing, and Oh, with your help, may my affectionate remonstrance as a humble Instrument inchoose them beloved Brethren for to resind that addition which they passed as follows:—

"That it is the opinion of the meeting that the clergy should be included in the resolution, and that they be prohibited from engaging in trade."

Nay, Christian friends, not so. Combining, as I do, the calling abovementioned with that of a Minister of a Congregation, mostly in indignant circumstances which they are unable to contribute him sufficient for an Independent livelihood, and I am consequently necessitated to eak out my Subsistence by means of the Shop as a supplement to the Pulpit, I must remonstrate for the free and perfect liberty of the Clergy to engage in any trade whatsoever olesale or retail as is lawful for any Body else. I mean, of course, the Clergy of all denominations, including them of the Establishment, and if they ain't allowed to belong to Co-operative Stores, keep Shop, or get their own living anyhow they choose or can if they can't by their hearers that sits under them, how I should like to know is the State Church ever to be Disestablished and Disendowed?

So, therefore, as my Clerical Brethren and fellow Labourers in the Vinyard, I desire for the Clergymen of the Established Church not on no account to be denied, but by all means to be granted the Christian privilege of honest Industry, labourin, if needs be, with

their own ands, and which I also claim for to continue to enjoy myself, being a Reverend as well as them, though my only Establishment is my Shop, and my place of Business is a little one, the same as the Flock of which I remain, yea verily, beloved Punch, always, and evermore Your faithful and affectionate Shepherd,

Tabernacle Walk, Goose Day, 1879.

NAHUM STIGGINS.

P.S.—I inclose ½ a Dozen Tracts & my Business Card.

OUR BADLY-USED BOYS.

THE following piteous tale will but corroborate the touching accounts we have lately seen in the papers of the starving of our over-worked and under-fed sons. It needs no comment:—

MY DEAR MAMA.

I AM glad to see that the Guvernor has been riting to the papers about the feeding at Scools for it is disgraceful here. just fancy, we have been back a weak, and we have'n't yet seen a partridge for dinner That old sneak STARVUM is his nickname among the fellows says they are scairce.

I don't believe it, it is only that he is so beastly mean, then we have always had the chickens plain roasted, instead of being made eatable with mushrooms and truffles. he actually talked of giving us goose for dinner on Michaelmas day vulgar beast. We are starved here, the potatoes are always boiled, never fried in chips or Materdotel or anything tasty. They never give us peeches or apricot tart, or anything but pears and plums and grapes, it is a beastly chouse.

I felt quite ill the day after I came, I am sure it was from having so little food I could eat, for I was obliged to buy a jam tart before dinner, as I had finished the hamper of Tuck I brought.

I wish the Guvernor wold write and say all scholmasters should know how to cook it would be much better than Lattin and speling and that stuff.

Your aff. Son,

O. TWIST.

P.S.—Could you send me some of that *fwa gra patty* you said might tempt Aunt Lucr's appetite, it is a pitty to waist it on anybody who is not as hungry as me.

P.S.—You may send this to the times if you like.



PRECEPT AND EXAMPLE.

Great Grandpapa. "OH, INDEED! YOU CAN LICK YOUR SISTERS AT LAWN-TENNIS, CAN YOU? WELL DONE, MY BOY! BUT BEWARE OF SELF-CONCEIT, AND NEVER BRAG. WHY, I COULD LICK EVERYBODY AT LAWN-TENNIS, WHEN I WAS YOUR AGE—OR COULD HAVE DONE IF THERE'D BEEN ANY LAWN-TENNIS TO PLAY! I WAS THE BEST CRICKETER, THE BEST FENCER, THE BEST BOXER, RUNNER, JUMPER, SWIMMER, AND DIVER I EVER CAME ACROSS, EITHER AT SCHOOL, OR COLLEGE, OR AFTER; AND IN CLASSICS AND MATHEMATICS I BEAT 'EM ALL CLEAN OUT OF THE FIELD! AS FOR RIDING, NO ONE EVER TOUCHED ME; OR DANCING EITHER; LET ALONE THAT I WAS THE HANDSOMEST MAN IN THE COUNTY, AND THE BEST-DRESSED, FOR THAT MATTER; BESIDES BEING THE WITTIEST AND THE MOST POPULAR. AY, AND SUCH A SONG AS I COULD SING, TOO! AND YET A MORE MODEST AND UNASSUMING DEMEANOUR THAN MINE IT'S NEVER BEEN MY GOOD FORTUNE TO SET EYES ON, MAN OR BOY, THESE FOURSORE YEARS' AND TEN—FOR I'M ALL THAT, MY BOY, AND MORE, THOUGH YOU'D NEVER BELIEVE IT, TO LOOK AT ME!—BEWARE OF SELF-CONCEIT, MY BOY, AND NEVER, NEVER BRAG!!"

THE GAME OF THE DAY.

Bismarck (to *ANDRASSY*). Fine game! Hurrah for racket, ball, and net!

Shall we play partners in the coming set?

Andrassy. With pleasure, if so very poor a player—

Bismarck. Pooh, pooh! I know your form—a regular stayer.

Andrassy. Considering how you thrashed me—

Bismarck. Long ago!

And you have much improved since then, you know.

Andrassy. You flatter me.

Bismarck. Not I; 'tis not my way.

I am incarnate frankness.

Andrassy. So you say.

Bismarck. Never use language to conceal my thought.

Andrassy. Ingenuous innocent!

Bismarck. Finesse is fraught

With charms for some; but a sham Machiavelli

Deserves—say, wreathing by a Turnerelli.

Andrassy. Ha! Dear BRITANNIA seems a little out of it;

And Bruin, too, looks bothered.

Bismarck. Not a doubt of it.

Andrassy. He's such a bear.

Bismarck. Unbearable; and lately

His manners really have annoyed me greatly.

'Tis hard to play with one who's always growling,

And without reason.

Andrassy. Just so. See him prowling

With ear a-cock to listen to our talk!

Bismarck. He's looking for a partner.

Andrassy. What a walk!

A lovely figure for a game like this!

Bismarck. All have not Austrian grace.

Andrassy. That's not amiss

From a blunt Teuton. You yourself, no doubt,

Are—may I hint it?—getting rather stout.

But then your force and fleetness, for your age,

Are wonderful.

Bismarck. How vanity would rage

At that left-handed compliment!

Andrassy. Oh well,

When Polyphemus rivals Ariel—

Bismarck. That's better. But I'll back that man to win
Who has stout heart, steel nerves, and—a thick skin.

[*Whisper together aside.*]

Bruin (suspiciously). What are they talking of? Wish I could hear.

Up to some game that won't suit me, I fear.

Partners? Oh, hang it! That may spoil my play.

BIZZY and I have paired this many a day:

It's deuced hard to turn me thus adrift

To seek another. Well, I must make shift,

Though eye and wrist like his 'twere vain to seek.

MISS FRANCE, now,—there she sits demure and meek;

Yet she can serve and strike, or could of old.

(To FRANCE.) Pardon, Ma'm'selle, but may I make so bold?

As—?

Miss France. Merci, mais je ne joue pas—at least not yet.

I rather think I will sit out this set.

Mrs. Britannia. No one asks me, my dear.

Miss France.

Oh well, you see,

You have refused so often—even me!



THE GAME OF THE DAY.

BISMARCK. "COME, ANDREASSY, WE KNOW EACH OTHER'S 'FORM.' YOU AND I TOGETHER AGAINST THE LOT!!"
RUSSIA (to FRANCE). "I THINK, MADAME, WE MIGHT BE A MATCH FOR THEM!"
FRANCE. "THANKS! I PREFER TO SIT OUT AT PRESENT!"
ENGLAND (to ITALY). "NOBODY ASKS US!!"

Bismarck (to ANDRASSY). We've played against each other, as you say;

So much the better—know each other's play.

Now let us try together. Tell you what,

I'll take odds you and I can play the lot!

ALMOST TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE.



THE rumour that Prince BISMARCK has proposed a general European disarmament having, *Mr. Punch* observes, been received with general satisfaction, he has much pleasure in giving publicity to the following *on dits*, which strike him as equally authentic, and deserving to be even more welcome:—

LORD BEAconsFIELD will shortly resign the Premiership, for the purpose of undertaking the management of an extensive air-balloon and firework factory now in course of construction on his Lordship's property at Hughenden.

MR. PARNELL has accepted an engagement of Mr. FARINI to appear, with the captive King CETWAYO and a few of the Friendly Zulus, in a drawing-room entertainment,

to commence, shortly after the opening of Parliament, at a central spot in South Africa.

LORD LYTTON has intimated to the Indian Secretary that he is desirous of being immediately relieved of his Vice-Imperial functions, in order that he may be able personally to superintend the production of a new poetical pantomime of his own, now in active preparation at the Court Theatre, Mandalay.

SIR BARTLE FRERE will not, as has been reported, be offered the first vacant Garter. It is his intention to confine himself, for the present, to writing a defence of his South-African policy, which is likely to occupy him a considerable time.

The repairs now in progress in St. James's Street are proceeding steadily. If they are continued at the present rate, it may be possible, some time early next spring, to cross after dark from one pavement to the other, without the aid of a pair of stilts, two policemen, and a dark lantern.

A Company has been formed for buying up all the mechanical pianos in the Metropolis, with the copyright of the popular song, "*My Grandfather's Clock*." The Lunatic Asylum Committee have the privilege of purchasing them at cost price on the three years' hire system.

In answer to a monster petition signed by five million and a half readers of the daily papers, it has been unanimously determined not to admit reporters to the meetings of the forthcoming Social Science Congress.

The Board of Works have directed the names of streets and numbers of houses to be painted on the gas-lamps, for the benefit of persons wishing to know where they are after dark.

FRIENDS AT A DISTANCE.

(THIRD SERIES.—SUMMER.)

CHAPTER VII.

The beginning of the end—Changes—Weather-glass—Reconnoitring—Caution—Dew—Discussion—Prophetic—Weathercock—Wire—News—Summing up—Callousness—Familiarity—Perfection—Politeness—Working order—Present state—Prospect—Nephew—Keeping alive—On wires—Arrival.

'Tis the last strawberry of summer, all his blooming companions have faded and gone. Nobody attempts to show me Ben Lomond, or to point out BURNS's Monument in the distance. We look at the Isle of Arran when it is visible, and we look for it when it is invisible, silently. All that can be said about them has been said. We have exhausted the subject. Even the weather, as a topic of conversation, is dismissed cursorily. A few weeks ago, everybody

coming down fresh in the morning—"fresh" in the morning sounds dissipated, but is meant healthily—used to tap the glass, screw the ivory button, tap it again, scrutinise it closely as if trying to detect a falsehood on the very face of it, shake his head despondently, or hopefully, or triumphantly, as the case might be, and then yield his place to the next comer, who would take his turn at the glass with that eager, earnest expression that is seldom seen on a man's face, except when he is looking at the dim reflection of himself in a London shop-window, to see if he has got a black on his nose, or not. Then the two barometer-inspectors would go outside, not venturing further than the door-step, cautiously, as if fearful of being taken by surprise and captured, and not stirring until they have reconnoitred the carriage-road, left and right, as though on the look-out for the sudden appearance of an unfriendly Zulu out of the bushes.

There being no signs of danger, the visitors would step on to the gravel, and some, braver than the others, would just touch the lawn with the tips of their toes, drawing back quickly, as if they'd been stung by something, and then examining their soles to see what was the matter. This would lead to discussion.

Was the moisture the dew, or had there been a heavy fall of rain in the night?

This having been *deu-ly* settled, one way or the other, everyone would then take up different positions for making meteorological observations. More discussion. Prophecies. Doubts, fears, hopes. Suddenly it strikes some one, that a really valuable opinion might be obtained from the Weathercock, just as it would naturally occur to anyone in a legal difficulty to consult a Solicitor.

The Weathercock, being consulted, differs slightly from that other eminent authority, the Barometer, and, apparently, from two other distinguished weathercocks in the immediate neighbourhood. Who shall decide when weathercocks disagree?

Happy Thought.—Wire to Forecast Department in London, and ask Clerk of the Weather what sort of a day we're going to have here in Scotland. Answer paid.

More conversation on the subject. Then a council would be held, in the carriage-drive, with a view to reconcile these apparent discrepancies. The most experienced in weather predictions talks of what would be infallible signs in any other part of the world with which he is personally acquainted, but admits that *here* he is at fault—this being his first visit. One or two bold thinkers pronounce for fine weather, and are regarded with a sort of veneration by the more timid; while the hopeful, but cautious minds, refer to the sunset of last night as a prognostication of what the weather ought to be to-day. The elders shake their heads dubiously, as old birds who are not to be caught with chaff, and who, appearances being proverbially deceptive, are not going out without their umbrellas—catch them! Then the host, inclining to the last and more cautious opinion, would give the others a ray of hope in pointing out how hazy was the view of Benjamin Lomond and BURNS's Monument, "which," he would add, "is a good sign."

This summing-up used to be, mysteriously enough, the signal for the gong to sound, which meant "All in, to begin!"—breakfast.

But now this overture of the day, ending with the gong solo, seldom takes place, or, if at all, on a very limited scale.

We nod at the glass indifferently, as much as to say, "Still there, you old bore-ometer!" We just go to the front-door, give a sharp look out, shrug our shoulders, say nothing, and, the gong having sounded long ago perhaps, without any of us having remarked it, we enter the breakfast-room, nod to the nearest person, in much the same style as we had previously nodded to the barometer, if we haven't seen him before, and then occupy ourselves in a very business-like way.

When we first met together in this pleasantest of Country Houses, it was a perfect school of politeness for anyone to come into suddenly. It was a real pleasure to see, and to assist in. No one could do too much for anyone. The Gentlemen were eagerly watching the Ladies, to anticipate their slightest wishes in the way of eggs, toast, ham, chicken, kiffaree, marmalade, strawberries, and so forth, while the Ladies showed their appreciation of this devotion, by presiding in a really masterly manner at the tea-urn, coffee- and cocoa-pots, never allowing hot milk to do duty for cold, keeping the tea fresh and fresh, in fact, hotter and hotter, so that the last cup of any of the breakfast beverages was equal to the first in strength, tone, taste, temperature, and every other perfection.

Then, after a few days, we improved. The politeness was in no way diminished: on the contrary, it was at high pressure, and in full working order. All went easily, without effort. Gentlemen knew which Ladies took ham, which eggs, and which eggs and ham, how many were for chicken, how many were for braised pie, and could tell to a second when each would be ready for a clean plate and a fresh help. The waiting of the Gentlemen was so perfect, that the Ladies never had to wait at all.

On the other hand, the Ladies knew to a man who took coffee, who tea, and who cocoa, who took hot milk, who cold, who liked much sugar, who liked little, and who took none, and everyone was



"NO ACCOUNTING FOR TASTES."

Sea-side Visitor (on the Suffolk Coast). "YOU'LL EXCUSE ME, SIR, BUT I NOTICE THAT YOU SEEM TO LIKE TO SIT ALL DAY ON THIS EXPOSED SPOT—"

Native (Ancient Mariner). "YES, I DEW, SIR; 'CAUSE THEN I KNOW THERE AIN'T NOBODY TO THE EAST'ARD O' ME!"

helped exactly to his taste and liking—always, of course, with the exception of that one undecided person, who will turn up on every occasion of this sort, and who never can make up his mind as to what he really does want, so upsetting all calculations, and generally finishing by saying, "Oh, don't mind me—I'll help myself;" and ultimately taking something of everything.

After a while, getting to know one another thoroughly well, unpunctuality set in. The men had gradually sat up later and later, and therefore rose later and later. They dropped into breakfast with various apologies, the younger offering excuses for their tardy appearance, and the more experienced not attempting to explain anything. Then, imperceptibly, there was a falling-off in politeness, generally, though sustained only in private and particular instances; the tone became familiar and less courteous. We had, as it were, begun with the *minuet de la cour*, and were ending with a polka. Perhaps the strain had been too great at first, and "self" was reasserting itself. At last our house party has dwindled down to a few, who cling on affectionately, like the bluebottles in September, and we are dependent for excitement on outsiders, to whose houses we go, and who return our visits.

My excellent host and myself agree that this is what we like. We have plenty of time for the papers, which are no longer seized on, taken away, and hidden, and after dinner we can sit down quietly to discuss claret, BURNS's works and life, and with the second bottle we discuss philosophy and social science. If my host insists on producing some peculiarly fine old port, after the claret, then we get into theology. On the whole, with the assistance of a little occasional contradiction from externs, the evenings are passed seriously, pleasantly, and profitably. After any prolonged discussion, finishing only with the departure of the last guest, whose carriage has been announced two hours ago, I invariably retire to read up a certain portion of what are, to my mind, clenching anti-positivist arguments in Mr. MALLOCK's *Is Life worth Living?* Having commenced a chapter, I find that this must be the same chapter I began last night, and when I've got to the second page, which determines me on the point, I close my eyes, to make a mental *resumé* of the strong points

in the previous argument. The *resumé* becoming rather muddled, gets itself mixed up with lawn-tennis, with what we'll do to-morrow, with an indistinct recollection of having said something to somebody in London about something of great importance, which suddenly connects itself with something else that happened years and years ago, that I had forgotten till now,—and then—I pull myself together, and determine to . . . to put out the candle before I forget it.

Thus we are passing a pleasant and peaceable time, when one morning my host enters with a telegram, and announces to us generally, that "JIM's coming!"

The prospect of JIM's coming puts everyone into good spirits. A flash of delight passes round like an electric current. I own to feeling intensely pleased. Not because I know JIM, or have the slightest idea who he is, or what he is—"What's ALLISON to JIM, or JIM to ALLISON?" (*Mac Shakspeare* adapted)—but simply from seeing the delight depicted on everyone's countenance. JIM, it turns out, is ALLISON's nephew, the life and soul of the house—when he's there.

Host and hostess beam, as the former flourishes JIM's telegram, for it is a peculiarity with JIM, that, no matter where he may be, no matter how far from home, or how near—whether in India, Africa, Paris, Germany, London, or merely in the next village, if there is only a telegraph station to be found, JIM telegraphs.

ALLISON's house is six miles from a telegraph station, but this makes no difference to JIM, who, in the impulse of a message, annihilates times, space, and expense—the latter having nothing to do with his own pocket personally. So a messenger has arrived in hot haste on horseback, from the nearest town; and as there is a request that an answer may be sent, ALLISON complies with it, and sends one—it being comparatively economical to pay a shilling for sending a message, in order to forestall another five-shilling telegram from JIM in the course of the morning, inquiring if the first had come all right.

Everyone personally acquainted with JIM beams again.

"He'll wake us up a bit!" says ALLISON; which, though it means it well, is rather a slur on the present company's!

A CALL FOR A CANDIDATE.

IN the account, according to the *Morning Post*, of the recent Trades' Union Conference at Exeter Hall, and in the paragraph comprising a speech reported to have been delivered by a Mr. Z. D. BERRY, you will find the following words:—

"He trusted people would vote for Whig, Tory, Radical, or the Devil himself, so long as they would pledge themselves to put down Crown trading."

It is hardly conceivable that Mr. BERRY, speaking as above, can speak for any considerable number of tradesmen besides himself. Other wise, the Personage whom he declares he is ready to vote for might, if he came forward as a Candidate for the representation of Southwark, for example, command a considerable number of votes amongst a certain class of shopkeepers.

Fancy the electioneering appeals and exhortations which would then be posted and borne about by standard-bearers and stalking sandwiches—as:—"Give your votes for the Old Gentleman." "Vote for Old HARRY." "Poll for Old NICK." "The Fiend—the Tradesman's Friend." "The Old One for the Counter." "Old SCRATCH for the Till." "Down with Co-operative Stores, and the Prince of Darkness for Ever!"

Of course tradesmen prepared to vote for the "lost Archangel," commended to their preference by Mr. BERRY, would give him as honest a vote as could be expected of parties accustomed to be fined for using false weights and measures.



A SINE QUÂ NON.

Patient. "DO YOU MEAN TO SAY MY COMPLAINT IS A DANGEROUS ONE?"

Doctor. "A VERY DANGEROUS ONE, MY DEAR FRIEND. STILL, PEOPLE HAVE BEEN KNOWN TO RECOVER FROM IT; SO YOU MUST NOT GIVE UP ALL HOPE. BUT RECOLLECT ONE THING: YOUR ONLY CHANCE IS TO KEEP IN A CHEERFUL FRAME OF MIND, AND AVOID ANYTHING LIKE DEPRESSION OF SPIRITS!"

We all express intense delight at the prospect of being woke up, and privately to one another—those who don't know JOSEPH, I mean JIM—wonder how the operation is going to be performed.

"He'll keep us alive!" repeats Uncle ALLISON, beaming again. And once more the guests express themselves with extreme politeness on the subject of being kept alive, but secretly resent the liberty that Nephew JIM is going to take with their existence. It really sounds as if we were a set of old dummies, whose machinery having gone wrong, was going to be set in motion by a touch-up from Nephew JIM, and we are as much disturbed as would be a party of over-fed lotos-eaters by the emptying out on them a tankful of electric eels.

JIM has already given us his first shock with his telegram. We are undoubtedly more alive than we were an hour ago for example.

And, as I have said, everyone is beaming. The servants all beam, specially the Butler, who beams almost to bursting, so intense is the struggle going on within him between rapturous joy and proper decorum.

The day goes on. Like *Mariana*, we become a-weary of waiting, and anxious. The beams are hidden by clouds. The Butler is shrinking again to his natural size. Suddenly they all beam again. Another telegram!! Another five shillings! Uncle ALLISON beams less this time than at first; but the Butler is again inflated with joy, and beams more than ever. But for a strong command over himself, which enables him to "keep himself down," he would swell up, rise in the air, and only descend after a sharp contact with the ceiling.

Uncle ALLISON I rather think I hear mutter, "Confound the fellow! Why the doose does he go on telegraphing?"

We are all anxious to know the contents. What does he say? Is he coming? Nothing wrong? Let us know the worst or the best.

"Missed train, catch next. Wire to Carlisle, say if carriage meets. If not, will wire on for fly."

That's what he has to say. We breathe again. Butler, who, for one second, has been in danger of collapsing suddenly, beams again. All beaming. We're all beaming, beam, beam, beaming, we're all beaming at our house at home—except ALLISON, who must send another telegram to catch JIM at Carlisle en route; for, if not,

JIM will order a fly to meet him, and that will be another useless expense.

There is still a sort of uncertainty as to how or when he may arrive. Were he an ordinary person he couldn't be here for five hours at least. This, however, doesn't prevent the Butler from going to the door about every half-hour, to look out and see if he is coming.

No one who knows JIM would swear to feeling perfectly sure that he isn't on the premises at this present moment, hiding, and ready to bounce out on us.

Our host disposes of this idea, "as," he says, "if JIM were anywhere about, we should have heard him long ago."

When Nephew JIM *does* come, we do hear him with a vengeance.

Having finished our tennis, we are enjoying, after a bath, that deliciously refreshing semi-siesta, when one dawdles over dressing for dinner, and the edge of one's appetite becomes gradually keener and keener,—when, suddenly, a blast from a coach-horn startles me from a reverie over the waning state of my dress-boots. Coach-horn or bugle, or whatever it is, sounds again, and the next moment there is a shouting of directions, and a staggering on the staircase of heavily-laden people with boxes; then a dashing charge of one, up the stairs, three steps at a time; then a loud inquiry from the landing as to the dinner-hour, to which the reply, that it is at eight, is almost lost in a wild whoop, as an introduction to the following mysterious sentence, delivered in the cheeriest possible tone,

"All right! Hokee-pokee! Play up for the cocoa-nuts!"

When there is another bang of a door that shakes the house to its foundations, and, judging from the noise of chucking heavy weights about, the occupant of the room next to me is apparently "playing up for the cocoa-nuts" in preference to dressing for dinner.

As I descend the stairs five minutes afterwards, I hear bursts of vocal melody within, snatches of popular airs whistled, and a dull wooden-sounding accompaniment, which may either be the clog-dance, or a violent struggle with a boot-jack.

I meet my host on the stairs.

"JIM's come!" he cries, gleefully.

I thought so. He has come—like a whirlwind—and the process of "keeping us all alive" has commenced.

BAD AND BATH.



WELL-KNOWN German watering-place, of special note and resort hitherto on account of its character for peculiar healthiness, has always, until lately, borne a particularly good name, albeit that of Bad-Homburg. But now, according to sundry complainants, the sanitary arrangements prevalent at this situation of reputed salubrity have been found so shamefully defective, that many who repaired thither to regain their health have simply contracted additional disease; so that Bad-Homburg may very justly be described, in plain English, as bad and very bad indeed. Unless prompt measures are taken to rectify existing ill conditions, it is much to be feared that Bad-Homburg will go on from bad to worse.

Heroism on Hire.

REFERRING to the class of assistants commonly employed at French sea-bathing establishments to rescue bathers in danger, and distinguished by the name of *sauteurs*, which, however, they seem to have acquired,

on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle, by not saving them, a *Times* leader, apologetically remarks that—"They are no heroes, it is clear; but heroism is rare, and is not to be purchased at so much a week." This, perhaps, may be the case on the other side of the Channel; but on this, fortunately, heroism is readily purchasable, not only at so much a week, but at so much a day, and that much so little as the pay of a private soldier. Otherwise the Conscription would be inevitable; or what should we do for a British Army?

THE EYES OF THE FOREIGNER.

"The eyes of the foreigner are once more fixed on us."—*Daily Telegraph*.

Oh, say not Old England is on the decline,
A mere *Pouvoir fini* as good as played out!
Her star of ascendancy brightly doth shine,
Brave BENJAMIN'S boldness hath brought it about.
The meteor flag once again is unfurled,
The long drowsing lion doth ramp and doth roar,
To the awe and alarm of a wondering world,
And the Foreigner's eyes are fixed on us once more!

The studious calm that an ELCHO disdains,
The steady reserve that a SALISBURY scorns,
Are gone; we've the loveliest tossing of manes,
And beating of tocsins, and blowing of horns.
BRITANNIA'S *en évidence*, armed to the eyes,
Proud, prompt, and prepared to pay off every score.
Midst Imperial posings and patriot cries,
The Foreigner's eyes are fixed on us once more!

The Foreigner's eyes? Well, and what do they see?
And what is the sort of expression they wear?
Do they see us magnanimous, prosperous, free?
Look with fixed admiration, or jealousy's glare?
No matter; there's tribute enough in their gaze,
They may hate or despise, but they cannot ignore;
For we make such a blaze, such a shindy we raise,
That the Foreigner's eyes are fixed on us once more!

True, our taxes run high, and our tradings run low,
Our workshops are empty, our hands over full;
True, Freedom's face flushes no more with the glow
That once lit her cheek at the name of JOHN BULL.
In the swim of intrigue, with the land-snatching league,
We find simple justice a clog and a bore;
But what are dishonour, loss, failure, fatigue,
When the Foreigner's eyes are fixed on us once more?

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.

Fragment of Anti-Co-operative Comedy—adapted from report of a recent meeting.

Exterior of a Money-taker's Box at a Store conducted by Paid Servants of the Crown. A Duchess, two Earls, a Country Clergyman, and a Spinster waiting, with other fashionable purchasers, to pay their orders.

First Earl. As you say, Duchess, it is not only the fact that I can get my arrowroot at an enormous reduction, and carry it home myself afterwards, that brings me to this charming lounge. No, no. There is something more than that.

Duchess. Quite so. It was the same with the Duke. Often on his way to a *levée* has he looked in here to get his pint of bird-seed. And I am not surprised.

Second Earl. Nor, your Grace, am I. See here; I have in this parcel two pounds of sausages, a piece of American cheese, a bottle of mixed pickles, and a blacking-brush,—merely a little surprise for the Countess. And I have been collecting them from the various departments since half-past nine this morning. But what of that? There's a zest about the place that, I'll be bound, this worthy clerical gentleman will be the first to acknowledge.

Country Clergyman. Certainly, Sir, certainly. Though I have to support a wife and eleven children on two hundred and ten pounds a year, it isn't the saving of a trifle like forty-five per cent. on all the necessities of life that could make me desert the good old-fashioned high-charging local tradesmen—heaven bless them! No, no. It isn't a mere struggle against respectable starvation that brings us here, as this good lady will tell you. Is it, Madam?

Spinster. No, indeed. That such as we should pinch a little, to give the good comfortable middleman his villa, or even his brougham, is only natural and right. No; what brings us here is the social look of the thing. One meets such superior society at the Stores.

Duchess. You are right, Madam. As you say, the success of the movement is due simply to *prestige*!

OUTCRY OF IRISH FARMERS.—No rents at all at all but the rents in our own breeches-pockets!

GOBEMOUCHERIES: ALL ABOUT A VISIT TO VIENNA.

What England says.—Setting aside conjecture, as certainly vain and probably misleading, we may accept without reserve the statement that the result of the conferences between the two statesmen of the day has been to establish the conclusion that the interests of Austria and Germany, in regard to pending European questions, have been found to be in the main identical.

What France says.—The meeting is a menace to the peace of Europe. France has an enemy the more!—one that must be crushed!

What Russia says.—It is a farce, but a dangerous one! It teaches a lesson—that Siberia is not yet sufficiently populated! This newly-discovered plot of the Nihilists must supply a new batch of labourers to the quicksilver mines!

What Turkey says.—It is to be hoped that the outcome of this very interesting meeting may be a new loan to the Sublime Porte!

What Italy says.—Surely so intelligent a statesman as BISMARCK must have explained that Trieste can no longer exist as an Austrian sea-port. Italy has claims which must be settled as a supplement to the Treaty of Berlin!

What Greece says.—Of course these two statesmen had no subject of discussion so pressing as the rectification of the Greek-Turkish frontier! When honest men agree . . . !

What Andrassy says.—*Auf wiedersehen!*

What Bismarck says.—The Viennese beer is excellent!

What a Large Majority say.—The meeting means everything!

What a Small Minority say.—The meeting means nothing!

What Mr. Punch says.—Open your eyes—and shut your mouths, my little dears!

The Cook on the Doctor.

(A Warning to Dr. Ernest Hart.)

"Ho! 'The Doctor in the Kitching!' Well, I never! I declare! Don't I wish as I could see 'im! Let me honly catch 'im there! I'd soon teach 'im to demean 'isself in that owdacious manner! For I'd pin a dishcloth to 'is tail, as sure as my name's HANNY!"



"POLITESSE OBLIGE."

Hansom Cabby (suppressing a volley of imprecations at the tip of his tongue—the four-wheeler had narrowly grazed his horse's nose—as he'd a Lady inside). "PRAY 'OW D'YER LIKE LONDON, SIR!"

THE JESTER'S JUDGMENT.

To *Punch's* open judgment-seat two queer appellants came,
One grave and of a sombre look, and *STULTUS* was his name;
The other, call him *FATUUS*, was of a gayer guise,
But something red about the nose and wrinkled round the eyes.
Cried *STULTUS*, "Lo! this chuckling clown is ever on the grin,
And sniggers in a chronic way that verges upon sin.
He travesties the serious, the sacred, the sublime,
To furnish matter for a mirth that borders on a crime."
"He! he!" forth cackled *FATUUS*, "this prim and pompous prig
Is as incapable of jest as Behemoth of a jig;
And since he has no sense of fun, no eye for the absurd,
He'd put an end to joking—a rare joke, upon my word!"
"Not so," quoth *STULTUS*; "but this fool's irreverent burlesque
Fast robs us of the passionate, the pure, the picturesque;
He lowers our ideals with his daubings, and debases
The—well, the moral currency, by making ugly faces."
"Yah!" *FATUUS* cried, "he simply lacks the faculty called risible;
And the most rare and screaming joke to him is just invisible.
Unknowing that Creation's full of what is queer and chaffable,
He rages at us funny folk. It's really very laughable."
"Buffoon!" shrieked *STULTUS*, scornfully. "Base parody of Mirth!"
"Sour old Smelfungus!" *FATUUS* cried, "you'd make a grave of
Earth!"
"Come, shut up that!" said *Mr. Punch*. "We can't have brawling
here!
You've neither of you any genuine sense of fun, that's clear."
"No sense of fun?" howled *FATUUS*. Cried *Punchius*, "Not a bit!
You're destitute of humour, as he's wholly void of wit.
Of two egregious kinds of bores, you're samples, you and he.
For *STULTUS* cannot see a joke, and you nought else can see.

BEFORE THE VOTE.

Ratepayers' Reflections—Various.

THOUGH I read the whole of Sir CHARLES REED's speech carefully through, can I make head or tail of the true merits of the School-Board question?

Am I really very very deeply interested in the Education of the Country?

Would I, but for the threat of a summons, further its development by quietly paying one-and-twopence in the pound?

Would I ever pay so much as the twopence even without the shilling?

Would I, in fact, if I could help it, pay anything at all?

Am I really and truly horrified when told that, unless I do, 400,391 children will arrive at maturity, without ever making the acquaintance of the "Three R's?"

Do not I think that the "Three R's" may be supplemented by the "Three D's," and that while appealed to for "Reading, Writing, and Arithmetic," I am in effect supplying "Dancing, Divinity, and Dynamics?"

Need the ordinary buildings of a Metropolitan Board School tower above the neighbourhood, and strongly resemble the new Law Courts?

How do I know, if this costliness continue, that high-art needle-work, drawing in crayons, and harp playing, may not become part of the recognised curriculum of the common domestic drudge?

Ought the son of my tinker to be receiving, out of my pocket, a better education in the next street than my son is getting at Eton?

Has all that I have heard about ridiculous fads, misdirected training, high salaries, extravagant structures, and general and lavish waste of the public money put me at last on my mettle about this "School Board" business?

Am I, on the whole, in that calm and quite dispassionate frame of mind that will enable me to give a highly edifying and satisfactory vote on the 27th November next?

MOTTO FOR THE GAME OF LAWN-TENNIS.

—"The Deuce is in it!"

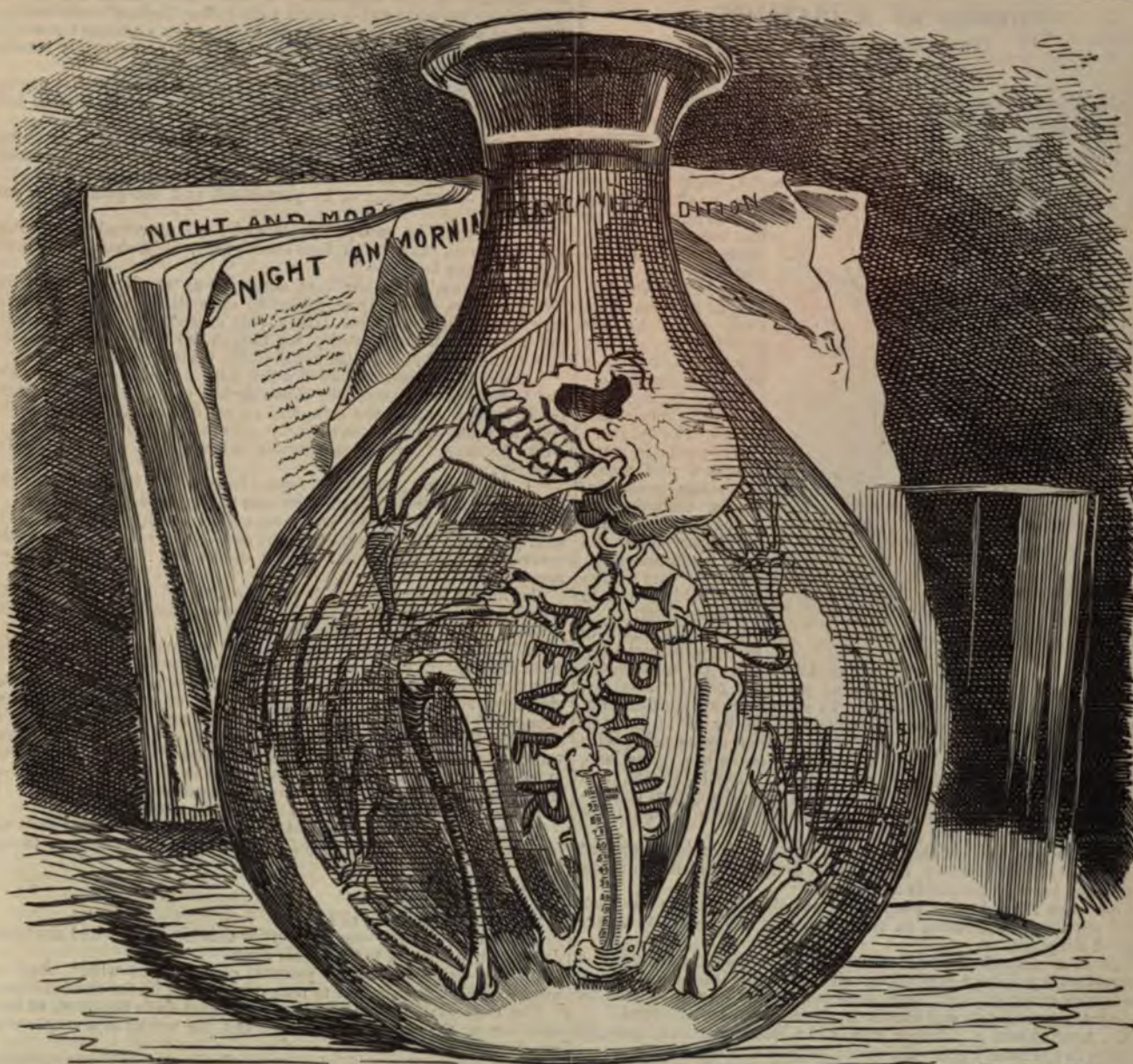
And he who has no vision save for fun, sees that askew.
Therefore, of the two sorts of bores, I give the palm to you.
The man who'd willingly debase Ideals that should rule,
May dub himself a Jester, but he is a graceless fool.
Yet the absurd in places the most unexpected lurks,
And to drag it into daylight is the usefulest of works.
Oft in the poet's ardour, the philosopher's vage dreams,
The zealot's hasty search of ends and lofty scorn of means,
Hides the Ridiculous, which, like the rift within the lute,
Shall jangle the philosophy and leave the minstrel mute.
Swift Humour sees and seizes it, mayhap, to make it plain
To men of dull perception and sluggish gait of brain,
Exaggerates to emphasise, not seeking to belie,
But point by sly extravagance the truth it would imply.
Sense sees and takes *cum grano*, but sometimes the Seer and Sage,
Blind to the small absurdities that blot their brightest page,
Resent detective Humour's quest which in them dares find fun,
Flaws in the *savant's* theories, spots on the poet's sun.
Nose-chipping Clown! they hotly cry, confounding him with you,
Oh, ever-giggling *FATUUS*! You see the harm you do!
We humorists should keep our calm, however Seers insult us;
That's shameful in a Jester which is natural to *STULTUS*.
Absurdity's my quarry, but I never hit on yet
A thing that's more preposterous than a Jester in a pet.
The Sage may rage, the Bard may rate, without incurring shame,
But Humour prone to tantrums is unworthy of the name.
Therefore, my precious pair, great *Punch* will not be wrath with you,
Or with greater ones who flout him, though they scold till all is blue.
You are both besotted boobies, but a moral you may point
To Seers who say the Jester jokes Ideals out of joint,—
Namely, there are two sorts of fools, who're deadly foes to fun;
One cannot smile at a fair joke, one giggles when there's none."

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—OCTOBER 11, 1879.



EXCELSIOR!

The Mirror of Shakespeare (to Educational Directors, who to congratulate his Workshop on the improvements which have resulted that man of letters marries himself into a place of elegant and fashionable resort). "Improvements, my Lord, I am sure have been made in this place, and I am sure you will find it more pleasant than ever." "I am sure you will find it more pleasant than ever," said the Duke, "and I am sure you will find it more pleasant than ever."



Frisch von der Quelle.

A SKELETON IN THE CUPBOARD.

(BEING A WARNING TO PLEASURE-SEEKERS AT GERMAN WATERING-PLACES.)

EXTRAORDINARY STATE OF LIQUOR.

A QUITE unprecedented case occurred a few days ago at the Wakefield Borough Court. A local contemporary, the *Free Press*, reports it as follows:—

"**INSOBRIETY.**—PATRICK SLAVEN, labourer, was charged with drunkenness, in King Street, on the 22nd inst.—Police Constable DONSON proved the case, stating that deceased was drunk at the place named, about seven o'clock in the evening, when he made use of bad names to those who had him in custody. Fined 2s. 6d. and costs."

Many a man, and, worse still, many a woman, has been picked up dead drunk, as the phrase is—that is to say, drunk and incapable, and subsequently fined for drunkenness; but never until the in-

stance recorded as above, was a fine ever known to be inflicted on a person actually deceased, and one who had remained drunk after death. This case, if accurately reported, cannot even be accounted for by the supposition that the defendant, having been taken up dead, had really departed this life, but afterwards come back again; because when apprehended he used bad language, which he could not possibly have done, if he had been so very dead as those dead men who proverbially tell no tales.

FRANCE IN A FAIR WAY.—The French Republican Government appears to be well enough off. It could afford to allow Legitimist demonstrations to be made on Goose Day.

FRIENDS AT A DISTANCE.

(THIRD SERIES.—SUMMER.)

CHAPTER VIII.

Keeping alive—Description—Dinner—Discussion—Gloom—A Flash—Suggestions—Annoyance—Interruption—Jim's Opinions—Bets—Butler—Challenges—Half-crowns—Replies—Scoring—Rabbits—Saucy-bath—Departure—End of Visit.



RULY, Nephew JIM does keep us alive. I had no idea how sedate we had become until his appearance on the scene.

He has a vocabulary and idioms of his own, which he has partly invented and partly compiled by a process of careful selection from burlesques, music-hall ditties, the Clown's catch-words in pantomimes, and sporting slang generally. He is, undoubtedly, a fine young English gentleman all of the very modernest time, and we are miles away behind him in the foggy land.

He is full of snatches of various melodies,

no one of which he ever gives in a complete form. He enlivens the house, generally, with the most telling points of popular refrains, seldom going up or down stairs without a chorus, begun, if ascending, with a shout at the foot of the staircase and ending with a bang of his door on the second landing; or, if descending, commencing with a bang and ending with a jump of three steps taken in a flying leap.

He is hearty and jovial, in the highest possible spirits, and decidedly impatient of the serious, political, or philosophical conversation with which our sedate selves have hitherto beguiled the evenings.

At dinner the subject that occupies our attention is the present serious state of the country, agricultural distress, lowering of rents, difficulties between landlords and tenants.

There are three landed proprietors at table, including our host, and I am deeply interested in their views of the prospects of the United Kingdom.

"It is a serious matter," observes Sir ANDREW MCCORRIE, a severe-looking elderly gentleman, with an inclination to lay down the law on every subject, "and there is but one thing to be done for the next year at least, and that is to reduce the rents all round."

Mr. ALEXANDER, a younger man and a lesser landlord, does not see this in the same light. He would suggest another course.

"There is no other course," says Sir ANDREW, frowning at the idea of anyone's attempting to improve on his original suggestion.

Our host shakes his head dubiously.

"It will play the deuce with some of us," he observes, "and there'll be no going up to London for the Season,"—here our hostess becomes interested in the discussion—"and precious little to do in the country too, if the hunters are to be sold, and establishments reduced all round."

"Ah!" sighs our hostess, sympathetically, as if for the first time a light was breaking in upon her as to the effects of the weather and the crops on the parks, ball-rooms, and opera-houses.

We are all silent and sad, moodily regarding our champagne as though it were the last glass at parting previous to our all being led off to the workhouse.

But Nephew JIM has not come down for his holidays—he has been reading with a Coach—to be gloomy, and at this point, being no respecter of persons, he dashes in brilliantly.

"I say, Uncle," he cries, "I'll tell you what you can do if you are all hard up."

We all listen, and Sir ANDREW frowns more portentously than ever. The idea of his being included among the "hard up" ones!

"Well," asks our host, "what?"

"Why, look here," continues JIM, "I've got a Bogardus trap-rifle, glass balls, and all complete. I'm a nailer at it. BOBBY ROBERTS laid me two to one I wouldn't hit ten out of fifteen—"

"And did you?" asks his Aunt, pretending a sudden interest in the Bogardus trap, partly to shield him from the evident wrath of

Sir ANDREW at the irrelevancy of the interruption, and partly because she has some sort of latent faith in her Nephew's originality, though at present none of us clearly see how JIM's hitting ten out of fifteen glass balls, shot out of a Bogardus trap, can possibly benefit the struggling farmers or the unfortunate landlords.

"Yes," replies JIM, with a perfect shout of triumph that nearly sends Sir ANDREW into a fit. "I hit fourteen out of fifteen, and pocketed his two quid. I scored off him there."

"I don't see what that has to do with what we were speaking about," remarks Sir ANDREW, sententiously, and then adds, patronisingly, "which perhaps you are not yet old enough to understand."

But JIM is not going to be patronised, and not going to be put down.

"Yes it has," he says; "Uncle and I will go round the country with the trap, take six to four everywhere. I'll shoot, and Uncle shall carry the balls—"

"Thank you," says our host, amused,—as we all are except Sir ANDREW, who, evidently objecting to such ill-timed levity, would interrupt if he could; but JIM, having once started, won't let him, and goes on enthusiastically, as though he were organising the most brilliant scheme for the relief of the present distress.

"And," he continues, "we'd welsh 'em. I'd make a miss or two, just to put 'em off; then they'd double the odds. I'd do the trick. Uncle should collect the coin, and on we'd go again. You might come with us," he adds, as a kindly afterthought, to Sir ANDREW.

Sir ANDREW's breath is literally taken away, and he replies, severely,

"I don't shoot glass balls from—from—" He hasn't caught the name of the trap. JIM assists him to the word.

"From Bogardus traps, eh?" says JIM. "Oh, you'd soon do it with practice. If you came with me and Uncle, you might drive the caravan, or beat the drum. We'd diddle 'em! Here, Waiter—I mean Butler!"

The Butler is doubtful as to being addressed as Waiter, but gets over it quickly, and attends to JIM's request that he won't put quite so much froth into his champagne next time.

"I'll get the real stuff while I can," he explains affably to Mr. ALEXANDER, "as we're all going to the workhouse."

It is all in vain, after this, that Sir ANDREW attempts to state his views on home or foreign politics, on all of which subjects JIM expresses himself in his own peculiar style very freely, generally to the effect that "The Nigger"—meaning either the AMER or CEREWAYO—"will diddle us if we don't bosh him." As a rule he offers to back his opinions for a small sum. He is always betting half-a-crown that something is or isn't, or that somebody won't or will. It is only a form of expression, and never finds any takers.

The grouse is just the slightest bit full-flavoured. The guests are too polite to notice it. Not so JIM, who at once shouts out to our host,

"I say, Uncle."

"Well?"

"Game's a bit lofty, eh?"

Then to the servant—not the Butler this time—who had neglected JIM's instructions as to filling his glass.

"I say—here—you'll get yourself disliked, you will." And the man, audibly tittering, has to return and make up for the deficiency.

The conversation turns, at last, as it must do in Scotland, at least once during the evening, on BURNS, and his merits as a song-writer are discussed.

"In his songs," says Sir ANDREW, who has seized the opportunity presented to him by JIM's having his mouth full of hot tart, to monopolise the conversation, "BURNS showed himself pre-eminently a genius. His songs are unequalled. I know nothing, that, for pathos, for true poetic fire, and for local colouring, can touch them. Where is the song-writer nowadays?"

JIM is equal to the occasion, and suddenly recovering from the effects of the over-hot fruit, he looks up and answers decidedly,

"MACDERMOTT."

Sir ANDREW elevates his eyebrows, and observes that he has never heard of the poet in question, whereupon JIM, resuming his currant and raspberry, says,

"He's first-rate. Writes 'em and sings 'em. You go next time you're in town. Canterbury or Oxford," he adds, with his mouth full.

"An Oxford man, did you say?" asks Sir ANDREW.

JIM nearly explodes.

"No. Oxford Music-Hall man. Had you there! Right you are, says Moses. Whoa, Emma! But, I say," he goes on, cutting short his list of ballads, and warming with his subject as he finishes his tart, "have you heard TERRY in *Don Cavar* and *Little Dr. Faust*? How does he do it?" "The Continong—the Continong!" and if it were not for the table, I am convinced that he would give us an imitation, with dance to follow, on the spot.

BURNS, as a song-writer, is nowhere after this.

"I know a fellow who sings all the songs, and plays the banjo fine!" continues JIM, enthusiastically. "You ask him dov

you're fond of music," he says, leaning across the table to Sir ANDREW, who at that moment looks as if he could murder a song. "You come over and hear him sing, 'I've been photographed like this.' You'll like him awfully." Then he adds, pleasantly winking aside to me, "Scored off him there!"

JIM is irrepressible. Sir ANDREW is longing for an opportunity to take him down, or, as JIM would say, to "score off him." Sir ANDREW assumes a patronising air of intense superiority. He tries to treat JIM as a mere boy. But it won't do. He catches JIM munching a juicy pear in a most schoolboyish fashion, and says condescendingly, hoping to turn the laugh against JIM with his mouth full, "You seem to be well occupied."

"All right up to now," is the instant rejoinder, and we laugh with JIM, much to Sir ANDREW's discomfiture.

"You'd like another pear?" says Sir ANDREW, addressing him as though he were a child of ten years old.

"Not this journey," replies JIM. "Full inside! All right!"

Henceforth he won't leave Sir ANDREW alone, and we all feel that the latter has brought it on himself. JIM offers to shoot him at Bogardus balls for half-a-crown, to back himself to stand on his head against Sir ANDREW for the same amount, and, on similar terms, he wishes to challenge him to compete in various other feats, such as performing on the coach-horn, strokes at billiards, and playing the side-drum.

"I scored off him!" cries JIM, triumphantly, as Sir ANDREW drives away; for JIM evidently takes as much delight in giving pride a fall, as did *Jeames*, when he slapped "Old Pomposity" on the shoulder and addressed him as "BAREACRES, old Buck!"

Nephew JIM in the daytime appears in brilliant flannels, and a planter's straw hat. As he is seldom without a rifle, or some murderous weapon in his hand, he has the air of an amateur backwoodsman. A faithful bulldog, of most unprepossessing appearance, waddles in a slouching sort of way at his heels, scaring everyone, but being really the most good-tempered gentle animal that ever winked at a cat and passed on.

When Nephew JIM is not singing snatches of his favourite melodies, he is either taking a light blow-out on the coach-horn—he says, "You see I'm reading with a Coach, so I ought to play the horn, else we shouldn't get on"—or practising bugle-calls, or, having military proclivities, he is inspiring himself with a *pas de charge* on the side-drum.

Sunday in Scotland is a dull day for everyone, but a very dull day for JIM, who becomes dreadfully depressed.

It's an ill wind that blows nobody any good, and consequently Sunday is a real holiday for the unfortunate rabbits, who have led a miserable sort of hunted-down, in-and-out-of-a-hole existence since JIM's arrival. The rabbits, for six days in the week, are perpetually playing a game of hide-and-seek with JIM and his gun, but on Sunday they appear with quite a festive air in the fields, sitting on the lawn, coming boldly up to the garden, and defying JIM, as it were, under his very nose.

Music being prohibited in Scotland on Sunday, JIM, fortunately imagining that his coach-horn, side-drum, and bugle come under this denomination, finds his occupation gone.

Uncle ALLISON appears in gorgeous apparel for the Kirk. Top hat, frock-coat, and all ready for Hyde Park in the Season. This is calculated to produce a fine moral effect on his Nephew, as from this special costume, combined with a suitable air of sobriety, lemon-coloured gloves, and an ornamental prayer-book, you may gather something as to the importance of the "Sawbath" in Scotland.

But all that it elicits from Nephew JIM, on seeing his Uncle thus arrayed, is, "What a dawg!" which is not quite what was intended.

We are kept alive every day in the week by Nephew JIM, except Sunday, when his melancholy is something touching to behold.

And the day comes when he has to return to his coach-horn, Bogardus trap, glass balls, bugle, side-drum, and "the whole bag of tricks," and we have to leave the land of BURNS, and, as we drive away from ALLISON's, where we have spent such a pleasant time, we take a last fond look at our old friend, Benjamin Lomond, in the distance, wave our adieux to BURNS's Monument, and say farewell to the genial hospitality of Ayr, hoping to return ere long.

P.S.—I am a little puzzled at the station by the following notice—

"The 9.7 train will leave at 8.55, and be earlier.

"The 8.45 train will leave at 8.43, and be later up to Dumdoddie.

"The 11.50 will not leave before 12."

We choose the last, and come up to Town by one of BURNS's Scotch lines, and, as I finish my holiday, I join most heartily in Nephew JIM's parting statement, as he waves his hand to me out of the cab window, "All right up to now! Good-bye!"

NEW RECIPE FOR GOOSEBERRY-FOOL.—First catch your Fool, and then give him plenty of cheap Champagne.

A SCRAP FOR THE SEA-SIDE.



THE subjoined very seasonable caution to bathers forms a point which, having been put forth by Mr. Punch's acute contemporary, the *Lancet*, Mr. Punch may advantageously insert:—

"ONE CAUSE OF BATHING ACCIDENTS.—It is very generally believed that the proper way to bathe is to take a header into the sea, or, at least, to immerse the whole body immediately. Theoretically this may be done so far as the most vigorous organisms are concerned, but it must not be forgotten that a man may be perfectly healthy, and

yet not endowed with sufficient latent energy to recover from the 'shock' which must in all cases be inflicted on the nerve-centres by suddenly plunging the whole surface of the skin, with its terminal nervous twigs, into a cold bath. For a time, at least, the central activity must be reduced in force, if not in form. When, therefore, a man plunges, and immediately after strikes out to swim, it is not only possible but probable that he may become exhausted, and fall, from depression of energy, with cramp. It is important that this should be noticed. We do not think sufficient attention has yet been given to this cause of 'accident' in bathing."

Look before you leap head-foremost into the water, and see whether or no it is deep enough to drown you in case you should be seized with cramp. That is, unless you are quite sure that your own frame is one of those vigorous organisms which are capable of sustaining the shock of sudden immersion in a cold bath; an organism such as that of Captain WEBB, or of a Polar Bear. If your organism is an organism of doubtful vigour, you will perhaps do well never to take a header at all unless in the presence of associates able to save you in case you sink, and on no account whatever to attempt sea-bathing in any society less worshipful than that of Companions of the Bath.

A BISHOP BEFORE THE CURTAIN.

MR. PUNCH,

In the generally very proper address delivered the other day by the Bishop of MANCHESTER to the Social Science Congress, his Lordship, speaking of public amusements, made the following observations, in a measure, actually giving Episcopal countenance to the Stage:—

"In the present state of artistic and literary education, the taste of our people is so coarse and unrefined, that it is almost impossible to prevent their amusements from degenerating into vulgarity and indecency. Mrs. THORPES MARTIN, with that generosity which is characteristic of her, is this very night performing in the Theatre Royal, as a mark of respect to the memory of the late Mr. CHARLES CALVERT, who did so much, not in Manchester only, but in other provincial towns, to uphold the character of the Stage. I remember well, on one occasion, when I endeavoured to show in public my approbation of his efforts—for which I am afraid I fell into the black books of many sincerely good, but gloomy people—that in acknowledging what I said, he told me what uphill work he found it, and how constantly his aims were defeated by the vicious public taste not only of the lower class alone—which preferred what was indelicate, and prurient, and revolting."

If, Mr. Punch, these remarks had fallen from a Layman, I should have quite approved of them. But as for a Bishop, Society, Sir, has voted that he ought to know nothing whatsoever about theatres, except that, however unobjectionably managed, they are places not fit for him, or any other Clergyman to be seen in. Of course, if a Bishop approves of the Stage, properly conducted, he is capable of going to see a play; and now that the Bishop of MANCHESTER has expressed himself as above, the next thing, I suppose, will be that his Lordship will be seen in a private box at the Lyceum, setting all the rest of the Bishops and the Clergy at large the example of sitting and listening to Mr. IRVING. I need scarcely say how extremely so dreadful a defiance of Opinion would shock its acknowledged Representative Woman,

Ever yours, faithfully,
MARTHA GRUNTY.



"CATCH 'EM ALIVE, OH!"

Costermonger. "I CALL YOURS A SIGNOCURE, JIM. YOU CLAPS THAT 'ERE PAPER ROUND YER 'AT, AND THERE YOU ARE—A PENNY EACH!"

Fly-Catcher. "AH, BUT LOOK AT THE LABOUR OF CATCHIN' EM, AND STICKIN' OF 'EM ON AT THE OUTSET, BILL!"

FINANCE À LA MODE.

Steward Sir Stafford loquitur.

"If things would keep quiet, and all would go smoothly!"
Ha! ha! Sounds sardonic! The Earl may speak soothly;
But soft words, however their eloquence thrills,
Will butter no parsnips, nor pay any bills.
Keep quiet! Go smoothly! Ah! that would bring balm;
But what has become of my Lord's "holy calm?"
He may feel—or affect—it; but I—no, by Plutus!—
Calm times make calm Stewards; but rackets don't suit us.
Keep quiet? Of that he has not the least notion.
Three years of perpetual row and commotion
Have taxed the estate to a frightful extent.
Has he any idea of the money he's spent?
It's nonsense to think of perpetual postponement,
There must come a day of smash-up or atonement.
He pooh-poohs my fears. Well, he's cool as he's clever,
But this sort of thing cannot go on for ever.
Outgoings still growing, diminishing income,
And as for a settlement, whence will the tin come?
Decline on decline, all receipts in abatement!
Nice state of affairs to sum up in a statement!
With figures of speech you may do as you please,
But figures like mine are no end of a tease.
Fine phrases may soothe while the pocket-sense slumbers,
But 'tis not so easy to juggle with numbers.
Deft tropes lull the wits to convenient trance;
But you're always bowled out when you come to finance.
My post becomes one of extreme infelicity.
Once that most heavenly word, "elasticity,"
Comforted, cheered me, but now its sole token
Is bounce, and my spirit for that's getting broken.
Mistress, too! Do not quite relish her attitude:
So as I've flattered her! Like woman's gratitude!

Ladies like cutting a dash, too, and verily
She and my Lord have been going it merrily;
Taking the shine out of rivals tremendously,
Posing superbly, and spending stupendously:
All very proper to keep up her pecker;
But then I have got to keep up—the Exchequer;
And taking the shine out of enemies pluckily
Takes shiners out of my cash-box, unluckily.
Now, I much fear that long yawn seems to indicate
More than indifference. True, I can vindicate
All my transactions, but,—well, I'll be blowed
If I feel quite at home in Finance à la Mode!

A COMPLIMENTARY SERMON.

THE Primitive Methodists of Harwich have erected an iron church there; and, according to the *Harwich and Dovercourt Newsman*—

"The opening services were held on Sunday last. In the morning the place was filled by a respectable congregation, when the service was conducted by the Rev. E. S. SHIELDS, who took for the text of his sermon the words of Matthew xxi. 13—'My house shall be called a house of prayer, but ye have made it a den of thieves,' and also using the parallel passage in Mark xi. 17."

In the evening Mr. SHIELDS preached another sermon, and a third was delivered by the Rev. W. FILBY. With reference to these sermons, inclusive of the morning sermon, we are further told that—

"The whole of the discourses were eminently practical and appropriate."

Not only practical, but likewise appropriate, and that not the evening discourses alone, but the morning discourse, too, observe. And yet the hearers of the latter discourse are expressly eulogised as a respectable congregation. How, dear friends, could a discourse have been appropriate to a congregation of any respectability if it was at all appropriate to denizens of a den of thieves? At any rate, however, its preacher seems to have been a faithful minister and plain-spoken man.



FINANCE À LA MODE!

(AFTER HOGARTH—A VERY LONG WAY.)

"IT WILL SCARCELY BE POSSIBLE TO GO ON CARRYING FORWARD LIABILITIES IN THIS INDEFINITE WAY."—*Times*, Oct. 1st, 1879.

SPORT IN A LONDON SQUARE.



salmon to be fished for in Cavendish Square, the noble Lord may have caught any other fish lately in season; and in case his Lordship has been shooting there since the 1st inst., no doubt he has shot as many pheasants as partridges and hares.

HAPPY-THOUGHT GUIDE TO LONDON.

(Being a Dickens of a Dickshumary for the use of Visitors to the Metropolis.)

JUNIOR ARMY AND NAVY CLUB.—Devoted exclusively to the junior members of each Service, as the name implies. Drummer Boys and Cabin Boys only eligible. The latter may be elected for life-membership, when he is termed a Life-boy. The rule as to Drummer Boys is that they must be over *fife* years of age. No Majors admitted on any account whatever.

JUNIOR UNITED.—For young married people. There are several Junior Clubs in London, all very pleasant ones, but, out of London, the one which deserves the name most of all is the Orleans Club at Twickenham, which, with its gardens and lawn-tennis grounds, is a delightful resort in June, and it is difficult therefore to find a more June-ier Club than this.

KENNEL CLUB.—No one can be elected unless he has qualified as "a regular Dawg." Puppies not admitted.

Kew Gardens.—The place to spend a happy day; for however hipped you may be, when you once get here, you always feel in Kew for enjoyment. Here you will find Kew, and also a rest. The Gardens are entirely supported by P.Q.-niary assistance from the Kew-rates Augmentation Fund. In the summer are here heard the first notes of the bird indigenous to the place, called the Kew-Kew. The flower-beds are lovely, and the walks picturesque; in fact the *Kew d'oeil* is enchanting, having been designed by gardeners who have long passed the A B C of their Art, and got to Q, and who deserve great Kew-dos for their work. Many people prefer coming to Kew for a day's outing, instead of Kye House, which 'ARRY says is "uncommon Kew-ri-ous."

KING'S COLLEGE, STRAND.—Built for the education of the Royal Family. Princes half price.

LAMBETH BRIDGE.—Connects Westminster (where the Cardinal Archbishop lives) with Lambeth (where the Archbishop of CANTERBURY resides). The latter says he likes to "get a fine view of an Eminence," and the Cardinal, in the most friendly spirit, observes that "he wouldn't injure a hair of the Archbishop's head, which he is glad to see is not yet Archi-bald-tête." Such little amenities are often interchanged between the two Prelates. One evening His Eminence was sitting down to dinner, and had just said his Grace to himself, when a head popped itself in at the door,

and exclaimed, "That's me!" It was His Grace the Archbishop of CANTERBURY. Just then the clock struck. The Cardinal paused, counted the strokes, and then said, "ARCHIE, you know the dinner-hour? Dinna forget, eh?" His Grace instantly replied, "Eh, mon! but it's just eight!" His Eminence perceived he meant, "Just Tate;" and, after highly complimenting him, as a Scotchman, on his sense of humour, invited him to dine, and gave him a glass of the finest old crusted toast-and-water in His Eminence's cellar.

LAW COURTS.—Built entirely by Lawyers. Nobody believes this: hence the incredulous expression, "*Law yer* don't say so!" The basement is entirely devoted to lawyers in full practice, who are ready to attend to customers who may want a little law at any hour of the day from ten to four. The business is conducted on much the same plan as that of the Co-operative Stores. Anybody requiring some law, goes in and asks for a case. It is sold generally in tins, invented for the purpose, by the celebrated Legal Roman JUST-TINNY-UN. The prices are—For a single opinion, 6s. 8d.; or two for 15s. 6d. Half an opinion, is 3s. 4d.; a quarter, is 1s. 8d.; but they don't make up less. You may sometimes hear an indignant customer exclaim, "That's not half an opinion!" and he will demand that it shall be weighed in the scales of Justice, which are usually kept on the counter. Always examine your parcel before leaving, to see whether they've given you Op-inions or Spanish inions. Songs can be obtained here. Apply to the Lord Chauntseller.

LEICESTER SQUARE.—The Babel of London, with a statue of SHAKESPEARE in the centre. Once a howling wilderness, now a comparative garden of Paradise, which ought to have been called the Land of Baron GRANT, since it was to his munificent grant of barren land that the Square owes its present improved appearance. Here all nations are represented, and, if an artist undertook the picture, like *Rumour* described by SHAKESPEARE in *Henry the Fourth*, the Square might be "painted full of tongues."

LLOYD'S.—A celebrated Marine Coffee-house in the City, where all the shipping business is transacted, a full account of the week's doings being published every Sunday morning (Town Edition) as *Lloyd's Weekly News*. The motto written over LLOYD's by an underwriter is, "Tell that to the Marines"—but this only applies when LLOYD's won't take the risk, and they pass it on to the Universal Marine Insurance or some other Company. Visitors to LLOYD's will always call for the Steward and a basin—of soup, in the refreshment room. If you feel like it, you can see a Captain of a vessel in the luncheon room, and go for a sale, at 2.30 P.M. You may not stay in LLOYD's unless you have business to transact, for as a General

POLITICAL PUBLICANISM.

Is the honourable Baronet, the representative alike of merry Carlisle and the melancholy United Kingdom Alliance, quite sure of the exactness of words which, according to a report, he quoted as below in a speech addressed by him one day last week, in his usual serio-comic style to a meeting of the Scotch Permissive Bill Association at Glasgow? For the approaching struggle at the next Election—

"All parties were getting ready. The licensed victuallers were getting ready, and he read that at one of their feasts they had announced as their motto 'More liquor and less law.'"

Is good Sir WILFRID quite sure about the two last words of the "Wittlers'" motto? Will he undertake to say that the cry of Messrs. BUNG, as originally enunciated, was not really "More liquor and no LAWSON"?

OMENS FOR OLD IRELAND.—

The names of the Secretaries to the "Irish National Convention" are announced as SEXTON and KETTLE. Next to Kettle may be named Pot, to which let Home-Rule go as soon as possible, and Sexton toll its knell.



ONE OF THE FAMILY.

Wife. "TIM, YE'LL NOT LET THIM PORTERS KETCH HOULD O' THE PIG, AND STICK IT IN THE VAN! THE POOR CR'ATUR'LL BE KILT INTIRELY!"

Tim. "'DEED I WILL NOT! THE WHOLE FOWER IV US 'LL GO THEGITHER!"

Shipping Agent will inform you, "You are not permitted to *Lloyder* about the room."

LONDON CRYSTAL PALACE.—(See THE BEADLE.)

LONG ACRE.—Spelt originally "Long Acher," and inhabited only by Dentists, to whom any one troubled with a tooth that had long ached went, and had his long acher extracted.

LORD CHAMBERLAIN'S OFFICE.—Well worth a visit on Licensing Day, when all the Theatrical Managers go down in procession with the *corps de ballet* in full costume. The ceremony is a very pretty one, enlivened by dances, songs, and a Transformation Scene brought about by a touch of the LORD CHAMBERLAIN'S wand. As for the LORD CHAMBERLAIN himself, he always speaks in rhyme, wears knee-breeches, doublet, and large rosettes on his shoes, and invariably enters a room to a martial strain, being accompanied *ex officio* by a band, and sings a short song, finishing with a comic dance by way of an effective exit. At Christmas time he wears a large head, and is paid extra. The LORD CHAMBERLAIN has always been a comic character, and it is only necessary to refer to burlesques and extravaganzas for a sketch of the manners and customs of this distinguished official.

A GOOD EXAMPLE.

If prophets have seldom honour in their own country, still seldomer have artists. When they have, it usually comes when they are dead, and unable to reap the material benefit of it. It is too often with them a case of honour *versus* profit. But one class of Artists—Actors—usually receive all their honours, and profits, too, in their lifetimes. It is rarely that they obtain posthumous honours, and profits to boot. It is still more rare when both come from those for whom the Actor-Artist has spent himself in efforts less for the advancement of himself than of his Art.

Last week witnessed a memorable example of such rare posthumous recognition of an Actor's services to the community among whom and for whom his best labours had been bestowed, in the

memorial performances at the Theatre Royal, Manchester, in honour of CHARLES CALVERT, prematurely cut off, and for the benefit of his widow and family. He was less famous as an Actor—though as an Actor he had many and rare merits—than as a Manager. In the latter character he did more for the elevation and development of the higher drama, historical and imaginative, than any provincial Manager on record, and than any metropolitan Managers, except MACREADY, CHARLES KEAN, and PHELPS. The Prince's Theatre, under his direction, was an arena for the tasteful and thoughtful combination of all the Arts—scenic, musical, pictorial—which unite with the work of the dramatist to make the Stage the meeting-place of all the Arts, visible, audible, and intellectual. In this way, CHARLES CALVERT in the course of his ten years' management of the Prince's Theatre did more for the imaginative and artistic education of Manchester, and its densely-peopled neighbourhood, than any other agency did or could have done.

Punch may rush in where a Bishop has not feared to tread, in paying this honour to his memory. And last week's memorial performance of *As You Like It*, in which Miss HELEN FAUCIT was proud to associate herself with a body of amateur Actors, including metropolitan and provincial notables in Art and Literature, is not less worthy of record, as a tribute of Artists to an Artist, than for the active part borne in organising and conducting it by a Committee including the leading citizens of the manufacturing capital. Civic worthies have rarely been so ready to recognise a worthy conception and fulfilment of the educational and intellectual functions of a well-directed Stage. Still more rarely Bishops. Manchester's civic and ecclesiastical dignitaries are, in *Punch's* opinion, alike to be congratulated.

Punch notes this performance for all these reasons, and that he may say, in conclusion, both to Bishops, Managers, and municipal worthies, "Go ye and do likewise."

PONS ASINORUM.—London Bridge, the worse for its proposed disfigurements.



"A VITAL QUESTION."

Brown (picking up Volume from Club table). "ULLO! WHAT'S THIS? 'IS LIFE WORTH LIVING!' WHAT DO YOU SAY, JONES?"

Jones. "H'M!—IT DEPENDS. IF I'M GOING TO HAVE CURRIED LOBSTER AND WELSH RABBIT FOR SUPPER, YES! IF I'VE HAD CURRIED LOBSTER AND WELSH RABBIT FOR SUPPER, NO! BUT I'VE NOT HAD CURRIED LOBSTER AND WELSH RABBIT FOR SUPPER, YOU SEE; AND, WHAT'S MORE, I'M NOT GOING TO. SO I GIVE IT UP!"

Brown. "SO DO I!" [Exeunt, each to his respective business or pleasure, as the case may be.]

THE BRAVE BOULONNAIS.

(To be translated into French by M. Fictor Nogo.)

It was a grand sight. It was the meeting of Valour and Domestic Love. It was more than grand—it was glorious.

"You are prepared to brave the storm?" said his wife.

"I am prepared," he answered, and he put on a water-proof over his four great coats. "The brave are always prudent; which is the effect—which the cause?"

"You shall not go."

"My mother!" he exclaimed, and fell upon his knees. He was a good son, and knew to what shrine he owed obedience and devotion.

"You must not go," she repeated. "It will rain. If it rains, you will get wet. If you get wet, you will catch cold. You shall not go."

His wife and children threw themselves on the ground before the old woman, and implored her to alter her decision.

"I beg of you," said his wife, "in the name of humanity. The human race calls out to him to come."

"The human race may call," replied his mother. Then she added,—"ineffectually."

"My mother," he said, embracing her tenderly, "my mission is to save life! It is because I have this mission, that I wear an enormous life-belt of cork, and carry a horn. The sea is perfectly calm, and there is not the slightest danger—let me go."

And then she wavered. To waver, in a woman, is to be half conquered.

CHAIRS! CHAIRS!

INDIA seems in a bad way; far worse than we imagined. There will have to be another loan from England. The Government, apparently, cannot afford the commonest articles of furniture. We read with dismay and apprehension of the injurious effect the disclosure will produce on the native mind, the following telegram:—

"General ROBERTS received YAKOOB KHAN, DAUD SHAH, and MUSTAUF HABIBULLA in durbar on Monday. The paucity of chairs prevented more Sirdars from attending."

We hope Professor FAWCETT, or some other Member of Parliament, will get to the bottom of this most untimely "paucity of chairs," whereby proud and influential Chiefs were prevented from personally testifying their fidelity to the Sovereign Power. Why was such a lack of seats not foreseen and remedied? Surely the resources of India are not so impoverished as to make a moderate outlay with some cabinet-maker at Calcutta or Simla an impossibility! If so, why did not the Viceroy telegraph an urgent message to his friend the Prime Minister, begging him to send out, without an hour's delay, a few of those useful chairs, which are made, cheap and good and plentiful, in the immediate neighbourhood of Hughenden?

Empires before now have been perilled and tempers lost through causes quite as trivial as the one we are now deploring. The Council table at the India Office should attend to this, and despatch at once the most comfortable and imposing chairs of state that can be purchased in Oxford or Wardour Street.

Legal Ownership of Limbs.

THE *Solicitors' Journal* instances a new legal question which has arisen at Washington; that of the right to a pair of legs, which a surgeon having amputated, thereupon took possession of as his perquisites, put up in spirits and deposited in a museum for exhibition, in a jar labelled with the name of the original owner, who claims them as his property. The point requiring determination seems to be whether the surgeon who has removed another man's legs has a right to walk off with them.

"I ask you in the name of France."

"I can deny nothing to France," and she submitted.

He tenderly kissed his children, embraced his wife, and fell upon his knees to receive his mother's blessing. Then he stamped three times, struck an attitude, and after his family had admired him in it, left the room.

"A parting gift, my son," cried his mother, opening the window. Then she threw out to him in the street a large woollen comforter, a respirator, and an umbrella.

He fell upon his knees, and amalgamated the articles with his costume. Then, for the second time, he received his mother's blessing.

When he reached the sands he trembled. He did more than tremble. His cheek blanched, and his heart (for a moment) stood quite still.

"It is getting rough!" And he fell upon his knees, and wept bitterly. It was a grand sight! The Man and the Ocean! They were equals! The Ocean had salt waves, the Man salt tears. The waves and the tears were soon mingled! It was refined sensibility meeting rugged Nature half way!

Then there was a storm. Peace met War. Peace was represented by a bathing-machine. A bathing-machine is an emblem of peace. A bathing-machine cannot be used as a castle—it may sometimes form a portion of a barricade. But a barricade is also an emblem of peace. The storm, the emblem of war, met the bathing-machine, the emblem of peace. War was the victor, and the bathing-machine was overturned.

And what was the life-saver doing when this incident occurred?

He was still lying on the sand, weeping bitterly. Seeing the accident, he roused himself.

"I must do my duty," he murmured, and blew his horn.

Then there was a cry for him to come into the water. He shook his head. An Englishman begged him to enter the sea—up to his knees. He shook his head disdainfully.

Then the Mayor and the Municipality advanced. "You will enter the sea?" they asked.

"No," he replied. "I cannot."

Then the Mayor and the Municipality held a consultation. After an hour they asked him a second question—

"Why will you not enter the sea?"

He answered promptly, "If I enter the sea, my boots will become damp. Damp will damage my boots. I do not wish to damage my boots."

A second time they held a consultation. It was longer than the first. When it was over, they asked him a third question—

"And why do you not wish to damage your boots?"

"Because my boots belong to France! Long live France!"

And they all cried, "Long live France!" and went home.

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

Prince of Wales's—St. James's—Lyceum—Gaiety—Vaudeville—
and "Rescued" at the Adelphi.



SIR,—ALL the theatres are joining in chorus of "Tis our opening day," so I must be on the spot. Where *Duty* calls there is Yours truly.

BANCROFT expects that every man

Some day will do his *Duty*.

And, if *Duty* is to come before pleasure, then the sooner it's got over the better. Imbued with this sentiment, I went to the *Albery-Sardou* play; and, for the present, I will merely say of *Duty*, that it is "*All berry well*;" and, for some people, it is *ar-du*-ty to see it. As might be expected, where the authorities put on a *Duty*, there is a good deal that might be advantageously excised. I will return to the subject next week, only remarking, *en attendant*, that this new *Duty*, at the fashionable custom-house, is not by any means an unwarrantable imposition. That *LES BANCROFT* should not be in it is a mistake, for without their joint names to a bill, in this particular quarter, its chances of being cashed are considerably lessened. Still, undoubtedly there is value received, and care, time, trouble, and expenditure will be more than their own reward.

Messrs. HARE and KENDAL have opened the Theatre that is dedicated to St. James—clearly a union of Church and Stage. As a good beginning, it is done brown outside, and has been thoroughly done up within. *RAJAH VAL PRINSEP'S Comedietta* is the novelty, of which more anon.

Mr. IRVING is giving us deep notes out of his *Iron Chest*, and Mrs. BATEMAN opens the Family Theatre, with a Family Circle at reasonable prices, in PHELPS's old home, Sadler's Wells. May the new Lessee find nothing but wells and no ills. Why the Wells of the Sadlers, with an additional "d"—a little one in, not a "great big D"—should never have been appropriately taken as a circus I can't make out, except that it is true you may take your horses to the Wells, but you can't make 'em draw, or, rather, can't make 'em *Drink*,—but then *Drink* is al-ready at the Princess's, which leans on a READE as strong as an oak. Mrs. BATEMAN must have one performance under the patronage of the Saddlers' Guild, and then all *Saddler Swells* will appear in the stalls.

As the Gaiety shows us NELLIE FARREN, Messrs. ROYCE and ELTON on horseback, it is evident that *The Grand Casimir* is well mounted. On the first night, Miss FARREN so thoroughly entered into the equestrian spirit of the piece, that, from sheer nervousness, when she came to her songs, she found herself a little hoarse.

Mr. EDWARD TERRY is gorgeous as the Lion Tamer, and Mr. SOUTAR as the Corsican *Galett*, proves once more that nothing is out of his reach—not even a top note; so that the old proverb, "*Ne SOUTAR*

ultra crepidam," doesn't apply to him. In the Circus Assistants there is the usual Gaiety Gal-axy of beauty and musical talent.

"Galaxy" must not be pronounced Gal-laxy.

Two Roses are blooming at the Vaudeville; and *The Domestic* keep the audience in a roar till eleven.

Next door, at the Adelphi, the Messrs. GATTI have got a sort of *London-Journal-Adelphi Drama* in Mr. BOUCAULT's *Rescued*. So strong a cast for a Melodrama can be seen nowhere else, here, or in Paris. Messrs. HENRY NEVILLE, FERNANDEZ, HERMANN VEZIN, J. G. TAYLOR, with Misses PATEMAN, LYDIA FOOTE, LOUISE MOODIE, MARIA HARRIS, EMILY DUNCAN, and CLARA JECKS, are "all in it."

What the story precisely is I am unable to say; but *Jack Weatherby* has invented a swing-bridge, and is only half a chap after all, being half the heir to some property, to which a small boy is the other half heir, while *Count Rukov*, a sort of *Robert Macaire*, with his *Jacques Strop*, in *Widdieoff*—so like the Russian for *WIDDOOM*—are the two villains who do everything that's bad, for the sake of getting something good, and are foiled in the end,—which sounds like being thoroughly case-hardened villains,—by an Irish Obstructive or Detective,—who never detects anything until the villain absolutely discovers himself,—an amiable lawyer, called, very originally, *Mr. Manifold*, and three comic personages, one of whom is *Jerry Tarbox*, which, like the aforesaid *Mr. Manifold*, is an example of a good old style of dramatic nomenclature, reminding us of *Policeman*, Mr. BOBBY; *Dentist*, Mr. DRAWER; *Suceep*, Mr. BLACKIE, in the Comic Scene of a Christmas *Pantomime*.

It is excellently acted, and capitably put on the stage. *The Sensation Scene* of the swing-bridge, and the passing of the train, is admirably managed, and as an effect alone is sufficient for the success of this class of piece. The audience seemed to take the train enthusiastically. The Scene should be described in the Bill as "written expressly for the Adelphi."

The affectionate interest displayed by the resplendent Jeanees, in white Berlin gloves, and housemaids of Mount Audley in the misfortunes of their master,—the *Earl of Mount Audley*, who in his frock-coat, top-hat, and irreproachable trowsers, might have walked out of one of the illustrations of a tale in *The London Journal*,—is deeply touching—though, perhaps, in ordinary life, if private family affairs were being discussed on the lawn, between the master of the house, on the one part, and a lawyer and his client, on the other, the sudden appearance of the entire household, listening with breathless interest to the legal difficulties into which their master found himself unexpectedly plunged, would lead to their being peremptorily ordered back again to mind their own business in the servants' hall, or even to their being dismissed *en masse* for their unwarrantable impertinence. Such, however, at the Adelphi, is not the view taken of the conduct of his domestics by the kind-hearted but weak elderly nobleman, the *Earl of Mount Audley's Secret*, who seems to have a very *dis-audley* set of servants.

There is a rather pathetic though utterly improbable under-plot, of which Miss LYDIA FOOTE and Miss LOUISE MOODIE are the heroines, and altogether the alternation of light and shade, the chivalric bearing of Mr. NEVILLE, the sympathetic acting of Miss PATEMAN, and Mr. VEZIN's forcible impersonation of the double-tongued villain, ought, with the Sensation Scene, to insure a considerable run for the Adelphi Drama of *Rescued*.

That's enough for this week, except one word to the Messrs. GATTI—Do lower your orchestra, not reduce them, but lower them, or let them disappear entirely under the stage. Mr. W. C. LEVY is a first-rate man for the place, and his melodramatic music illustrative of the situations is excellent—but he is like the "sweet little cherub" in the old nautical ballad, "perched up aloft," where—the illustration of the "little cherub" no longer holding good—he intercepts the view of the stage, just at every critical moment when the unfortunately-placed and deeply-interested spectator, in the stall behind, wants to follow with his eyes every detail of the action. When nothing particular is going on, that is, when the business of the scene is uninteresting, then the Conductor and most of the band wisely disappear; but, the instant that something exciting is about to happen, back they all come again, and, as the chief actor in the situation is invariably in the centre, he or she, is, at once and completely, lost to the view of at least the above-mentioned provokingly-placed occupant, who has to dodge his head right and left, much to the inconvenience of his neighbours, in order to see what is going on. That's all. It's of no consequence perhaps, but it's worth mentioning, when even at musical houses, where they should be to the fore, musicians are disappearing from view, unlike good boys, to be heard and not seen by

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

THE WORST OF FARMING.

WHATEVER some Farmers may think of Protection as a remedy for Agricultural Distress, others are evidently decided anti-Protectionists—the Baby Farmers, whose farming would be utterly spoiled if due Protection were secured for Babies.

GIRLS AMONG GALLIPOTS.



DR. J. BRADNELL GILL, of Hastings, has suggested, in print, that, for medical men having private surgeries, and for chemists and druggists also, who find a difficulty in obtaining dispensers to be depended upon for honesty, sobriety, and competence, it would be advisable to employ female assistants, and that fairly-educated women could safely, comfortably, profitably, and easily, undertake that employment. Clearly an excellent suggestion. The girl who, through inadvertence, would be likely to put up tincture of opium for black dose, or oxalic acid for Epsom salts, substitute corrosive sublimate for calomel, or weigh out an overdose

of arsenic or tartrate of antimony, would be a very exceptional young person. Hardly any decently taught damsel would be capable of making such a blunder, were she ever so distractedly in love. For the art of dispensing medicines, peculiar qualifications have been conferred by Nature on the nimble-fingered, nice, and careful sex. Exactness with respect to measure, and in matters of weight going the length of scruples, would be insured by female scrupulosity. Dexterity in packeting powders and draughts would come natural to a neat-handed Phyllis. What could a general practitioner, then, in want of a dispenser, do better than advertise for one of the gentler gender; and would not many a young lady, with her living to earn, act a great deal more wisely in jumping at that offer than in accepting other offers that might be named, or, worse still by a long chalk, "going out as a governess" on average terms?

Besides, for a capable and intelligent maiden engaged in the surgery, business might possibly ripen into something better, in case her employer were a bachelor; namely a partnership, indissoluble except by death or a decree *nisi*, in which the doctor would be enabled to dispense with any other dispenser than his own wife.

FROM THE PHILISTINE POINT OF VIEW.

(Being the Opinions of a Smart Young Man on Pessimism.)

"Est-il vrai que l'existence soit un malheur, et que le néant vaille mieux que l'être? Ces propositions sonnent étrangement aux oreilles des hommes de notre temps étourdis par le bruit de leur propre activité, justement fiers des progrès de la science, et dont le tempérament médiocrement élégiaque s'accommode à merveille d'un séjour prolongé sur cette terre."

"Le Pessimisme au Dix-neuvième Siècle," par E. CERO.

DEAR DICK,

I've been reading—or trying to read—

A rum sort of volume, a book of a breed

That, like prigs and *Phylloxera*, seem to increase

At a rate that much threatens our fun and our peace.

I suppose, as the sapient DARWIN would say,

'Tis the Latest Development! Things will look gay

In our worried old world, that's so flouted by fogies,

If the rule of the roast's left to beetles and bogies.

Are the pests and the Pessimists plotting together,

With LAWSON, BURNE JONES, and the Clerk of the Weather,

To make a clean sweep of all comfort and cheer,

And rob a poor world of its bliss with its beer?

Is *Life worth the Living*? Now doesn't that look

A beautiful title to give to a book?

What rot! Why, you might as well ask, to my thinking,

If Woman's worth loving or wine is worth drinking;

To which any donkey could answer off-hand

That of course it depends on the girl and the brand.

It's astonishing, DICK, what egregious bosh

These big-wigs will write! But it really won't wash

When a wordspinner, ranking himself among Sages,

Goes maundering on for some hundreds of pages,

To ask such a bogus old riddle as this is,

And finds at the finis the answer he misses.

Life! What sort of life? That's the *crux*, after all.

The life that a man about town would so call?

Or some moony and spoony existence apart,

All very low spirits and very high Art?

If the man means the latter, I'll answer *instantly*.

The drowse of the dreary æsthetical Canter,

Absorbed in bad dreams and poetical flummery,

Is no more like life than sour milk is like Pommery,

And no more worth living than I'm worth a "plum."

Life shaped on such lines is a lachrymose hum.

But give me ten thousand a year, my dear boy,

And I'll show them that life is a thing to enjoy,

And not to write poems and essays about,

Beginning in doldrums and ending in doubt.

Here's the tip that to mooners like MALLOCK I'd give:—

Life's only worth living to those who can live!

Neat and not nubilistic, I think you will say,

Which is just what we want in our fog-flustered day.

Clear sense and no clouds! That's my maxim all round,

And what duffer denies that the principle's sound?

Metaphysical muddlement's not worth a rush,

Nor finical flam, nor emotional gush.

I hold that of all things, from Science to sherry,

From BURNE JONES's Art to the acting of TERRY,

A man of the world is the very best judge,

And what he can't fathom is mostly pure fudge.

Life's a plant, say the seers; well, don't poke at its roots,

But let the thing grow, and look out for its fruits.

I find them most tasty, in spite of dull stuff,

And my only complaint's that I can't get enough.

If a fellow will feed on green apples and sloes,

He becomes a dyspeptic, and gets a red nose;

And when a man comes to this dull ultimatum,

That life when summed up's *vanitas vanitatum*,

And fancies his verdict has settled the question,

He thinks it philosophy, *I* indigestion.

Ichabod? Bosh! A smart man scorns such trash;

It's merely a matter of health and hard cash.

Nine-tenths of the megrims in prose and in verse

Mean gastric disorder or leanness of purse.

With money and Moet, and love and good cookery,

Who dares say this world is a played-out old rookery?

Only Trappists, and twopenny Timons, and fellows

Who, in search of the wind, must cut open the bellows.

It's all this confounded new fad for analysis,

This poking and prying that ends in paralysis.

Glissez, n'appuyez pas trop! That's the style.

There are chaps who'll dissect you a tear or a smile,

Till they fancy they've proved life is just protoplasm,

And love a mere vortex, and laughter a spasm.

Supposing they are, let's give thanks that, at present,

The whirl is delightful, the spasm is pleasant.

And as for the future, can pessimist prophet

Declare if it leads to Nirvana or Tophet?

No; he ends with a tag vague as fol-de-rol-lido,

And knows just as much of the issue as I do.

Real life's "real jam," and what I beg to state is

I'm not yet inclined to cry, "*Oho! jam satis!*"

Worth living, or not, I shall play out my part,

And a fig for the funklers!

Yours truly,

JACK SMART.

A Serious Business.

In a leading article on the occupations and employments of Women the other day, the *Times* observed that:—"A man and woman, when they marry, constitute a firm,"—which, we may add, too often turns out a partnership of unlimited liability.

AN ENLARGED DEFINITION.

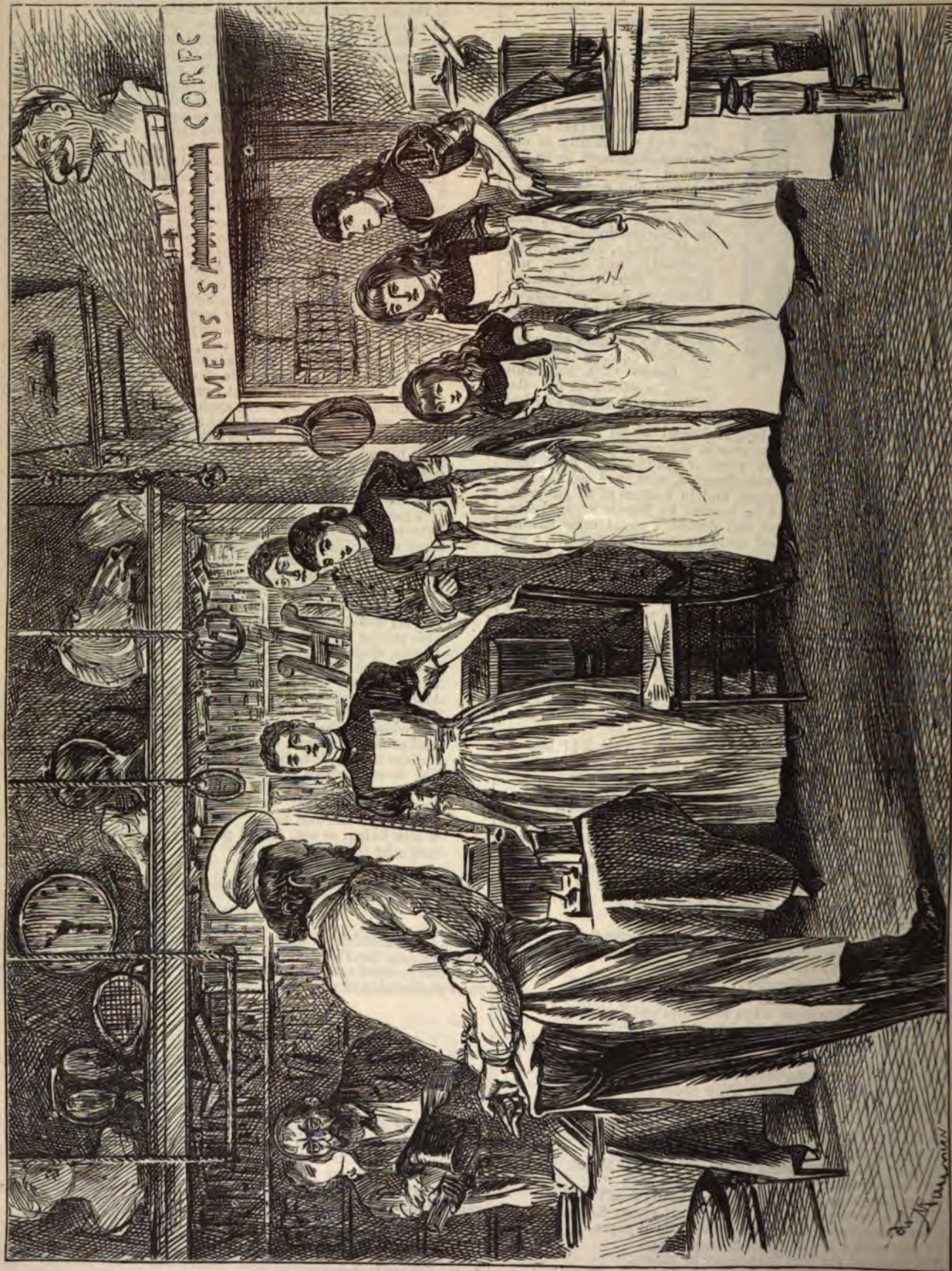
PATRIOTISM (according to JOHNSON)—Love of one's own country: (According to Jingo)—Love of other peoples' countries.

A RECENT ECCLESIASTICAL ORNAMENT.—(Neat and appropriate.)—"Cross on the Church."

FOR THE BOOKSTALLS.—The First Lord of the Admiralty's late official tour—"On sail or return."

THE REAL OBSTACLE TO AMELIORATION OF BRITISH DRAMATIC ART.—Starry Influences.

A MYSTERIOUS TITLE.—Mr.



THE SCHOOL-ROOM AS IT OUGHT TO BE.

[illegible]



AN OPEN QUESTION.

Lady Visitor. "SAILOR, PRAY IS THAT A LIFE-BOAT?"

Native Salt. "THAT I CAN'T SAY, M'UM! ALL I KNOW IS, I FOUND HER BOTTOM-UP ON THE 'GUNFLEET'!"

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

*The Prince of Wales's as promised—The Alhambra—Lyceum—
Re-opening of Sadler's Wells.*

SIR,—Before pleasure, *Duty*. And the first question I would put to the child of SARDON and ALBERY would be, "Who gave you that name?" the probable answer being, "My Godfather, Mr. BANCROFT, and my Godmother, Mrs. BANCROFT." The next interrogation would be, most certainly, "And what on earth induced them to give you that name?" To which, after some very natural hesitation, the reply would be given, "Well—because it looks well in the bills."

Does the play inculcate any lesson of true moral duty? No; but it shows what might be the result of a fine old English Gentleman, one of the olden time, not having done *his duty*.

The late *Sir Geoffrey Deene, Bart.*, was an old blackguard—there is no mincing the matter—who seduced *Marcelle Aubry* under a promise of marriage, he himself being at the same time a respectable middle-aged husband and father of a family. I can imagine this old slyboots going to *Marcelle*, with a cold in his head, and saying, "I will marry you, *Bar-celle!*" Well, he didn't do his duty, that's clear. And when poor *Marcelle* turns up unexpectedly, and explains that she wants some money to conclude the purchase of her little French millinery business, does his son do *his duty*, when he pretends that *Marcelle* is his mistress, not his father's, and so breaks the hearts of his mother and his fiancée, thus, as it were, killing two birds with one stone?

Sir John Hamond, M.P., performs a painful duty—which is quite another affair—when he explains the matter to *Lady Deene*; but the audience, which, in compliance with the managerial request in the playbill, "kindly remains seated until the Curtain falls," shakes its head—"kindly," of course—after the Curtain has fallen, and leaves the theatre, puzzled and depressed, trying to recall the notable instances of really admirable acting, good dialogue, the perfection of the *mise-en-scène*, and the comic portions of the play, in order to put something to the credit side of the management. And this is easy enough, for it has been most carefully rehearsed,

and is excellently played by every one, down to the old family Butler, who affably intrudes himself into the conversation of his employers, speaks about *Miss Mabel* as the "gentle lady," and alludes to some coming time as one when "we shall be at our merriest."

In the Third Act the elevated butler, who, probably has all the back numbers of the *London Journal* bound in his pantry, in answer to somebody's question as to *Lady Deene*, replies, "My Lady left the room but this minute." Apart from this peculiarity, there's not a better Butler on the stage at this moment. *Requiescat in pantry.*

Mr. CONWAY, as *Sir Geoffrey*, plays a most difficult part in a manner that leaves very little to be desired, and that little is in his agony scene, where a certain hardness and conventionality mar the illusion of the situation. Perhaps it is partly the fault of the character itself.

As for *Mable Holne*, who mincingly speaks of *Sir Geoffrey* as the "popular burrough-net," she is so irritating with her obvious "make up," and her obtrusive ingenuousness, as to enlist the audience entirely on the side of *Mrs. Trelawny Smith*, when that Lady expresses her detestation of *Mabel's* "affected simplicity." Mr. ALBERY has intended an *ingénue*, and the result is a gusher. She gushes to the very last; for even in the final Act, when everything has been explained satisfactorily by everybody to everybody else, except, strangely enough, and of course by an oversight, to her, she comes in rushing and gushing to make one in a family *tableau*, exclaiming sweetly, "Now I am so happy"—but why or wherefore Heaven and Mr. ALBERY (and perhaps Mr. and Mrs. BANCROFT), only know.

Mrs. JOHN WOOD's *Mrs. Trelawny Smith* is "immense,"—but the stage of the Prince of Wales's isn't. Mr. ALBERY should have made this character explain why she directs her children's movements by raps on the back of a book bound in boards. In France, where in college and convent chapels, and in all large churches, the movements of the acolytes are invariably regulated by these signals, this method, humorously seized upon by M. SARDON in the original, was, of course, a telling point with the audience. In England, without an explanation, the action is unintelligible and pointless. She should

have seen it abroad, been struck by it, and adopted it for private use.

Mr. ARTHUR CECIL has never played so well as in this part of *John Hamond, M.P.*, to whom Mr. ALBERRY has given far and away the best of the dialogue—the best because always natural, always in keeping with the character, and never once labouring for a point, or striving to produce an imitation-Dickens simile. Into almost every other character Mr. ARTHUR CECIL has had, something more or less of the grotesque has entered. Here there is nothing of the sort, and it is an excellent performance.

In one of the most difficult situations ever presented on the Stage, Miss LINDA DIETZ, as *Marcelle Aubry*, the victim of the late lamented *Sir Geoffrey*, by her most artistic impersonation carries her audience with her where it was more than probable an audience would begin by being unsympathetic and end by being decidedly bored. Her story, told by herself, and coming at a most critical time, when every second of delay is fraught with danger to the piece, is admirably written, and as admirably delivered. After hearing it, *Sir Geoffrey* looks up at the portrait of his "Awful Dad," and exclaims that what he has heard is "too horrible to be true!" Why? There's nothing whatever "horrible" about it. It is a disillusion—a painful disillusion, perhaps—but nothing to scream, and pant, and tear one's hair about. "Fancy the poor old Governor having gone in for this sort of thing!" would have been a far more natural remark, and young *Sir Geoffrey's* uncle *John Hamond*, or his friend *Dick Fanshawe* (well played by Mr. FORBES ROBERTSON) would have comforted him by observing that "Boys will be boys, specially when they're old boys"—and there would have been an end of the matter. The situation of the piece, when once arrived at, is very strong, no doubt about it. But after that, the last Act is tediously spun out, for the sake of a series of utterly purposeless scenes between any of the characters whose parts it has apparently struck the author—I mean Mr. SARDOU—ought to be "written up a bit."

The last Act is a day after the fair, and a melancholy day, too. *Les BANCROFT* should have been in the bill; but perhaps their policy is *se reculer here, pour mieux sauter* at the Haymarket. New dish, "*Bancroft sautés*."

At the Alhambra, *LECOCQ's La Petite Mademoiselle* has been successfully produced. What the plot of this comic opera may be, after sitting out three Acts, I have only the very vaguest idea—indeed, I am perfectly certain, that, at this moment, if Mr. CHARLES MORTON were at my head with a pistol, I could not tell it to save my life. Perhaps the plot, like other conspiracies, is a secret. If so, nothing on earth, not even a dinner given me by all the Directors of the Alhambra Company, should coerce me to divulge it. But what does the story matter? Nothing. Here are bright scenes, music with plenty of "go" in it, graceful forms, good voices, first-rate band conducted by Three-Fingered JACK OBI (I mean M. JACOBI,—but what's become of that delightful old play, *OBI; or Three-Fingered Jack?*) and Mr. PAULTON exactly suited by Mr. REECE with a very funny, and punny, part, the speech about the battle, in Mr. PAULTON's humorously dry lecture style, going with roars of laughter. This last will grow, or I am much mistaken. Mr. HENRY S. LEIGH wrote the words of the songs, but I hadn't a book, and, except a few lines here and there, intelligible when either Miss ALICE MAY, or Miss LOSEBY was singing, I couldn't catch a word. Perhaps the plot was in the songs: if so, that is why I missed it.

The most successful *morceaux* were Mr. KELLEHER's first song, and his next in the Second Act. What they were about I don't know, so can only praise the music and the vocalisation. Miss LOSEBY's battle-song in Act II., well sung and deservedly encored, and the finale of this Act, chorus and difficult solo, also sung by Miss LOSEBY, very effective, and of course encored. The most taking song, however, was Miss ALICE MAY's in the Third Act, when she enters as an Astrologer. This obtained quite the heartiest encore of the evening. The air of the Doctor's Trio dance in the last Act, closely resembles the celebrated Can-can in *Orphée aux Enfers*, and indeed, from first to last, the music bears always such a family resemblance to something else that one has heard before, as to prevent it ever rising above the commonplace; but, on the other hand, there's quite enough of "go" and "show" in it to fill the Alhambra up to Christmas, when the Directors can meet, and the Chairman can go on his knees to a coy and blushing shareholder, and make a declaration of a ten per cent. dividend for the half-year, when the Curtain will descend upon a happy dance round the statue of SHAKESPEARE, in the centre of the square, where "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin." Good engagement, Miss LOSEBY: they can't lose by LOSEBY.

Those who have not yet seen that curiosity *The Iron Chest*, should hasten to do so before it disappears for ever. It is a poor play with one strong part in it, and Mr. IRVING's *Sir Edgard Mortimer* is a fine performance. The theatre-going public is all agog for his *Shylock*, which will be produced if possible before Christmas; but, in the meantime, that the theatre-going public should fill Mr. IRVING's tin

box, by seeing his *Iron Chest* is the advice of that veteran—I mean that inveterate playgoer,

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

P.S. In the piece at the Lyceum it is odd that Mr. IRVING never once opens his own chest, but when his secretary does it for him, then he sings out. *Nota bene*—as the man said when he couldn't get *des haricots* at a restaurant's.

P.S. No. 2.—As, in a postscript I cannot do full justice to the opening of Sadler's Wells under Mrs. BATEMAN's management, I will keep this for my next. Suffice it to say, that Miss BATEMAN, our *Queen Leah*, received a perfect ovation on appearing before the Curtain to perform that most difficult of all tasks, the delivery of an inaugural address, and that there was real water from the wells in the third Act, so that when asked "What's running at Sadler's Wells?" we can safely answer, "The water—until further notice." I sincerely trust that the Manageress will make "*Rob Roy Macgregor O*," *Rob Roy Macgregor pay*; and, judging from the start, it seems likely enough that Mrs. BATEMAN has been wise in not following the old adage which recommends us to "Leave Wells alone." More anon.

Y. R.

"PEACE WITH HONOUR,"

IN ITS LATEST DIPLOMATIC ILLUSTRATION.

(A tale founded on fact.)



ONE sultry day towards the close of the summer, two shabbily—not to say squalidly—dressed foreigners, of European complexion and garb, might have been seen wearily driving a small and ramshackle one-horse cart, seemingly laden with garden stuff, through the streets of Mandalay to the quay which serves as the place of embarkation for the steamers, through which the capital of the Golden Realm is linked with the outer world. In spite of their miserable dresses and wretchedly-horsed vehicle, these barbarians had the unmistakable look and bearing of educated men. Nay, there was even something of dignity in the carriage of their heads, their movements, and the tone in which they addressed each other, low as it was, and evidently suppressed by an ever-present consciousness of the danger of being overheard.

"A brilliant idea of the Resident," whispered the elder, after a wary glance around, "thus to send to a place of safety the Archives of the Residency, with his own plate, linen, and ready money, without exciting suspicion! Who would believe that under cover of these humble vegetables are hidden the secrets of Imperial Policy, as well as the most precious portion of the personal belongings of the haughty Representative of that mighty Empire upon which the sun never sets!"

So saying, they passed on unquestioned, unsuspected: soon the steamer was reached, and the contents of the carts safely stowed on board.

While this scene was passing in the long-shore quarter of Mandalay, the Representative of the British Empire, in his pavilion in the

Court-suburb, was receiving the Woong-Wang, or Chief Minister, of the mad Monarch who now keeps his miserable subjects, from highest to lowest, trembling under his inebriated nod.

It was a strange encounter that of the English diplomatist—genial, self-possessed, urbane, not to say oily of manner, and the Burmese official—surly, overbearing, not to say offensive in bearing, look, and language.

"I suppose we shall have to tolerate the unwelcome and unsought presence of you beastly barbarians among us for the next seventeen years?" growled the Woong-Wang.

"Not improbably," was the evasive answer, as the Resident smilingly put the question by, while a twinkle of hardly concealed triumph might have been read, had the Woong-Wang been more keen of vision, in his half-closed right eye. "But now, my dear friend, as you will persist in putting out your tongue at me before declining to answer any of my official inquiries, I think it would be as well if we parted. Of course, but for a while, I shall be delighted to see you, unofficially, any day at five o'clock tea."

There was a slight quiver in the Resident's left eyelid as, with these courteous words, he bowed out the Woong-Wang.

An hour later, a little group of Europeans, seemingly of plebeian rank and humble avocations, might have been seen approaching the gangway of the steamer, whither the one-horse vegetable cart and its drivers had not long before preceded them. Upon the quay a Burmese soldier looked lazily on, as, with a supercilious air, he puffed his gigantic green cigar, while the party passed on board the vessel. Taking his stand on the paddle-box, he who seemed the leader of the group, in spite of his slouched sou'-wester and shabby waterproof, mounting the paddle-box, thus addressed the stolid soldier:—

"You can tell your master a secret I have kept from him this month past, in spite of his spies—"

"A secret!" murmured the easy-going Burmese, taking his cigar from his lips, and laying down his rusty jingal, as he craned forward to listen.

"Yes," replied the British Resident—for he it was—in a voice of thunder, as, throwing off his outer garment, he appeared in the full blaze of his diplomatic uniform—"the secret that we are OFF AT LAST. I only regret that circumstances, over which I have had no control, prevented me from leaving my p. p. e. He must take my 'Ta-ta!', instead." So saying, with an exultant and ironical laugh, he turned to the man on the bridge, and in a stentorian tone gave the order, "Go ahead!"

The band on the poop struck up "Rule Britannia!" to which the Resident and his party bore a gallant burden; and ere the sound had died on the ears of mystified and mortified Mandalay, the smoke from the steamer lay like a dim and distant cloud along the horizon, as the British Resident, now far beyond pursuit, beat his triumphant retreat down-river towards Rangoon!

SOMETHING LIKE LEATHER.

MOST REVEREND MR. PUNCH,

A GENTLEMAN by name CLAUDE WEBSTER, writing from the Temple to the *Times*, presents the British Public with some interesting particulars relative to a certain "Neglected Relic," preserved in "the old and well-nigh forgotten little church of the Holy Trinity in the Minories." What, people may cry, have the Ritualists taken to relics? Who is the saint of whom a relic is preserved in an Anglican church, and what part or appurtenance of the Saint is it, a bone, a lock of hair, a finger-nail paring, or a toe-nail?

People should not jump to surmises. I am not aware that the Church of the Holy Trinity in the Minories is, in fact, a Ritualists' meeting-house. The "Neglected Relic" is no relic of any Saint, so-called, but "the mummified head of HENRY GREY, Duke of Suffolk, who was beheaded for high treason in 1554." It is to be seen at the church above-named, where, "in company with the parish registers," it is kept in a box. Mr. WEBSTER has no doubt of its authenticity. He says it is "the only example extant of a head severed from its body by the headsman's axe." Of course he means that, of heads which have been brought to the block, it is the only head above ground. One, at least, you may say if you like. Never mind. Mr. WEBSTER represents this Grey Head as an object of interest not only as being unique, but because it belonged in life to "the father possibly of Lady JANE GREY," whereas it now belongs to the Minories' parson and parochial authorities.

Our Templar states that it is "in a really good state of preservation, showing the eyes, teeth, and on the back of the neck, even the double blow of the axe." Its thus perfect condition he ascribes to "the accident of its having been, for a couple of centuries, or more, wrapped up in oak-sawdust, whereby it has become converted into leather, to which, in touch and appearance, it will exactly compare." SHAKESPEARE, who seems to have known everything, was acquainted with this property of oak, which he represents it as

capable of exerting to some extent during life, as in the case of your tanner, who, after death, in consequence of having been tanned before it, "will last you nine year." Perhaps somebody will undertake to enlarge further on this as a hint for funeral reform, and propose a method of improved sepulture to be described as "Elm to Oak." The head of the unfortunate nobleman found to have been converted into leather, however, can certainly not be said to be the only head of that material extant. The family of the Leather-heads, as of the Woodenheads, is a large one.

The gentleman to whom the Public is indebted for the above information pleads that "if still left in the dingy forlorn old church in which it has reposed, forgotten and neglected, for so many years," this historical head "might at least be securely placed in a glass case, and so fixed to the walls of the building as that its surreptitious removal would be difficult." Certainly. But first, Sir, let it be photographed. And then, Mr. Punch, I say let a cast of it be taken. I think there is some truth in Phrenology. I don't care what Dr. CARPENTER says. But if Phrenology has indeed no truth in it, and I am an ass, this head may possibly help to demonstrate that such is the case, and so to glorify Dr. CARPENTER, and disabuse and dishumbag

Yours truly,

JEREMIAH BUMPS.

P.S.—Mr. WEBSTER's letter concludes by recommending the subject of it to the consideration of "the Legge family, represented by the existing Earldom of Dartmouth," who, he says, "long used this church as their place of sepulture, the vaults being filled with its members." With Legges, that is; but of course with arms, too. What have legs to do with heads? Excuse this attempt; my organ of Wit is not large—very little above the Scotch average.

SIGNS OF THE END OF THE SEASON.

(Per Alphabet.)



A *Antwerp*.—Curtain drawn on RUBENS till next June.

Boulogne.—The *Sauveteurs* left with nothing to save but their own credits.

Cologne.—Cathedral touts returned to the bosom of their families.

Dieppe.—Bathing-dresses for ladies at fifty per cent. discount.

Ems.—Royal apartments to let until further notice.

Fribourg.—Organ recitals suspended.

Geneva.—Mont Blanc under a cloud for the winter.

Heidelberg.—Free at last from the assaults of Captain Cook's noble army of personally-conducted travellers.

Interlaken.—Sunset on

the Jung Frau discontinued for an indefinite period.

Jura.—Places to let at all the diligence offices on the line.

Konigsbad.—More than ample accommodation for bathers.

Lyons.—Velvets at a ruinous reduction.

Madrid.—Bulls and bull-fighters *en congé*.

Naples.—Bay closed for repairs.

Ouchy.—Enormous importation of umbrellas.

Paris.—In the hands of the "passing-through"-ers.

Quebec.—In mourning for the departure of the Princess LOUISE.

Rigi.—Landlord and Customer fights suspended for the year.

Schaffhausen.—Rhine lowest in memory of oldest inhabitant.

Turin.—A mere Buffet for Ritualists going to Rome.

Ug.—Quite out of the way—Sky-ed in fact.

Venice.—Fashionable departures of visitors and mosquitoes.

Wiesbaden.—Water, water everywhere, but no one there to drink.

Yarmouth.—Only arrivals—the Herrings (Fresh and Salt).

Zurich.—"On the margin of those famous waters"—Solitude! And not even a ZIMMERMAN to analyse it!

The Last, not Laste, Irish Grievance.

(Since the Mulrany Affair.)

PADDY cannot even shoot an Agent without running the danger of being shot himself!



HYGIENIC EXCESS.

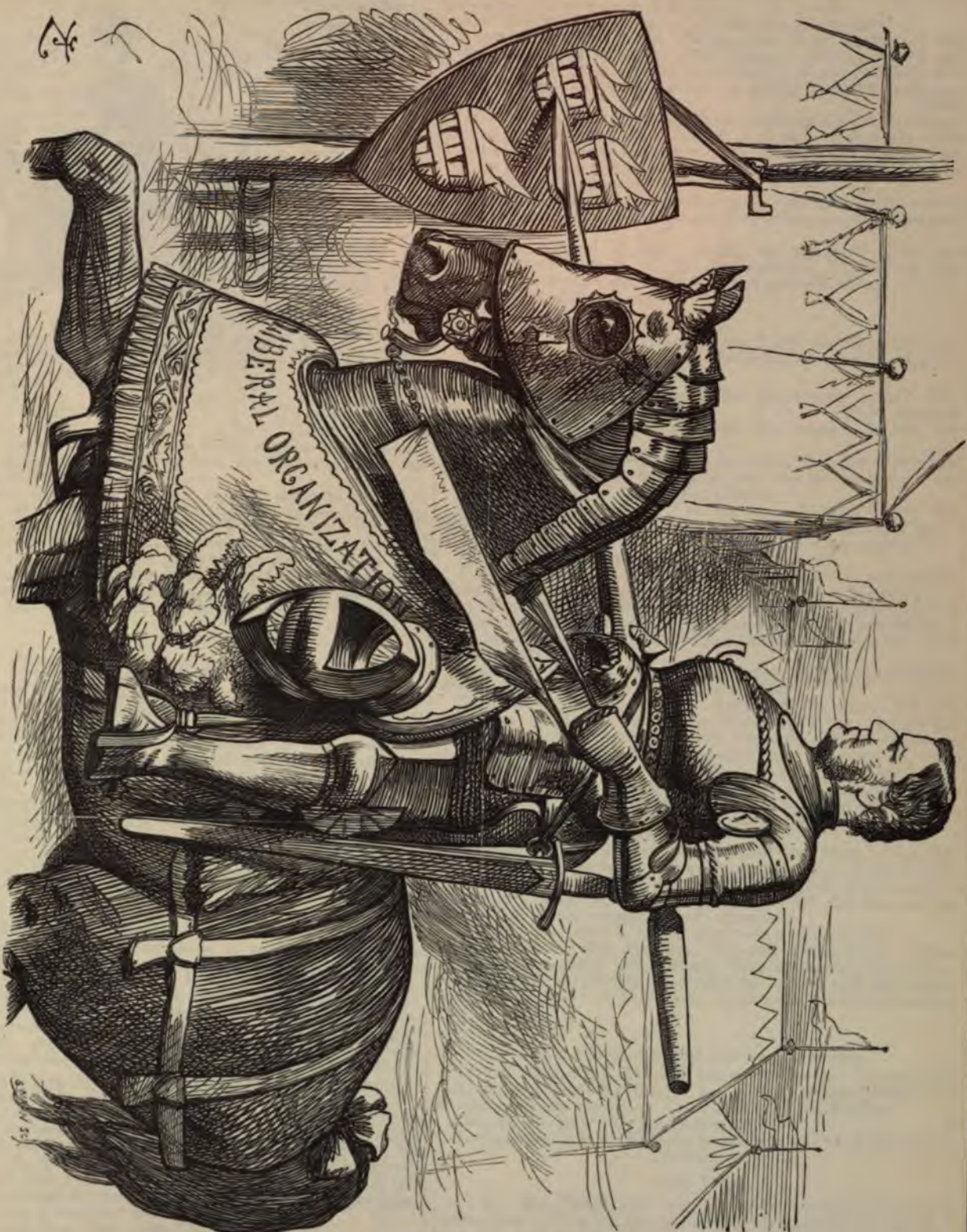
THE O'FARRELL-MACKENZIE GIRLS HAVE GONE IN SO EXTENSIVELY FOR EARLY RISING, FRESH AIR, COLD WATER, FARINACEOUS FOOD, ROWING, RIDING, RINKING, LAWN-TENNIS, GYMNASTICS, AND WHAT NOT, THAT THEY HAVE DISTORTED THEIR FIGURES INTO THE LIKENESS OF SO MANY GREEK STATUES, AND HAVE NO MORE WAIST TO SPEAK OF THAN THAT QUITE TOO HORRID VENUS AT THE LOUVRE; INDEED THEY HAVE GIVEN UP STAYS ALTOGETHER AS A BAD JOB. AS THEY ARE ALL ENGAGED TO MARRY DUKES, MR. PUNCH FEARS THEY WILL SET THE FASHION; AND AS HE HOLDS THAT A LONG AND WASP-LIKE WAIST IS AS ESSENTIAL TO A LADY AS A WELL, AS A HUMP BETWEEN THE SHOULDERS, A PROMINENT NOSE AND CHIN, AND A PROTUBERANT ABDOMEN ARE TO A GENTLEMAN, HE HOPES THAT THE ABOVE CARICATURE MAY SERVE AS AN EXAMPLE AND A WARNING.

"À OUTRANCE!"

Sir Vernon the Challenger, loquitor.

ENOUGH of feints with blunted points!
My steel shall try his armour's joints
In desperate earnest now.
A champion unchallenged? Stuff!
His fence is fine, his thews are tough,
Yet will I give him *quantum suff.*,
And make his *destrier* pant and puff,
Ere I have done, I trow.
Have I not brawn to stand a bout?
Sure seat in selle, a lance-arm stout?
Is not my sword-play swift and free,
Well served by eye and wrist?
Who is this Knight, that he should be
Unchecked of Liberal chivalry,
Lord of the knightly list?
Aha! he beareth on his shield
Three beacons *flambant* on a field
Vert, with a *gerbe* of rockets
For crest. I' faith, a fit device!
He's fond of fireworks, which are nice
For pastime, when the powder's price
Comes not from one's own pockets.
Our champions, if stout, are old;
If young, not deft nor over-bold:
Thence comes it that this Knight doth hold
Unshaken seat so long.
But if he thinks to keep his post
By dint of mere thrasonic boast,
To frighten all our Liberal host,
And all unquestioned rule the roast,

By Jingo he is wrong!
Have at thee, Knight o' Squibs! Thy troop
Of myrmidons, who howl and whoop,
Methinks are scarce so cockahoop
As they erewhile appeared;
Not quite so high they toss the cap,
Not quite so madly cheer and clap,
As late they clapped and cheered.
Tant mieux! the better looks my chance.
I'll strike thy shield with pointed lance,
Game for a *combat à outrance*
E'en with so dread a knight.
Sound for the charge! Look out, my Lord!
No novice he at lance and sword
That dares thee to the fight.
Thy motto, "Peace with Honour," palls
On varlets vexed with bungling brawls.
Thy spells have lost their might.
Mysterious as thou art, Sir Sphinx,
I rede thy riddle, and methinks
My steel can search thine armour's chinks
And make its weakness known,
Though, thanks far more to skill than force,
So many a sturdy Knight from horse
Thou hast by sleight o'erthrown.
I've learnt thy points in thine own school,
Dashing yet wary, keen but cool,
No easy dupe with feint to fool
Or flashing pass to blind;
I know the trick as well as thou.
The lists are here, the hour is now,
Nor lags the man behind.
Ring, showy shield, to point of lance—
Have at thee, trickster, *à outrance!*



“A OUTRANCE!”

SIR VERNON Y. CHALLENGER STRIKETH Y. SHIELD OF Y. CHIEF OPPONENT (WHO BLAZONS, ON A FIELD VERT, THREE BEACONS FLAMMANT
TINSEL FOR BEACONSFIELD. CREST—A FLIGHT OF ROCKETS, ASCENDANT. MOTTO—“PEACE WITH HONOUR”).

WHITE KIDS IN ABERDEEN.



account for, unless it be that "white kids" may be supposed such fit symbols of the innocence shown by a Maiden Assize, that there could not be too many of them.

But of these white kids, one pair, at least, seems to have been presented to Mrs. LANGTRY. Now if that famous beauty may be supposed to have a right on any Circuit—it is the Married Women's, not the Maiden, Circuit. No doubt her white hands will set off the white kids, and the white kids her white hands—so let us hope the Town Council will not press its inquiries further. But *Punch* would suggest an alteration of the old saw, and the substitution of "White Kids in Aberdeen" for the "Cauld Kail" of ancient tradition.

THE INSTRUCTIVE DRAMA.

THOUGH *Mr. Punch* has formed his own opinion—and a very decided one—on the true functions of the Stage as a moulder of morals, he is quite willing to look on approvingly at the honest endeavours of those from whom he differs, when they take up this question of the hour in an earnest spirit. If he cannot quite go with the latest proposition of a "National Theatre," managed by ornaments of Literature, Art, and Science, under the presidency of a philosophic Church dignitary, he sees no reason why such an institution should not be allowed to have a fair chance. Indeed, he is willing to do something for it himself, by supplying the Committee with what they will be sure to want immediately, but will not, *Mr. Punch* imagines, easily find ready to hand—namely, their first piece; only stipulating for two-thirds of the gross receipts *whenever it is produced*.

ACT I.

A Picture Gallery in the hereditary mansion of an Educational Earl. On the wall, set diagonally, so as to be visible to the audience, full-length Portraits of all the English Sovereigns from William the Conqueror to Victoria. Left—a large black-board, full-sized pair of Globes, with geographical, geological, and zoological Charts. As Curtain rises, Educational Earl discovered opposite a reading-desk on which a volume of Hallam is lying open. At his feet, on a low satin ottoman, playing idly with a patent double-action air-pump, his daughter HONORIA.

HONORIA. It is very interesting. Nay, more: it is very beautiful!—very very beautiful! Proceed, dear Papa!

Educational Earl. I will, my child. As I was saying, WILLIAM THE SECOND was called "RUFUS," because he had a ruddy complexion. Yet, one day as he was hunting in the New Forest, Sir WALTER TYRREL, shooting at a deer, missed his mark, and his arrow, glancing from a tree, pierced the King to the heart. I should add that during this reign the woollen trade first grew into importance. But there—I see: I weary my poor child!

HONORIA. Dear, dear Papa! Can PINNOCK ever tire?

Educational Earl. Noble girl! But there is a richer rarer treat in store for us here.—Hallam's Constitutional History! In this edition of ten volumes there are but 1754 pages. Listen! (*Reads the whole of it*). Ha! She sleeps. It was ever thus with her sainted mother!

Enter a Colonial Bishop and a Distinguished F.R.S.

Colonial Bishop. I am poor, my Lord, but proud. What are

material riches to wealth of intellect? I have here published the sermons that raised me to the exalted position I fill. But before I ask the priceless jewel of your daughter's hand, you shall judge of me as I am. *You shall hear them all!*

Educational Earl (*hastily*). Nay, take her, she is yours!

Colonial Bishop. Without satisfying you of my chances of even yet getting hold of something better at home? Never! I must read them all. (*Does so*). What? he slumbers! It was ever thus with my congregations. But no matter! I will go for another volume!

[Exit.

HONORIA (*walking, and regarding the air-pump fondly*). O science! Divine goddess! Do I not know that if I put a guinea-pig under this receiver, and give but a few gentle turns to the handle, it instantly feels uncomfortable! Can anything be more absorbing, more soul-subduing, than this?

Distinguished F.R.S. (*seizing her hand*). One thing—only one—a meeting after sunset on the summit of Snowdon, and the secret shall be yours!

HONORIA. Unhand me, Sir! (*Aside*). See, my father wakes, and will, perhaps, be fresh for the Plantagenets! (*Addressing Distinguished F.R.S.*) I will be there! And you will tell me —?

Distinguished F.R.S. All!

ACT II.

The Summit of Snowdon. Distinguished F.R.S. discovered anxiously watching an experiment he is conducting at a portable lecture-table.

Distinguished F.R.S. At last! The gas mounts freely! But, see, she comes.

HONORIA (*aside*). He is here! And this secret? Be still, my beating heart.

Distinguished F.R.S. HONORIA! for I feel that our intellectual kinship sanctions me this familiarity, I am here to talk to you —

HONORIA (*with dignity*). Not, Sir, of love?

Distinguished F.R.S. No; of oxygen. I have chosen this elevated spot that I might better illustrate what I could say,—and I have much to say! (*Points to table*). See, I am prepared!

HONORIA. Oh! Sir, take pity on a defenceless girl.

Distinguished F.R.S. Pity? Why should you, fair and queenly though you are, not know that this gas unites with hydrogen to form the common water that we drink, and that if the lungs, instead of receiving a proper supply of it, are choked with an accumulation of carbonic acid—a poison fatal to man (though beneficial to plants)—death is the result?

HONORIA. Oh! this is too horrible! Let me fly to my poor father!

Magnall's Questions are not worse than this!

Distinguished F.R.S. Worse! Listen, foolish girl! Are you aware that to prepare this gas on a small scale, I have already put some binoxide of manganese (MnO_2), and some chlorate of potassa (KO, ClO_2), into a Florence flask, mixing them well together, while I have taken good care that the flask is quite dry both inside and out? Are you aware that even as I am speaking, oxygen is being freely given off into this stout deflagrating-jar, which will be safer for our experiments than the ordinary pickle-bottle?

HONORIA. No, I did not know this!

Distinguished F.R.S. Nor did you know that when I place this piece of ignited phosphorus (taking great care not to touch it with my fingers) into the jar, you are witnessing one of the most beautiful experiments in the range of chemical science, and one that may be safely tried, if only ordinary care be exercised?

HONORIA. No, indeed! I seem to move in a new world!

Distinguished F.R.S. HONORIA! You are! Listen to me! When baryta is in company with strontia, their carbonates may be dissolved in HCl , the solution evaporated to dryness, and the residue digested with strong alcohol! This, my fair one, shall never happen to us!

HONORIA. Never!

Enter Educational Earl and Colonial Bishop.

Colonial Bishop. Ha! She shall hear my last sermon. [*Preaches it*. Educational Earl. My child! See, I have brought Hume and Smollett. (*Reads a volume*). Come back to your old father!

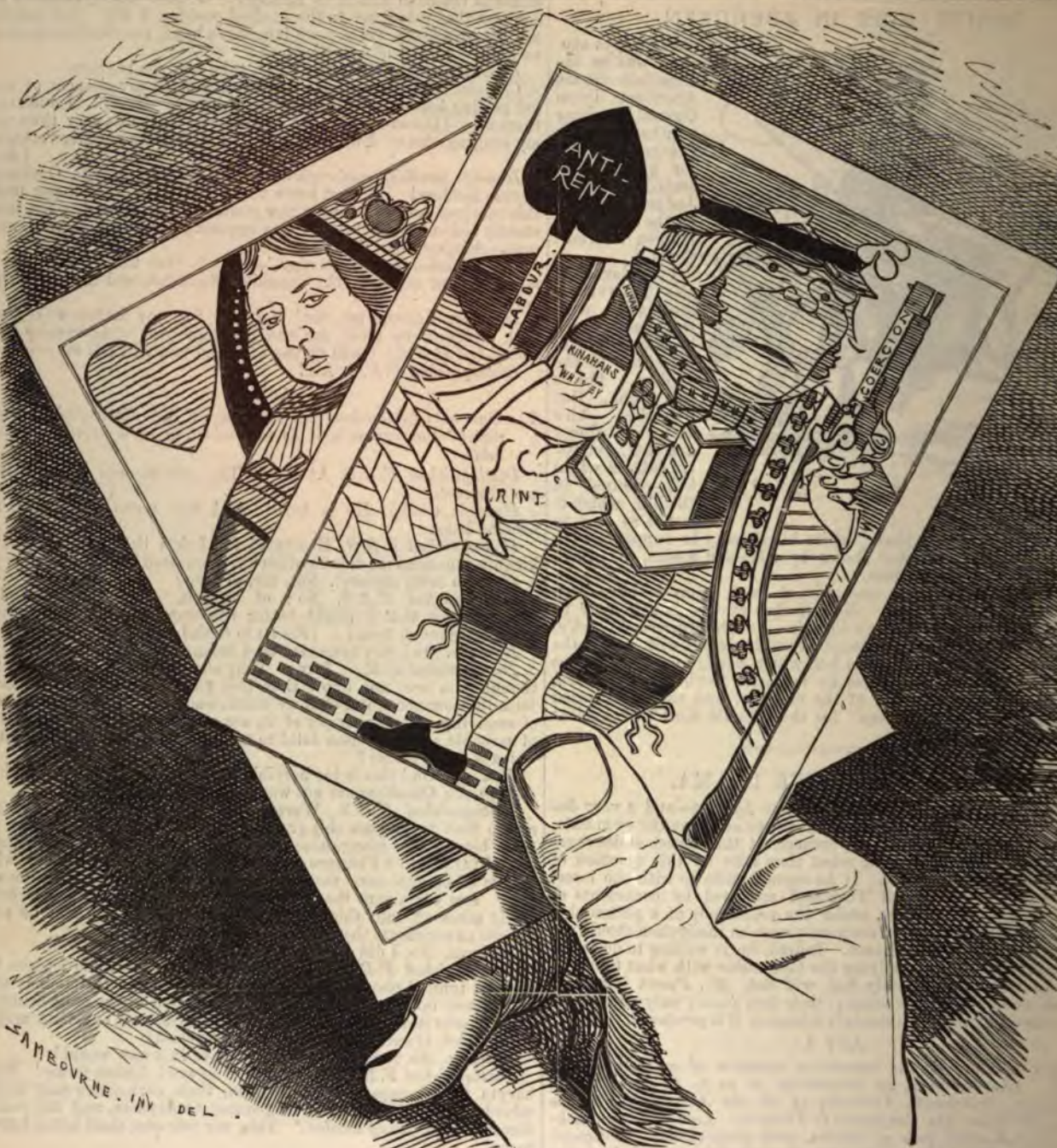
HONORIA. Too late! My future home is—

Distinguished F.R.S. With me, proud Earl,—at the Polytechnic! Tableau.

ACT III.

—But *Mr. Punch* need not, he thinks, continue his labours further than to point out that the close of his instructive drama may be made a good vehicle for surgery, household information, gardening statistics, and general moral precept. These, worked in with a good tag compiled from a standard Encyclopedia, cannot fail in time literally to bring down any house.

CHESS PROBLEM SOLVED AT CAPE TOWN.—Zulu-King Castled.



THE WRONG CARD.

PARNELL'S BAD LEAD AT "BEGGAR MY NEIGHBOUR."

HAPPY-THOUGHT GUIDE TO LONDON.

(Being a Dickens of a Dickshunary for the use of Visitors to the Metropolis.)

LOWTHER ARCADE.—Pronounced differently by different people. Some, giving the first syllable as rhyming to "How," call it the Low-ther Arcade, and suppose it to be an abbreviation of Al-low-ther, so called either because the authorities allow their Arcade to exist, or from the discount the shopkeepers al-low there. The more probable derivation is arrived at by those who, making "Low" to sound like "Lo!" tell us that here the rebel JACK CADE was discovered by a citizen, who exclaimed, "Lo there! Ah! CADE!" If so, the site itself is sufficient historical ground for the supposition. It was formerly, of course, a great place for assignations, when the beaux frequenting it and toying with the lasses, were called "Gay

Lowtherios." About Christmas time it is still a great place for "toying," but the trade is quite legitimate between shopkeeper and customer.

LUDGATE HILL.—Famous in Civic history. On the occasion of the King or Queen's visit it had invariably to receive the Royal Ascent. It is quite unable to make its own ascent, being a sort of cripple with only one foot, which may be seen by any visitor who chooses to go to the foot of the hill. The Hill at the Criterion has two feet, being exceptionally gifted.

LUNACY COMMISSIONERS.—Composed entirely of Hatters. They walk in procession on the first of March to the strains of their own beautiful hat band playing a March Air. They can be hired to execute commissions by those who prefer to employ Lunacy Commissioners, but there is some little risk in doing so. They cannot be always trusted to take a message, or a joke. For further particulars go to Hyde Park, and inquire for the Keepers.

LYCEUM THEATRE.—(See IRVING.)

MANSION HOUSE.—Worthy of being *mansion'd* here, as the home of the Lord Mayor, who dines every night with Gog and Magog, when they are not otherwise engaged at Guildhall. On entering under the portico, the ear of the visitor will be struck—and forcibly struck, too—by the sweet sounds issuing, as he will at once perceive, from the fluted columns. The air generally played is, "*I'm a flute! I'm a flute!*" Entering the dining-room, the visitor will be again struck (his eye this time) by the buffet. If he takes it, he is bound to return it at once. Many of the banquets are held in the Egyptian Hall—twin brother of the other in Piccadilly. The Egyptian Hall in the Mansion House is celebrated rather for the works of Cook than of MASKELYNE; though, when the LORD MAYOR gives a fancy ball in the place, he patronises the *Masky line* as well.

MAPS. (See MAPPIN.)

MARBLE ARCH.—Wonderful! *Marble-ous!* This inspired the composer BALFE with the idea of "*I dreamt that I dwelt in Marble Halls*"—to which the Arch would of course be the entrance.

MAYFAIR.—One of the old thorough fairs of London. It is still kept up with much spirit. As you walk along the pavement notice the flags.

MERCERS' COMPANY.—Very ancient. Preserved to the present time by a mercerful dispensation. Motto in old English. "*Lawks a Mercer!*" The ceremony of initiation is by a sort of christening, when the official who performs the rite is called the *Im-mercer*.

MERCHANT TAYLORS.—A confraternity of ninety-nine tailors (spelt originally Taylors), with power to add to their number by nine, or any multiple of nine. They only work for merchants who are *not* self-made men, and require the assistance of nine tailors. The only work they are permitted by their ancient constitution to do for themselves, is to line their own pockets. Their device is a coat of arms without any other clothes. This was in allusion to their charitable practice of giving the poor coats without any alms, or alms without any coats. They used to meet at BUTTON'S Coffee House, but now they have a house of their own which they hold on condition of investing in a new coat of paint once in three years.

MILK. (See COW—and seek 'ow you can get it. Also see CANCEN, PUMP and PAIL ALE.)

MINES.—Consult a Solicitor *in re* so-and-so "a minor." Also ask a musician. If from these you can't get any satisfactory information as to the mine-utia of *Mines*, then come to us and try *Ours*.

A Question of Colour.

AN obelisk erected to the memory of THOMAS CLARKSON, the great Abolitionist, near Ware, "on the spot where," according to an inscription upon it, that strenuous philanthropist "resolved to devote his life to bringing about the abolition of the Slave Trade," was unveiled the other day. It is of Portland stone on a base of Yorkshire stone. The base may be allowed to be appropriate, as indicative of strength, solidity, and endurance. But should not the obelisk itself have been of black marble?

WE see the Baptists are going to have a Harvest Thanksgiving. This is strictly in accordance with their belief in Total Immersion.



TAKING IT EASY.

Lieutenant Smart (who has taken over temporary charge of *Lieutenant Easy's* detachment, who is "on leave"). "BUT THESE ARE 'RATION RETURN FORMS,' TO BE FILLED IN EVERY MORNING, SHOWING AMOUNT OF RATIONS ISSUED, &c., AND THEN SIGNED BY OFFICER WHO CERTIFIES TO THEIR CORRECTNESS. WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY BRINGING TWELVE BLANK FORMS FOR ME TO SIGN?"

Corporal. "BIG YOUR PARDON, SORR, BUT WE GIT THIM BLANK FROM THE ORDEERLY ROOM—THEY'RE A PINNY A DOZZEN, SORR, AN' MISTHER AISEY, SORR, HE GINERALLY SIGNS A PINNORTH!!!"

En Rapport.

A REPORTER of the *Cape Times*, in an account of CETEWAYO on board ship, says of him that:—

"He has rather a wild way of taking to European food, and as a preliminary to a substantial feed of beef the other day, he devoured a pot and a half of jam."

Jam before beef—or with it! Another point of sympathy in tastes between the ex-King of Zululand and the Chancellor of the German Empire.

BILL OF FARE AT THE AQUARIUM.—Farin(i)aceous Food.



A PROMISING YOUNG ÆSTHETIC.

Old Boy. "ULLO! WHAT'S YOUR NAME!"
New Boy. "DANTE MICHAEL ANGELO SALVATOR ROSA NUPKINS!"
Old Boy. "IS THAT ALL! WHAT'S YOUR FATHER?"
New Boy. "PORT, PAINTER, SCULPTOR, ARCHITECT, AND MUSICIAN."
Old Boy. "CRIMINI! IS HE GREAT?"
New Boy. "THE GREATEST THAT EVER LIVED."
Old Boy. "I NEVER! AND WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO BE?"
New Boy. "THE SAME AS MY FATHER, ONLY GREATER."
Old Boy. "OH MY!" [Kicks Young Nupkins, and exit.]

CETEWAYO'S PROPOSAL.

SUPPOSE I cross de water from de Cape to Inglis lan,
 Pra'ps de reason you upset me I sall rightly understan,
 When I see de men an women, an de sort ob life dey lead—
 Till for all my past transgressions my sabage heart sall bleed—

See how you lub each odder—see how crimes are all unknown;
 How your chiefs dey neber cubbit lan an cattle not dere own;
 See your Christian lub and brudderhood, your plenty an your peace;
 See how well (unlike de Zulus) you can do widout perlice.

Read your papers where de stories of Society is told,
 Till I feel like a hyæna in de gentle baa-lamb fold.
 Find how here's all law and order, all sweetness, lub, an light,
 How you nebbet steal an murder, neber lie, and cheat, and fight.

Den I'll write across de water to de Zulus dere and den,
 An I'll tell dem how like angels is de noble Inglismen;
 An I'll lib an larn among you, and own dere ain't no doubt
 You's just de sort ob people has a right to kick me out.

BEFORE THE FIRST.

Adamite was favourite for the Cesarewitch. But at the winning-post our good old friend *Chippendale* was *pre-Adamite*. May he be Immortal, as well as Antediluvian!

THE LANDED INTEREST.—Landed in difficulties.

HARD-UP HYMENOPTERA.

A PLEA, a plea for the Busy Bee,
 That improved the shining hour,
 When a break in the wet would allow her to get
 Aught out of an opening flower.
 But so little she got that she now hath not
 Enough for her winter store,
 And requires to be fed upon made "bee-bread,"
 Or the Bee will be soon no more.

Pure saccharine stuff is not enough
 To keep your Bees alive,
 Pollen too they need whereon to feed,
 Whilst wintering in their hive.
 Mere syrup and sweet for their keep is unmeet;
 Barley-sugar alone won't do.
 An you tender their weal, add barley-meal;
 Give them treacle, but oatmeal too.

In times like these 'tis the Working Bees
 That relief deserve alone;
 You may put in a plea for the Busy Bee:
 But none for the Lazy Drone.
 Most Bees will share but workhouse fare;
 'Tis for skilligolee—no more—
 To Beekeepers who feel we make appeal,
 And Heaven will bless their store.

REDUCED TO PRACTICE!

OUR professional contemporary, the *Medical Press and Circular*, does not often present its readers with observations of a facetious nature; but is not the following paragraph fairly open to the suspicion of being intended for a joke?—

"THE DEPRESSION IN TRADE AND THE MEDICAL PROFESSION.—The entry at the different Medical schools has been very large this session. It is thought this is largely due to the depression existing in commerce and agriculture. A number of young men who, in ordinary circumstances, would have entered a trade, or gone to farming, seeing little prospect in these directions, have turned their attention to Medicine."

If this is a fact, how inexpensive those young men, or their parents and guardians, must consider a medical education, how easy the acquisition of anatomy, phrenology, chemistry, botany, and the rest of the medical sciences, how slight the difficulty of passing an examination in them, how little arduous, lightly laborious, and highly lucrative, the practice of the Medical Profession! These youths might be told that, if in circumstances insufficient to enable them to embark in commerce or agriculture, they resort to Medicine with a view to money-making, they may or may not go farther, but they will certainly fare worse.

A CAUCUS QUESTION.

THE sitting Liberal Member for Dewsbury, Mr. Serjeant SIMON, has served his constituents eleven years. A letter addressed to him the other day by a Mr. S. N. LUMB, Secretary to "the Executive of the Dewsbury Parliamentary Borough Joint Liberal Association on the Birmingham plan," informs him that he had been nominated by the body abovenamed as a candidate for the representation of the borough aforesaid at the approaching election, and questions him as follows:—

"On behalf of the association, may I ask you whether you will allow your name to be proposed at a general committee meeting to be held on Tuesday, the 30th inst., and, if so, whether you will abide by the decision of the association?"

"Submit," that is, says Serjeant SIMON, in reply, "to a competitive process with eight other candidates proposed at the meeting to which you refer." Surely, the learned Serjeant might have added, you must take me for a very simple SIMON.

UP TO THE MARK.

THERMOMETERS tested at the Kew Observatory are advertised as being marked "K. O." We venture to suggest that in future they should be marked "O. K." for Orl Korrect.

CHURCH AND STAGE GUILD.—Apparently founded on the idea that Church can Gild Stage Guilt.



A DILEMMA.

"WHAT ARE YOU FUZZLING OVER, PONSONBY?"

"I'M TRYING TO ANSWER A NOTE FROM THE 'DEAR DUCHESS,' AS YOU CALL HER. SHE'S DONE ME THE HONOUR TO WRITE AND ASK IF THAT ST. BERNARD PUP I GAVE HER SHOULD BE FED ON MEAT OR BISCUITS?"

"WELL, BISCUITS, SHOULDN'T IT?"

"OF COURSE. BUT SHE SPELLS BISCUITS WITH A K, YOU SEE, AND I DON'T LIKE TO SPELL IT PROPERLY FOR FEAR OF HURTING HER GRACE'S FEELINGS; AND YET I DON'T WANT IT TO GET ABOUT THAT I SPELL BISCUITS WITH A K."

"SAY MEAT, THEN!"

"BUT SHE SPELLS MEAT WITH TWO E'S!!"

PREACHING AND PRACTICE.

(An Irish Historical Drama, adapted from the Irish-English of Mr. Parnell.)

SCENE—A new vault underneath the new Irish Houses of Parliament. Piled up in the centre, a portmanteau, a couple of barrels, and a carpet-bag. Leader of the Opposition discovered in a cloak and hat, with a dark lantern and bundle of matches.

Leader of the Opposition. Not here! Bad cess to him! I must rise them spalpeens upstairs widout him.

[Prepares to light a match.

Enter Distinguished Constitutionalist.

Distinguished Constitutionalist. I fear I am a little late. I had to get a military escort before I could leave the Treasury bench. But here I am. What does all this mean? [Pointing to the pile.

Leader of the Opposition. Is it "mane," Mither PARNELL? Sure, it's a bit of a lesson out av your own book I'm going to tache them devils upstairs.

Distinguished Constitutionalist. My own book? Are we not in a vault underneath both Chambers of the Native Irish Legislature assembled in full conclave? Yet, these barrels,—this portmanteau,—that carpet-bag—?

CROSS QUESTIONS AND CROOKED ANSWERS.

(Picked up at Clitheroe.)

Q. WHY ought the Country to be grateful to the Government?

A. Because they have given it Cyprus, the Sepoys, and the Secret Memorandum for Six Millions.

Q. Why is this an excellent bargain?

A. Because it has shown the world and the British taxpayer that Europe must be governed by treaties.

Q. What was the "master stipulation" of the Treaty of Berlin?

A. The right to garrison the Balkans.

Q. Has this "master stipulation" been carried into effect?

A. Not precisely.

Q. Does this matter?

A. Not in the least.

Q. Why not?

A. Because the HOME SECRETARY says that the "points" of a treaty are of no consequence.

Q. What is the distinction between a treaty and its points?

A. The HOME SECRETARY does not say!

Q. Does the HOME SECRETARY, then, say anything to the point?

A. Yes. He says he meant originally to have held his tongue.

Q. Is that intention intelligible?

A. Quite.

Q. And wise?

A. Eminently.

Q. Why has it not been adhered to?

A. CROSS propose, DIZ dispose.

"PANNIERS ARE FASHIONABLE."

Le Follet.

"A PANIER you'll want," said Miss TAPER,

"I assure you they're now all the go.

I've the pattern cut out here in paper,
They are puffed at the side, Ma'am, just so."

"That panniers have been all the go

At the seaside from June to November,

I'm sure all the donkeys must know;

Weighty cause they have had to remember.

"But if we must wear panniers like asses—

All alike, East and West, North and South—

'Twould be well if the poor working classes

Could, at least, have a bit in their mouth."

ONLY FAIR PLAY.

MR. PARNELL boasts that he has gone far to make Parliament impossible. Suppose Parliament were next Session to go farther and make Mr. PARNELL impossible?

Leader of the Opposition (chuckling). Sorra one of 'em but's chock full of dynamite!

Distinguished Constitutionalist. Hold! There is a legal remedy for everything. This appeal to explosives is not constitutional—nay, it is not Irish! At least, wait till I have got to a safe distance!

Leader of the Opposition. An' is it yerself that would be after ating yer own words? Shure, haven't I got all your spaches at the tip of me tongue?

Distinguished Constitutionalist. Then you must know that I always recommended—

Leader of the Opposition. A "firm attitude," when the Saxon wouldn't give way. And why not the Celt all the same as the Saxon? As that white-livered Ministry up-stairs won't let us in, bedad it's myself, as Leader o' th' Opposition, that will show thim the way out. And now, Masther dear, hould your ears, and Hooroooh for ould Ireland!

[Blows both Houses, himself, and Distinguished Constitutionalist, into the air as Scene closes.

THE ROOT OF IRISH TROUBLES.

HOWEVER it may be with the crop of 'taters, the crop of agi-tators never seems to fail.



COLD TONGUE RÉCHAUFFÉE!

COMPARATIVE CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

PENETRATIVE MR. PUNCH,

THERE appeared the other day in the *Times* a letter of the most insidious character, signed "BETA." Its writer professed that his intention was simply "to call the attention of the humane public and lovers of cod-fish to the cruelty which is practised to supply the London and other markets with 'Crimped Cod.'" But see, Mr. Punch, the revelation of the cloven hoof in the following words of affected pity for the poor Cod-fish:—

"Even the mode of taking the finest fish is painful, though perhaps unavoidable. A great barbed iron or steel hook is baited and attached to a long line, and when the fish is caught this is rudely torn from its mouth. If it be large and in good condition, it is transferred to a well in the smack, through which passes a stream of sea-water. On arriving at the port, the live cod are sold at an advanced price, and those to be crimped are set apart. To perform this operation successfully, three or four huge transverse gashes are cut on each side while the fish is alive, or the muscles will not contract."

Sir, as a consistent member of the Society for the Total Abolition of Vivisection, I protest against this covert and crafty endeavour to discredit the exertions we are making for the prohibition of experiments on living animals for alleged scientific purposes. The section of a live fish, in order to render it the more palatable as a viand, is very different from making an incision, merely for the sake of settling some point in physiology, in a rabbit's ear. I suppose

that a fish is what the doctors call a vertebrate animal; but a vertebrate animal crimped in preparation for the dinner-table is one thing, and an animal of the same order wounded, on any pretext, on the dissecting-table, is another. I have no doubt that "BETA" is in reality some Professor of Anatomy and Physiology connected with one of the Hospitals; and under that firm impression remain

Yours truly,

ANTI-SCALPEL.

P.S.—"BETA," you observe, in part addresses his affected denunciation of the practice of crimping cod to "lovers of cod-fish." Why, it is expressly for their gratification that cod are crimped. How can any thinking impostor vent humbug so thoroughly transparent? By the bye, I hope the existing statute regulating vivisection is not so worded as to interdict the crimping of cod.

QUESTION FOR CHAIRMEN.

A GENTLEMAN presiding at a Public Dinner proposes from the Chair the toast of "Ministers of all Denominations." Could it be allowably responded to by a Mormon Elder?

APPROPRIATE DITTY FOR FARNELL.

"Come live in my heart and pay no Rint," by SAMUEL LOVER. (See his *Poetical Works*, p. 310.)



GIVING HIM A LEAD.

Lively Lady. "I'D GIVE MY HEAD TO LIVE IN LONDON!"

[*Young Rogers thinks if she'd give her heart it might be managed.*

"WANTED—A HEAD FOR A CROWN."

As all the world knows, there are several claimants for the political inheritance of the much-lamented Prince Imperial. The Party of the Appeal to the People are anxiously waiting for the publication of their respective manifestoes. *Mr. Punch*, ever ready to oblige anybody and everybody, has, therefore, much pleasure in printing a couple of proclamations which have been sent to 85, Fleet Street, probably as the widest and surest channel of publicity. The first appears, from internal evidence, to be from the pen of Prince PLON-PLON (who seems to have been taking lessons from M. VICTOR HUGO); while the second is evidently the work of Mr. JEROME B. PATTERSON—a scion of the Bonaparte family, who (to quote the *Dix-neuvième Siècle*) "has hitherto always resided in America."

First Manifesto—Post-mark "France."

FRENCHMEN,

You know me. We need no introduction. You are a fact. I am a name. We are equals in one sense. We both love our country. But I love more. I love my country and myself. It is the legend of my race. All the world and one man. You and I. It is solemn and grand. More—it is interesting.

As to you. You are the world. The world is France, when it is not Paris. Who loves Paris must love the world. I love Paris. Paris should love me. Love begets love. Love is attraction. Attraction is the magnet that draws. It is the needle that is drawn. You are as sharp as needles, and as bright. The needle must follow the magnet. In this Nature points out the law—you must follow me!

And yet there are some who would put the son before the father. This is false to nature. What is false to nature is false to everything. Nature is everything. You have no right to address to me the observation of England's greatest comic singer—"Not before the boy."

As for me. You know me. You love principles. I lack them. Be generous, and give me some. I will never fail you. You are Republicans. So am I. I am more. I am also a Napoleon. The

founder of our race was once a Republican. A curious coincidence. Out of such coincidences you make History.

He had his 18th Brumaire. With a whiff of grape-shot he closed the era of Revolutions. Let it be for you to re-open it. Let us combine to bring back the principles of '89, now so strangely parodied. To revivify these principles we need three things—a man, a cause, and a moment. I am the man. The cause is the people's, symbolised in a Caesar. The moment is now. The sooner the better.

The people and I are one. We cannot be divided. When I serve the people I serve myself. This is not egotism. Egotism is worship of the "I." I am you. My "I" is all. Do not say, therefore, all is my "I." In another sense I am nothing, but put a nothing in its right place it means a million—many millions. This is a grand thought. It is more than grand—it is encouraging.

I am prepared to fulfil my destiny. My opinions are large, wide, elastic. The people are everything, and so am I. I am everything. The people are changeable, and so am I. I am changeable. Change is freedom. I would make free with the people. I would make the people free.

I will be worthy of my name, of my career. I am a Republican, but then there are many meanings to that word. By Republic I mean something grand, generous, sublime, and, besides all this, full of large hopes in the future. Make a present to me of that future. The Bee is the symbol of industry. The Violet is the emblem of modest sweetness. Combine them, and you have the ruler that France requires. The Knight of Industry only asks to be called from his seclusion. The Violet seeks to be brought from under the leaves. Raise them, you will find me. We are a party of combat. You love combat. March to what you love. I will give you a banner and a blessing . . . I will be your leader. The leader's place is in the rear. Time was when rank went first, now it is rank and file. Go on. I will follow.

(Signed) NAPOLEON.

Second Manifesto. Post-mark, "America."

FELLOW CITIZENS,

WHEN I call you by that name I don't mean to imply that you and I have been raised on the same ground, or are of the same pit.



WANTED A HOUSEMAID NOT AFRAID OF DIRTY WORK.

APPLY AT THE ALBERT MEMORIAL.

You have been planted on one side of the herring pond, and I have been planted on the other. That's so. But it's the way we usually begin our orations in these diggings. And you may deduce the conclusion that it ain't a bad way of beginning. You and me like to talk business. When we talk business over here we come to the point pretty slick. We have no leisure class in this infant country of gigantic destinies. We are a prospering and a go-a-head country. Being short of hands we go in for heads. We have raised a race of inventors. Guess we can turn out almost anything in the mechanical and labour-saving line, from a sewing machine to a ruling sovereign—or as we oughter call him, perhaps, an Almighty Dollar!

Economy and simplicity are the leading principles of our inventors. Guess they have got to be, if they mean to hitch on, and keep a hold on the market.

If you want the last new thing in Sovereigns, warranted to cost little, and run without hitches, guess you'd better try me, as the last Yankee notion in the patent folding and mechanical brass-joint ruler line—and as such bound to be just about the best on the stand, and a sight better than you are likely to find in any European store where they keep that class of manufactures.

Your Old Country is getting about used up, and would be a darned sight better for new soling and heeling. Guess shoe-making and mending is one of the things we do best out here. I admit that Paris is just about the spryest, slickest, liveliest, cussedest city in all creation! That's why we like it so well. But it wants developing on our line of rails.

You get an American first Magistrate for life. No four-year terms,

no President's election, no nonsense of that kind. Guess that aren't the thing to borrow from this side. No, Sir. Try him, and see if he don't make a darned sight more out of your privileges, water and others, your cars, your restaurants, your institutions generally, and your suffrage in particular. Why I could show you your Paris Proletariat how to as good as double their earnings out of their political privileges only. And if I couldn't put your municipal counsels up to a thing or two, what's the good of having known Boss TWEED for the best two years of his reign in Tammany? I dare say some of you know I'm a PATTERSON by the mother's side, as well as a BUONAPARTE by the father's. Waal, I calculate Corsican stock is all the better for crossing. They're a people of clear grit, who can stick to a cause or a quarrel, and find a Derringer the shortest way out of a difficulty. But they want to be taught that business is business, if shooting is pleasure; and that you should never draw a man's blood as long as you can get anything else out of him. If Western Americans want that lesson, Frenchmen generally would not be the worse of it.

Waal I have already told you we have no leisure class out here, so I bring my letter to a conclusion with a fair offer.

If you want a cheap, double-action, high-pressure Emperor, working the maximum of power to the pound, and guaranteed against busting up, you know where to look for him. You write to me, "J. B. B., Box No. 1, New York," and I'll be to hand by the next White Star boat. That's so.

Your Friend and Emperor that is to be, if you like,

JEROME B. PATTERSON (Né Buonaparte).

NO PHYSIOLOGY!

THE *Morning Post* informs Society that a resolution to petition Parliament for the entire prohibition of Vivisection, proposed at a meeting of the Anti-Vivisection Society on Wednesday last week, was seconded by a gentleman named BRAY, whose voice may be claimed as that of a representative speaker. Carried unanimously of course. Whereupon:—

"Mr. WALBROOK (Secretary) read a resolution which had just been passed at Blackburn of congratulation on the progress of the movement, and alluded to the G. H. LEWES' Studentship for Original Research in Physiology (or Vivisection), for which that day was the latest for applicants, and was to be open to women as candidates. This announcement was received with strong expressions of surprise and disapproval by the meeting."

By the above showing, Physiology, and Vivisection, in the sight of the Secretary of the Anti-Vivisection Society, and in the eyes also of that more amiable than intelligent association itself, mean the same thing. Of course they are alike hostile to both. But why are they surprised to hear that a physiological studentship is open to the gentler sex, and wherefore do they disapprove of that very reasonable arrangement? It ought to be evident, even to the Anti-Vivisection Society, that an animal subjected to any operation involving pain would probably suffer all the less under the hands of one of the more tender-hearted portion of mankind. Against a truism so manifest as this, one would hardly expect to hear a BRAY, even at a meeting of Anti-Vivisectionists.

Caught Flying.

(At the late Prize Distribution by the Turners' Company.)

First Distinguished Turner (just honoured with the Freedom of the Company, humorously) to Second Distinguished Ditto. Now, Brother Turner, we must each buy a lathe.

Second Distinguished Turner (in the dark). A lathe! a lathe! What's a lathe?

WHAT Letter expresses the Rawlinson policy in Afghanistan?

An X. It naturally suggests a Y.

THE BILLS.

(An apology for which Punch is proud to owe to Edgar Poe.)

I.

SEE the ever-swelling bills—
Heavy bills!
What a world of botherment Sir STAFFORD'S bosom fills!
How they tumble, tumble, tumble
In, to his extreme affright!
While the Nation 'gins to grumble
At the wild financial jumble,
To the Liberals' delight.
E'en the *Times*, *Times*, *Times*,
Hints at economic crimes
In the quick accumulation that the world with wonder fills,
Of the bills, bills, bills, bills, bills, bills,—
The growing and o'erflowing of the bills.

II.

See the Military bills—
Bouncing bills!
How their growth the CHANCELLOR'S optimism chills!
For each little local fight,
Afghan, Zulu, what a sight
Of cash, in gold or notes,
Must come soon!
What triumphant mockery floats,
From the Radical, who capers while he gloats
O'er the tune,
The pretty tune to which
The Nation, racked though rich,
Will have to pay the piper from its coffers and its tills,
For the bills, bills, bills, bills, bills, bills, bills,—
The ne'er ceasing increasing of the bills!

III.

See the long Imperial bills—
Bloated bills!
How their swollen proportions hint of choking bolus pills
For JOHN BULL, who, at the sight,
Stares and stammers with affright!
Too much horrified to reckon
All the burdens piled his neck on
By the lute,
The mad hallucination which his fancy did inspire,
The wild and weak ambition, which his foolish brain did fire,
To soar higher, higher, higher,
With a lunatic desire,
And an imbecile endeavour
Now, now to swell, or never,
To Imperial plenilune!
Oh, the bills, bills, bills!
What a tale their tottle fills!
Hard to bear!
How they mount to more and more!
What a cold, cold *douche* they pour
On the folly of the frantic Jingo scare!
Yet our pockets fully know,
By the waxing
Of the taxing,
How they flow, and flow, and flow;
Yet the ear that daily fills
With the wrangling,
And the jangling
Of the rival Party quills,
Knows how the Country chills,
At the swelling beyond telling in the number of the bills—
Of the bills,—
Of the bills, bills, bills, bills, bills, bills,—
The mounting past all counting of the bills!

Hospital Backsheesh.

IN contradiction to the verdict of a coroner's jury implying that the nurses of Guy's Hospital are accustomed to require and receive fees, Dr. J. C. STEELE, Superintendent of that Charity, declares thereof, in a published news-letter, that "every male and female servant" is, on appointment, expressly forbidden to receive fees from patients or their friends. What, every servant—male as well as female? Are not the medical officers servants of the Hospital—its chief servants—and can they possibly be prohibited from taking fees of the patients' friends; as for instance, the Governors who gave the admission? The nurses, very likely, are prohibited from pocketing fees; but that prohibition cannot surely apply to servants who, whilst necessarily males, are also of necessity fee-males.

GUILDHALL LIBRARY ON SUNDAYS.



Y worthy Mr. BEDFORD, you deserve *Punch's* pat on the back for your vigorous attempt to open the doors of the Guildhall Library on Sundays. And to Mr. RUDKIN, who supported you, we present our Salutation. There is no more chance of our having what is called "a Continental Sunday" in London, than there is of the members of the Sabbatarian League not reading on Monday the newspapers on which the labour of a Sunday has been expended, of their not giving their cooks very unnecessary work on a Sunday, or of their ever comprehending that the Seventh Day is not Sunday at all, but Saturday, which the consistent and conservative Jews do strictly observe from

sundown to sundown as a day of genuine rest, by all means, but not a day of sloth, of sluggishness, of sottishness. There is an uncanny person who, according to Dr. WATTS, "finds some mischief still for idle hands to do." On the Continent, where they live in their shops, it generally happens that the *employés* who have to be on Sunday duty have had their outing during the week. Our Continental neighbours have a way of mixing pleasure with business, which is quite foreign to our notions. Mr. BEDFORD and his supporters must first induce Sir W. ROSE and Mr. Deputy LOWMAN TAYLOR, and those whom they represent, to open their minds considerably before they are likely to agree to open the Library doors.

By the way, what can it matter to Mr. Deputy LOWMAN TAYLOR—a poetical title fitting so exactly the metre of "*The King of the Cannibal Islands*" that we can't refrain from giving a sample:—

"The Sunday op'ning I oppose,"
"That's when our Libræes I'd close,"
Say Alderman Sir WILLIAM ROSE
And Deputy LOWMAN TAYLOR!

But to resume,—What can it matter to the Deputy whether the doors are open or shut, seeing that, according to the report of the proceedings in the *Standard*, Oct. 16, he boasts of "*never having been in the Library*, because he had always voted against the expenditure?"

Stay out, by all means, Mr. Deputy, but let fools rush in, to improve themselves, even where Deputies fear to tread. Sir WILLIAM ROSE has a national prejudice in favour of a Puritanical observance of the first day in the week, and we hope he never "whistles on the Sawbath;" but as this chill Northern element seems just now to prevail in the City Councils—Deputy McGEORGE excepted—Mr. BEDFORD must take heart of grace, and comfort himself with the reflection that his proposal, like the snake which possesses such extraordinary vitality, is only for the present "*scotched*, not killed."

Punch Protesteth.

(Mr. BRUCE, Stipendiary Magistrate of Leeds, has decided that eggs do not come within the statute making it penal to expose for sale meat that is unfit for human food.)

A SAGE has uttered from the judgment seat—
Stipendiary, 'tis true—"Eggs are not meat,"
In teeth of the old saw, dear to JOHN BULL,
Of "As full as an egg of meat is full!"
Punch, who to differ from this judgment begs,
Rules eggs is meat—as sure as eggs is eggs!

SORS VIRGILIANA FOR PARNELL'S IRISH FARMER FRIENDS.

"O fortunatos nimium sua ei bona No-Rint
Agricolae!"



A MUSICIAN OF THE FUTURE.

Prigsby. "I—A—CONFESS I DO NOT CARE FOR MOZART. HE'S—A—TOO TUNEY FOR ME!"

Miss Smart (innocently). "DEAR ME! AND IS THAT—A—THE RESULT OF A DEFECTIVE EAR, IN YOUR CASE? OR IS IT MERELY FOR WANT OF PROPER TRAINING?"

[Utter collapse of *Prigsby*.]

"DON'T OVERDO IT."

(A Warning Word in Season.)

"IN nothing too much" was a wise heathen maxim,
That holds true of blame and still truer of praise,—
Be 't ovation of Statesman, ill-will that attacks him,
Or warriors' welcome from warfare's rough ways.
And most in these days, when no word that tongues utter
But by trumpets unnumbered abroad must be blown;
When 'tis easier far to drown heroes in butter,
Than for heroes to stand the fat douche o'er them thrown.

Far be it from *Punch* with the cynic's cold water
To quench warm hearts glowing in love and in pride;
Right rev'rence for Glory is Glory's true daughter,
No race e'er deserved it its meed that denied.
But if honour in deed and in word may be kindred,
As often as not they no cousinship own,
And brave men's brave work is oft less helped than hindered
The louder the trumpet about it is blown.

Honour still from the hearths and the homes they defended
Let neighbours and friends on our bravest bestow;
Let them know that day's wage with day's work is not ended,
That their laurels' good seed for the future they sow.
Let them feel that their names in your heart's core are branded,
Their devotion to duty set loyally down,
That not one deed of chief, captain, private rough-handed,
But JOHN BULL is ready with fair meed to crown.

Let the well-deserved drops from The Fountain of Honour,
Fall fair in their cups, with a crowning "Well done!"
Such the QUEEN's grateful duty, incumbent upon her,
As it is to give light to our earth on the sun;
Let Commander-in-Chief and War-Minister note them,
See they're brought to the front when there's tough work in hand;
Not content with lip-tributes that sound when you quote them,
But fade when it comes to choose men for command.

But for puffing of platforms, and muster of meetings,
Blaring bands, bowing magnates, and colours displayed,
There is less that is solid than shallow in greetings
So readily vamped, and so easily paid.
It has still been strength's note in old England's strong nature,
That she held in stern bridle her joy and her grief,
It was then when her greatness was grandest of stature
That her talking about it was most bare and brief.
The Lion roars rarely, and then not to utter
Or echo friends' praise but strike terror to foes;
Our emblem, the bull-dog, with never a mutter,
Teeth clenched, savage, silent, "goes straight at the nose."
Then be chary of praises, or yet you may rue them,
When you find guerdon's gilt Glory's gold can alloy;
Mouth-honours are cheap—prithoe do not o'erdo them;
Proof you value your soldiers, promote and employ!

PARALLEL PASSAGES.

(Of Arms and Letters.)

A PROPOS of *Punch*'s last week's Cartoon, with the Beaconsfield Shield therein blazoned, "on a field Vert, three beacons flammant Tinsel," in which the beacons are figured as iron cressets filled with blazing coals, he has been struck with the following passage in an article on "The Civil Engineers of Britain," in the Number of the *Edinburgh Review* just issued. "In earlier times," says the reviewer,

"A coal fire in a *chaufferette*, or brazier, was the signal employed for a beacon—a signal which could be so easily mistaken, or even counterfeited, that it was a source of almost as much danger as safety."

What of our Beacon in the Field of politics, at home and abroad?

HINT FOR THE WINTER (*in advance*).—How to keep your rooms warm—keep your grates coal'd.



“DON'T OVERDO IT!”

BRITISH HERO (*loq.*). “THANKS, VERY MUCH; BUT AFTER ALL WE’VE ONLY *DONE OUR DUTY!!!*”

THE THREE R'S AND THE RATEPAYERS.

(A Parochial Poem.)



O SCHOOL-BOARD, whose administration
Provides compulsory education
For children of the needy Masses,
Called, saucily, the Lower Classes,
Which schooling, my but too dear Board,
We Ratepayers must perforce afford
To youth whom better-nurtured lads
And lasses would describe as "Cads;"
Let them be taught their hands to use
To polish plate, clean boots and shoes;
To mend and darn, to cook and sew—
All things they chiefly need to know:
Such industries as those must learn
Who'll early have their bread to earn.
Then next imbue their minds with letters,
So much in common with their betters,
As, crammed at costlier schools in vain,
Most of those betters e'er retain.
Teach all their R's—that primal Three!
But 'ware the letters L. S. D.,
Nor give, at our cost, education
That may unfit folks for their station.

HAPPY-THOUGHT GUIDE TO LONDON.

(Being a Dickens of a Dickensian for the use of Visitors to the Metropolis.)

NATIONAL CLUB.—In Whitehall. The only qualification for membership is to belong to some nation. Firework-makers and gasmen are eligible as connected with Illumi-nations.

NATIONAL GALLERY.—Originally constructed to hold the entire nation when it wasn't so big as it is now. Although the nation has considerably increased, yet the Government has never completed the design, by adding a National Pit, National Boxes National Stalls to the present building. The view from one of the small pepper-castor domes is very fine.

NAVAL AND MILITARY CLUB.—One of the most charming in London. The necessary qualification is to belong to both Services at once, as the name implies. Here, consequently, that popular branch of the Service, the Horse Marines, are seen at their best. Over the chimney-piece in the dining-room is a magnificent picture by DYKWNKYN, representing a "Horse Marine riding at anchor." The Hall Porter is also half-and-half. The Waiters were once drummer-buoys, and all the Colonels are men of war. It is a pleasure to look in and see some of the old Salts deep in the latest editions of the Evening Peppers. The walls are covered with marine and military pictures, chiefly consisting of naval games on crossing the Line, and portraits of all the heroes of the foot regiments, Guards excepted, it having been the military artist's fad that "he must draw 'the Line' somewhere," and so he drew it here. There is a tree in the garden. The naval-military warriors sit in its boughs, or a party of them take the helm all to themselves. With the veterans the favourite actor was KEELEY, and their liveliest author, STERNE. The clearest notion of their mixed service may be obtained by watching these heroes' movements at CHRISTIE'S, the Auctioneers', when they march round during a sale.

NEW RIVER.—In accordance with the proverb which recommends provision for a rainy day, so the City of London has done well—done several wells, including Sadler's—in providing the New River, which is always kept in reservoirs, to supply the place of the Old River, whenever the latter may be too old for use, or may run dry

—which would be a curious sight—or when it may run out, and not run back again. President the Earl of TANKERVILLE.

NOTTING HILL.—Originally spelt Knotting Hill, as being the place celebrated for marriages. At the churches the chorus to the Hymeneal Hymn used to be—

"We're all Knotting,
Knit, knit, Knotting."

NURSES.—(See FOOT SOLDIERS, LIFE-GUARDSMEN, and other PERAMBULATORS.)

OLYMPIC THEATRE.—In Wych Street, but in what line of theatrical business, has been lately a trifle uncertain. At present it is wearing out its old Pinafore. The management is a trifle bothered by legal difficulties just now—perhaps be-*uych'd*.

OPERA COMIQUE.—Where the first Pinafore was produced. Both Pinafores have to be washed in public, which is a pity.

ORIENTAL CLUB.—A hot 'un. Every room is up to 150° in the shade. Turkish-Baths-Smoking-Room. The Committee sit on carpets cross-legged, taking coffee and hubble-bubbles. At the ballot, out of compliment to the Orientals, an unsuccessful candidate is white-balled. The waiters salaam—they say "lamb and mint sauce" in summer—and are deeply respectful. The only qualification for a Native Oriental, beyond being a Rajah, is to have been a regular little Oriental Pickle in his boyhood. In the Hot House of the Club there is a fine show of Picca-lillies in full blossom. The rules of the card-room are elastic, being made principally of India Rubber. If a person wishes to interrupt one of a whist party, he is bound to preface his observations with "I beg your pardon, I don't want to *inder yer rubber*," when he will receive instant attention.

ORLEANS CLUB.—Has a town house and a country house, and subscription to each entitles a Member to be in both places at once. The advantages of the country house at Twickenham are numerous. Any Member wishing to sleep there, can do so by giving notice to the Committee forty-eight hours before he wants to go to bed, when he will be put up—for ballot, and, if approved of by the House Committee, he will have a bed-room given to him, the Committee will precede him down the passage with lighted candles, will bring him a bath, boot-jack, and towels, will sing him to sleep with a lullaby outside his door, and wake him with a madrigal—a very mad-rigal—at an early hour in the morning. In the town house sleeping accommodation is only provided in the chairs, and it is not necessary for a Member to give the Committee forty-eight hours' notice of his intention of going to sleep in the first vacant chair.

OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE CLUB.—All the female servants obliged to wear caps and gowns. Valuable map on the dining-room wall illustrating "The Course of the Don." It seems to be a little irregular, but this is probably after leaving the old port. The word "wrange," or "rangle," is here applied to sounding bells. Any servant, for instance, in answering a summons will inquire, "I beg your pardon, Sir, did you rangle?" There is a sort of military-Household-Troops' air about the place, which comes from the fact that the united Oxford and Cambridge men must represent "The Blues." In spite of this, the Club is never dull. The Members constantly speak of one another in various terms,—the summer terms being the pleasantest.

OYSTERS.—Open to the public from September to the end of April.

PALL MALL.—Various pronounced either as "Paul Maul" (perhaps some ancestor of PAUL MERRITT, author of *New Babylon*—but who wants a "New Baby loan" except at a Baby Farm?), or else as "Pal Mal," signifying the place to meet a "Bad Pal." It is also pronounced as if spelt "Pell Mell," which implies a regular head-long rowdy sort of place. Affected people call it "Pill Mill," but there are not sufficient chemists' and druggists' shops there to justify the title.

PAYMASTER-GENERAL'S OFFICE, WHITEHALL.—Open to the public every Saturday. The head official is called "Nunky." Over the door is the motto, "Nunky pays for all." Anybody entering between eleven and two will be attended to, and all his bills paid. No more *Tick-douloureux*!

PICCADILLY.—Formerly the great farmyard of London. Here in the morning the pigs used to be fed, and Mrs. BOND, of Bond Street, would be heard inviting the ducks with her memorable refrain of

Dilly, Dilly, Dilly,
Come and be killed!

The combination of pigs and poultry gave it its name of "Piggy-dilly." On the removal of the horses, which were the last to go from the yard, the "gee gee" in the name was taken out, and "see! see!" indicative of a novelty, was introduced. It is now Piccadilly.

POLICE.—(See one—when wanted.)

POLICE COURT.—*Thieves Caught* is more important. (For POLICE COURT, see COOKS, HOUSEMAIDS, AREA-RAILS, &c.)



"TURNING HIS FLANK."

Mr. Brisket (the Butcher). "GOOD MORNING, MR. CHATTLES! YOU'RE A LAWYER, AND I WANT YOUR ADVICE. WHAT CAN I DO WITH A MAN WHOSE DOG STEALS SOME MEAT FROM MY SHOP?"

Mr. Chattles (the Lawyer). "DEMAND THE VALUE, OR SUMMON THE OWNER."

Mr. Brisket (triumphantly). "THEN I WANT SIX-AND-SIXPENCE FROM YOU, SIR, OR ELSE I'LL SUMMONS YER! YOUR DOG THERE RAN AWAY WITH A PIECE OF MUTTON O' THAT VALLEY FROM THESE PREMISES LAST NIGHT!"

Mr. Chattles. "HUM—AH—H'M! THEN IF YOU'LL HAND ME OVER TWOPENCE, WE SHALL JUST BE SQUARE, MR. BRISKET—AS MY FEE FOR CONSULTATION IS SIX-AND-EIGHTPENCE!!"

CONSTITUENCIES AND CADS.

It is, alas! but a nominal mistake which the *République Française* makes in stating, as a case parallel to the Humbert election, that—

"The late Mr. WHALLEY owed the suffrages of Peterborough to his extravagant pleadings in favour of the impostor ORTON, who tried to pass himself for Sir ROGER TICHBORNE."

This verbally erroneous assertion is only a little too hard upon the electors of Peterborough. They did not indeed, in the first instance, elect Mr. WHALLEY as their Member simply because he constituted himself the champion of the convict abovenamed. But they continued to elect him after he had made such a fool of himself—for Mr. WHALLEY was not a humbug. The constituency which really has deserved to be disfranchised for having returned a representative to Parliament for the express reason that he had advocated ORTON's pretensions, was, the *République Française* may as well be told, not that of Peterborough, but Stoke-upon-Trent. Its constituency are the stokers and pokers of the fire which blazes in the hustings speeches of Dr. KENEALY and the columns of that most Irish of weekly dreadfuls—the *Englishman*.

The Secretaries Sing.

"The latest development of the new South-African policy has been instantly condemned by all the Missionary Societies without exception."—*Morning Paper*.

CASH wanted to convert these Blacks accurst—
Five-pound subscriptions coming down to One!
And now, when things seemed really at their worst,
Into the bargain threatened with a Dunn!

DEMAND FOR ARMY DOCTORS.

(Don't they wish they may get them?)

WANTED, for employment as Medical Officers in the British Army, an adequate number of thoroughly well-educated physicians and surgeons, willing, on occasion, to expose their lives to the utmost danger in active service, without any expectation of receiving the Victoria Cross, or being otherwise distinguished or rewarded. They must have no objection to put up with indignity and neglect, be contented with an amount of pay not exceeding a sufficiency for their daily maintenance, and be prepared on their discharge to depend for their subsistence upon such private practice as they may hope to pick up by beginning the world again late in life. As the want of competent Army physicians and surgeons is just now very urgent, the supply being far from equal to the demand, immediate applications are confidently expected at the War Office.

Turn and Turn About.

PUNCH rejoices to hear that Lord HARTINGTON, on his visit to the North, has gone to stay with Lord DERBY. Let us hope Lord DERBY will in return stay with Lord HARTINGTON. Now two such good heads of the Upper Ten have come together, it would be a thousand pities they should part.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

Two valuable estates which only want to be better managed to realise a handsome profit—The Daira in Egypt, and the Dairy in England.



RATHER AWKWARD.

Young Rattleton Bragge (affably, to middle-aged Stranger, whom he finds alone in Browne's studio). "GOOD PICTURE, AIN'T IT! OLD STILTON'S BOUGHT IT—THE DUKE, YOU KNOW. BROWNE'S GOING DOWN TO STILTON TO SHOOT. WISH I COULD GO WITH HIM; BUT I'M BOOKED IN LONDON TILL CHRISTMAS—JUST MY LUCK! CAPITAL OLD BOY, STILTON! LOOKS LIKE AN OLD-CLOTHESMAN; GETS TIGHT AFTER DINNER; TELLS RUMMY STORIES; MAKES YOU ROAR! FINE OLD PLACE—CAPITAL SHOOTING! AWFUL JOLLY GIRLS, THE LADIES CAMEMBERT—NEARLY A DOZEN OF 'EM, ALL FRECKLED. DUCHESS TREMENDOUS MATCHMAKER—BAG YOU BEFORE YOU CAN SAY 'JACK ROBINSON,' IF YOU DON'T LOOK OUT! AWFUL FUN, THE OLD DUCHESS! D'YOU HAPPEN TO KNOW HER BY SIGHT?—SHINY RED NOSE, AND AS UNDER-HUNG AS A BULL-DOG—AH, HERE'S BROWNE AT LAST!"

Enter Browne, suddenly. "AH, BRAGGE, HOW ARE YOU? LET ME INTRODUCE YOU TO THE DUKE OF STILTON!"

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

(Sadler's Wells, and things in general.)

SIR,—I can't understand Helen MacGregor ever having been a great part, or Rob Roy ever a good play. It is not until the end of the Second Act that anyone can become interested in the characters, and it wants all the strength of name, and force of musical talent, to make such a couple of namby-pamby milkops as Francis Osbaldistone and Diana Vernon go down with an audience. At Sadler's Wells on the first night it was to have been wished, for their own sakes, that they could have "gone down" with, or without, the audience, and never re-appeared again. However, I dare say these blots, and that other old blot, Sir Frederick "wid a cold id 'is 'ed," are all wiped out now, and nothing remains but the manly bearing of Mr. WALTER BENTLEY as Rob Roy, the excellent acting of Mr. EDMUND LYONS as the Baillie, the artistically-played Dougal of Mr. R. LYONS—two Lyons in the same Show—"give ye good den, Gentlemen"—the sprightliness of Miss K. MILDENHALL as Mattie, and, finally, the statuesque poses and the clear declamation of Miss BATEMAN as Helen MacGregor.

The struggle between Rob Roy and his captors, and the fight between Captain Thornton and The

Dougal, were literally the hits of the piece, the latter combat being the best seen on the stage for many years. It looks absolutely dangerous. In these days, when Editor meets Editor, and the tug of war is expected, they could not do better than drop in at Sadler's Wells, and see how it is done. Mr. F. W. WYNDHAM gives us a finished picture of Captain Thornton, and Messrs. GORDON and HARFORD and JOHN O'CONNOR have given us equally well-finished pictures of Clachan of Aberfoyle—Heavens! what a name!—the Crackin of Tin-foil would have been more theatrical—Pass of Loch Ard (where the water is so 'ard, eh, 'ARRY?), and Loch Lomond by Moonlight.

In consequence of Mrs. BATEMAN having omitted to name the front scenes in the published programmes, I was a little startled on observing that the scene which followed "The Highland Landscape," and which, according to my playbill, ought to have been Loch Lomond, was the interior of some room with a "door in flat." At first it struck me that here was a new idea, and that we were to see the loch through the keyhole. However, on being informed that the omission was strictly in accordance with precedent, I was naturally satisfied. Sadler's Wells is well worth a visit during the run of Rob Roy Redivivus, which, like the Iron Chest, will, I fancy, not see the light again for many, many years—if ever. It would make a splendid opera, better than Lucy of Lammermoor, and how neither MACFARREN nor WALLACE seized on the subject is surprising.

7.45 is just a quarter of an hour too early for friends from a distance, though, apart from Hansoms and Growlers, the "Angel visits" made by the trams and omnibuses are neither few nor far between. May the Angel, only two hundred and fifty yards distant from the theatre, keep watch like the sweet little cherub perched up aloft over Mrs. BATEMAN and the family circle in the BATEMAN Family Theatre! So mote it be. By the way, when Mrs. BATEMAN wants a new pair of "wings," she will, of course, send to the Angel. It's a good thing, too, for the Angel, in the way of business, as more than one thirsty soul on leaving the theatre inquired, "Where the deuce is the Angel?" And to be told to "Go to the Angel" instead of—well—exactly the opposite, is pleasant for the inquirer's feelings, and, as said before, good for the Angel.

The Beaux' Stratagem at the Imperial has given place to the Poor Gentleman. They might be alternated, but no run can be expected for either of them.

Mr. WILSON BARRETT, at the Court, has appropriately launched Courtship, "underwritten" by H. J. BYRON, and, as I hope, "success insured."

There's much to see and hear: Italian Opera at Her Majesty's, and the shining RIVIÈRE flowing on at Covent Garden, where Mlle. HAMMAKERS (by her name Englishly pronounced) is making hay while the gas shines. Which is all at present from

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.



BRETHREN IN BLACK.

Stingy Parson. "YOUR CHARGE SEEMS A HIGH ONE, SWEEP. YOU EARN YOUR MONEY VERY EASILY!"

Sweep (with a grin). "YES, SIR, WE GEN'LEMEN O' THE 'CLOTH' DO, SIR! DON'T WE, SIR!"

DUNN ON BOTH SIDES.

(A Page from the Diary of an English Resident.)

Monday.—Up early. Put on my light summer native costume of ostrich feathers and cowtails. Joined hunting party of native neighbours. Killed an elephant. Assisted in eating him up raw. Accepted the entrails as *plat d'honneur*. Returned to residence for five o'clock tea. Assumed European costume, as I expected some Government officials to dinner. Had a pleasant chat with them about prospects of civilisation under the new Zulu Constitution.

Tuesday.—Got back into my cowtails for interview with Native Chief, who wants me to take part with him in a Missionary hunt. Told him it could not be permitted; and that, besides, it was superfluous, as I had driven them all out of the country. *Mem.*—To send any Reverend Gent I hear of within twenty miles of my boundary a hint he had better make himself scarce, as I can't answer for the Zulu Chiefs under me.

Wednesday.—Assumed official uniform, and attended European wedding just over the Natal border. Returned thanks for the bridesmaids.

Thursday.—Back again in my kraal. Inspected the new wives I bought last week. Afraid I have been cheated by my agent. At least three of them must be forty, if not upwards.

Friday.—Lunched *en grand tenue diplomatique* with a distinguished European traveller.

Saturday.—In cowtails. Joined in a war-dance with a few friends from the country.

Sunday.—Read prayers at home.

Monday.—Went out on the trail after an enemy of a friend of mine. Caught him in the bush, and disposed of him by summary process, strictly in accordance with the old Zulu law and custom, as prescribed in Sir GARNET's conditions. Two assegais through my best cowskin shield.

LEAVE AND NO LICENCE.

"THE Society for Improving Public Morals,"—whatever that may be,—had a grand field-day with the Magistrates last Friday, when the Oxford Music Hall was limited strictly to music without dancing, so that even a break-down now would break up their establishment,—when the Aquarium Manager was informed that appearances, in spite of there being so few fish in the tanks, were decidedly fishy, whereupon he took to his 'eels, with a sorrowing cry very like a wail; and then the blameless proprietor of the Argyll Rooms, was again told that his valuable property wouldn't be licensed, whether as a *guile* or a *guileless* Rooms, and he too left, expressing his intention of giving up his stall in Westminster Abbey, and probably feeling inclined to dean-ounce the Dean, and load the Canons with abuse, for having taken so successful a shot at him.

And then, O shade of dear old Paddy GREEN, always so up to snuff, and such a friend at a pinch, the licence was refused to EVANS'S!! Mr. AMOR applied, but the Amor-ous proceedings were against him, and henceforth the "*Chough and the Crow*" will seek another nest, and "*The Hardy Norseman*," who for so many years had his "house of yore" in Covent Garden, will be a homeless wanderer on shore, as, long ago, the Cider Cellars the "*C C*"—the *two seas*, were shut to this Ancient Mariner. Alas! poor hardy Norseman! The *Ars Amoris* has been fatal to you. To EVANS'S, farewell!—a long farewell!

A Worthy Peer.

ACCORDING to a French newspaper no worse informed than the *Liberté*:—

"Lord GLADSTONE arrived in Paris at 5 P.M. yesterday, and alighted at the Hôtel Bedford, where apartments had been engaged."

The foregoing announcement was probably made under the impression that the ex-Premier has been elevated to the House of Lords with the title of Baron GLADSTONE. Our Lutetian contemporary is evidently not aware that the style by which the present PRIME MINISTER has magnanimously advised HER MAJESTY to exalt his distinguished predecessor and rival to the Peerage,—an honour likely to be as gratefully accepted by the latter eminent Statesman as offered by the former,—is that of the Earl of HAWARDEN, pronounced HARD'UN.

THE HEALTH OF PHOEBUS.—Our Absent Friend!

Tuesday.—Rode over into Natal in *mufti*. Took tea with the nearest Magistrate. Had a pleasant game of lawn-tennis with his girls.

Wednesday.—Settled accounts with a tribe that owed me money for arms supplied previous to the last war. Wore my full suit of cowtail fringes, head-ring, and snuff-boxes in my ears, as a native chieftain.

Thursday.—Busy at office. Just in time to stop an importation of rifles at the frontier.

Friday.—Five out of six of last batch of wives no good. Got rid of them according to native law and custom.

Saturday.—Rode in to the Bachelors' Ball at Utrecht. Diplomatic uniform.

Sunday.—After family prayers, had a roast ox for supper, drank six buckets of Kaffir beer, and to bed in my war paint!

Long-Winded.

SEE the effect of the late matches against time in long spells of running, walking, and bicycle riding, at the Agricultural Hall! We now learn from the *Guardian* that—

THE Vicar of Basingstoke REQUIRES the AID of a PRIEST who can INTONE from Oct. 19 to Dec. 21, for the Remuneration of Three Guineas a Week.

Talk of wind! We doubt if this Intoner's lungs would not be more than a match for the bellows of the most enduring athlete ever backed by Sir JOHN ASTLEY.

Weighed in the Balance.

WHEN one of Society's Editors takes to another assaulting, Wretches who into Society's pale have no notion of vaulting, Say, with a snigger unfeeling they scarce make an effort to smother, Seems "case of six of the one, and half-dozen or so of the other."



THE FRENCH HORN.

AN OLD TUNE THROUGH A NEW INSTRUMENT.

THE PARNELL CODE.

ALL rents in future to be paid through Mr. PARNELL, who shall have power to make whatever abatement he may think proper in favour of the tenant, before handing over the balance (if any) to the landlord. The landlord to be at liberty to ask Mr. PARNELL's reasons.

All agreements between landlords and new tenants to be submitted to Mr. PARNELL for approval, and revision if he deem it necessary.

All landlords to subscribe to the funds of the new "Land League."

No tenant to be discharged from a farm without Mr. PARNELL's permission, and all arrears of rent to be considered as cancelled by such discharge; but the tenant to be compensated for improvements, their value to be assessed by Mr. PARNELL or his deputy.

Mr. PARNELL, or his deputy, to attend rent audits *ex officio*, and to have a casting vote in case of any division of opinion as to the reduction to be allowed to a tenant.

When the whole of the rent is paid, Mr. PARNELL to dictate a suitable letter of acknowledgment from the landlord to the tenant.

Mr. PARNELL will always be ready to accept invitations to shoot with landlords, and can arrange to stay for dinner and bed.

So long as the present anomalous system exists of tenants paying rent to landlords, Mr. PARNELL will at all times be willing to advise landlords on their duties and responsibilities to their tenants, and on the most effectual method of conciliating them, either by total remission, or by the grant of long leases—say, for a term of ninety-nine years—at a nominal annual acknowledgment.

Mr. PARNELL (or his deputy) will be glad to see any landlord who may wish to consult him how best to secure the goodwill and

VIEWS THROUGH THE INTERVIEWER.

ENCOURAGED by the reception given to the publication of an interview between "Lord" GLADSTONE and a French reporter, a foreign journalist has called upon Mr. Punch, with the following result:—

Reporter. You have read the speeches of GLADSTONE in the *Gaulois* and the *Télegraphe*?

Mr. Punch. I have.

Reporter. You have learned nothing new from their perusal?

Mr. Punch. Certainly not. Mr. GLADSTONE's opinions upon all subjects have been for a long time public property.

Reporter. Having reached the great age of two thousand numbers, doubtless you are well up in the events of the day?

Mr. Punch. Very well.

Reporter. What is the chief characteristic of Sir WILFRID LAWSON?

Mr. Punch. That he warmly supports the Permissive Bill.

Reporter. Lord BEACONSFIELD, too, is fond of what has been called an "Imperial Policy"?

Mr. Punch. You have reason for your assertion.

Reporter. I am right in believing that the greatest Sage of this or any age resides at 85, Fleet Street?

Mr. Punch. Unquestionably.

Reporter. And that JOHN BULL is a worthy person who is frank to a fault, and hates humbug in all its shades?

Mr. Punch. Yes.

Reporter. Lastly, I would ask whether there is any truth in the report that Her Majesty Queen ANNE is dead?

Mr. Punch. You are quite right. Queen ANNE is dead!

The Reporter then retired, deeply sensible of the value of the information he had elicited.

Padding.

It must be very difficult to supply paragraphs of news daily fresh and fresh. The other day there was one headed "Mysterious Affair at Hampstead." This was sensational. So was the story of a man wounded in the leg, and conveyed on a stretcher to the police-station. What a chance for the reporter! But it finished with—"No weapon was found. The injured man, who was sent to the hospital, was very uncommunicative." The reporter might have added, "and ungrateful," as he was evidently deeply annoyed at the wounded man's inconsiderate and selfish conduct. *Il faut vivre.*

attachment of his tenantry, on any of those days when he is not engaged at an agitation meeting.

Mr. PARNELL will be ready to accompany any landlord or his agent on a visit to his tenants, but with the stipulation that the landlord (or agent) shall consent to the terms which Mr. PARNELL and the tenant have previously agreed upon as fair and reasonable.

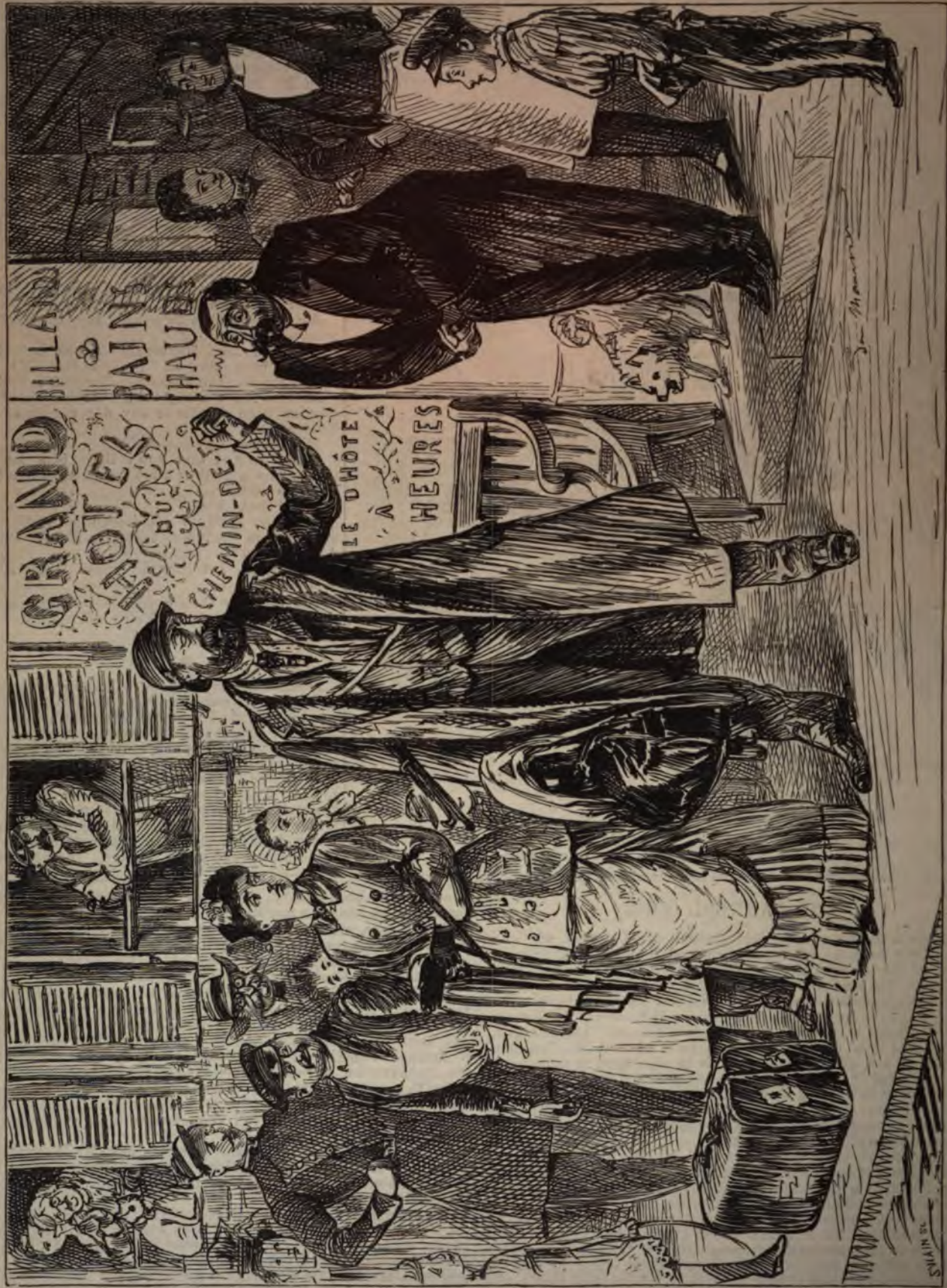
Mr. PARNELL will offer no obstruction to a landlord wishing to call upon a tenant alone, with a view to see how he is managing his farm, in what state the farm-buildings are, and what crops and stock are on the land, provided the tenant has had at least a fortnight's notice of the intended visit, and has signified to Mr. PARNELL that he has no objection to seeing his landlord.

Mr. PARNELL would be glad to accompany landlords or their agents when they drive through their properties, and only regrets that his projected visit to America will prevent him from joining in such excursions.

Any landlord who may desire to accompany Mr. PARNELL to America is requested to communicate with him without delay, and to state the sum he is prepared to contribute towards the expenses of the Mission.

Any differences arising between landlords and tenants can stand over till Mr. PARNELL's return; but landlords wishing for Mr. PARNELL's advice while he is away in the United States, are at liberty to despatch cable messages to him, provided the answer is prepaid. If preferred, Mr. BRIGGS, who will act as Mr. PARNELL's deputy in his absence, will be happy to advise landlords.

N.B.—Mr. PARNELL will not be answerable for any consequences of any movement he may be connected with.



THE TIME-HONOURED BRITISH THREAT.

Indignant Anglo-Saxon (to Provincial French Innkeeper, who is joining his thanks for the final settlement of his exorbitant and much-disputed account). "Oh, oui, Mossoo! pour la matière de ça, se paye! Mais juste vous regardez toi, mon ami! Et juste—vous—manquez—vous—Mots! Je paye—mais je mets la 'Times'!"



THE SCIENTIFIC CORPS.

Colonel (sternly, pointing to large Cobweb in a corner of the Stables). "WHAT D'YE CALL THAT, SIR?"

Young Subaltern (fresh from the Academy). "THAT, SIR, IS THE WEB OF THE *ARACHNIDA SEDENTARIA DOMESTICA*, OR COMMON HOUSE-SPIDER. WE CONQUER HIM DURING THE DAY, SIR, BUT HE GETS THE BETTER OF US AT NIGHT. HE IS CONSIDERED A MODEL OF PERSEVERANCE! OF COURSE, SIR, YOU REMEMBER THE STORY OF BRUCE AND—"

[Exit Colonel, hastily, muttering something about the "Service going"—somewhere.]

LOVE AND WEDLOCK IN SALUTERRA.

(From a Romance of A.D. 2054.)

THE sun was setting with well-tempered warmth—for even the orb of day had learnt moderation in this Region of the Blest—over the scientifically-constructed and thoroughly sanitised houses,—five houses to the acre, and five inmates to the house,—of Richard-sonopolis, the capital of Saluterra. The children were singing scientific part-songs in the snow-white and spacious streets as they trooped merrily home from the school that was delight, or exercised their muscles in friendly rivalry on comfortably padded bicycles. Few grown persons were visible. The *élite* of both sexes—and nine out of ten of the inhabitants were included under the title—having finished their æsthetic or scientific occupations of the earlier day, were now engaged in their lighter occupations, some of composing operas and ballets, others of writing plays, perfect in conception, faultless in construction, flawless in taste, and consummate in expression. Lions and tigers, their native ferocity transformed to gentleness by the refining influences about them, were giving their willing aid to the rougher work inseparable from even Saluterranean agriculture, leaving its lighter tasks to the lower order of the inhabitants,—lower, but yet how lofty!

The one unfortunate Saluterranean at that moment *hors de combat*—if indeed such existence can be called a combat—from the accident of a sprained ankle at foot-ball, was being pleasantly fanned back to health in the luxurious retreat appropriated to the few pensioners of the commonwealth who had occasion to accept the freely proffered benefits of its superior accommodation, consummate nursing, and scientifically studied dietary. What need of medicine under the beneficent operations of the sanitary conditions of Saluterra?

Reclining on a scientifically inclined couch, in the shady and fragrant garden crowning the roof of her father's spacious mansion, tired out with toying with her pet of the period, a domesticated young

elephant, lay the fair IDALIA—a ripening maiden of some forty summers. At her side stood a table with the evening meal of luscious fruits and cunningly-prepared cereals, pulse, and fresh garden produce. On her lap lay an open volume of *The Sanitary Retrospect*, from which she turned from time to time to toy with a morsel of dainty cream-cheese, nibble at a fairy slice of bread and honey, or partake lazily from a plate of strawberries immersed in the richest cream,—for the cows, too, in this happy land, paid tribute to the blessedness of the place, turning out on the average ten pounds of butter by the week, or, when their produce was consumed in the liquid form, the milk of three pints of cream daily. To such more perfected perfection had the natural lactiferousness of the Alderney been carried by the system of Saluterra, and the confidence engendered by the knowledge that the butcher was banished from this Happy Land!

"Strange!" she murmured, as she lifted her eye from her book, "that little more than two hundred years ago the world should have been so benighted! Fancy a land—one, too, claiming the first place in the civilisation of that day—in which Government offices, politicians, sailors, soldiers, doctors, and butchers could find a living! And the ladies' dresses, too!—so utterly unsanitary, if not quite unbecoming, to judge from that curious old record, *Le Follet*." And she turned from the quaint reproductions of tie-backs and gipsy-bonnets to glance over her own well-considered costume, which included an easy blouse, ample trousers, and suspenders, brightly embroidered with sanitary *gnomes*, crossing on back and breast.

At this moment a light but masculine step sounded on the scagliola stairs which led up to the aerial garden. IDALIA coloured, as, raising her eyes, she exclaimed, rather sharply than sweetly, "So! Here you are again!"

"Yes, here I am again!" sighed the new-comer as he dropped into a seat at her side. He was a gallant youth, of some forty-five, in the prime of early manhood. "And could I help it? In vain all the curious Crustaceans, the many-hued Molluscs, the ravishing Radiata, strove to woo me to their arms during my lonely submarine rambles, in my self-aërating subaqueous suit, along the floors of the

great seas! In spite of them, in spite of myself, behold me once more at your feet, to tell you that I love you—love you as near distraction as in this happy land a man can go."

"How often have I told you," replied the maiden, in a tone of calm yet cutting reproof, "that you are yet too young for such words! Back to school, boy, and there cultivate your mind and develope your muscular system, till both are nearer that maturity which alone fits a man's heart to bear the beating of the strong tide of passion."

"Cruel girl!" sadly exclaimed the scientific but sorely-smitten young man, "you presume upon your two-score years. But I am answered. Your heart is given to another—that MAC-MOSES!" And he ground his teeth in the convulsive agony of jealous rage. And ere the tell-tale blush had faded from her cheek, the poor lad had flung down the stairs, with the irregular step of one who could already feel, if he could not analyse, the exquisite pain of the tender passion.

"Poor boy!" murmured IDALIA, half regretfully. "But how can he hope to rival in my heart my own hero!—the MACMOSES, that model of mixed race—the man of fourscore!"

As she uttered these glowing words, ATHELSTAN MAC-MOSES—the Hero of her dream—as though called up in the flesh by her passionate apostrophe—stood before her, stately and shapely, symmetrical and serene. Dashing from his lofty brow the triple hat which bespoke his pride in his Hebrew origin, he flung himself upon his knees before her.

"My gallant Highlander!" softly murmured the enamoured girl, as her eye wandered admiringly over the full suit of tartan and cairn-gorms, the garb of old Gaul, which set off his shapely limbs, "you at my feet, and stooping to my hand!"

"My own IDALIA!" he answered, proudly but passionately, "I worship you with all the blended fervour of a blood in which—thanks to the admirable breeding arrangements of this favoured land—the perfervid genius of the Celt and the sublime enthusiasm of the Hebrew blend with the stalwart endurance and healthy animalism of the Saxon."

"My own mixed one!" she whispered, in a voice hardly audible from soft emotion; and then starting up suddenly, as another step resounded on the garden-stair, and a well-preserved elderly gentleman of a hundred-and-twenty appeared on the terrace roof, she exclaimed, "My father—the MACMOSES. You come in the nick of time. You know my heart. He has just revealed his. Bless us, oh my father!" And with these simple words she had presented the mature Man of eighty to the enduring Elder of six score.

The proud parent, to whom the name and fame of MACMOSES were well known, exclaimed, as he stretched over their bowed heads hands in which no palsy of age was yet to be detected, "Bless you, my children!"

And the happy two were a still happier one!

So short, so sweet, were Love and Wedlock in Saluttera!

A Conditional Science.

THE new College, Ridley Hall, of which the cornerstone was laid the other day, is said to be designed to teach scientific theology. Some theology of course is orthodox; but if there are theologies professed by Doctors who differ, and Professors who excommunicate one another, which theology, please your Reverences, is the scientific one? For those even who believe its axioms, and grant its postulates, can any theology be more of a science than Heraldry?

Conjectural Emendation.

(For the new Shakspeare Society.)

"The time is out of joint!"

HAMLET had just been telling his comrades how poor a man he was, and then he invites them into the house. He fears that he shall not be able to provide for them a suitable feast. Indeed, so great had been the scarcity in the royal larder, that the funeral baked meats had been served up cold to furnish forth the marriage-tables. Struck by this thought, the Prince exclaims—

"The time is out of joints!"

A VOICE FROM THE WEST.



GOD! MEASTER PUNCH,
OUR young Measter
Hon'able DICK, 'at I
twold 'e we'd meade an
M.P.,

Is me Lord's woldest son,
an' zum day a gurt noble
hissel' 'e wull be;

Not a word 'gin his kin will
I zay, vor th' zeake o'
th' days that be gone,

When his ancestors own'd
dtheüs estate, an' mine
till'd th' varm I be on;

But I wonder ef they were
zo whindlen, th' warriors
hung up in Hall,

Lookin' ruddy among th'
vine Ladies' white
bosoms and waistes zo
small?

Ef they were, then th' pic-
turs be valsehoods, an'
young Measter Hon'r-
able DICK

To be gaffer an' gran'fer
may live, ef a maiden
vor wife 'e can pick:

An' buxom young Ladies 'e mid have, I be'twold, 'just by jerkin' his thumb,
Tho', go's-truth! no stouter his loins be than th' hoops of a ha'penny drum!
There's noo harm in un,—no, not a bit! but between you an' I an' the post,
Ef ye talk to un e'r a bit ser'ous, 'bout bus'n'ess, 'e zeems kinder lost,—
When I show'd un dthick prize piece o' turmets, 'e zes, lookin' wise as ye please,
"Ah! how many boil'd wegs o' mutton will it take to get rid of all these?"

Me Lord 'e were right in a-zendin' th' young gent to sit i' th' House,
Ef 'twere only to teach un fine manners, an' gi'e un a zest vor th' grouse;
There's nothin' do gi'e zuch a relish vor spoort as a brisk spell o' work:
An' t' Hon'able DICK 'e worked hard stan'in' up vor th' unspeakable Turk.

Yes! night a'ter night, he do tell us, th' party i' Parli'ment zat,
Ev'ry man o' 'em pers'nally present, or a-zavin' a zeat wi' his hat,
An' a-strugglin' till daylight i' marnin', dividin', dividin', like sleaves,
A-kippin' BRITANYER triumphant, an' a-rulin' vor ever the weaves!
It do vire up oon's heart in a glow, min, t' zee th' gurt lords o' th' soil
Devotin' th'ir sons i' th' Senate, vor th' good o' dtheüs nation, to toil!
When our M.P. 'd a-served th' last Session, 'e com' hwome, as't mid be, vrom
school,

An' his face had a-lost dthick expression had caus'd voke to call un a fool;
'E look'd sterner, an' deeper, an' darker, an' fix'd his eye-glass wi' a frown,
Like a bwold knight returnin' vrom battle, or a po-lis vrom puttin' 'em down.
Well! as up to Gurt Hall I were gone, as it mid be to learn o' his fame,
I'd a-scarce cross'd the coöurt when his voice, out o' winder, were callin' me
name;

"Come in, SMA'BONE! How do! Sit you down! Take a drink! Have a weed!
How's y'r wife?"

Never treated mwore friendly was I; never velt mwore at hwome i' me life!
In his own noble smoke-room 'e zat,—ne'r bit proud, an' zo gracious, an' free,
Ev'ry inch o'n a gentleman born,—an' such kind condescension to me!
He'd a-gotten th' lads vrom th' steables, an' un or two vellars i' plush,
A-gi'in' o'em a slight recreation, combin'd wi' tobaccar an' lush,
An' the laughter 'e rais'd were tremenjus, as his au'jence th' tactics beheld
By which th' Young Englander party th' Radical cats had a-bell'd!
'Twern't by speakin'; "Such arguin' 's useless," as 'e zaid, "with an obstinate
crew;

To give them a chance to chop logic, 's not the game that our side had in view."
But th' row 'e did raise were a caution, as he show'd us th' right zort o' trick,
Th' cheerin', th' groanin', th' whistlin' wo'd th' lungs o' a steam-engine lick!
He o'd bray like an ass to th' life; an' his meowlin', like Tom on th' tiles,
W'd 'a' fetched all th' Tabbies t' hear un, ef 'e'd tried it, I do think, vor
miles;

Then t' zee how 'e draw'd hisself up, zo t' speak, wi' his back to th' rock,
An' his face to th' foe, an' his eyes shut, a-crowin' like a gallant game-cock!
'Twas a frolic I sha'n't soon forget;—but WILL COX, when I met un next day,
Made remarks, after hearin' me story, most cruel I really must say:
He cried shame on th' system o' puttin' young swells up t' howl an' t' screech
At orators parlous to touch, or reply to by fair honest speech.

"An' t' think," zed 'e, lookin' severe, "while these dandies are having their day,
OF TH' GOLD AND TH' YOUNG PRECIOUS LIVES SO STUPIDLY SQUANDER'D AWAY!"

JERE SMALLBONE.

AN IRISH CONTRADICTION.—In Ireland it is very difficult to get twelve men
to agree to a verdict in Agrarian cases. And yet the class from which the Juries
are taken evidently make a careful study of JURY'S prudence!

THE LORD MAYOR'S SHOW BY ANTICIPATION.

PUNCH having heard that the Lord Mayor's Procession this year was to have many original features, has interviewed that mysterious functionary the Clerk of the Hanaper, and is now able to furnish the following programme, which may safely be accepted as that "DARLING'S correct card," and no mistake.

FOUR Policemen, three abreast.
The Band of the City Fire Brigade (each man playing on his own hose).
Alderman NOTTAGE proving a negative.
The Commissioners of Sewers taking a drain—the Chairman as Cloacinus Maximus.
Sir W. ARMSTRONG, with the Woolwich Infant, singing,
"Hush thee, my Baby!"
The Company of Salters, led by the Shades of TATE and BRADY.
The Lord Nose—who looking for the Lord Nose-what.
The Company of Cricketers, led by the Three GRACES, singing catches.
The Band of the Company playing selections from "Un Ballo,"
One Policeman, arm-in-arm.
Alderman WHITE and Deputy GREY in Court Costume.
The London Rueful Brigade led by the Band of the Blues.
The most Designing Person in the Corporation, the City Architect.
Mrs. JONES with the latest edition of HORACE.
The Company of Accountants and Liquidators, as *figurantes*,
Dancing to their favourite instrument, the loot.
Led by Deputy WADDELL, from Alderman's Walk.
Alderman STONE doing a gin-sling.
All the little STONES, looking very glad STONES.
The Company of Barber-Surgeons, with a mixed Band
of Medical, Surgical, and Optical instruments.
The Civic Merry-Andrew and his pocket-companion, Joseph Miller,
Cracking old jokes and debasing the moral currency.
The Company of Spectacle-Makers distributing isinglass.
The H.A.C. Mounted Volunteers—
With their Band playing "Let me like a Soldier fall."
Alderman ROSE—born to blush unseen, but never saw it.
The Company of Dyers, led by Ex-Sheriff BROOKE as Duke of Magenta.
His banner bearing the device, "Ain't I fat upon Aniline?"
Two Middlesex Artillerymen forming hollow square.
Professors TYNDALL, DARWIN, and HUXLEY, singing
"Oh dear, what can the matter be?"
The Company of Fishmongers, marching to their cast-o'-nets.
Three Policemen in double column.
The Company of Wheelwrights, their offspring turning coachwheels.
The Corn Meters, the Coal Meters, the Gas Meters,
The Toxophi-lights, Electric-lights, and other luminaries.
The Company of Brewers, singing a Bass Chorus, accompanied by
ONE HUNDRED BARREL ORGANS.
A detachment of one Militia Officer, with great command over himself.
Messrs. PARNELL, BIGGAR, and O'CONNOR POWER, chanting
"The Three Chafers."
The Great City Marshal.
The Small City Marshal, as Spurious Horatius, singing
"I'm the cocky Common Councilman of Farringdon Without!"
The Common Crier cackinnating.
Pages from the Chapter of St. Paul's.
A Company of City Horse Marines (limited).
Ex-Lord Mayor WHETHAM gliding into oblivion,
Preceded by his Wet-Blanket.
That imposing Body of men the Deputy Lieutenants of the City,
In full military fig, performing involuntary sword-dances.
TRACY TURNERELLI,
On a White Elephant, in pink fleshings, wearing The Wreath,
And singing, "Oh! dear, what shall I do with it?"
The Lord of Burleigh quoting Dogberry.
Farmers' Wives and Daughters writing him down accordingly.
The Poetical Remains of Alderman COTTON.
The Company of Merchant Tailors, led by Mr. TRUEFIT.
Sir JOHN BENNETT,
Intoning "My Grandfather's Clock," and putting a good face upon it.
The City Coroner, singing "Gin a body meet a body."
The great Sir MARTIN TUPPER CARDEN as King SOLOMON.
Escorted by his admirers, the Constituency of Bridge Ward Without.
THE RIGHT HON. THE LORD MAYOR,
SIR FRANCIS TRUSCOTT,
Combining the light of an OWDEN with the sweetness of a WHETHAM.
Elected by some two hundred persons in Dowgate.
To shine for one year in the borrowed light of three and a half millions.
Banners of the City Arms. Banners of the City Legs.
Banners of the City Corporation.
All the German and Brass Bands from within the Twenty-mile
Radius.

A SONG OF "SALUTLAND."

AIR—"Kenn'st du das Land?"



Know'st thou that land where food is Nature's boon
To them that use nor knife nor fork nor spoon—
"Terra salutis"—Land we'd fain salute,
Where butcher-meat is dropped for herbs and fruit?
Know'st thou that land? Go there! Go there!
And live a hundred years on that mild fare.

Know'st thou that land, content with water clear,
Whose people drink no spirits, wine, nor beer;
Tobacco neither smoke, nor snuff, nor chew,
So ne'er with nicotine their blood imbue?
Know'st thou that land? Go there! Go there!
And live a hundred years as those folk fare.

Know'st thou that land whose population browse
Aloft, among the glad green of the boughs;
Land of banana, palm, and bread-fruit tree,
Where Soko swings and climbs the Chimpanzee?
Know'st thou that land? Go there! Go there!
And live on Chimpanzee's and Soko's fare.

Know'st thou that land where minor monkeys hang
Hard by their long-armed lord, Orang-outang,
From twigs depending by prehensile tails,
Whilst them the cocoa-nut with milk regales?
Know'st thou that land? Go there! Go there!
And live a hundred years on apish fare.

Know'st thou that land? Do there as there they do,
Teetotaller and Vegetarian too,
Thou and thy children, brood succeeding brood,
Subsist on those our poor relations' food.
Know'st thou that land? Go there! Go there!
And try high thinking on low living there.

Know'st thou that land? Think there what change might be
Wrought by ape-diet on thy posterity—
Developed, in their intellects and shapes,
Back to anthropoid and ancestral apes.
Know'st thou that land? Go there! Go there!
And centenarian prog with Simians share.

CUSTODIRE CUSTODES.

WHAT Sir GARNET will want to keep the Transvaal quiet:—a Pretorian Guard. But that will be according to Imperial Precedent.



THE HEIGHT OF ÆSTHETIC EXCLUSIVENESS.

Mamma. "WHO ARE THOSE EXTRAORDINARY-LOOKING CHILDREN?"

Effie. "THE CIMABUE BROWNS, MAMMA. THEY'RE ÆSTHETIC, YOU KNOW!"

Mamma. "SO I SHOULD IMAGINE. DO YOU KNOW THEM TO SPEAK TO?"

Effie. "OH DEAR NO, MAMMA—THEY'RE MOST EXCLUSIVE. WHY, THEY PUT OUT THEIR TONGUES AT US IF WE ONLY LOOK AT THEM!"

"COCK-A-DOODLE-DOO!"—"SONGS BEFORE SUNRISE."

It is yet gloom around us,
The day-spring seems slow;
The clouds that have bound us
Lie still dark and low;
But we hear the cocks crowing,
And know 'tis a sign
That the night-time is going,
The sun will soon shine.
Could the cocks' shrill view-holloa
The sun rouse from bed,
Long ere this had Apollo
Un-night-capped his head;
But if day through night's curtain
Be struggling to get,
'Tis only too certain
It's not daylight yet.
Yet the verge shows a glimmer
To weatherwise sight,
Though the dark may seem dimmer
By contrast with light.
East and West, from day's borders,
And night's, far and nigh,
The cocks, their pens' warders,
Lift challenging cry.
There's Hatfield's black rooster—
The bird for a show!—
Might his foe's feathered crew stir,
Were combat all crow!
His spurs bravely shown are,
And big is his bruit—
In thy Garden, Pomona,—
With more flowers than FRUIT!

But fruit can't be looked for
This year of offence;
And what *this* cock is booked for,
Is sound and not sense.
Brag and blooms in high-flung hill
So Manchester showeth,
We scarce see or smell dunghill
For fragrance and flowers!
There's the Stanley cock—famous
His breed round Chat Moss;
And the Eccles Cross—game as
He'd ne'er fought a Cross.
There's the Northcote red-hackle,
Who shews sparring sleight,
But lacks "devil" to tackle
A foe in hard fight.
Still, whate'er they're at fighting,
They're all game to crow—
To *that* now they're inviting,
All round, friend and foe.
Plucky cocks, and cocks cheeky,
And cock'rels more fit
To make cocky-leeky
Than peg in a pit.
With bodies a-tiptoe,
And throats on the strain,
All for fight spurred and clipt, oh
They *look* fighting fain.
As, from Bantam to Cochins,
From Dunghill to Game,
They herald approaching
Election-day's flame.

But 'tis not one side only
Breeds birds for the pit;
What were crowing, if lonely
The challengers sit?
Cock-a-doodles breed echoes,
And strut prompts to strut,
And each pecker finds peckers,
Each comb combs to cut.
There's the Bright burly game-cock,
Of tough Rochdale strain,
Prompt to prove he's the same cock
That won many a main.
He's old, you may tell us,
But his heart is as good
As when, big of bellows,
His crow bespoke blood.
And there in the distance,
Preparing to crow—
The soul of resistance
To BEAKY & Co.—
The old cock of Ha'rden,
The Cock of the Walk,
Midlothian's yard in
Will soon "toe the chalk"!
There's the Devonshire Ginger,
Of challenge less loud,
But his spur is a swinger
By judges allowed.
Oxford's cock well I ween has
No foe he deigns fear,
And his steel is as keen as
His clarion is clear.

There's the Pomfret game-chicken,
Australian-bred,
Not for show but keen pricken'
His spurs bear a head;
While the Elgin-Burgh Bantam,
That red-hackle bright,
As in crow he'll out-rant 'em,
Will out-face in fight.

But whate'er these cocks' colour,
Or backers or breed,
Crow they sharper or duller,
With more brass or reed,

Don't let JOHN BULL on wrong quest
Plain common sense shirk,
Mistake Crowing for Conquest,
Big Word for big Work.

At their own value never
Take cock more than man;
Dullest chief may show clever
Amidst his own clan.
On his own dunghill hoisted,
What bird cannot crow?
With others' wind foisted,
Weak lungs far will go.

Less for fighting than feeding,
JOHN BULL keeps his pens,
So should count worth and breeding
Of cocks as of hens:
Reckon up the egg-batch that
Goes down to their score,
And of chickens the hatch that
They bring his barn-door!

NOT MUCH OF A CHANGE. — (After some late Irish Meetings). — The Member for Louth—MR. ZULUVAN.

LEMON-AID TO LONG LIFE.



DR. RICHARDSON, founder of Hygeiapolis, and discoverer of Salut-land, is a great makrobiotik sage, but Dr. WILHELM SCHMOELE, Professor of Pathology and Graduate of Bonn University, it must be confessed, is a greater. For if Dr. RICHARDSON has discovered how to prolong life to six-score, Dr. SCHMOELE has found out the way to lengthen it indefinitely, and by a much shorter cut. For to reach Dr. RICHARDSON's six-score, men must submit themselves to the discipline of Hygeiapolis, and become un-naturalised citizens of Salut-land, where butcher's meat is prohibited, and politics forbidden. Think of JOHN BULL without his beef, and his belligerent Press and Parties!

But to reach the indefinite stretch of life promised us by Dr. SCHMOELE, we have only to eat lemons enough. According to the report in the *Daily Telegraph*, here is the quantum of citric acid that will pickle the constitution against the decay of age, and make our bodies so sour that Time's teeth will take no hold of them:—

"To ladies over forty and under fifty, commencing the citronian system, Dr. SCHMOELE prescribes two lemons per diem, whilst gentlemen between those ages must 'assimilate' at least three lemons daily. Between fifty and sixty, the dose for ladies is set down at three, for gentlemen at four lemons a day. One lemon more per diem is ordained to each sex for every additional decade, so that centenarians must consume, if women, their eight lemons daily—if men, no fewer than nine."

Some men may say, "Come death, rather than nine lemons per diem!" They may prefer the grave, with all its possibilities, doubts, and darkness, to squeezing such an infusion of sour, if not bitters, in their cup of too long life. They would, in fact, rather welcome the undertaker's ghastly mockery of woe and the toll of the funeral bell than a life thus acidified to the tune of "Oranges and Lemons!"

HIGH SHRIEVALTY REFORM.

RIGHT WORSHIPFUL MR. PUNCH,

GENTLEMEN who let fly at grievances in public prints should fire with arms of precision—shouldn't they? Is it certain that this rule has been quite respected by a Correspondent of the *Times*, who complains of the exactions which he says await those who are condemned to serve the office of High Sheriff?

"The gentleman who immediately preceded me in my office," (writes "R. S. P.") "was fined £500 by the Chief Baron, for lodging his Lordship at the first hotel in the town—his own residence being more than thirty miles distant, and no suitable private residence could be had on any terms in the assize town."

Atrocious, if true. But when, if ever, was this enormity committed? What English Judge capable of anything so outrageous has existed since Judge JEFFREYS—and was JEFFREYS ever Chief Baron?

No doubt a High Sheriff is laden with heavy charges. Very likely High Sheriffs are of no use. Still, *Mr. Punch*, I hope we may trust a Conservative Government not to be prevailed upon by the clamour of a poverty-stricken aristocracy to abolish the ancient and venerable office of High Sheriff. Why should the office be limited to owners of the soil? Let it at once be thrown open to large manufacturers, big brewers, and other wholesale business men, and even to ordinary shopkeepers sufficiently wealthy—grocers and tea-dealers, linen-draper, and tailors. Sir, I myself am the proprietor of extensive artificial manure works, and I pay, I suppose, about ten times as much Income-tax as my neighbour, Sir GEOFFREY GASCOIGNE, with his encumbered estate, most of it bare acres. He can derive no additional consequence from being High Sheriff, and he can't afford it, whereas I can, and the appointment would give me *prestige*, besides answering the purpose of a capital advertisement for the concern conducted by

Yours truly,
TRIPLE PHOSPHATE.

COLD COMFORT.

AUSTRIA held by BISMARCK's heavy hand
In an "offensive and defensive 'band,'"
Not free to wink, or think, to stir or stay,
But as he points his "blood and iron" way;
The German Zollverein strict, stern, emphatic,
Stretching from Baltic sea to Adriatic;
And JOHN BULL left to twirl an idle thumb,
When his wares are shut out where German come.
One will, one word, one influence alarming;
Small neighbours quaking, and big neighbours arming;
On Europe's prostrate neck a heavier heel,
From armed might to right one less appeal—
For England less hope, less peace, less employ—
Such SALISBURY'S "glad tidings of great joy"!

"Wonderful, Wonderful, and again Wonderful!"

"*FARMING for Pleasure and Profit.*" Yes, there is a man who has published such a book, and, stranger still, declares that it records actual experiences. He says he has farmed with pleasure and with profit! His name is ROLAND. *Rolando Furioso*—ROLAND stark staring mad—surely. Yet the man writes like a rational man, and records what read like genuine experiences! CHAPMAN and HALL are the publishers, and we recommend the book to the curious.

INVERTING THEIR PARTS.

To judge by their uninterrupted record of easy victories over American teams, it is DAFT's Eleven that are doing the Yankee, and the Yankee Eleven that are Daft.

* Daft—Silly, weak of brain.—*North Country Glossary.*



HOORAY! THE INVALIDS GETTING ON THEIR LEGS AGAIN!

HAPPY-THOUGHT GUIDE TO LONDON.

(Being a Dickens of a Dickensionary for the use of Visitors to the Metropolis.)

POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.—Divers amusements all day. The Ghost of Professor PEPPER haunts the Institution regularly.

POST-OFFICE.—Well worth a visit. See how it's done. The Postmaster-General looks after all the military letters, and a Captain all the naval correspondence. On Black Monday a *Post Mortem* is held on all the dead letters, and a verdict given accordingly. Refer to the Postmaster-General, and he will tell off a Private Letter-Box for your own particular duty. The Establishment in St. Martin's-le-Grand is always open to the public, and anyone may walk round and ask the clerks if there are any letters for him, and see how things in general are going on.

POULTRY.—Found, on Hen-quiry, to be a very fair, and not at all a foul part of the City, whence is derived the name "Cockney." It consists of an increasing, or crowing, population—that is, according to the latest cackelation. The Old Cock, however, never roosted there, but always opposite the Temple.

PRECEPTORS, COLLEGE OF.—All Masters—no pupils. Very thriving establishment. Every Master teaches every other Master. There is no distinction of rank, all the young Masters being equally called Masters. Portraits of the Old Masters on the walls.

PRIMROSE HILL.—Where Dr. Primrose, the Vicar of Wakefield, lived—hence the name. Here GOLDSMITH invented his episodic story of *Moses* and the green spectacles, and wrote the song of "Where was Moses when the Light went out?" The ascent of Primrose Hill can be made with guides. You can stop a night on the summit if you like, returning at your own time.

PRINCE OF WALES'S THEATRE.—A very popular place of entertainment, which was almost bank-rupt before BANCROFT. Here Mr. JOHN HARE first came out, and by his appearance in *Society*, gave the place quite a fashionable Hare. Mr. BANCROFT's little Hare was dressed regularly every night for years, but at last dropped off altogether. Fortunately, about this time Mr. ARTHUR CECIL cropped up, while the lost Hare came out in a new place. Mr. CECIL made up for Mr. HARE, but in the make-up there was no resemblance. In most of the pieces, in which Mr. CECIL has had to perform, there has been a good deal of eating; from which it was at first erroneously sup-posed that his engagement was as a "supper-numerary." Since coming here he has played in everything, never having missed a piece, but his last is a *master-piece*. According to the rule of "Present company always excepted," so Mr. BANCROFT's present Company is exceptionally good. At this house it is all work and lots of play.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—Just now under the influence of *Drink*.

QUEEN ANNE'S BOUNTY OFFICE.—Bounty distributed every First of April to anyone giving news as to the death of Queen ANNE. The Office suffered much during the celebrated *Mutiny of the Bounty*, and has never been the same since. It is also called "The First Fruits and Tenths Office," and prizes are given to all market-gardeners for the first fruit

brought in on every tenth day of the month. It is a pretty custom, and a large crowd may generally be expected to witness the ceremony.

QUEKETT MICROSCOPICAL CLUB.—The smallest Club in the world. Only visible through the most powerful glasses. The livery of the servants is invisible green. Their motto is "*Omne ignotum pro magnifico*," i.e., nothing can be done without a magnifying-glass. Here all the littlest of little dinners are given. The subscription is reduced to a minimum.

RAILWAYS.—(See the well-known little book, *Line upon Line*.)

THE DINING CAR.

AIR—"The Low-Backed Car."

WHEN first I used the railway,
'Twas in Mugby Junction days,
With their sandwiches so salt and stale,
Their buns with the fly-blown glaze,
Their Melton pies of weight and size,
Soup too hot down to fling,
And sausage-rolls, if not men's souls,
Their stomachs made to wring.
As you jumped from your first-class car,
The minxes at Mugby Bar
Your change tossed down,
With a flounce and a frown,
And a haughty, "There you are!"

Five minutes of frantic fixture,
You strove with might and main
To gulp some scalding mixture,
While the bell rang—for the train!
Your tea or soup you swallowed,
As much as did not fly
On your shirt-front or your waistcoat,
From the dense crowd hustling by.
While the minxes at Mugby Bar,
Smiled, serene, upon the war,
For they'd learnt the art,
And looked the part—
Of "We are your betters far."

But in PULLMAN's dining-car, Sir,
Now run on the Northern Line,
You've a soup, and a roast, and *entrées*,
And your cheese and your pint of wine.
At his table snug the passenger sits,
Or to the smoke-room moves,
While on either side the landscape flits,
Like a world in well-greased grooves.
Thanks to PULLMAN's dining-car,
No more Mugby Junction Bar—
No more tough ham and chicken,
Nor passenger-pickin'
For the minxes behind the Bar!

Then success to the Dining-Car, Sir,
With elbow-room allowed,
And leisure to dine and sip your wine,
And blow the digestive cloud.
Punch takes off his hat to PULLMAN,
And his sleeping and eating car,
In the cause of British digestions,
Against Mugby Junction Bar!
Be the journey never so far,
With his dining and sleeping-car,
At our ease in our inn,
Along we spin,
Nor dread Mugby Junction Bar!

The Great Turf Frauds.

"REPORTS are current," says a daily contemporary, that "Messrs. DEUSOVITCH and PALMER have been offered good appointments in America, and have accepted them." 'Cute of the Yankees this. The unfortunate Mr. FROGGATT was no sooner free than he was again arrested. Out of the Coldbath into hot water.



FEMALE DENTISTRY.

"IT'S NEARLY OUT; BUT MY WRIST IS SO TIRED THAT I MUST REALLY REST A BIT!"

READING AND SPELLING.

PROFESSOR MAX MÜLLER is worthily reputed one of our cleverest men; and yet the *Times* reports him to have spoken at the opening of the Midland Institute, the other day, at Birmingham, as follows:—

"He characterised English spelling as a national misfortune. It handicapped the English child to an extent that would be incredible if it were not demonstrated by statistics."

Statistics may well prove that many English children are handicapped by English spelling, but if a great many English children are too dull or too lazy to read more than they are obliged, what does it signify whether they are handicapped or no? What race in life is reserved for the little dunces, when they become great ones, as they assuredly will if they live, but a donkey-race? Did not you yourself, as a youngster, pick up your spelling unconsciously in the progress of your reading long ago; and have you not since learned how to spell every word in every language in the world, dead and living, without an effort, in course of getting the languages up? If the first of the Three R's has been acquired to any purpose, does not the S naturally follow? Some school-boys may never have learnt to spell, as spelling goes. But most certainly these boys would not have learnt more of spelling, and learnt their lessons more easily under the tuition of the Spelling Reformers, and by the light of the *Fonetic Nuz*.

A Hint.

A GERMAN calling himself "Dr. PLICHT," has been swindling some scientific Professors, who have written to the *Times* on the subject. Why don't the dupes appeal for assistance to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, which prosecuted a farmer the other day, and had him punished, for "plucking live geese." The learned Professors seem to have been "had alive," and are still smarting under the operation.

ORIGINAL VACCINATION.

A MOVEMENT is on foot to cause Vaccination to be performed with lymph supplied by the calf. This is an improvement deserving to be highly recommended; because, in the first place, primary is more effectual than intermediate Vaccination, and, in the next, Vaccination from the calf direct can communicate nothing worse than the cow-pock. The only objection, therefore, that can possibly be made to it by fanatics is that which many of them alleged against JENNER's original operation; namely, that it will cause horns to sprout on the head of a Christian, and develop the *os coccygis* into a tail.

But the calf, meaning both the animal and the limb of that name, ambiguity perhaps would be avoided if instead of "Vaccination from the Calf" the process were to be styled "Vaccination from Veal."

O Evans!

Middle-aged Man about Town log. :—

FAREWELL the quiet chop! the tatur baked!
Farewell the grizzled bones and the big drinks
That made digestion virtue—O, farewell!
Farewell the ready waiter, the vague bill,
The nose-enlivening pinch, eye-winking smoke,
The kindly hand-shake, and all quality,
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of PADDY GREEN!
And O you ancient Basses, whose rude throats
The immortal Jove's dread clamour counterfeit,
Farewell!—A fellow's occupation's gone!

Othello improved.

The Personal Press.

It is announced that the *Gentleman's Magazine*, as it was of old under the direction of SYLVANUS URBAN, is to be reproduced, on its original plan, as a new monthly, by name the *Antiquarian*. This will be a title more expressly distinctive than that of Mr. SYLVANUS URBAN's miscellany. In these days a periodical denominated the *Gentleman's Magazine* may naturally be imagined by the Public to have been so styled to distinguish it from Blackguards' Magazines—weekly, if not monthly.

A REGULAR SQUENCHER.

THERE was a proposal for a National Memorial—well deserved, if ever such Memorial was—to ROWLAND HILL. The Lord Mayor, Mr. CHARLES WHETHAM, became the official head of the movement, as usual. It languished, and after less than £100 had come in, Lord Mayor WHETHAM threw up the sponge, and proposed to drop the business. He now writes:—

"I was persuaded by a small deputation of citizens to defer carrying out this intention, in order that they might have an opportunity of canvassing for donations among the merchants and bankers of the City. This they have done, with the use of my name as Lord Mayor. The deputation now write and tell me that, for the present, they intend to carry on the movement by themselves. I am not aware what sums have been collected by or promised to them, but the public should clearly understand that none of the amounts have yet reached the Mansion House, though they were canvassed for, as I have said, by the use of the name of the Lord Mayor. I am thus unable to carry the matter any further, and I have to-day returned the donations, amounting in all to £90 2s. 8d., which were originally forwarded to the Mansion House, to the various subscribers."

Thank you, my LORD MAYOR. Very kind of you. Perhaps the movers had better carry on the movement for themselves.

If you want blankets to damp a fire down—wet 'em!

BOARDING FOR BABIES.

It might be too truly said that "Boarding-Out" in the case of poor children is apt to be very soon followed by "Boarding-In." Except where, as is too common, the Baby-Farmer fails to provide coffins.

A HOUSE THAT OUGHT TO BE MOVED.

THE *Standard* tells us the present Parliament has another good year to run. *Punch* would rather put it, "has another bad year to stand still."



"SILENCE IS GOLDEN."

Guileless Young Whist-Player (regarding his hand meditatively—a spade having been turned up). "I WONDER WHY—AH—THE DUTY ON CARDS IS ONLY THREE-PENCE!"
[Electrical effect on the other three old stagers!]

OUR LETTER-BOX.

(Being a recent Official Correspondence.)

MR. SMIFF,

YOUR name having been submitted to the Postmaster-General as a candidate for the appointment of Postmaster at Chubbington, I have to request you will immediately inform me in what part of the town you purpose establishing the Post-Office; your age, full name, and the names of two respectable householders who will become sureties for you to the department for the sum of £200. It is perhaps unnecessary to add that you must be a householder, and that the Post-Office should be as near the centre of the town as possible.

TO H.M. P.-O. SURVEYOR,

SIR,—I beg to acknowledge receipt of your favour of 3rd inst. I purpose devoting a portion of my shop (Stationer's) to the postal business. It is not in the centre of the town, but is admirably adapted to the purpose. The place is nearly a mile long; so if a wall letter-box could be placed at the end of the town, no objection will be made to the position of the proposed office.

I am forty-six years of age, and have been in my present position twenty-three years; am proprietor of the *Chubbington Weekly News*. My respectable standing in the town—being owner of my own and three adjoining houses—together with the fact of my having been nominated by a Member of Parliament, would, I should have thought, dispensed with the necessity of my procuring sureties; but if it is indispensable, I elect the "Guarantee Association" as my bondsmen—I see they charge 30s. a year for £200—not caring to ask my friends to become surety for me. It would be derogatory to my dignity. My full name is

JACOB SMIFF.

H.M. P.-O., St. Martin's-le-Grand,
Sept. 20.

SIR,—I am surprised to hear you are a newspaper proprietor. It is impossible you can hold the important position of Postmaster without severing your connection with the *Chubbington Weekly News*, which I presume you are prepared now to give up.

As the erection of a wall-box will incur additional expense, you must, if possible, remove your business to a more central position. You will be good enough to forward, at your earliest convenience, a plan of the town (or village) showing, in red ink, the position of the proposed office, that I may judge of its suitability. I enclose an official declaration (which you must sign in the presence of a Magistrate) and forms relating to bond.

SURVEYOR H.M. P.-O.

TO H.M. P.-O. SURVEYOR, Chubbington, Sept. 22.

SIR,—I enclose plan (for which I paid 15s.), and have marked the position of the proposed office in red ink, also the position of the proposed letter-box. I have endeavoured to procure a more central shop, but have failed. I can assure you no inconvenience whatever will be felt if my suggestions be carried out.

Before anything further is done—(I have signed the declaration)—I should be glad to know the salary and duties of the office.

JACOB SMIFF.

H.M. P.-O., St. Martin's-le-Grand,
October 4.

TO MR. SMIFF,

SIR,—Before the Department can sanction the erection of a wall-box where you suggest, it will be necessary for you to notify your acceptance of the office, which I should be glad to receive at once. You will be good enough to wait upon the owners of the property where the wall-box is to be erected, to obtain their permission. To have prepared by different masons or builders, three or four estimates, for cost of erection, and submit to me for approval, also, forward plan of inside of your premises, showing, in red ink, what portion you propose to use as the Post-Office, and position of letter-box. The latter must be two feet deep, one foot wide, and one foot across. It must be strongly made, and provided with a patent lock, the key of which must always be in your own possession.

As the wall-box is nearly a mile from the office, you will be allowed sixpence per week for collection. For the delivery you will receive 1s. 6d. per week, and as Postmaster you will receive in addition the sum of four pounds per annum. I may add, the cost of erecting the wall-box should not exceed four or five shillings.

SURVEYOR H.M. P.-O.

[Mr. SMIFF's last letter is all but illegible, and what we can make out is incoherent, not to say abusive. We regret to learn, from official sources, that Mr. SMIFF did not accept the office.]

GREEN-MEAT CUM GRANO.

AT the Manchester Conference of the Vegetarian Society, on the resolution of its President, Professor NEWMAN, "a resolution was passed that persons who desire to abstain from all meat of quadrupeds and birds, though they decline to bind themselves wholly to abstain from fish and marine animals, shall be received by the Society into an intermediate grade, concerning which the Executive may draw up the necessary regulations."

The Society can thus no longer boast of including in its menu "neither fish, flesh, nor good red-herring," and ought, it would seem, to change its name from Vegetarian to Pesci-Vegetarian, or Fishy-Vegetarian. An exclusive vegetable diet, as it stood, has always been regarded by meat-eaters as a "fishy" kind of nutriment; but perhaps with fish superadded, it may have temptations that *sans* fish, crabs, oysters, lobsters, shrimps, and prawns, it never would have held out. Still, one cannot but tremble for the leguminous future of the Society. After fish, is it not to be feared that flesh may not be so far off? What, if "fish" come to be construed, as in the Friday dietary of Rome, to include wild fowl, seals, porpoises, and other cetaceans? One sees a danger in this direction, which may draw on others; till at last the more exclusive followers of NEBUCHAD-NEZZAR may have to exclaim, with *Mercutio*, but not so merrily,

"Oh flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified!"

QUESTION.—A Correspondent wants to know whether letters unduly delayed in their transit through the Post-Office, entail any charge for over-wait.



"VOLUMES!"

Amateur Composer. "'HEARD MY NEW SONG!"

Candid Friend (with a perceptible shudder). "OH LOB! I HOPE SO!!"

FOES FOR PHYLLOXERA.

AWAKE, O Bacchus! Lo, proclaimed
Foe to the growth that girds thy shrine,
The *Phylloxera*, fitly named
Vastatrix, ravage of the Vine!

Arise, thou King of Grapes, and smite
That vermin viler than a flea;
Stamp out that shameful parasite,
The spoiler of thy sacred Tree!

Sad Vineyardmen to Science cry
Against the spreading pest in vain;
As yet no chemicals they try
Suffice that insect-foe to bane.

But what, good people, if there were
Another and a better way?
If you made little birds your care—
Birds that on animalcules prey?

The Garden Warblers, Great and Small,
The Larger Whitethroat, and the Less,
Willow-Wren, Wood-Wren, Blackcap, all
Those Birds that grateful Gardeners bless.

Their quarry *Phylloxera's* race,
The *Aphis* chiefly they pursue,
And ferret out of every place
Where he can lurk, or creep into.

'Mongst stems and shoots whose juice he pills,
They hunt him up amid the leaves;
And pick him with their little bills
Out of the chinks wherein he cleaves.

Trust *Punch*, ye do yourselves sore wrong
When those best friends you blindly slay,
Devouring e'en small birds of song
'Neath the large name of *gibier*.

Your Vines they will secure from hurt
Of insect plagues, to bloom again;
Their timely beaks may doom avert
From Claret, Burgundy, Champagne!

CALF-LOVE.—To Mothers! Vaccinate from the Calf
direct, if you have any regard for your Infants' weal!

WAR CORRESPONDENT'S CATECHISM.

(Afghanistan Version.)

"Q. What is a Special Correspondent?

A. A submissive scribbler attached (at his own risk and expense) to the head-quarters of an Army in the field, for the purpose of singing the praises and glory of the General Commanding-in-Chief, or his divisional or brigade Commanders as the case may be.

Q. What must you bear in mind when you accept this situation?

A. That my presence is merely tolerated, and that on the slightest show of independence, much more insubordination, I am liable to be tried by Court-Martial, certainly sent to the right-about, and, for all I know, shot.

Q. What do you understand by the term "insubordination"?

A. This is a question I must respectfully leave to be answered for me by the G. C.-in-C.

Q. Is it understood that you are prepared to obey his orders?

A. Unquestioningly, absolutely, and abjectly.

Q. Do you owe any duty to the Public?

A. None that is not over-riden by my duty to the G. C.-in-C.

Q. What do you consider your relation to the proprietors of the journal you represent?

A. That I am their servant, but always subject to the G. C.-in-C., to whom they, as well as myself, should feel deeply grateful for his kind consideration in permitting me to follow the Army to the field.

Q. What do you understand by a "defeat"?

A. It is a word which I should only think of applying to the enemy. If the enemy loses one man killed and two wounded, this is a signal defeat.

Q. What do you understand by a victory?

A. That it is a word to be strictly confined in its application to the exploits of the G. C.-in-C. If the Army in the field takes a small undefended fort, and captures a couple of camp-followers, this may be a very great victory. If the G. C.-in-C. says it is, I am bound so to report it.

Q. Supposing the G. C.-in-C. to retire hurriedly, leaving his

camp, stores, and ammunition behind him. How would you describe the manoeuvre?

A. I should describe it (subject, of course, to the approval of the G. C.-in-C.) as a strategic movement of masterly skill and profound combination.

Q. Supposing that the G. C.-in-C. managed to lose all his men in an ambush. How would you describe the circumstance?

A. I should describe it (subject to the approval of the G. C.-in-C.) as one of the thousand-and-one little ups and downs of a campaign. At the same time I would dwell on the gallantry of the troops, and the firmness and foresight of their illustrious commander.

Q. Supposing that the G. C.-in-C. were not present at the incident. In what light would you represent his absence?

A. I would venture to express (subject to the approval of the G. C.-in-C.) my humble and respectful admiration at the profound military insight shown by him in staying away.

Q. You have no objection to take a wiggling, blowing-up, bully-ragging, tongue-basting, or any other helping of humble pie, at the hands of any combatant officer, from a sub-lieutenant upwards?

A. On the contrary, I should feel honoured by any such evidence of their recognition of my presence with the Army.

Q. How do you understand the relations of the sword and the pen?

A. That the one *may* be used to cut the other; but that they can have no other or nearer relationship than is implied in their being both made of steel, as china and stone-ware are both made of clay.

Q. You understand the conditions under which you are to write?

A. Certainly. Before taking up my pen I am to have my eyes bandaged, like other licensed intruders on the camp from the side of the enemy.

Q. Supposing this precaution ever dispensed with, on the ground of your recognised subordination, general harmlessness, positive insignificance, and comparative good behaviour, what article would you be prepared to substitute for your bandage?

A. A pair of rose-coloured spectacles!

You may go down."

And he went down.



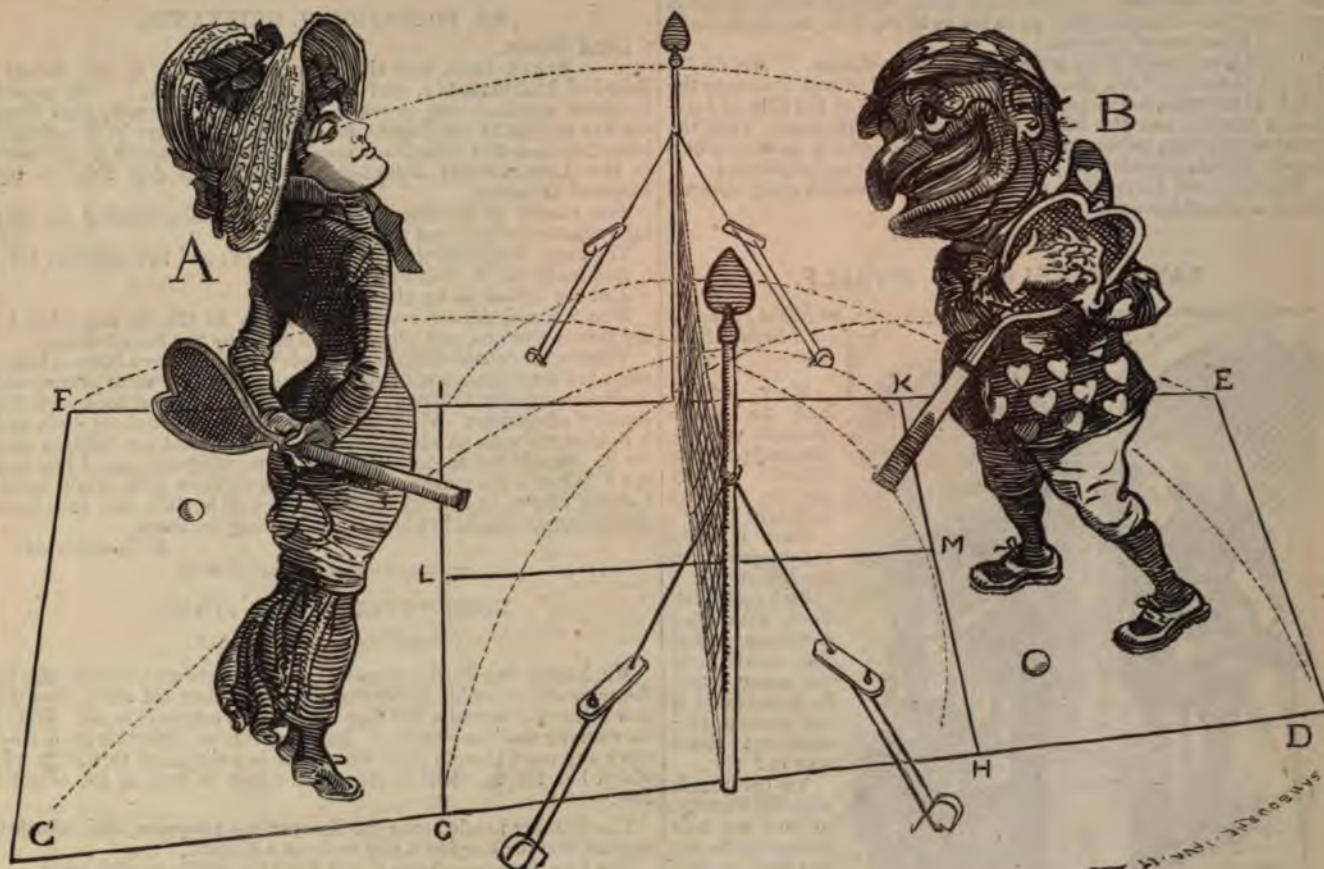
FRUSTRATED SOCIAL AMBITION!

Miss Lynn Hunter (to Herr Bogoboffski, the famous Virtuoso, whose afternoon *Piano-forte Recitals* are the wonder of the world), "A—BY-THE-BYE, HERR BOGGOFFSKY, WE THOUGHT YOU MIGHT PERHAPS LIKE TO TRY THE NEW BRIMWOOD?"

Chorus of Ladies, "OH NO, HERR BOGGOFFSKY! PRAY DO!"

Herr Bogoboffski (who has been asked to dine on family, and spend the evening "quite in a friendly way"), "LATHEM! IF YOU WOULD HEARME VISE EAT I SHOULD AMUSE ZE COMPANY, KYTE IN A PRENTLE TAF, I CAN PREAK AS BOWEN OR MY ARHEM, I CAN SCHWALLOW ZE DAFER-SCHWORE, AND I CAN SCHIDDER A LIGHTER DALLOW-GASTLE IN MY MOWIE VIBOUT FODDING IT OUT—POP I DANNOT BLAY ZE DINGO AFTER TINNER!"

U.S.H.—On the strength of Herr Bogoboffski's coming, Mrs. L. H. has interestingly invited just one or two very select friends to drop in during the evening, and the new *Brimwood Grand* has been procured at great expense for the occasion.

XIIITH BOOK OF EUCLID.—PROPOSITION 1. THEOREM.

If two Players on two sides of a Parallelogram are equal to each other, each to each, and have likewise the hearts contained by those two sides equal to each other, and shall likewise have all advantages equal, and their faults shall coincide, then shall they be equal each to each, viz., a love-match, which may or may not be absurd.

LET A AND B BE TWO PLAYERS ON THE PARALLELOGRAM CD, EF, &c., &c., &c. * * * * *

MR. PUNCH'S SPEECH FOR THE LATE LORD MAYOR.

THE speeches of the Officers of the Municipality at the Lord Mayor's Banquet are usually of a very perfunctory character. This is greatly to be regretted, as the nineteenth century is essentially an age in which things ought to find their level, which should never be a perfunctory one. Feeling that the time has arrived for a new departure, Mr. Punch offers a specimen of the sort of oration that might be made with advantage on Monday next. Mr. Punch has interpolated the "interpellations"—(as Cheers! Hears! Laughter! &c.)—that may be anticipated as a matter of course.

Toast—"The Late Lord Mayor!"

After the demonstration, which this toast is sure to provoke, had died away, his Lordship rose and said—

"My Lord Mayor, My Lords, Ladies, and Gentlemen,

"The sounds that have just reached my ears have given me the greatest possible satisfaction. It is one compensation for the labours and responsibilities of such an office as I am retiring from that a Lord Mayor, on reaching the end of his term, is sure to receive his just deserts at the hands of his fellow citizens. ("Hear! Hear!") As an old Sailor, who has weathered a good many storms—(Laughter)—perhaps I may be permitted to point out to my successor his most formidable rocks ahead. (Applause.) During the last year I have had to sail in what I hope I may be allowed to call very dirty weather. (Cheers.) I am sure you will feel as heartily glad as I do that my voyage is over! (Enthusiastic applause.) It is, indeed, a pleasant thought that to-morrow my place at the Mansion House will be occupied by another. (Renewed cheering.) As you all know, I make no pretensions to wit. ("Hear! Hear!") I am sure you will believe me, when I say, that the words I am now about to utter are not intended to be jocular. (Cheers.) I am going to give the present Lord Mayor—(long and continued cheering)—a little friendly advice. ("Hear!")

"First, I would strongly impress upon him the advisability of living at peace with his colleagues. (Cheers.) I am sure he will believe me when I assure him that it is a great mistake to treat them with discourtesy. (Loud cheers.) He must never pervert the opportunities of the proud position he now fills to personal or petty purposes. (Renewed cheering.) He will find his place an unpleasant one if he ever forgets the dignity of the Lord Mayor in indulgence of the petty peevishness of a rightly or wrongly aggrieved private individual. (Enthusiastic applause.) My successor has certainly begun well. For instance, I find that on this occasion the officers of the municipality have their proper places at this festive board. (Cheers.) It is within my recollection that this has unhappily not been always the case. (Cheers.) He has also a fine opportunity of restoring the hospitality of the Mansion House to its pristine splendour—(cheers)—and so making this festive board shine by that finest source of effect—contrast. (Loud and long continued cheers.) Should the celebrated Company of the French Comedy revisit our city, he will have the opportunity of really entertaining them, not at a lunch limited—(applause)—in one of the smaller apartments of the Mansion House, followed by a walk over his state apartments, but by a really representative banquet to the notabilities of the theatre—literary and histrionic. I hope he will do his best for the charities, for contributions to which he will be the channel. (Applause.) I trust he will permit the office of the Hospital Sunday Fund to be re-established in the Mansion House. (Cheers.) I do not think he will find this seriously interfere with his convenience. (Loud cheers.) Again, I cannot help feeling that it will be as well to be very careful as to his connection with public companies—(cheers)—or political meetings. (Renewed cheering.) Let him take my word for it, it does not look well at home or abroad for the Lord Mayor of London to preside at a meeting rendered unruly by the fact of his presence, whether as a shareholder or a partizan. (Loud cheering.) Above all, let him be dignified in his demeanour as becomes the Chief Magistrate of the City of London. (Loud applause.) Let him be open and above board! (Enthusiastic cheering.) I warn him never to insult the

bar. (*Loud applause.*) I hope I may point out that such conduct is not dignified—I think I may go so far as to say it is not gentleman-like. (*Thunders of applause.*)

"And now I must bring my remarks to a conclusion. (*No, No!*) I must, indeed. (*No, No, No!*) In future I intend to devote the whole of my time to the protection of the morals of the City of London in general, and the Rising Generation in particular. This, the great work of my public position, I shall henceforth prosecute in a purely private capacity." (*Loud and long continued applause.*)

The late Lord Mayor then resumed his seat amidst every demonstration of enthusiasm.

SAYS MYSELF TO MYSELF.



THE Night Thoughts
of a British Elec-
tor—

WHY have I had to wade through six columns of partizan rhetoric every day for the last fortnight?

Have I really got any good from the infliction?

Do I really believe, with Lord SALISBURY, that the security of the country will be jeopardised if the present Government don't stay in?

Am I prepared, with Mr. BRIGHT, to tear my hair and emigrate, unless they go out?

Have I quite made up my mind

that Russia is only biding her time to walk all of a sudden into the Isle of Wight?

Has Mr. CHAMBERLAIN persuaded me that the CZAR hates the sight of his own epaulettes, and never lets one of his birthdays pass without proposing an European disarmament?

Has the ATTORNEY-GENERAL quite convinced me that the new ALEXANDER the Great wears long black curls, and is perpetually creeping about Europe in a cloak and mask, with loaded pistols, seeking whom he may bid "Stand and deliver?"

Has the *Pall Mall* left me entirely convinced that the Russian Bear is the Beast of the Apocalypse? And do I, in my heart, believe him the Raging and Roaring Lion he is painted, at once so diabolically wicked, so densely stupid, so preternaturally strong, so miserably weak, so idiotically silly, and so Mephistophelically Machiavellian as the P. M. and the M. P. represent him?

Am I really obliged to Sir STAFFORD for putting off the payment of my Bills till a more convenient season?

Did I quite like forking up Six Millions in a lump for fireworks?

Have I any intention of ordering another supply at the same figure this 5th of November?

Am I dying to see the Treaty of Berlin torn up into spills?

On the other hand, should I break my heart if it were?

Is the Berlin Treaty such a brilliant success as Lord SALISBURY tells me?

Is it quite the miserable failure Sir W. V. HARCOURT makes it out?

Do I quite see my way on either Party's lines?

By the way, now I think of it, do I quite know what either Party's lines are?

Am I so satisfied with Lord B. as Treasury tenant, that I ought to renew his lease of the premises unconditionally for another Parliament?

Are those precious phrases, "Peace with Honour" and "A Scientific Frontier," worth what I've paid for them?

Could I be much worse off—suppose I concluded for the negative?

SORS TENNYSONIANA AT THE REFRESHMENT-ROOM, YORK.

(For the Southward-bound by "Flying Scotchman.")

"O Swallow, Swallow quickly flying South!"

AN EDUCATIONAL GRIEVANCE.

DEAR PUNCH,

SARAH-JANE, my eldest, was worth 12s. to the School-Board of Linkumdoddy, last examination by H. M. I. She passed in three specifics—can prove that astronomy's correct, that there are five periods in the English language, that flowers have polysyllabic functions and botanical names. That girl is worth 4s. 6d. more to the Linkumdoddy School-Board than your dog Toby to the Imperial Treasury.

Tom passed in Standard VI. and two specials, clearing an ugly interminate decimal, and winning 20s.

The twins struggled through Standard IV. and two specifics, 40s.

Bon made 12s. in Standard II.

And the Infant 8s. by attendances.

That is a magnificent result—plant worth £4 12s. 0d. nourished by my family's brains, and plucked and eaten by the School-Board.

What is the School-Board's gratitude to poor Pater—a farmer, whose crops are much soaked with rain, and who has many worn clothes and dog's-eared books to renew, for this magnificent contribution to the cause of education? Why, its school-fees are as high as ever, and it saddles me with an education-rate equal to what my children earn for it. Should not the money earned by my offspring cancel this new tax? What's the meaning of my having children with bright parts, I should like to know? They might as well be dull, and then their lawful owners would not lose so much money by them.

A CALEDONIAN.

MORE "TURNING HIS FLANK."

(*Vide Punch, Oct. 25, 1879.*)

MR. PUNCH has filled two waste-paper baskets with complaints, on the score of age, of his illustration of an excellent old story, showing how a Lawyer served a Butcher. Old? Of course it is old. But is its warning the less wanted? But if age is an objection to a good story any more than to good wine, here is a sequel of this old story, which has the merit of novelty while just as true as the original Joe:—

The Butcher handed over the Lawyer his twopence, and informed against him for keeping a dog without a licence.

The Lawyer was convicted, and fined ten shillings with costs.

The Lawyer again fixed his right eye on the Butcher, and with his left eye discovered a doubtful-looking one-pound weight lying on his shop-board.

The Butcher handed over to the Lawyer one pound sterling, "to say nothing more about it."

The Lawyer cried "Quits!"

The Butcher put his shutters up, and the little dog wagged his tail.

HAPPY YOUNG PEOPLE!

(*Monday, October 27, 1879.*)

"Their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of WALES, accompanied by Princess LOUISA, Princess VICTORIA, Princess MAUDE, the Grand Duke and Hereditary Grand Duke of HESSE, together with Prince FERDINAND of Glucksburg, Prince LOUIS of Battenburg, and suites, honoured Madame TUSSEAU'S Exhibition with a visit this evening."

AH, Royal lads, and lasses too, of wax,

No royalties of worse than wax to bore you—

Nought heavier than young years on your backs,

And Baker Street's gay gaslight world before you!

Merry young fraters, golden-haired young sorors,

Long may you take all TUSSEAU shows for true—

All, save the Blue-Beard chamber, hight "of Horrors,"

Long, long may that remain looked fast for you!

Fallibility a Banco, Infallibility ex Cathedra.

SIR,

You have ruled that "eggs is meat;" and I incline to agree with you; but surely the Leeds Stipendiary may plead the POPE in favour of his judgment, that "eggs are not meat." Roman Catholics may eat eggs on Fridays, though they are forbidden by their Church, whose head is infallible, to eat meat. Therefore, eggs cannot be meat. Then do not be too hard on MR. BRUCE. Think of the conflict of authorities! Punch on one side, the POPE on the other!

Yours, sincerely,

DUBITANS.

P.S.—I am glad to see that Mr. BRUCE has since ruled that though eggs are not meat, they are provisions. Thus fallibility and infallibility are brought nearer, at least, to reconciliation.

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—NOVEMBER 8, 1879.





THE WHITE ELEPHANT TURNED "ROGUE."

"Elephants that, naturally vicious, have refused to associate with the herd, or that have been detached from their former companions in search of fresh allians, or elephants escaping from captivity, unable to rejoin their former herd and excluded from any other, become, what, from their tivity, menaces and predatory habits, are called 'Rogues' in Ceylon. They spend their time

in marauding, and will even break through fences without fear: by day generally seeking concealment, but often prowling about and attacking travellers, who run the utmost risk from their assaults. • • • It is probable that this hostility to man is the result of the enmity engendered by measures adopted as a means of protection."—Condensed from Sir J. EMERSON TENNANT'S *Work on the Wild Elephant*.



THE SIMLA SENSITIVE PLANT

WHICH SHUTS ITSELF UP FROM THE TOUCH OF THE PRESS.

HAPPY-THOUGHT GUIDE TO LONDON.

(Being a Dickens of a Dickensionary for the use of Visitors to the Metropolis.)

RAILWAYS (METROPOLITAN).—Now, a Londoner can travel all over, or rather all under, the Metropolis by rail. Excessive sharpness must not be expected from the officials as, like neglected knives, they are always under-ground. Visitors to London should be careful on getting a Metropolitan

Railway Guide, to "read between the lines," or they'll get awfully mixed up. At the same time they must be warned against reading between the lines when two trains are coming; in fact, if they're reading at all, they'd better remain on the platform. Of course this is a mere matter of platform. A Bill in Parliament is necessary to get up the steam for any new line, and when the mighty engine of the law has done its work, the ground is got over rapidly, and the Company are in possession of a "Legal tender." The Railway Commissioners sit during term time and direct all examinations for commissions in the (Railway) Guards. Any one can be a ticket-taker, [the only necessary qualification being to possess the right sum of money to take a ticket, and to go to the office at the correct time. There is a fine Metropolitan Railway Museum to which collectors are invited to contribute.

RALEIGH CLUB.—Sometimes called Rawleigh, sometimes Rayleigh. For example, in the latter case, if you are pointing out the building to a friend, and observe, "That's the Rayleigh," you must look for the reply, "Is it raylly?" If looked upon as Rawleigh, no member can expect his chop to be thoroughly done, as it would be contrary to the traditions of the Club. Some pronounce it "Rally," under the impression that it was founded by Sir WALTER RALLY, the great pantomimist of Queen ELIZABETH'S Court. He used to go about with a bit of a cloak like a square piece of carpet, which he would put down in the street, and then go through a performance, accompanying himself on his pipe. He was of a placid and contented disposition, and history records that he only once showed any annoyance, and that was when his servant, thinking his master was on fire, emptied a bucket of water over him, and Sir WALTER owned to having been considerably "put out."

RATCLIFF HIGHWAY.—The place has very much changed since it deserved the name of Ratcliff. There is now no cliff, and very few rats—at least visible.

READING ROOMS.—Specially for the use of those who make a hurried luncheon on Reading biscuits. Worth a visit. Everyone brings his own tin, and pays for himself.

RECORD OFFICE.—All insufficiently fastened, or open boxes found at the luggage-stations are brought here, and each case is re-corded. Chief Officer (for Scottish lives) the Thane of Cawder. A Special Recorder for the City of London, whose duty it is to see that all the Lord Mayor's boxes—the Mayor's boxes are called, of course, Horse-boxes—are properly closed for travelling.

REFORM CLUB.—Originally started by MARTIN LUTHER in the time of HENRY THE EIGHTH.



AWFUL RESULT OF IMMODERATE TEMPERANCE!

EDWIN AND EMMA FEEL UNCOMMONLY WELL; BUT THEY WANT TO FEEL BETTER STILL—SO THEY RESOLVE, ONCE FOR ALL, TO GIVE UP THE USE OF STIMULANTS ALTOGETHER.

NOW TOTAL ABSTINENCE ACTS UPON DIFFERENT PEOPLE IN DIFFERENT WAYS. BEHOLD EDWIN AND EMMA A TWELVEMONTH AFTER THEIR VIRTUOUS RESOLUTION!

Only Reformers' names are on the books. Celebrated for chops and steaks.

REGENT CIRCUS.—One of the most amusing entertainments in London. Open free to everybody. Change of performances every quarter of an hour. The trained steeds are well worth seeing, and the business between Clowns, Swells, and Policemen, excellent.

REGENT'S PARK.—Only different from Hyde Park in having no Powder Magazine. Its broad walks and side alleys are great places for *rendezvous*. Here nursery-maids abound, and leaving the perambulators listen to their lovers' vows. This is a good reason for keeping no Powder Magazine, as in Hyde Park. There being so many young sparks about besides the Great Regent Spark itself, it would be highly dangerous.

REGENT STREET.—Where GEORGE THE FOURTH, when Prince Regent, used to walk on Sundays. "This," he one day said to BEAU BRUMMEL, "is the Regent's treat." It was called after him, but he took no notice of it. It is now spelt differently, and the joke lost.

REGISTRARS.—Any two persons can go and be married before a Registrar, unless the Registrar is married before them.

RESTAURANTS.—First started in the time of the Restauration. They are everywhere, and you can drive about in a cab and dine *à la carte*. VERREY's is about the oldest Restaurant in London—at least Verrey old. Some pronounce it "VARY's." This is wrong, for it is almost always good, and seldom varies. It was so celebrated at one time, and may be now, for its *petit tas* of coffee, that the motto proposed to be adopted was "*Magna est Verrey tas!*" A little lower down in Regent Street is the Café Royal, pronounced "*Kaffy Royarl*." The idea is French, of course. According to the old nursery jingle, "chief" in the second line is evidently *chef*:—

KAFFY was a Frenchman,
KAFFY was a chief,
KAFFY keeps a kaffy-house,
And don't take any beef.

This of course was the old John-Bullish notion of the "Mossoo" in generations long gone by. Then there is KETTNER's, in Church Street, Soho, a little beyond Dean Street, where you may find a good *deaner*. There is the Holborn Restaurant, where an excellent band of

music performs appropriate airs. Here the sound of the flutes ushers in an *entrée* of *flageolets*, sparkling dance music accompanies the caper sauce, Morceaux from *Opéras-Bouffe* give a zest to the tripe, two glasses of pale ale are announced by a melody arranged for the Double Bass, and a second demand for porter is at once suggested by a strain from MEYERBEER, which comes from a tap on the Conductor's desk. To express the descent of a Waiter into the *caves* below to fetch some "fine old crusted," one of the orchestra goes as low as he can on his violin-cellar. The Waiters keeping time to the music, in double sets of five, dance a-ten-dance, and the entire suite, when handing the sweets, are always puddin' their best foot foremost. On the appearance of the liqueur, a "go," that goes with the coffee, the Band play a hunting air, to indicate the *chasse*; and with the cigars comes something of an *Off-an-baccy* character. The Horse-Shoe is another large establishment where the customer pays on the nail; but here the *spécialité* is a first-rate American bar, showing the connection between Horse-Shoe and "Shoddy!" Messrs. BERTRAM AND ROBERTS—so clearly the operative Bertram and Roberto—do the restauration for the Aquarium, and the Italian ROMANO's—or "Roman Nose," if you want to direct the cabmen, who will call the Vaudeville the Vordyveal—in the Strand, will repay the *consommateur*. There's a good Restaurant at St. James's Hall, and, as the Christy Minstrels are under the same roof, you may expect to see lots of *Dinahs* at feeding time, and can always be sure of grilled Bones.

ROUS CLUB.—Motto, "Our 'Ouse at home." Called after the celebrated Admiral, not the Bravo.

ROWING.—Depends on its pronunciation for its treatment. Rowing in the street should be immediately stopped by a Policeman. Rowing on the water has nothing pugnacious about it, except where the Rower comes across a brawling stream.

ROYAL EXCHANGE.—We don't want one. Quite satisfied with our present Royalty.

ROYALTY THEATRE.—(Vide "Miss KELLY's" *Post-Office Directory*.—It is now the home of The BRUCE.)

RUSSELL CLUB.—Chiefly for Ladies. Name misspelt. Vide RUSTLE.



A TASTE OF THE TIMES.

Mr. Molony, Irish Farmer (to Mr. Flynn, the Agent). "SURE, I'VE COME TO ASK YER HONNER TO SAY A WORD TO THE MASTHER FOR ME, FOR THE BLACK BOREEN BOULDRING."

Agent. "NO, MOLONY, THE MASTHER WON'T TAKE A TENANT WITHOUT CAPITAL."

Mr. Molony. "AND IS IT CAPITAL? SURE, I'VE THREE HUNDRED POUNDS IN THE BANK THIS MINIT!"

Agent. "OH, I THOUGHT I SAW YOUR NAME TO THAT PETITION FOR A REDUCTION OF RENTS, AS YOU WERE ALL STARVING!"

Mr. Molony. "TAKE AN' AGERS! MR. FLYNN, DARLIN'! IS THE PETITION GONE TO THE MASTHER YET? IF YOUR HONNER COULD JUST GIVE ME A HOULT AV IT, THAT I MAY STRIKE MY NAME OUT!"

VISITATION QUESTIONS.

(For Archdeacons and others.)

1. Are you pulling down your church, or are you building it up?
2. Are your Services monotonous or musical?
3. Do you turn your back upon your congregation, or does your congregation turn its back upon you?
4. Have you altered your tables, or do you still keep the Commandments?
5. Do you make use in your Services of all your senses, especially common sense?
6. To what Price do you go for your Candles—if any?
7. How many heads have you in your sermons, and with what do you cap them?
8. Do you raise your alms in your Offertories?
9. What average of threepenny pieces do you have?
10. How many people pass the plate without giving anything?
11. Where do your people go on special collection days?
12. Are your Hymns Ancient or Modern?
13. Do you rule your petticoats, or do they rule you?
14. Do you teach your Curate, or vice versa?
15. Do the pretty girls go to him, or to you, for religious teaching?
16. How often do the plain girls require instruction?
17. Are all allowed to start fair for the Curate?
18. On what principle do you regulate your matrimonial handicaps?

THE QUESTION FOR THE NEXT ELECTION.

(Alter et Idem.)

Do you believe in BEACONSFIELD?
Do you believe in Bogey?

ADMINISTRATIVE FINANCING.

MR. S. D. WADDY, M.P., Q. C., has written a pamphlet on *Liberal and Conservative Finance*, fired by such rightful wrath against the financial misdeeds of the present Government, that we wonder not to see his name printed on the title-page either L. S. D. (instead of simple S. D.), or IRA WADDY. Perhaps he leaves out the "L," on the financial principle so cruelly violated by our present Ministers, "Take care of the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves."

Here are some of MR. WADDY'S only too plain figures:—

"From 1861 to 1866 the Liberals reduced the funded debt by £8,040,600; from 1867 to 1869 the Tories added to it £708,400. From 1870 to 1874 the Liberals again steadily reduced it by £4,416,500; and the present Government has, with equal steadiness, but with frightful rapidity, added to it £21,300,500 in the five years, or £4,227,100 per annum."

This is only a specimen-note, out of too many to the same tune. Unfortunately, for the extravagances of the Administration, it is emphatically *not* a case of "A great reduction on taking a quantity."

Apropos of Some Recent Proceedings.

"WHAT carriage best, on random course
In logic's teeth the mind to bear?"
Once 'twas "the cart before the horse,"
Now 'tis "the *carte* before the Mayor!"

PROOF POSITIVE.

It is but too evident that Russia is advancing towards India. Isn't she always taking Steppes in that direction?



FROM THE GENERAL TO THE PARTICULAR.

The New Governess. "NOW I SUPPOSE YOU KNOW THAT THERE ARE THREE THINGS AS MUCH WATER AS LAND UPON THE SURFACE OF THE EARTH!"

Tommy. "I SHOULD THINK SO, INDEED! LOOK AT THE PUDDLES!"

A REALLY HARD CASE.

MY VERY DEAR MR. PUNCH,

FORGIVE me for writing to you, but I *always* act on impulse. I am in *such* trouble, and really don't know what to do. During the last three months I have been photographed by one of those dreadful publishing photographers in ten different attitudes and costumes. And now my son who is at the Bar (I was married *very* young) tells me that there is nothing to prevent my *carte* being displayed in any shop window! It would be simply terrible! It is quite true that I took *great* trouble with my attitudes, and some of my dresses were *very* becoming indeed! But think, if I *really* appeared side by side with those poor dear persecuted "beauties!" Oh, I cannot bear to think of it for a moment!

And now what *am* I to do? The worst of it is, I did not *buy* the negative, and I don't think I told the operator *not* to publish me. In fact I have an *impression* that I may have written to *ask* him whether my portrait would be of any *use* to him. You see I thought it might have brought him in some *money*, and I am *charitable* to a fault! But oh dear, what *shall* I do? Of course I *can't* tell him *now* not to publish me, as it might *hurt* his feelings. And as to talking about buying negatives and *all that*, a lady *really can't* do it—*now can she*? I am *dreadfully* worried! My son offered to see the photographer for me, but I *could not* permit it. You see he is so *rough* in his manner, and besides he looks so *very* old for so *young* a mother! Oh dear Mr. Punch, what *shall* I do! You will see I enclose a *carte*, but never *mind*! Pray *don't* give it to one of your *clever* artists to use! I should be quite *angry* if you did, for so *many* of my friends would be *sure* to get the paper with me in it! It would *double* your circulation—it *would* indeed! Now *good* bye,

Your sorrowful little friend,

LAURA BRASSBLUSHINGTON.

P.S.—I would have written you a *longer* letter, but I have *promised* to give my *dreadful* photographer another sitting in ten more dresses! I *must* go at once! I *daren't* hurt his *feelings*, poor dear fellow! But isn't it awful!

NEW TOPICAL SONG.

(By a Friendly Zulu.)

I'VE been photographed like *this*—
(Shows an awfully naked truth)

Save a cow-tail apron bare—
And feel how I must have shocked
A virtuous Lord Mayor!

So, henceforth, if I'm photographed,
I'll be photographed like *that*—
(Shows a modestly-veiled impropriety)

In square-cut Quaker dittoes,
And a broad-brimmed Quaker hat!

When thus chastely, warmly covered
From indecency and cold,
If Mr. PHILPOTTS sells me,
I hope he won't be sold,

And charged with an indecent
Exposure in the streets,
And sentenced to do penance
In damp Collodion sheets.

Henceforth, in kraal and cottage,
May Alderman and Zulu,
From CETEWAYO unto NOTTAGE,
Be'men and brothers too!

Till, in positives and negatives,
To the same task they set 'em,
Of honouring the memory
Of great Ex-Lord Mayor WHETHAM!

An Excellent Example.

"Major-General NEWDIGATE has declined an invitation to a banquet which it was proposed to give to him at West Hallam, where General NEWDIGATE has gone on a visit to his brother, Lieutenant-Colonel NEWDIGATE. The General states in his letter that he is very grateful for the proposed honour, but as a soldier he had simply done his duty—or rather, endeavoured to do it to the best of his ability—and this consciousness is in itself the soldier's reward."

HAD General NEWDIGATE received this invitation and sent this excellent answer a fortnight earlier, *Punch* would have been proud to dedicate to him his Cartoon, "*Don't Overdo It!*" Failing that, he can only award the General the Newdigate Prize among his South-African brother officers.

A PECULIARLY PAINFUL PROSPECT.

PUNCH grieves to hear from Rheims, the head-quarters of the Champagne district, that the gathering of the grapes has begun in nearly all the well-known *crûs*, with what may indeed be called a cruel result—total failure alike of quantity and quality. At *Ay* the grower's cry is "Ay-de-mi!" At Bouzy there is not likely to be pressed so much as to make boozy a butterfly; while at Verzenay the constantly-heard question, "Vere's any?" only elicits the answer, "No-veres."

Now, *Punch* likes his Pommery *très sec*. But to have the fountain, not only of Pommery, but all Pommery's little brother and sister *crûs*, *à sec*, is a dryer prospect than he bargains for. And to think so little "dry" should come of so much wet! To see the hopes of the year's sparkling vintage go off in "fizz"—not a drop of drinkable wine left behind—will be one of the dreariest legacies of this dreary year!

And not only has it played "old gooseberry" with the Champagne vintage, but it is likely, we fear, to play "new gooseberry" with it also. Unless, indeed—happy thought!—it be that the gooseberry crop of 1879 has been as complete a failure as the vintage. But, on a second less happy thought, what then? We shall only have to fall back on some worse substitute—say out of the gooseberry-bush into the beet-root bed, or perhaps on to the tater-patch! from fruits—such as they used to be in better times,—to roots—such as we hear they are this sorry year—too bad, even for Hamburg Sherry!

"GET DONE BY STEALTH, AND BLUSH TO FIND IT FAME!"

"CAMERA obscura" as applied to the photographer's chamber is evidently a misnomer. Considering what comes of being photo'ed, it ought to be christened "*Camera famosa!*"

THE WHOLE DUTY OF IRISHMEN AND TENANTS.—To pay their shot.



GENIUS AND ITS HOBBIES.

LUDWIG BEMOLSKI, THE GREAT COMPOSER, FONDLY IMAGINES HE CAN DRAW IN WATER-COLOURS, WHILE HIS OLD FRIEND, WILKIE TURNER BROWN, THE FAMOUS LANDSCAPE-PAINTER, IS UNDER THE DELUSION THAT HE CAN WRITE SONGS (AND SING THEM); SO THAT WHENEVER THEY MEET TO SPEND A PLEASANT EVENING, BEMOLSKI INSISTS ON INFLECTING HIS FEARFUL DAUBS ON BROWN, WHO PERSISTS IN REGALING BEMOLSKI WITH THE MOST GHASTLY SETTINGS OF OUR BEST POETS TO MUSIC.

Brown. "BREAK, BREAK, BREAK," &c., &c.

Bemolski. "ANOZER TUTCH VINT-MILL!"

'ARRY IN PARRY.

CHER CHARLIE,

J'y s'ce ay j'y reste—for a fortnit or so. Ain't it prime?

I landed on *Raine Dor*, yer know, and I've 'ad sech a proper old time. And as 'twas the French 'Oss as plumbed me and give me my chance of a hout, I thought I'd trot over to Parry, and see wot the frogs was about.

Oh, a pocketful do perk one up like. I laid in a sweet suit o' stripes, And went in a regular crusher for neckties, light kids, and silk wipes. If you'd twigg'd me, dear boy, on the start you'd 'a said I was mixing it strong,

But didn't it jest fetch *ces dames* as I druv in the *Bucor der Boolong*?

Stunning place, though the trees is too spindly, like all Parry trees, my dear boy—

Not Greenwich Park form by a lot; but the City's a thing to enjoy. I've picked up a heap of the patter, and feels myself pooty *ofay*, For, in course, to be out of the chat floors a feller in doing the gay.

Not so rorty as London, my pippin, and *tant suor poo* frothy and thin; I 'ope you are fly to the Lingo; so I tip you the Parleyvoo in. Comes nateral now, don't yer know, though more orkerd to write than to speak. But my haccen't's considered the cheese, and my style o' pronouncin' it *chie*.

Not so rorty as London, I said, and I sticks to it. Somehow, yer know, One feels jest a little mite out of it. Lots of *ler gai* and *ler bo*. But jolly? Well, no, not percisely; the larks, like the liquors, run light, And a spree *à lar Frongsay*, though gassy, don't fill up my pewter—not quite.

There ain't enough body about it, no row-de-dow rollick and ramp. The French don't seem up to perdoocing us cards of the jolly-dog-stamp. They sits at the *caffys* and chatters, and tipples up tots weak as tea, But a pot o' four-arf and a frolic is things as you don't often see.

Fine streets, and no error, though, CHARLIE. Them bullyvards bangs us to bits.

You might play cricket well in their squares, slog for sixes, and run out your 'its.

That *Place deller Concorde*, for instance,—I'm blowed if one doesn't feel lost,

And pine for a pub. in Cheapside, stout-and-mild and a cut off the roast.

There's a deal too much finnick and fuss, *byang Mossoo*—ing, and that sort o' thing.

You don't want your *gassong*—that's waiter—to speak like a haffable king;

Puts yer out, don't yer know. Now, our "yessir" sounds proper, respectful, and pat,

But a Frenchman's all bows and *bong jours*, and he lives with 'is 'and to 'is 'at.

A smart *Concierge* in a cap, with a heye full of mischief and fun,

Seems pooty good goods for a rally, but, bless yer, it ain't to be done,

I put on the rattle to rights in the style that's so taking *shay noo*,

But they ain't got the 'ang of it, CHARLIE,—it doesn't come off, not a few.

Of course you carn't chaff *cummy fo* in a language you haven't quite nailed;

But my *style* ought to do it, dear boy—it's the very fust time as it's failed.

It's the fault of young Frenchmen, I fancy—they carn't come the true rorty pal,

And yer see, when the feller ain't wide, why, what *can* you expect from the gal?

Howsomever, I picked up a chum, as was out on the lonely like me,

And I think we astonished the natives, and showed 'em our pattern o' spree.

'Ow they stared at our capers, dear boy! 'ow we laughed at their "*Commongs*?" and shrugs!

No. Parry's O.K., and no kid; but the Mossoos is most on 'em Mugs.

"Fust himpressions!" says you. Werry true, but I take a *cou d'ee* tidy quick.

I thought to find Parry a parrydis ruled by the merry Old Nick;

It's a City of Caffys, clean streets, open spaces, and spick-and-span 'ouses,

And women without any bonnets, and workmen in dingy blue blouses:

No pubs, but long bullyvards, CHARLIE, all Rustyrongs, tables, and trees;

With folks grubbin' all over the place upon kickshaws and claret and cheese.

But there ain't no 'ome feeling about 'em, these *brasserie* cribs and wot not,

And for comfort, and fun, and good tippie, yer true British bar bangs the lot.

I miss it, my pippin, I miss it; the baccy, the barney, the beer,

The chumming, the chaff at the counter,—they do it so different 'ere.

Still I'm going it nobby, dear boy, and you know there are capers in Parry

That—well, mum's the word. More anon.

Toot à voo der bong wotsername,

'ARRY.

"To What Base Uses."

WHILE SMITH and JONES were taking a walk down Fleet Street, as suggested by Dr. JOHNSON, they discoursed upon the new Criminal Code, Bankruptcy Act, the Reform of the Lunacy Laws, and various other things that "are to be," and, meantime, continue "as they were." SMITH was from the country. Quoth SMITH to JONES, as they arrived in Carey Street—"What is that large and majestic building I behold? A shop, I presume?"

"It is a shop," replied his companion; "or will be, if it is ever finished."

"To whom does it belong?"

"To the leading firm of law-publishers."

"And what will they sell there?"

"Law-stationary."

the University! But it's all passed away—all passed away!"

"Who and what are you?" asked R.P.

"A British Farmer of the Twentieth Century," returned the distressed agriculturist, sorrowfully.

"Oh, you still have farmers?"

"Well, we keep up the name; but we get all our corn from Canada and the United States."

"And your meat?"

"From Australia, and North and South America together."

"And your milk and butter?"

"Oh, from all over the place—except England. About a hundred years ago an enterprising foreigner discovered how to keep butter and milk sweet for any length of time. So we have had to give up our dairies."

"Ah! I think I remember something about that!" murmured R.P. "They were talking about it just before I fell asleep."

"Yes, everything has passed away from us—cattle, sheep, poultry, milk, cheese, butter, green crops, corn, fruit, vegetables, everything! They all come from abroad nowadays!"

"And how do you pay for 'em?" asked R.P.

"Pay! Bless you," said the farmer, "we don't pay. They give 'em us. Still, a man must have pocket-money and his little 'luxuries.'"

"Yes, certainly," said R.P., consolingly. "And what do you do for them?"

"Well, we have had to take up a trade that the Yankees have quite discarded. Since they have become the food-producers of the world they can afford to let us have a monopoly."

"I see. So the work of the British Farmer of the Twentieth Century is to manufacture—"

The Agriculturist blushed deeply, and replied,

"—to manufacture Wooden Nutmegs!"

"Oh, I think I had better try to get another nap!" stammered out R.P., as he thoughtfully reascended his mountain, sighing, "And that's what Free Trade has brought us to! Oh, Shade of COBDEN, if ghosts had only heads to punch!"

That's How the Money Goes.

(By a True Blue.)

NICE Liberals! Cheeseparing kind!

Not so lib'ral as we Tories—I know;

True, you may be down to the Rind,

But 'tis we that are up to the Rhino!

FOR MRS. WELDON'S CONSIDERATION.—*Est modus in rebus!* There is a medium in all things!

BOARDING-OUT V. BABY-FARMING.

PUNCH finds, to his deep disgust, that a recent paragraph of his, suggested by the Tranmere horrors, has been read as implying some relationship in his mind between the murderous abominations of baby-farming and the boarding-out system, as advocated by that noble mistress and martyr, Mrs. NASSAU SENIOR, and as carried out, *Punch* is rejoiced to know, in many parts of England and Scotland. Wherever the attention of a Local Ladies' Committee can be secured, first to select proper foster-parents for the boarded-out little ones, and afterwards to keep an attentive eye on their treatment and progress, *Punch* believes that boarding-out may supply what big pauper schools cannot—something like a substitute for parental loving care and guidance. But if these conditions be not most sternly insisted on, the boarding-out system may be a cover for horrors little less foul than those that made the old parish apprenticeship-system so often a mask for unspeakable oppression and ill-treatment. Even now it is not safe to consign parish apprentices to callings that carry them out of reach of surveillance, such as the Grimsby smack-fishing. "Out of sight out of mind" is likely to be a sad law sorely verified in the case of many an ill-used young pauper, overworked and overwatched, underclad and underfed, out on the cold Northern Sea.

But Boarding-out, under the wise and watchful eyes of a conscientious and careful Ladies' Committee, ought to be a real blessing to Parochial babies; enabling Boards of Guardians, with a clear conscience, to transfer to woman's hands part at least of the most perplexing duties of their guardianship.

Punch would grieve deeply if any ill-interpreted joke of his should lead to the least confusion between "Boarding-Out," rightly



"SOCIETY SMALL TALK."

"On the young Lady's exclaiming, 'How well these rooms are lighted!' the young Man might reply, 'Yes, by the light of Beauty's eyes, and you are lending your share, which is not a small one, to the general illumination, the brilliancy of which is almost too dazzling to a poor mortal like myself, to whom it is well that moments such as these are brief, else the reaction would be destructive to my peace of mind, if not altogether fatal to it.'"

Young Peter Piper has got his lesson well by heart, and is only waiting, to begin, for the lovely Miss Rippington to exclaim, "HOW WELL THESE ROOMS ARE LIGHTED!" which, unfortunately for him, they are not.

managed, and Baby-Farming, which is not, and is not meant to be, anything but a cover for babe-murder, made manslaughter by cautious systematic protraction of the sufferings of its doomed dumb victims.

If ever fiends in human form earned the gallows, it was the BARNESSES, husband and wife. If ever a wise and humane Judge's reading of the law erred on the side of lenity, it was Mr. Justice BRETT's, when it suggested to the Jury the lowering of their crime from murder to manslaughter.

If those babe-slaughters, the BARNESSES, were rightly treated, as homicides in only the second degree of guilt, the wretched woman, WATERS, the Lambeth Baby-Farmer, who was hung a few years ago, paid too high a penalty when she gave her miserable life to the gallows. And yet, when have we felt more satisfied than in her case, that the halter had no more than its due? And who has not felt that the BARNESSES, under Justice BRETT's direction, have had less than theirs? Much as *Punch* objects to sitting in judgment on his Judges—and above all, one of the most intelligent—he cannot help doing it in the case of the Tranmere Baby-murderers. Not only does their offence seem to him in its long-sustained and cold-blooded atrocity, to cry out for the highest doom of law, but it is an offence that above most requires for the deterrent influence of the sternest punishment on behalf of creatures that of all most powerfully claim our protection by their innocence, and their powerlessness to protect themselves.

WONDERFUL.

THE late Lord Mayor, rope-maker as he was, was not satisfied with the rope the Aldermen gave him. He actually took more!

BY ANTICIPATION.



DEAR MR. PUNCH,

THE new LORD MAYOR, whose reign began on Monday last, exercises, I believe, the art and mystery of Printer and Stationer. Let us put everything else aside, business and pleasure, the cares of to-day, and the calls of to-morrow, the demands of duty and friendship, the absorbing occupation of perusing the attacks of Lord CHATSWORTH, and Sir HENRY TAUNTON, and the replies of Mr. CLITHEROW, and the Marquis of STONEHENGE, and think for a moment or two of all the witty, sparkling, pointed, humorous, and diverting jokes, jests, *bons-mots*, and pleasantries, which may, can, shall, and will be said or sung, spoken and *written* (do you not shrink and tremble, Mr. Punch, at the prospect?), with direct reference, or indirect allusion to the craft and calling of Sir FRANCIS WYATT TRUSCOTT, now set up by his fellow-citizens to distribute justice and give proofs of his hospitality at the Guildhall and Mansion House. You will not, I imagine, be displeased if by so doing we get the start of some at least of your correspondents, Mr. Punch.

The new Lord Mayor will be the Type of all that the Civic imagination pictures to itself a Lord Mayor ought to be—the Copy of all the great and good Aldermen who have preceded him in the Curule Chair.

He will do his best to produce an excellent Impression. Other Lord Mayors have been prime, but this one will be Primer; nay, we venture to prophesy he will be Long Primer.

A Brilliant career may be predicted for him; he will be the Minion of neither Court nor faction. He is English to the backbone; and scores of aspirants will contend for the honour of having been the first to affirm that he is a Nonpareil.

If he is not a fountain of honour, he can point with pride to a Fount of type.

Let Italian or Venetian masts be erected in his Ward, and for the nonce let them be called *Italic*!

In politics it is understood that he is Conservative, and that his views are likely to be Stationary rather than progressive.

More than the usual Stereotyped compliments will be paid to him.

His hospitality will be unbounded—the First Proof appeared on the tenth; he will be an *Al-dine*; he will not forget the Press.

Small Capitals may boast their Mayors, their Provosts, their Syndics, but our Lord Mayor is connected with the Biggest Capital in the world.

A sword of honour will be borne before him—not a Composing-stick.

He will be tenacious of ceremony—and Form.

All the invitations from the Mansion House during his year of office will be in Black Letter with Rubricated Capitals.

Turtle and turbot, pheasant and venison may be served up on the sumptuous board, the Imposing-table, at the Guildhall or the Mansion House; but it will not be complete without a Pie.

May he have nothing to regret or Revise!

May his slumbers in the state four-poster be tranquil and unbroken, in Proof-sheets—if it should be more congenial to him to be so Composed!

May his career be a Justification of all these praises and compliments!

And may he never forget his best Mentor—*Punch*!

TYPE.

P.S.—I have been spending some time in unbroken solitude, pondering whether the ingenious can offer you any pleasantries founded on the LORD MAYOR's name. As at present advised, I cannot see that this is possible. Happily for you, the LORD MAYOR is not a North Country man, or you would certainly have been informed, over and over again, that he was a *Tru(e)scott*!

IN MEMORIAM.

John Baldwin Buckstone.

BORN AT HOXTON, SEPTEMBER, 1802;
DIED AT LOWER SYDENHAM, FRIDAY, OCT. 31, 1879.

Ox the far-off suburban graveyard's hush
Breaks the slow clangour of the burial bell;
Through close-set ranks of stones this press and push,
Of an old Actor's "last appearance" tell.

Spite of the shuffling of converging feet,
And hum of tongues at funeral pitch, one hears,
Across the monotone of the bell's beat,
Faint echoes of the laughs of fifty years.

Poor "BUCKY" can this last large house command,
On his last Act the curtain down to bring;
Leaving the stage, for once, without a hand,
Waking sad sigh and thought, for mirth's shrill ring.

'Tis well that men should love what makes them laugh,
Memory and mirth find ties of golden thread,
That Time's kind hand should winnow out the chaff,
Which brings no grist to living or to dead.

Let none to-day for moral or for flout
Mark how, or why, in sickness and sore need
The lamp that long had burned so blythe went out;
Think rather how its oil our lamps could feed

With light of laughter, from the brimming cruise
That for so many years ran never dry.

Author and Actor—give the man his dues,
And who large debt to BUCKSTONE will deny?

"Ashes to ashes! Dust to dust!" we hear
The pellets' rattle on his coffin-lid,
Like the last knell of many memories dear—
Glad times, glad faces, in the past long hid!

Ask if, for all that recklessness of his
Mid rocks and reefs off braving wind and tide,
He had a kindly heart? The answer is,
From these his comrades ranged at his grave-side.

They knew, none knew so well, the open hand,
The unjealous mood, quick all desert to read;
Tongue that to beg in comrade's cause was bland,
Ear that, deaf else, was never deaf to need.

The staunchness to old mates, that sometimes strained
Tether of patience, till pit, box, and stall
"That he was blind as well as deaf" complained,
When for friends' sake Art oft went to the wall.

Light lie the turf on the old Actor's bier:
Of many a load he lightened many a heart:
A more mirth-making mime for many a year
We are not like to see. 'Tis sad to part,

And leave him lying here, out in the cold,
Who held such cosy corners of our past!
Farewell, old "BUCKY," many a heart will hold
Thy memory green, for all shades o'er it cast!

OFF THE LINE.—A new departure in Turkish policy for BEACONS-FIELD & Co.—from Concession to Coercion.

THROUGH A CHINK.

"The Cabinet Council deliberated yesterday for nearly two hours and a half. Another meeting will be held to-day."—*Morning Paper.*

SCENE—The Cabinet Room. Glances interchanged. Ministers assembled.



THE PREMIER. Very sorry to bring you up to town, but glad to see you looking so well. Well, Gentlemen, I suppose you're all sensible of the situation? Rather strained. But of all solutions of the political problem, I am decidedly for one—

THE HOME SECRETARY. Dis-solution?

THE PREMIER. Quite the reverse. Resolution. I spell the first syllable of my name with one S. No. I have only one rule. As hunting men, you will appreciate it. "Harden your heart, hustle your horse, and never say die!" But as we must all die,

sooner or later, it may be well to think, in good time, over the best cry to go to the country with.

THE PRESIDENT OF THE COUNCIL. Just what I was thinking myself. I have turned over a few. What do you say to "Free Trade on both sides"—

THE PREMIER. Good idea. Has anybody else anything to suggest?

THE FOREIGN SECRETARY. Well, ah—wasn't my Manchester speech about the right thing? The old motto of the Berlin flag—eh?

THE PREMIER. Worn out. Shreds and tatters—"Pieces without honour." Ha! ha! (All the Ministers laugh quietly.) Anything else, anybody?

FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY. What do you think of "a Free Fleet—and no cat!"? It sounds popular and catchy, don't it?

WAR SECRETARY. Or a "Half-time Army"? Reads like a saving of twelve millions right off.

COLONIAL SECRETARY. Suppose we tried "Crown and Colonies"? Good Imperial ring about that. Or "Reciprocity among Relations." Suggests a kick to trade, you see.

LORD CHANCELLOR. Hardly domestic enough, I fancy. Don't come home to men's business and bosoms. I should say something like "Justice without Jury—and down with Law Costs!"—or you might even go the length of—

THE PREMIER (rising). "An Economic Woolsack—and no Chancellor!" No, my Lords and Gentlemen, you're all wrong. The country wants something a leetle stronger. I should suggest—

All (expectantly). Yes?

THE PREMIER. Another European blaze!

FOREIGN SECRETARY (enthusiastically). Excellent! And for phrase?

THE PREMIER. "Armed England against alarmed Europe." Nothing like national sentiment. We're quite agreed—eh?

All (unanimously). All!

THE PREMIER. Very well, then; here goes! (Wires off simultaneously to Simla, Petersburg, and Constantinople.) Now for Council matters. Suppose we run through our programme? Marquis, may I ask you to refer to your "Agenda"?

SECRETARY OF STATE FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS. Threatening letter to Russia. Quarrel with France about Egypt. Screw on SULTAN—

PREMIER. Ah—perhaps that will do for the present. Nothing like a spirited Foreign policy.

SECRETARY OF STATE FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS. We have received an inheritance from our ancestors—

PREMIER. Oh yes,—we know,—excellent, out of doors. Could not be better! But not here— And now, HARDY—I beg your pardon

—CRANBROOK—

SECRETARY OF STATE FOR INDIA (attempting to read a paper of instructions). Can't quite make it out yet. I think it's something about annexing Herat—or is it Merv?

SECRETARY OF STATE FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS (angrily). No, no! That is in my programme. I have to annex Merv—

PREMIER. My dear Marquis, you are a leetle impetuous!

SECRETARY OF STATE FOR INDIA (indignantly). Please, he is always interfering with me. As if he had anything to do with our Indian Empire!

SECRETARY OF STATE FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS (contemptuously). Oh! haven't I just?

SECRETARY OF STATE FOR INDIA. No you haven't. India ain't Foreign—it's domestic.

PREMIER. My dear friends, you mustn't quarrel. Take my word for it, we will find you both plenty to do.

SECRETARY OF STATE FOR INDIA. Oh, I have it at last! (Reading.) There's—the Scientific Frontier—on the side of—what wretched writing—oh, I see—China,—or is it Persia?

PREMIER. Either will do—but both will keep. *En attendant*, Sir MICHAEL, what have you got for us?

SECRETARY OF STATE FOR THE COLONIES. Lots. There's the Victoria row—and here—cautious public letter to Sir GARNER, to tell him to be careful what he's about; civil private note to beg him to go ahead and do what he "darned pleases!"

PREMIER. Very concisely put. However, that's your own affair—strictly. You must see we can't be bothered with JOHN DUNN and the Transvaal. And now, SMITH?

FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY. Oh! I'm all right. A few millions to be used judiciously in the dockyards. Keep Cyprus in the background, and tell HORNBY to bounce the SULTAN a bit. It will be a capital point for the Election.

PREMIER. Connu! And you, STANLEY?

SECRETARY OF STATE FOR WAR. Snub the Militia, and Red-tape the Volunteers. CARDWELL gave both their head far too much. CARDWELL was wrong. The only way to save the Election—I mean the Army—is to—

PREMIER. Undo CARDWELL's work—only don't be in too great a hurry. My dear Boy, you quite understand the situation. Ah! if your brother had been as intelligent! But that's a painful subject! And now, my dear CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER, we have left you and the HOME SECRETARY to the last! I know you are all right. You always are. You're so conciliatory, and so reasonable.

CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER. No, I am not, and it's cruel to chaff me! Why don't you let me change places with the Home Office? He's got nothing to do but to keep the Publicans in good humour! It's too bad! With all you fellows spending right and left, how am I to make a decent Budget? What have I got to appeal to?

PREMIER. Fireworks, my dear Boy! fireworks, with your figures and phrases! Blaze away enough of them, and JOHN BULL won't bother himself about figures. Never fear, I'll pull you through! And now, my dear friends, you all know your cues. (Whispers a date.) We advertise last nights, and ring up for the seriocomic entertainment of the Present Parliament, to be followed by a General Election! (Airily.) So holiday is over, and the business of the Establishment is just going to begin. *Apropos*—those fireworks for the Lord Mayor's Banquet! You've your speeches ready?

[All rummage their pockets. Scene closes.]

Sorrow without Salt.

"The Aylesbury Dairy Company have been trying a new, and, as yet secret, treatment for butter, which preserves it fresh and sweet for an indefinite period without salt. We shall have unsalted butter from America in any quantity."—*Spectator.*

AYLESBURY ducks! Aylesbury geese, say I!

Who'd teach us, sans salt, to keep butter sweet,
When Uncle SAM's cow-streams, that ne'er run dry,
In all shapes save this, make the sea their street.
Beef, dead and living, cheese, tinned milk, salt butter—
Must Yankee-land all its "pecunia" utter
Upon our marts? And now, in our dejection,
You take our salt—poor JOHN BULL's sole protection!
What more from Neptune shall BRITANNIA seek?
Take with our "silver side" our "silver streak"!

SOMETHING LIKE A REWARD.

THEY have made our illustrious Professor OWEN free of the Leathersellers' Company! Our national debt to him has long been owing. This is payin' it with a vengeance at last!



"SHOUTER TO SHOUTER!"

SCENE—A Working-Party! Afghanistan. Road-Making at Six Annas a Day.

Sergeant. "HOO MONY MEN HAE SHE WARKING UP DARE, CORP'RAL?"

Corporal. "ABOUT A DOZEN; BUT THEY'RE DARIN' NAETHING!"

Sergeant. "AA RIGHT, CORP'RAL! SHUST BIDE AWEE, AND I'LL SEND SOME MAIR UP, TO GIE YE A HAUN'!!"

THE ENGLISH OF IT.

WHAT? The Turkish *Non possumus* countered at last With that parlous word "Must," so denounced in the past? Imperative mood! Ultimatum!! Coercion!!! The patriot Jingo's especial aversion, Applied to the much-injured Mussulman! Verily, Time's whirligig must have been spinning it merrily. LAYARD, my lad, this must go 'gainst the grain. BEAKY, dear boy, this must cause you much pain. SALISBURY, really, *mon cher*, one must pity you, Since you returned from far Stamboul's fair city, you Seem to have held it were shame, wrong, and loss for us Even to whisper a "Must" near the Bosphorus. Can you have lost, on this special occasion, Your faith in the virtue of soft moral suasion? The Sick Man may need anodyne or emulsion, But aught so cathartic as open compulsion, So dreadfully drastic as real reform?— Dear, dear! Just imagine how Jingoes would storm At the very suggestion from—well, I won't trouble you With the full name, it begins with a W. Old Bag-and-Baggage, whom Tory abuse Has branded as compound of traitor and goose, He, the inopportune, plaguy, importunate Truncer of Pashas corrupt and extortionate, Who, long ago, ere your Sick Man had lost All power to bear Reform's burden and cost, Ere the much-petted—and parcelled-out—nation Had tried your fine nostrum called "Consolidation," Dared recommend, to your utter disgust, A very strong dose of this very same "Must." Then you were far too sagacious to heed him. Now—why here! LAYARD informs MAHMOUD NEDIM—

A thing to put Palace and Porte in a panic— That Must has a meaning that's sternly Britannic, And not Oriental, permissive, or funny. Now, Humpty-Dumpty, *sans* might and *sans* money, Finds his dear friends for Reform getting urgent, What wonder he's frightened, astonished, insurgent? Must? By the beard of the Prophet, what next? Will the treacherous Giaour ne'er stick to his text? Has GLADSTONE at last got the infidel's ear? Have the sons of burnt fathers a new Grand Vizier? Not yet, gentle Turk, simple child of Islâm, Unwitting of guile, unsuspecting of sham, Our High Humpty-Dumpty not yet has his fall, But a General Election is coming—that's all!

Royal Purveying.

"Captain HUNT GRUBBE has been appointed one of Her Majesty's naval aides-de-camp, vice SALMON, retired."—*Court Circular*.

It might almost be supposed that Her MAJESTY, like the Berwick and Newcastle apprentices of old, had become tired of salmon, and had appointed this gallant Officer to hunt the grub that is wanted to take its place.

Comfort from Shakspeare.

BEN AND HIS BACKERS.

(To Mr. Punch, with Monty Corry's Compliments.)

"THE eagle suffers little birds to sing,
And is not careful what they mean thereby;
Knowing that with the shadow of his wing
He can at pleasure stint their melody."

Titus Andronicus, Act IV., Sc. 4.



THE ENGLISH OF IT.

BRITISH AMBASSADOR. "YOUR MAJESTY *MUST* REFORM!"

SULTAN. "'MUST'!!!—IS THERE, THEN, A NEW GRAND VIZIER IN ENGLAND?"

BRITISH AMBASSADOR. "NO. BUT THERE'S GOING TO BE A *GENERAL ELECTION*!"

A KICK IN TIME.



HE wretch who Ladies soiled
with *Town Talk's*
breath
His eighteen months of
well-earned quod se-
cures;
But kick a woman, when
she's down, to death,
And, if she is your wife,
six months' are yours.
Proud privilege of husbands
—without joking—
The Judge thinks that "she
might have been pro-
voking!"

To Our Censor Morum.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,
THE late Lord Mayor
will be equally surprised
and disgusted to know that
a detachment of the Guards
regularly marches past the
Mansion-House about 7 P.M.
every night in their Bear-
skins, much to the disgust

and virtuous indignation of the, at that hour, happily diminished
population of the City.

A FRIENDLY ZULU.

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

Mr. Irving as *Shylock*, Miss Ellen Terry's *Portia*, at the Lyceum.—
Postscript, *Imperial*, *Folly*, *Gaiety*, *Adelphi*.

THERE were great expectations about *The Merchant of Venice*
at the Lyceum, and verily they have not been disappointed. Mr.
IRVING'S *Shylock*, taken as a whole, is a really fine performance, the
evident result of careful and conscientious study. His acting in the
Trial Scene, with one, as it seems to me, not altogether unimportant
exception, is a masterpiece. When, in reply to *Bassanio's* offer,
"For thy three thousand ducats here is six," he taps the jingling
coin in the open bag three times, he draws everyone's attention to the
forcible refusal he is about to make. While I admit the action
implies, "Look here, *Bassanio*, just listen to my ultimatum," the
device seems unworthy of *Shylock's* dignity throughout the scene.
Dignity! Why the *Doge* is nowhere compared with Mr. IRVING'S
Shylock. The faults that will be, and by this time have been, found
with what seems allowed on all hands to be Mr. IRVING'S completest
Shakespearean impersonation, may be ranged in two classes: those
which mark the Actor's individuality, and those which spring from
his conception.

For the first—have not all great Actors a curious tendency to em-
phasise those peculiarities in speech and action which distinguish
them from their fellows? Was it not so with MACREADY, with
CHARLES KEAN, with PHELPS? Were they not all easily imitated
and successfully caricatured? The Actor must be taken as nature
made him. "Man is not perfect, no, nor woman neither;" though
both Mr. IRVING, and Miss ELLEN TERRY as *Portia*, in their degree,
come very, very near to perfection, as far as that is conceivably
possible to mortal Stage-players.

I dismiss Mr. IRVING'S peculiarities of gait and utterance with
this remark, that they are less noticeable in *Shylock* than in any part
in which I have hitherto seen him, except *Sir Edward Mortimer*,
where he was always distinct, and seldom jerky. Had he been
more jerky, and more restless, and more inarticulate, on the first
night, I am bound to say I should have set it down to intense
nervousness, which is a characteristic of genius, and if in the scene
with *Tubal* he seemed to be palsied with frenzy, I must say that
Tubal's slip of memory in the middle of the Jew's most effective
scene was quite enough to have upset the strongest *Shylock*. If
this had happened to MACREADY, I fancy that poor *Tubal* wouldn't
have been allowed to forget it in a hurry.

As for Mr. IRVING'S conception of the character, its truth to
SHAKESPEARE, and to nature, seems to me to consist in its incon-
sistency. Is the plot to be judged by any rule of probabilities? If
the play be measured by the critic's thumb-rule, will the result be
satisfactory? I am not speaking of its mighty bursts of genius, of its
touches of nature, sweet or subtle, grim or bitter, and of its romantic
situations, which on the stage could be so easily robbed of all their
charm, if they lacked so exquisite a *Portia* as Miss ELLEN TERRY.

If Mr. IRVING is firm one moment, tottering another; now hob-
bling, now striding; now bent and broken, anon upright and sturdy;

if at one time he raves and scolds like a virago, and at another is
calm, impassive, and unrelenting as destiny,—I say that this is
SHAKESPEARE'S own *Shylock*, a character all lights and shades,
evoking laughter by his bitterest irony, punning over a matter of
business, sharp in his retorts, and in his outbursts of passion

"So confused,
So strange, outrageous, and so variable,"

that—

"All the boys in Venice follow him,
Crying—his stones, his daughter, and his ducats."

We have a Rembrandtesque picture. This is the Jew that *Portia*
drew—the raving, maniacal old clothesman, harried and worried by
those yelping gutter curs, the chaffing gamins, the street Arabs of
Venice, the little unwashed of the Canals, who mob him from
street to street, and goad him to frenzy.

But he recovers all his composure for the great Trial Scene, when,
unrepresented by counsel, he is going to conduct his own case, and
have his knife into the Christian Merchant. By the way, *Antonio*
ought to have been a stout, portly man; for unless he be, *Shylock's*
"merry jest" in the First Act, on which the whole play hangs, loses
much of its significance. *Antonio* ought to have a "bit of fat" in
his part. At the Lyceum Mr. FORRESTER is naturally sad, and
physically far too lean. Mr. BARNES could better have spared a
fatter pound! This by the way.

So potent is Mr. IRVING'S embodiment in the Trial Scene of that
concentrated hate which *Jessica* has previously described,—

"I have heard him swear
That he would rather have *Antonio's* flesh
Than twenty times the value of the sum
That he did owe him —"

as to compel our admiration for the dignified bearing which
cloaks his intense malignity. Then as the business of the Court
goes on, and the mean, quibbling surprise is sprung upon the Jew
by *Portia*, instructed by that Eminent Counsel *Bellario*—who,
between ourselves, must have been a sly old practical joker, and
utterly unworthy of his position as a Leader of the Venetian Bar—
which transforms the Prosecutor into the Persecuted, Mr. IRVING
enlists all our sympathy for the unhappy man, whose hard, relent-
less hatred has left him no loop-hole of escape, and who stands before
us now broken, helpless, hopeless—"A very old man, my Lord—
a very old man"—smitten by the hand of Heaven. There is not
one among the audience but resents *Gratiano's* "chaff" as the most
ill-timed, cruel, unchristian impertinence to a fallen man, who
would be protected from insult by any Court that cared one straw
for its own dignity. A round of the heartiest applause would, I
verily believe, be evoked from the audience, were the *Doge* to rise
in magisterial wrath, and commit this Venetian *ARRY*, this un-
feeling snob *Gratiano*, for contempt of Court, as a just punishment
for his indecent interruptions.

Mr. IRVING'S exit is admirable. Beaten, ruined, vanquished,
he leaves the Court master of the situation. I have seen a
German *Shylock* crawl to the *Duke's* feet, and then, after a fit
of inarticulate raving, and idiotic spluttering and plucking at his
beard, removed apparently lifeless. I had feared lest Mr. IRVING
should have ventured on this spasmodic finish, which would have
jeopardised the entire performance. But he did not; and of his
final exit as *Shylock*, it may well be said—

"Nothing in his life
Became him like the leaving of it."

Miss ELLEN TERRY had already shown us what she could do as
Portia at the Prince of Wales's, but her performance there was but
as the sketch of which this at the Lyceum is the perfect picture. It
is high and graceful comedy, from first to last—pure comedy, por-
traying the varying impulses, the vivacity and sparkling wit of a
beautiful woman richly endowed by nature, strong in the power of
her own charms, never attitudinising, ever moving with uncon-
scious grace, fascinating by her rare spontaneity and simplicity.
Portia is instinctively an actress. She jumps at the fun of dis-
guising herself and her maid as barrister and clerk, and takes it for
granted that her cousin *Bellario* will give his grave countenance
to what seems so like a madcap freak. She literally revels in it,
going through a preliminary rehearsal before *Nerissa* of the gait,
manner, and voice of the part she is about to play. Yet, after
all this, her disguise in Court, according to Miss TERRY'S view, is
so transparent, that *Bassanio* must be the most obtuse per-
son not to discover his wife immediately she appears, or at least
the instant she opens her lips to speak; for in the next Act even
Lorenzo, occupied as he is with *Jessica*, recognises *Portia* at night by
her voice alone. But, neither situations nor characters, in this play,
can be seriously criticised. Given SHAKESPEARE, we may well be
satisfied with the goods the Gods provide. The inspired language
and the force of the situations carry the drama triumphantly along.

I hear one blemish charged against Miss ELLEN TERRY'S *Portia*,
—a lack of dignity in the Trial Scene. But I am not sure that
a sudden assumption of dignity would not appear preposterous



SNOBINGTON AND SHODD.

Lady Snobbington (née Shodd). "Ah! how do you do, HERR SCHULTZ? I WANT YOU TO DINE WITH ME ON TUESDAY NEXT."

Herr Schultz, the great Philosopher (whose acquaintance with her Ladyship is of the slightest). "YOU ARE FERY VRENTLY, MADAM! BERMIT ZAT I INTRODUCE TO YOU MADAM SCHULTZ."

Lady Snobbington (who thinks great Philosophers are all very well, but doesn't want to be bothered with their womankind). "A—DELIGHTED, I'M SURE! MADAM SCHULTZ, I WANT THIS DEAR CLEVER HUSBAND OF YOURS TO DINE WITH ME, AND MEET THE DUCHESS OF CLAPHAM, AND THE BISHOP OF LOUGHBOROUGH, AND MY SISTER-IN-LAW, LADY GUINEVRE MOSELEY, YOU KNOW,—AND YOU WILL SPARE HIM TO US FOR ONE EVENING, WON'T YOU?"

Madam Schultz. "OH, CERTAINLY, IF HE WISHES IT."

Herr Schultz (in his innocence of the ways of Shodds and Snobbingtons). "YOU ARE FERY VRENTLY, MADAM! POT ZESE LATIES ZAT YOU MENTION, ZEY ARE ZEN PERHAPS NOT EXACTLY RESPECTABLE, ZAT YOU HAF NOT ALSO INVITED MY WIFE!"

in this *Portia*. Has she prepared that speech about mercy? has *Bellarion* crammed her for it? or is it the sudden outburst of her own generous nature? If the speech be prepared, then it should be a rhetorical display; which it is not. If it is a happy thought on the spur of the moment, then it is delivered with sufficient force and emphasis, and

yet with a certain modesty consistent with the position of so young a barrister in so important a case.

On the first night there were two distinct and equal triumphs, that of *Shylock*, and that of *Portia*. The piece is beautifully placed on the stage, every scene being a perfect picture.

For the rest of the *dramatis personæ*.—Mr. BEAUMONT was not half a *Doge*—perhaps if he were BEAUMONT and FLETCHER together, he might have been stronger. Mr. TYARS as the *Prince of Morocco*, or the other Moor of Venice—*Othello the Less*, instead of *Othello the Moor*—was very good. Antonio was like the Anthony in the old song of "*Froggie would*" whose lay is always "Heigho! said Antonio *Rouley*." Mr. BARNES decidedly "stood out" as *Barnes-anio*—I mean *Bassanio*—and posed a bit too much, under the impression that he was exhibiting "gallant bearing." He was also too impatient and off-handed in the Trial Scene—a defect which, no doubt, by this time he has remedied, and has become deeply interested in what is likely to be a protracted case. Lorenzo is "nice." The *Gobbos, père et fils*, are not particularly humorous; their old-fashioned, wearisome traditional stage business ought to be rearranged. Jessica obtained a laugh when she throws a good-sized casket, apparently across a canal, at Lorenzo's head, which might have induced an exclamation of "Well fielded!" from the irrepressible, and imperilled the situation.

The last Act always disappoints me—not by its language, which is beautiful; not by its comedy, which is amusing; but because poor old *Shylock* does not reappear. I should like him to drop in on that happy party in rich Venetian evening dress—not as he went out to supper with *Salarino & Co.*, like *Guy Fawkes*, with a lantern and tinder-box—to express his sorrow for the trouble he has caused, and then speak the lines which *Nerissa* now speaks, about the deed of gift to Lorenzo and Jessica—adding, of course, "Take her, you young dog of a Christian, and be happy."

The late Mr. CALVERT used to end the play with a poetically conceived scene of moonlit silence in the great hall of Belmont, with *Portia* and *Bassanio* looking on the still night from a window in the gallery. It was very effective, and would have offered a really good excuse for the return of *Shylock*, who, out of reverence for "the Bard," might have expressed everything in dumb show, and handed over the deed of gift in pantomime. In fact, the deed, and not the word, is the only thing required. But these changes cannot be properly effected until the piece is reproduced in Our National Theatre of the Future by

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

P.S. The *Rivals* as presented at the Imperial Theatre has not been rivalled by any recent revival of the admirable old play, in the leading parts of *Lydia*, *Mrs. Malaprop*, *Sir Anthony*, and *Captain Absolute*. First and foremost, Miss LITTON gives a feminine charm all her own, in look, movement, and manner, to the sentimental heroine. I can recall few more bewitching stage apparitions than hers, as she interrupts the duel in the Abbey Fields, in her black mantua and muslin *fichu* worn *en fashion*, and infinitely becoming to her fair face.

Of the veteran Mrs. STIRLING's *Mrs. Malaprop*, and Mr. FARREN's *Sir Anthony*, what need to speak? They both belong to a good old time, and act accordingly. Mr. KYRLE BELLEW's *Captain* is quiet, graceful, and pleasant, not a tone of it overdone, which is a great virtue. This young man promises to go far in light comedy; may he never find worse fare than SHERIDAN. I am glad to note his progress for his father's sake, as well as his own.

Mr. BROUGH's *Bob Acres* is capital in the

first Acts, but, to my thinking, monotonous in the terror of the last scene. It is quite possible that real fright might transform a lusty country squire into the limp and deplorable creature presented by Mr. BROUGH, but the comedian's first duty is to reconcile truth with humorous presentment of his part. Mr. EVERARD's *Sir Lucius* was quiet, gentlemanlike, and unexaggerated—in short, "less Irish and more nice" than he usually is on the stage. Altogether, *The Rivals* at the Aquarium deserves to be seen by those who seek good time-sanctioned "classical" enjoyment at the theatre. It is not to be had too often.

Within a week, Mr. TOOLE appears at the Folly, with *A Fool and his Money*, and the rather worn-out *Ici on parle*. Mr. H. J. BYRON, who will have his finger in the Folly pie is preparing *The Upper Crust* for J. L. T.

In *Robbing Roy*: or, *Scotched and Kilt*, at the Gaiety, Miss NELLIE FARREN plays that amiable tenor, *Francis O-baldistone*, whose initials, "F. O.," stand for "Foreign Office," or, more properly here, "Farren Office"—it being quite her office to represent the hero of burlesque.

The Adelphi gives us a notable example of what can be done, and also what can't be done, with a bad piece, by an exceptionally good cast. Mr. NEVILLE as *John Broudie* is the very spit of what Mr. TENNIEL'S JOHN BULL of the *Punch* Cartoons must have been when about twenty-five. Mr. VEZIN is excellent as *Newman Noggs*, in a marvellous make-up, the actor's individuality being completely destroyed. And this is equally true of Mr. R. PATEMAN, whose *Brooker*, the depressed villain, is as good a performance as can be seen in a character so conventionally melodramatic. Mrs. MELLON looks a deal too kind for *Mrs. Squeers*, but it is always a pleasure to see her at the Adelphi, and to forgive her for remaining as nature made her. The Coach Scene is most effective, though some might object to the coach as stagey.

Y. R.

THE MUNICIPAL FORECAST.

LIBERAL Reaction, indeed! Bosh! Where will you find signs of it? In the Mayors' nests!

SIR EVELYN WOOD, IN BRIEF.—(With Mr. Punch's congratulations after the Bar Dinner of Saturday, Nov. 1.)—A Queen's own Fighter, and a Devil's own Talker.

DEDICATION OF A NEW SAINT'S DAY.—The Fifth of November: To St. Beaconsfield, as the patron of fireworks.

SCHOOL BOARD EXPENDITURE.—On building principally, and too much by a precious site.

A HEALTH TO FAST LIVERS.—Our *Absinthe* Friends.

THE PROPRIETOR OF PHOTOGRAPHS.

MR. PUNCH,

YOUR principal contemporary has lately given insertion to divers letters, from sundry correspondents, on the question of photographic copyright; communications in which contradictory claims to property in negatives are affirmed by positive persons. None of these, however, even though some themselves photographers, have thrown any light on the subject. That has been reserved for me to do, as the party, above all others, capable of doing it. Is it not strange that amongst all the controvertists respecting copyright in Sun pictures, nobody has hitherto come forward to point out the incontestably prior and prescriptive claims of the original and universal Photographer, yours everlastingly,

PHŒBUS APOLLO.

P.S.—I need not tell you how ashamed I am of the base and vulgar uses to which my beams are put by unscrupulous cads and snobs whom I cannot, unfortunately, prevent from availing themselves of the rays I cannot help shedding, and perverting their chemical properties, with mercenary designs, to the annoyance, defamation, and prejudice of decent people.

Quoth the Sultan.

My long-suffering bondholders, prick up your ears,
I'm resolved to reform, so no more doubts and fears;
When I say it, I mean it,—then do not despond;
My word, you shall see, is as good as my bond!



TANTALUS.

Irish Waiter (to Commercial Gent, who had done a good stroke of business already). "BRAKFAST! YESSIR. WHAT'LL YE HAVE, YER HONOUR—TAY OR COFFEE?"

Commercial Gent (hungry and jubilant). "COFFEE, AND FRIED SOLE AND MUTTON CUTLET TO FOLLOW!"

Waiter (satirically). "ANNYTHING ILSE, SURR?"

Commercial Gent. "YES, STEWED KIDNEYS. AH! AND A SAVOURY OMELETTE!"

Waiter. "YESSIR. ANNYTHING—"

Commercial Gent. "NO, THAT WILL DO—"

Waiter (with calm contempt). "AND DO YE EXPICIT TO FOIND THE LIKES O' THEM THINGS HELE? SURE, YE'LL GET WHAT YEZ ALWAYS GOT—BACON AN' IGGS!"

A RISE IN GREECE.

ON Thursday sennight, at Montrose, Mr. BAXTER, M.P., in an instructive address on "New Greece," gave a glowing account of that little, but rising kingdom. Greece is looking up. British speculators would do well to invest in Greece, and thus effectually counteract the intriguers operating in the European market for the use of Russian tallow. There is every reason to expect that Greeks will pay; which it is now quite evident that Turks never can. The growth of the olive has wonderfully increased in Greece of late years, to a proportionate extension of trade in the Grecian Isles. But the existing Isles of Greece require to be augmented by Samos, Crete, and others, which were Greek of old, and which it is desirable for British as distinct from Muscovite interests, that Greece should get again. However, in order to raise the wind for that purpose on the political 'Change, it is manifest that we shall have to change our Brokers.

Ode to the Three Chafers (Parnell & Co.).

By Sir S. N.

YOUR Vulgar Fractions cause distraction,
Your Divisions make me sad;
Your Rule-of-Three distresses me,
And your Practice drives me mad.

WHO HOLDS THE KEY OF THE POSITION?—General Election.

PUBLIC JUDGMENT ON PUBLIC MEN.



RIGHTS and Wrongs
—Six of One,
and Half-a-
dozen of the
Other.

ON Thursday last the Right Hon. R. PENNYWISE addressed a meeting of his constituents on the subject of the present political situation.

MR. PENNYWISE said that no thinking man could regard affairs at this hour without a feeling of the greatest apprehension. The only chance for the country was an immediate change of Ministry. The present Cabinet was composed entirely of monsters. The PREMIER was a very caricature of wickedness in its most hateful form. (Cheers.) He went out of his way to do silly and malicious things. He sacrificed fame, ambition, patriotism,

respectability to his intense love for naughtiness of the most childish and mischievous character. As for his colleagues they were imbeciles—(laughter)—he might say a pack of stupid donkeys—(renewed laughter)—idiots, in fact. So was the PREMIER. He was the biggest idiot of the lot. (Roars of laughter.) They had been told a great deal about our Foreign Policy. What did we want with a foreign policy? (Cheers.) Would a foreign policy give us an additional twopence a day for beer? ("No! No!") Would a foreign policy renovate the town pump, when that great local monument required to be repaired? ("No! No!") Would a foreign policy do good to any one living in Mudborough, or Slocum-super-Mare? (Cheers.) He (Mr. PENNYWISE) would far sooner have a plate of meat and potatoes than the finest foreign policy in the world! (Loud applause.) It was nonsense to talk of the responsibilities of England. Who cared for any one living outside a radius of five miles? (Cheers.) Or, to put it more plainly, who cared twopence for the comforts of his next-door neighbour? (Enthusiastic applause.) "Every man for himself!" was his motto; and he thought it a very good one. (Cheers.) Why should they spend money upon India? Why should they attempt to prevent slaughter and massacre in foreign parts? (Cheers.) So long as the widows and orphans did not come upon their parish for relief, what did it matter to them? (Loud cheers.) In conclusion, he must declare, that although he regarded the House of Commons with great respect, he held another body of men in far greater esteem. The body of men to whom he referred took a far juster view of the responsibilities of rulers than his colleagues in Parliament. They acted invariably in the proper spirit, and their patriotism assumed sensible limits. He only wished that they could change places with the Legislators of Westminster. If such an alteration could be made, Mudborough would be wealthier, and England would become a different country! ("Name! Name!") Of course the body of illustrious persons to whom he alluded were that noble, that sensible, that economical, that self-respecting band—the Members of the Local Vestry.

The Right Honourable Gentleman then resumed his seat amidst thunders of the most enthusiastic applause.

On the same evening Colonel the Honourable ALGERNON POUNDFOOLISH addressed a meeting of his constituents.

The Honourable and Gallant Member said, that no thinking man could regard affairs at this hour without a feeling of the greatest apprehension. The only chance for the country was the maintenance in power of the present Ministry. The PREMIER was the noblest Englishman that had ever illuminated the page of history. (Cheers.) There was something marvellous in his abnegation of self, his far-sighted and penetrating patriotism. As for his colleagues they were a band of statesmen in the purest sense. On the other hand the leaders of the Opposition were dolts. (Laughter.) He might say duffers—probably he might say "jackasses," were it not un-Parliamentary, but it was the right word in the right place for all that. (A laugh.) He wished he could exclude Mr. GLADSTONE

and Lord "HARTINGTON" from the title, but he couldn't. (Renewed laughter.) They had heard a great deal about a home-policy. (Cheers.) What did they want with a home-policy? Home was safe to look after itself. WAS BRITANNIA such an old woman that she dared not show her face abroad. Were wetted to our wives' apron-strings? ("No, no!") One fair knock-down blow delivered straight from the shoulder was worth all the milk-and-water in the world. (Loud applause.) It was monstrous to talk of the British Lion as if he were a well-bred animal exhibited in a cage at the Zoological Gardens. When the British Lion's beard was pulled, he kicked. (Cheers.) But he would not allow himself to be kicked by anyone. (Enthusiastic applause.) Everybody was insulting us, and we would not be insulted. ("No, no!") They insulted us because they thought we were afraid—we were not afraid. (Long-continued cheering.) We knew how to fight, and would fight as soon as look at them. (Cheers.)

The Honourable and Gallant Member then resumed his seat amidst thunders of the most enthusiastic applause.

DESECRATION OF A GOOD OLD DAY.

MR. PUNCH, SIR,

"In great attempts 'tis glorious e'en to fail," as I failed in trying to blow up the heretical "House of Lords, the King and all his Ministers." In default of any due observance of my anniversary in a serious spirit by the proper parties, I have been well content to be borne about, as I used to be, in a mock procession on a sella gestatoria, and finally burnt in effigy. I was thus, at any rate, commemorated as an historical hero—call me what anybody might. But for some years past I have been gradually sinking into neglect and oblivion. For a long while, through the invention of "lucifers," I have been shorn of my tinder-box and matches. On many occasions I have been chaired under the form of some unpopular Minister, or other personage, obnoxious to the British Public, and only now and then so dignified as a Pope or a Cardinal. Now, at last, I have altogether fallen upon evil days. My yearly festival has come to be perverted to unmeaning purposes of simple jollification. On the Fifth of November lately past, for instance, as you read at breakfast the other morning:—

"At Dorchester a fund of £500—towards which Lord ARLINGTON and Mr. BRYMER, M.P., were liberal subscribers—had to be raised, and there was a magnificent procession of two hundred Guys, each gorgeously arrayed, and carrying aloft a lighted torch. The King of the Fiji Islands, the Duke of Ditchwater, Sinbad the Sailor, Marwood, the Ameer of Cabul, the Convict Orton, and Cetewayo, were among the characters represented."

What have any of the abovenamed personages done to deserve the name of "GUY"? As for SHERE ALI and CETEWAYO, they were merely foreign enemies, who had never distinguished themselves by any enterprise like mine, and neither of whom suffered martyrdom. What have the King of the Fiji Islands and the Claimant in common with me? What has MARWOOD to do with one who was hanged, drawn, and quartered above 273 years ago? All this is bad enough; but still worse is the presentation as "Guys," of such dummies as the Duke of Ditchwater and Sinbad the Sailor. I regard this as a base endeavour to snuff me out, by insinuating that I am no better than a merely mythic or fictitious character. Mr. Punch, it is my proud boast that I am a Reality. The boys, in better times, used to sing about the streets that they saw no reason why Gunpowder Treason should ever be forgot; but, alas! I now see too much reason to fear that it very soon will be forgotten, unless something is done to rehabilitate in his time-honoured tatters

Your poor old friend,

GUY FAWKES, Incendiary and Martyr.

P.S.—As to fireworks and bonfires, I have become a mere excuse for a flare-up.

Ex Nihilo Nihil.

WHAT "Tap the Porte," Sir HENRY? 'Tis unkind
Thus to mock British Bondholders' dry throattles!
The more you "Tap," the more you're sure to find
There is no Porte—only the empty bottles!



"THERE'S A DIVINITY DOTH HEDGE," &c.

Juvenile "Scold." "YER NASTY LITTLE THING! IF YER FATHER WASN'T A P'LICEMAN, I'D SMACK YER!"

A RAAL LUMINARY.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

As I know you are interested in the cause of Education, as well as in everything which concerns the weal of our down-trodden country, I send you the subjoined extract from the *Clare Independent and Tipperary Catholic Times* of November 8th, which will, I hope, convince you that the "Island of the Saints" is now, as it has ever been, in the van of intellectual progress.

Yours, AN IRISH PATRIOT.

E DUCATION, Elementary, Intermediate, Collegiate, and University.—Mr. R., Visiting Tutor, Teacher of the Greek, and Latin Classics, and of the French, Italian and English Languages. Youth instructed from the earliest elements of the English language, through all the gradations of Intermediate, Collegiate, and University Education, qualifying them for the Competitive Examinations for all Civil, Naval and Military appointments.

The French language of which Mr. R. possesses a most critically accurate Pronunciation as to its Elisions, Intonation and Modification of voice, he teaches with that graceful Undulation of sound which particularly characterises a well-bred Parisian. Let it not, therefore, be inferred that it is French as it is usually taught by uneducated Governesses, and by many of those Illiterate Foreigners, with their Grammaires, Vocabulaires, and Indispensables, &c., &c.

Besides being the Literal Translator of a number of MOORE'S most popular melodies and other Songs into Greek, Latin, French and Italian of the same Metrical Composition and Rhythmical harmony as the originals, and which, therefore, can be sung and played to the same airs, Mr. R. can also produce numerous escapades of his own composition in the way of hymns, songs, &c.

In evidence of what Mr. R. here states of himself, he can produce the written testimony of the most exalted in rank, the most dignified by profession, and the most eminent in learning of all religious denominations in this kingdom.

A series of adult evening classes will also be opened of which due notice shall be given.

N.B.—Mr. R. purposes publishing a series of his letters of correspondence with parties of distinction in high literary circles, as time and space will hereafter permit.

Quoth the Kurfürst.

"I notice that a rather prominent portion of the German press takes delight in running down the English Navy."—*Daily News Berlin Correspondent.*

"BETTER that than that a prominent portion of the German Navy should take delight in running down each other."

THE NEW CENONE.

AN EPIC FRAGMENT.

(With Apologies to the Poet Laureate.)

O BRITISH Public, many-faded public,
Queer British Public, harken ere I die!
It was the bright forenoon: one silvery cloud
Had with soft sprinkle laid the gathered dust
Of Mayfair. To the studio they came.
Scant-robed they came before the Camera.
And at their feet was laid a carpet fair,
Lemon, and cinnamon, and ghostly grey,
Purple, and primrose. And the artist rose
And overheard the swift spring-curtains drew
This way and that in many a subtle shift
For fine effect of light and shade, and placed
Background of statuary and drooping boughs,
With cloud and curtain, tower and portico.

O British Public harken ere I die!
I heard great Heré. She to Paris made
Proffer of popular power, public rule
Unquestioned, an elastic revenue
Wherewith to buoy and back Imperial plans,
Honour (with Peace) she said, and tax and toll
From many a Place of Arms and haven large,
And Scientific Frontiers, and all else
That patriotic potency may crave;
To all most welcome, seeing men in power
Then only are like gods, having attained
Rest in "another place," and quiet seats
Above the tumult, safe from Dissolution,
In shelter of their great majority.

O British Public harken ere I die!
She ceased, and Paris held the golden fruit
Out at arm's length, so much the thought of power
Flattered his spirit; but Pallas where she stood
Somewhat apart, her straight and stately limbs
Uplifted, and her aspect high, if cold.
The while above her full and earnest eye
Over her firm-set mouth and haughty cheek
Kept watch, waiting decision, made reply.

"Unselfishness, high honour, justice clear,
These three alone give worth to sovereign power.
Yet not for power (power of itself
Is a base burden) but to hold as law
The fiat high, 'Be just and do not fear,'
And because right is right to follow right,
With a serene contempt of consequence."

And Paris pondered, and I cried, "O! Paris,
Give it to Pallas!" But he heard me not,
Or hearing, would not heed me. Woe is me!

O! British Public, many-headed Public,
Crass British Public, harken ere I die!
Audacious Aphrodite, beautiful
Fresh as the purple hyacinth's rain-washed bells,
With soft, seductive fingers backward drew
From her bold brow and bosom her long hair
Auricomous, and bared her shining throat
And shoulder; on the carpet her small feet
Shone lily-like, and on her rounded form,
Between the shadows of the studio blinds,
Shifted the cunning "high lights" as she moved.

O! British Public, harken ere I die!
She, with a subtle smile in her bold eyes,
The herald of her triumph, well assured,
Half whispered in his ear, "I promise thee
The negative of my next photograph!"
She spoke and laughed, I shut my eyes in fear,
And when I looked, Paris had not the apple.
And I beheld great Heré's angry eyes
As she withdrew from forth the studio door,
And I was left alone within the place!

THE WHEEL WITHIN OUR WHEELS.

LORD B.'s proposed motto for JOHN BULL, "*Imperium et Libertas.*" What would he say to "*Imperium in Imperio?*"



"A GREAT GUILDHALL CRACKER."

"He Won it Well, and may he Wear it Long."

"The QUEEN has been pleased to confer upon Captain EYRE MASSEY SHAW the distinction of the Order of the Bath, Civil Division, in recognition of his services as Chief Officer of the Metropolitan Fire Brigade."—*Gazette*.

Punch takes off his cap to Captain SHAW, C.B. Never was distinction better earned. If there had only been an order of the Fire-Engine as well as of the Bath! May he come to the Garter at last—in graceful allusion to the hose!

WARFARE OUT OF PLACE.—A Naval Battle in the Pacific.

Barons of Old and Barons To-day.

Two Barons big of Beef grace the Lord Mayor's Guildhall feast, One installed high in the West, one installed high in the East. Other Barons bold we've banished, and banished they remain: With these Guildhall Barons only 'tis "cut, and come again."

BY A BEAST OF AN OLD BACHELOR.

WHAT is the difference between the Male Clerks at St. Martins-le-Grand and the Female Clerks at the Branch Offices? The one have "Manners" among them; the other have none.

THE ABSTRACT LORD MAYOR.

(From "The Nine" on the Ninth.)

Ho for London's majestic Lord Mayor!
Who abides evermore in the Chair,
Serene and sublime,
The Lord Mayor of all time,
The Ideal, the Abstract Lord Mayor!

Of Lord Mayors he's th' essential Lord Mayor,
From the time first such officers were,
Lord Mayor Absolute he,
From all accidents free,
Unconditioned and Abstract Lord Mayor!

In the Abstract he feasts on good fare,
With the Concrete beyond all compare,
Turtle-soup thick and clear,
An Entity dear

To even an Abstract Lord Mayor!

When his form to imagine we dare,
To our minds we don't picture it spare;
Large the waist round about,
As 'twixt portly and stout,
We conceive of the Abstract Lord Mayor!

Peers and Princes the common lot share;
Flesh and blood will succumb to life's wear;
But so long as Time flies,
The Lord Mayor never dies—
That is, not the Abstract Lord Mayor!

Abstract Kings may exist here and there,
But a fig for them people don't care.

Abstract Sultan and Pope
For their sway have no scope
Like the sphere of the Abstract Lord Mayor!

Upstanding, with all our heads bare,
Let us drink the Ineffable Pair;
Here's a health to the Twain
As one monarch who reign—
The Concrete and the Abstract Lord Mayor!

Demand and Supply.

No wonder there is the tremendous activity in trade in Chemicals proclaimed at the Guildhall dinner, with the demand for fireworks in high places! There can be no immediate fear of a change of Ministers, or the commerce in Chemicals would hardly be as brisk as Lord BEACONSFIELD declares it is.

ST. MARK'S IN DANGER.

VENICE is the wonder of the world; St. Mark's is the wonder of Venice. For eight centuries that marvellous Byzantine temple has been the glory of the Sea City, for its fair and fantastic art, within and without, its arches, colonnades, and domes, its pillars and vaults, its mosaics and marbles, its dusky splendour of venerable age, and its perennial beauty of everlasting youth.

For eight centuries this Sea-shrine has stood, unharmed in essentials by men or elements. We see it, in a picture of GENTILE BELLINI, as it was in the fifteenth century; and such, in the main, it is still, save for some modernisation of the mosaics.

Time has, indeed, made the fabric even more beautiful, spreading a reverential veil over its fair face, and giving venerable and touching grace to all that has grown old in and about it without ceasing to be beautiful.

Some fifteen years ago irreverent and ill-guided hands first began tinkering at the grand old pile, stripping off old marble to replace it with new, so leaving what looked like an ugly patch on a fine old face. On the south side they have been working even more recently, and the rawness of recent carving jars harshly on the harmonious beauty of the old work, where left as the tender touch of time has left it. So much for St. Mark's without. Within, there has been too much rash dealing with the old mosaics in the way of so-called repair by rude hands, guided by ill-taught, if not irreverent, eyes, little careful to match colour, even so far as was possible between new work and old. In the Baptistery this mischief has gone farthest, as far as the walls are concerned. But "restoration," falsely so-called, has worked still more harm in the pavement of the north aisle, striking the waves of marble into rigidity, and substituting



HAPPY THOUGHT!

Puzzled Frenchman. (Aside.) "HA! UN INTERPRÈTE AMBULANT!! QUELLE BONNE IDÉE! (To Sandwich-Man.) PARDON, MONSIEUR TÔLE, MAIS PAR OÙ FAUT-IL PRENDRE, S'IL VOUS PLAÎT, POUR ARRIVER AU MUSÉE DE SOUTTE QUINZINQUETON!"

everywhere dead rule and line for free flow and curve instinct with life.

"Thus bad begins, but worse remains behind."

They are proposing now to go to work on the West Front!—they are going "to strike at the face"—as CÆSAR recommended his soldiers to do—to mar the beauty which past time has respected, and which of a surety, present time has no power to mend, however much it may have to mar. These rampant "restorers" will have a fine field. There will be mosaics to pick at in the vaults; surface work in stone and marble to patch; capitals to re-cut, and shafts to repolish and replace; in short, there will be the old façade to freshen, as you refresh the face of an ancient beauty, with rouge and pearl-powder, and enamel. And very much what the old beauty's freshened face is to the natural look of reverend and self-respecting age, will the restored West Front of Saint Mark's be to that front as we now see it in the grace of its ancient beauty.

The whole civilised world is bound to protest. Cambridge has already spoken out. Oxford has followed suit. Birmingham has struck in, in the name of industrial England. The Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings has uplifted its voice in a memorial to the Italian Minister of Works. *Punch* adds his roo-ti-too-it to this chorus of consternation, and pleads earnestly, in support of the Society, at least for delay and further consideration of the matter—believing, as the Society believe, that "any rebuilding of the façade of St. Mark's Church, any renewal of its beautiful and venerable surface, will be an irreparable misfortune to Art"—that "if there be any unsoundness in the structure, it is within the power of science to restore its stability, without removing a stone or altering an inch of surface," that "if that surface be tampered with, all will disappear for which the façade is now valued, nor will it ever be possible to bring it back again."

HAPPY-THOUGHT GUIDE TO LONDON.

(Being a Dickens of a Dickensonary for the use of Visitors to the Metropolis.)



A D L E R ' S WELLS THEATRE.—Recently re-opened by Mrs. BATEMAN, the seats being somewhat lower priced than at other Theatres,—at, in fact, an *a-bateman-t*. Sadler's Wells, in olden time, was much affected—to tears apparently—by the decrepit old *beaux*, who came to restore themselves with the waters, and to leer at the maidens. This was such a sad proceeding that the place was then

called *Sad-leers Wells*. The history of the family is touchingly romantic. Mr. SADLER was brought up from boyhood as an orphan. One night he had a dream, in which he thought that a beautiful winged being appeared to him, and told him to go to the town of Isling—so called from the boyish game of "*Isling*," then much in fashion—where he would find his long-lost father. Young SADLER arose, went to Isling Town, and there he met an aged gentleman, who embraced him affectionately, and informed him that he was Mr. SADLER Senior.

"Ah!" exclaimed the youth ecstatically, as he stood by the ancient fountain, "then, now that SADLER Junior has seen you, he has at last discovered his *Pa*!" The people, by acclamation, at once named the place "*Sadler, His Spa*!"

Their joy knew no bounds, but found lots of springs, and thenceforward The Wells, where people came to be cured of their ills, became a fashionable lounge. Young SADLER made a fortune, and allowed his father so much a week, which caused the old gentleman to go home every Saturday a "*Sadler and a wiser man*." SADLER Junior, was saddled with many cares, and had several hobbies which he never liked anyone to cross. He brought up his boys very strictly, and leathered them for the slightest fault. They could not rebel, as their father was a fine strapping fellow, and it was no good their hiding themselves, as their excellent parent preferred hiding them himself. He left a large sum of money, all in small change, chiefly "*tanners*," and he did not forget to commemorate the vision of the beautiful winged creature, by building the Angel at Islington, and also a theatre, where the wings were displayed to the best advantage on the stage. Sadler's Wells are historic. Here DIBDIN dipped in, and HOGARTH drew the water. Here BRAHAM sang such notes that sounded as if a trumpet used to *bray 'em*, and here first the dramatic genius EDMUND, showed his *keen wit*. Here the original "*Sea-Cook*," T. P. COOKE, blessed his dear eyes, and never played in any piece without a hitch; and here the great clown, who was *Grim-all-day*, was funny all night. The late Mr. PHELPS was so deservedly successful here, by energy and his own self-help, that the Islingtonian proverb ran, "*Heaven Phelps them that Phelps themselves*." Scotch is predominant, just now, as *Rob Roy* is at present the attraction, and friends from the North won't leave without "*Makin' a veeisit to Sadler's Wells*,"—and if the Wells are only kept greased, the runs will be certain, and the common weal of Sadler's be assured.

ST. GEORGE'S CHESS CLUB.—Only Three Castles tobacco permitted. Everything on the square. Chessmen supplied by Pawn-brokers only. A check once given, can't be changed.

ST. GEORGE'S HALL.—Where the well-known GERMAN REED Entertainment is given. St. George's Hall is in Langham Place; and the Entertainment is still known (as that of the Gallery of Illustration, for "*auld Langham syne*." As the Hall is completely in the REEDS' hands, it is now the only place in London which can fairly claim to represent "*REED'S Entire*," though, at the same time, as our friend ARRY would say, "*The honly REED now there is a 'ALF REED*." They have also a Bishop—the Bishop of St. George's, who is *Primus inter Pares*. Then there is Mr. CORNEY GRAIN, who should change his name to Mr. *Piano GRAIN*, as the latter is the instrument he plays, and never on the *corney*. In his last new song he has something about Dolls, which everyone, children of all ages, from sixty downwards, says is quite doll-ightful!

ST. JAMES'S CLUB.—One of the Clubs dedicated to a Saint, but whether St. James the Greater, or St. James the Less, is uncertain. Perhaps at the East End of London there may be a Burglars' Club appropriately called the "*Jemmy*." But why a Diplomatic Club should be called after St. James of Spain, has puzzled many hagiologists, and several waggy-ologists too. Spain being the country of onions and oranges, the dedication would have been intelligible had it been the Aromatic Club instead of the Diplomatic, where Scotchmen could be eligible, on condition of their keeping up a touch of Gaelic, or Garlic, in their conversation. Having applied to the Club porter for information, our rip-porter (who really can't be depended on) informed us that, to his question, "*Why is this called the St. James's?*" he received the answer, "*This ain't James's*." From which it may be gathered that he went to the wrong house.

ST. JAMES'S PARK.—St. James is certainly to be recognised as the patron of the most fashionable quarter of the town, as he has a street, a club, a park, a church, a theatre, and a palace, all dedicated to him; while St. George has only a street, a church, and a hall in Langham Place. The Park is celebrated as being the favourite resort of CHARLES THE SECOND, who was always hiding up in the trees, and feeding the ducks. One of the ducks was called NELL GWYNNE. Here also the game of Mall was played; hence the name of the walk, the Mall, which is not "*Mall*" *à propos*. Here the Horse-Guards turn out daily in detachments, and protect the nursery-maids from the dangers which might arise when the frisky cows near the sweet-stuff booths behold the scarlet jackets of the military. The walk, where these cows and the milk-stalls and sweet-stuff booths are established, is called the *Milky Whey*. The sellers are a very mild, quiet set, presenting rather a cow'd appearance, and the women seem so kindly, that it must be impossible to "*catch a Tartar*" among them, though it is quite possible to find some *Kurds*.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—This property, after passing through many hands, is now in the possession of the Rightful Hare. Mr. and Mrs. KENDAL are in it, too, which only shows that Mr. HARE, as the Scotch say, "*Kenn'd all about it*" when he chose them for his allies. They have instituted a picture gallery in the foyer with what view, or, rather, with what views, I don't know, not having seen them; for my part, I don't believe that if the Actors don't draw, the Artists will. The House has been beautifully re-decorated, and is so successful, that it may now be fairly hoped that it will never be "*entirely done up*."

ST. JOHN'S WOOD.—A pleasant semirural quarter of the town, divided between Lord's and Ladies,—the former never showing so brilliantly as when the grounds are thronged by the fair sex, in breaks, drags, laudaus, victorias, and on their own pretty feet. Here in this quarter occur the most brilliant matches of the season. Here is one of the chief homes of art, where dwell artists, actors, poets, painters, birds of the Wood, who in their little nests agree, and who, as a rule, have feathered their little nests very comfortably.

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.—Talking of nests at St. John's Wood this may be considered as WREN's nest. The Morning Service is held down-stairs, and is called "*Matins*" on account of the "*cocoa-fibre mattins*" used to deaden the sound of feet, while the Evening Service is held in the Whispering Gallery, and is hence called "*Vispers*." Visit the Dome where, for an extra sixpence, the attendant will sing you *Dulce Dome-um*, which has a very fine effect. Go up to the Ball. The Ball has been objected to by thoughtless persons as useless, but that it is not so is evident from the fact of there being so many Canons on the premises. Three Canons are always required to be in readiness for active Morning and Evening Service, but two Canons can always be *let off* at once. On public occasions the LORD MAYOR has by right his own stall, called The Mayor's Nest, the Military are mixed up with the Canons and the sailors sit in the Nave-y part of the building. At one time WREN's Church had lost much of its sacred character, and had become a place of *rendezvous*, or rather of *Wren-day-view*, being a mere show like Madame TUSSAUD's, or the Crystal Palace. *On a changé tout cela*, or very nearly.

SALTERS' COMPANY.—A Company of devotees bound to provide *Psalters* for the Cathedral, but it's *alter'd* now, and spelt differently. Once a year the Company used to give a mystery-play called *The White Horse of the Peppers*.

SANGER'S AMPHITHEATRE (late "*ASHLEY'S*").—Here the original Battle of Waterloo was fought, here the original *Napoleon Gomersal* tapped his snuff-box, and the Great Duke exclaimed, "*Up, Guards, and at them!*" to half-a-dozen supers hidden behind a ground row representing a corn-field. These glorious days are departed. The Wars of the Roses have left only a Thorn behind them—Miss SARAH THORNE—who is at the present moment conducting the theatre. There is no Circus entertainment just now, as this excellent Lady's hobby appears to be simply a well-mounted drama. The Genius of the Ring will no doubt return here about Christmas-time with the Scenes in the Circle, the Military Master, and the evergreen Mr. Merriman.

THE SAVAGE CLUB.—Their Wigwam is in Covent Garden, and is one of the pleasantest resorts in London for the white man

wishing to smoke the calumet of peace. The Savages belong to various tribes—dia-tribes being excluded. The Chief is the well-known TOMMY HAWK. The walls are hung with the scalps of their enemies whom they have slain when on the war-path. There are among them some "Noble Savages," who have seats in the Upper House. In ordinary life the Savages are kindly disposed. Some of them wear their mocassins in a jaunty fashion, and are ready to exchange various articles for beads, rum, and little round pieces of metal. Several of the leading members paint their faces at night, and disguise themselves fantastically. Their medicine-men are famed for their skill. Before leaving England, it is most useful to obtain from the Savages letters of recommendation to the various tribes in America, with which they are fraternally connected.

BURNISH YOUR BACKBONES.



DEAR PUNCH, I AM proud of my figure, and take pains with it. No wonder I was the other day attracted by a paragraph headed "Burnishing Backbones," in *Design and Work of Nov.* 1. Here it is:—

"BURNISHING BACKBONE. —If you want to burnish your backbone to perfection, you must be prepared to devote some considerable time to it. The way to set about it is first to procure a rough file and an old knife, with which tools scrape off as much paint as you can. Then burn off the remainder by means of a gas-jet and blow-pipe. The next process is that of cross-graining, for which a very fine file and plenty of emery-cloth (two sizes) are only requisite. Wrap the file round with a piece of coarse emery-cloth, then rub it down the backbone with considerable force, taking care not to rub crossways; after which

take another piece of emery-cloth, twist it round the backbone, and twist a piece of tape round that, then pull one end and then the other, so as to cut the grain at right angles. After this cross-graining process is repeated several times, proceed with French paper and whiting, in the same manner, only without a file."

There! I said I took pains with my figure; but think of the pains this sort of treatment would cost me! Well may the writer conclude—"If you follow out these instructions, you will be greatly pleased at the result." One ought to be, after one's backbone has been filed, burned with gas-jet and blow-pipe, and cross-grained with coarse emery-paper, strong tape, and whiting! Isn't it perfectly dreadful! But a girl might be willing to submit to all this for a sufficient result. We all know and act on the rule, "*Il faut souffrir pour être belle.*" But when these tortures have been gone through, how can anybody see that one's backbone has been burnished? And if they could be seen, are burnished backbones so becoming? They ought to be, seeing what one must go through to burnish them.

Yours, dear Mr. Punch,

POOR LITTLE WASP-WAIST.

Cantabit Vacuus.

Pipes the Padishah:

"THAT blood from a stone hard squeezing gets none,
All naturalists agree;
So as hard as he please England's Elohee may squeeze,
He gets nothing out of ME!"

A QUESTION FOR THE CITY.

COMPLAINT has been made that the Department of Customs is never represented at the Lord Mayor's Banquet at Guildhall. Is this inattention to Customs quite consistent with manners?

HONORARIUM.

THERE is an advertisement being sent round, headed the "Guinea Jaw." Is it from a young Barrister who would be happy to take a brief marked one-pound-one, and make a speech?

THE POPULAR CANDIDATE FOR THE SCHOOL BOARD.

(As he ought to be, and is, he flatters himself.)

FRIENDS AND FELLOW COUNTRYMEN,

In a few days you will be called upon to record your votes for Candidates for the new School Board. With a feeling which does equal credit to your heads and hearts, you have asked my aid in your selection. I know, my dear friends, that you are anxious that I should represent you everywhere. I think on consideration you will be glad that I should represent you here, and that you may with advantage trust my representation. The London School Board will do its duty if it follows a few simple rules, and you will do your duty if you vote for the Candidates who are likeliest to keep these rules in view. They are:—

1. To obtain the best article at the cheapest price that the best article can be had for. This is an essential condition, since sometimes the cheapest things in the beginning turn out the dearest in the end. Let teachers be really competent, and their salaries will never be unduly high. Keep down expenses by all means, but not at the cost of the children's progress. It is a pity to lose a good ship for want of the ha'p'orth of tar. And the teacher's salary is just the ha'p'orth of tar.

2. To see that the pupils receive the education that is likely to make them best fitted for their future work and way of life. The "three R's" of course for all—and for the girls, plain sewing, and, if possible, a little practical hygiene, and plain cooking besides. Teach the people's wives of the future good husbandry in the use of food, for such good husbandry is great part of good wifery. England is the most wasteful country in the world, and one of the lessons our children have most need to learn is thrift. The health of the body, too, is as important as the health of the mind. So let athletics be encouraged—especially swimming for both sexes, that all may know how to keep their heads above water—a knowledge more essential even to poor than to rich.

3. To avoid unseemly squabbles about unimportant details. "When the cat's away the mice will play," and when the cats are quarrelling they might as well be away. By the magic of education we hope in the end to turn mice and tabbies into a happy family. In the meanwhile the cats must be on the watch, or the mice will be too many for them.

4. When there is a good woman-candidate on your list vote for her. *Ceteris paribus*, a good woman-candidate has at once a claim and a pull in her sex. The woman knows children better and feels for them more than the man, and she is naturally, as well as by housekeeping habit, more sensible of the importance of making the two ends meet—the two ends in this case being economy and efficiency in elementary education.

There, friends and fellow-countrymen, you have my simple words of warning and of wisdom.

You like my programme—short and simple as it is—and wish to elect me? I should be only too glad to serve you. But—usually an unpleasant word, is it not?—I have other things to do of even greater importance to the world at large than filling a seat in the big red house on the Thames Embankment. Still, however disappointed you may be to hear this, do not be discouraged. Failing me, find out the candidates who will endorse my rules, and return them at the top of your respective Polls.

On your heads be it! Do this, and receive the blessing of your faithful friend, critic, and adviser,

85, Fleet Street.

The Eve of the True Feast of St. Scholastica.

PUNCH.

Reticence and Rhubarb.

IT may be that Lord BEACONSFIELD, at Guildhall, laid no undue stress on the increasing export of "chemicals," regarded as an indication of reviving business. Let us hope that not one of these chemicals will prove a drug in the market. But taking drugs as included amongst "chemicals," the PREMIER didn't say a word on a particular drug about which everybody expected some information—Turkey Rhubarb.

The Good of India.

"WHAT has England done, for India?" This question appears to have been satisfactorily answered by the Director-General of Statistics to the Indian Government, Dr. W. W. HUNTER. Perhaps Dr. HUNTER can also furnish some reply to the question, "What has England got by India?" Little more, short-sighted cynics will be apt to say, than gorged livers, grass-widows, chudders, chutney, and curry. Wise men have a different answer.

TAKING A NEW TURN.—It's time to put the screw on the SULTAN, as nobody can screw anything out of him without it.



A NEW DEFINITION.

Paul (a most execrable Painter). "DON'T KNOW THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN GENIUS AND MERE TALENT!—JUST DON'T I, THOUGH! LOOK HERE! IF A FELLOW KNOWS HOW TO PAINT, FOR INSTANCE, AND HE'S GOT PLenty TO SAY FOR HIMSELF BESIDES, AND LOOKS LIKE A DOWNRIGHT CLEVER, JOLLY, SMART, WELL-DRESSED, WITTY, PLEASANT AND INTELLIGENT CHAP ALL ROUND, HE'S MERELY A MAN OF TALENT. THAT'S ME!"

Peter (a more execrable Painter). "OH, THAT'S YOU, IS IT?"

Paul. "YES. BUT IF HE ONLY KNOWS HOW TO PAINT, AND CAN'T SAY 'BOH' TO A GOOSE, AND LOOKS AS IF HE'D JUST BEEN PROMOTED FROM EARLSWOOD TO COLNEY HATCH, HE'S A GENIUS!"

Peter. "AH! I SUPPOSE THAT'S ME!"

Paul. "YES—IF YOU ONLY KNEW HOW TO PAINT!"

"CHEMICALS."

"I will take one trade, and one trade only . . . and that is our manufacture of Chemicals. That is a branch of our industry which at this moment is so active that the orders which pour in cannot easily be executed."—*Lord Beaconsfield at the Mansion House.*

COURAGE! Though harvests fail and taxes swell,
Burdens increase, and honour feels infect
With clinging stains, there's comfort, comfort yet
In—Chemicals! Hooray! "That blessed word
Mesopotamia" never surely fell
With a more soothing calm on senile ears
Than this last catchword from the cunning lip
Of the Arch-phraser. "Chemicals!" Ye gods?
Who prates of deficits or duties shirked?
Of wide distress or brooding discontent?
Of wanton wars or greed-warped policies?
There is one answer, clear, compendious—
"Chemicals!" Fools, to miss the secret source,
Sphinx-found at last, of cheer and consolation!
We saw ye not, sweet angels in disguise,
Flask-hidden, carboy-covered. Now, we know
There's safety in sulphuric acid, solace
In salts and in solutions. "Arsenic,
Vitriol, sal-tartar, argoile, alkali,
Cinoper," and a hundred queer-named drugs
That Rare BEN JONSON'S *Subtle* never knew,
Our greater *Subtle* sees "in his mind's eye"—
Where lurks no hint of verdure—sees and sets
In fair array before the feeding Britons,

For new palladium! We must thank thee, BEN,
For teaching us that word! "This fellow, Captain,
Will come in time to be a great distiller—"
Of moonshine out of cucumber?—Nay, not so,
Rash ribald!—of Imperial power and splendour,
From sounding nonsense and smart epigram.
Where now are the "three profits," triple riddle
Worthy of Merlin or the triad-mongers?
Surpassed, dulled, superseded, quite eclipsed
By—"Chemicals!" Oh, how the tickled tongue
Turns the sweet verbal morsel daintily!
A word of "first-rate interest!" There he stands
Arch-Master of alchemic sleight, full versed
In distillation and in transmutation.
"Magic of Patience!" Who should better know
Its might than he? But there be other charms;
And as poor dazed *Ophelia* could turn
"All things to favour and to prettiness,"
So he to power and popularity
Makes all things minister, in all things finds
His—Chemicals! *Aurum potabile*
May be his aim—the *aura popularis*
Inflates his bellows; but of genuine gold
What outcome? Fairy coin that turned to leaves
Shone passingly, and e'en Imperial glitter
Hath its brief day of dazzle. But slow Time
Works sterner transmutation (than the tricks
Of any CAGLIOSTRO, solvent that
Of all base metals, sham supremacies,
False interests, spurious peaces, pinchbeck honours,
Truth finds the "chemicals" that test and try,



THE ALCHEMIST;
OR, "THE MAGIC OF PATIENCE!"

In spite of *Subtle's* shifts or *Face's* flourish,
Though phrase-fogged *Druggers* shout, and e'en the tongue
Of tickled humour finds it hard to grudge
The patient Alchemist the praise of skill,
The bold *farceur* his tribute of—a laugh!

A REALLY LIBERAL TENANT.



PRECIPITATIVE MR. PUNCH,
I SEND you two extracts
from letters of an oppressed
Irish Tenant, now owing five
years arrears of rent, at £13 a
year. No. 1 was sent after the
poor fellow had applied for re-

duction of rent. No. 2 is his answer to his cruel landlord's offer of forgiveness of the arrears and a small sum in hand for quiet possession:—

No. 1 (October).

"I don't mean to put you to any trouble or expense in the matter. . . My original rent was far too high; no one could pay it." Part of the land being "acres of that real bad land situated —" &c., &c.

No. 2 (November).

"Would you allow half the arrears, and then let me sell my good-will to a suitable tenant?"

And these are the men who are called unreasonable! I blush for my class, when I subscribe myself,

Dear Punch,

AN IRISH LANDLORD.

GLORIOUS NEWS!

A Fragment of Political Romance.

THE Cabinet Council was over. The Ministers rose with whitened faces. The Indian Secretary lay in a swoon with his head in a waste-paper basket. No one heeded him. The First Lord of the Admiralty was doing steps of the hornpipe by himself in a corner. Thus he mastered hysterics. The other Ministers crumpled up large sheets of official blotting-paper absently between their fingers, as they looked out into the park shivering. All felt the crisis was at hand, and cowered. All—except the Premier. He alone stood erect. "The Duke will come to the City Banquet, then?" He spoke to his Secretary.

"He will my Lord, though at some personal inconvenience."

The youthful speaker withdrew with a bow. The Prime Minister looked keenly at his colleagues.

"Gentlemen," he said, passing his hand thoughtfully across his brow, "there is nothing before us but a blaze. The Duke will light it. He will express his usual after-dinner conviction that the

British Army is prepared to march anywhere to-morrow, at five minutes' notice, and Europe will be kindled. I almost regret a fresh flare so soon; but the Elections are ahead,—and I can hit on nothing better. We are agreed?"

There was a low affirmative wail. Then the thirteen greatest men in England parted without another word.

The carriages have been setting down their distinguished occupants at the gate of the great City Banquet Hall. Slowly and with heavy tread some of the most illustrious guests of the evening have tottered up the richly felted stairs. The chief official in charge of the hats has looked after them wistfully. He has been here for many a night, but has never yet seen a sight like this. "The Ministers are extremely depressed and unhappy!" he has murmured to himself.

He is right. They are. But a cheery step recalls him to his duties. A bright, bounding figure, jubilant with good humour, passes him, taking the stairs lightly three at a time. There is no mistaking this joyous apparition. It is the Prime Minister.

He has approached his colleagues now. They are huddled together, helpless, on a Persian rug. He goes up to them with the air of a conqueror. "Good news!" he cries, triumphantly. "I have good news! It is peace—not war! We have a new front. We shan't want the Duke to-night. He isn't coming!"

A sigh of intense relief has broken from the now flushed Ministers, but they can say nothing. They can only shake hands all round in grateful silence.

"Yes," continues their chief, brightly, "we shall have no blaze—but an announcement! You stare? I tell you, Gentlemen, Afghanistan, South Africa, Turkey, BISMARCK, the Deficit—everything, will be merged in one glorious bit of news!"

The Ministers hesitate no longer. They give a ringing cheer. The Lord Mayor hears it five rooms off, and is startled. But the Premier continues—

"Yes, Gentlemen," he says, "enjoy your turtle, and have no fear for the future, for I have a glorious announcement to make—one that will calm the country and give us life—aye—for another twelvemonth!"

His colleagues can not cheer now. They are trembling with excitement.

"Yes," they ask together, in husky chorus, "you are going to announce —?"

The Premier looks at them exultingly for a moment. Then, in a sweet, clear treble, he tells his golden secret. "I am going," he cries, "to announce an increase in the demand for chemicals?"

AN ALPHABETICAL INSECT.

GERMANY is announced to have been invaded by an enemy fit to rank, as a destroyer of the fruits of the earth, with the *Phylloxera vastatrix* and the Colorado Beetle. This noxious new-comer is a sort of larva that preys upon the sugar-beet, of which the crops, especially in Saxony and Hanover, are said to have suffered from its ravages severely. It is described as the Caterpillar of the Gamma Moth; but, considering that its speciality consists in devouring beet, some nomenclators would prefer to term it the Beta Moth. At a meeting of the Society for the Promotion of Beet Sugar Industry, at Halle—

"Among the best means of exterminating the pest, the caterpillar machine was greatly approved."

At the approaching bucolic and georgic exhibition at the Agricultural Hall, the inquirer will perhaps be enabled, for the first time, to inspect a caterpillar machine.

It is worthy of remark that, on the occasion above referred to—

"Among the greatest natural enemies of the insect the starling and the sparrow were especially mentioned."

Make a note of this, you whom it chiefly concerns, and remember that sparrows and starlings are useful for extirpation of a great many other mischievous insects, besides the caterpillar of the Gamma or Beta Moth. British farmers and gardeners, protect your feathered benefactors, instead of proscribing, persecuting, and endeavouring to render their species extinct.

A PAIR OF DRAWERS.

"THIS is the Jew that SHAKSPEARE drew."

Of MACCLIN's *Shylock* critics once could say;

"This is the Jew that London drew,"

Of IRVING's *Shylock* holds as true to-day.

WHAT "THE WREATH" HAS COME TO.

THE brows of LORD BEACONSFIELD at MADAME TUSSAUD'S. *Punch* said it would, and it has.



ELUCIDATION!

Rector's Wife. "How do you do, Mr. Wiggles? We have not seen you at Church lately! Have you been away?"

Mr. Wiggles. "Yes, Mu'm, I've been a-visitin' my old 'Aunts at Manchester, Mu'm."

Rector's Wife. "Really! I hope you found the old Ladies quite well."

Mr. Wiggles. "I didn't say my Harnts, Mu'm—I said my old 'Aunts—revisitin' the 'Aunts o' my Youth, you know, Mu'm!"

SOCIAL ILLUMINATION; OR, SOMETHING TO BE PROUD OF.

SCENE—A central metropolitan thoroughfare on the night of a General Illumination. Orderly Crowd in motion. Enter a Born Briton, with his better half and daughter, accompanied by Favourably-impressed Foreigner.

Favourably-impressed Foreigner (halting before a gas-lamp). Ah, mais c'est magnifique! Voilà ce que j'admire! It is your independence! Each 'ouse shall light 'imself up!

Born Briton (with pride). Yes, Mossoo, there's no use denying it,—we're ahead of you in these kind of things. Your Shongs Eleesay Show is all very well, but it ain't spontaneous like this. And then look at the crowd! Why, a child could manage 'em!

Favourably-impressed Foreigner. How zey are bons enfants! I admire so much your JOHN BULL in ze street. He is quite le 'igh-life gentlemen! I do not even perceive one of dose excellent policemen. (Enter Policeman X. with a rush.) Ah! Sapristi! Qu'est que c'est done?

Policeman X. (wedging Favourably-impressed Foreigner, his party, and Orderly Crowd tightly between lamp-post and adjacent area-railings). Now, stand back, will yer? (Turns round, extends both arms, and reclines on them.) Furth-er back! Furth-er back!

Born Briton (compressed). This is infamous! Where are the police?

Mrs. Born Briton (more compressed). Police! Oh! Hoy! somebody, or I shall be killed! (Compression increases.) Oh, dear!—and ANGELINA—Oh!

Angelina. Well, I'm sure,—oh, you horrid man!

[Receives half of an impromptu backward lunge from Policeman X.

Favourably-impressed Foreigner (receiving the other half). Ah! mon Dieu! But are we, den, brigands, that he boxe us in the chest

like dis? Pardon, Mademoiselle!—permit me— (Struggles forward.) Ha! You assault me for nosing! But I go to take your letter! [Studies his collar.]

Policeman X. Who are you a-talking to? Just you stand back, can't yer? 'Ow d'you think 'Ansoms is to git by, with you a-shovin' in the road like this? Stand back—I tell yer! (Assists him to do it.)

Favourably-impressed Foreigner. But it is infâme! Mon Dieu! I tell you I sall to— [Is hustled into midst of Orderly Crowd.]

Orderly Crowd (sportively). Now, then, Mossoo, where did you 'ave your 'air cut last? Go 'ome, and git your tea, will yer? Take away his 'at. Yah!—easy now!

[Favourably-impressed Foreigner is carried off his legs, and swayed helplessly to and fro for some minutes.]

Born Briton (jammed face to face with the area-railings). This is disgraceful! A set of ruffians, too, who—

[Has a handful of wet flour clapped on to his mouth.]

Mrs. Born Briton (terror-struck). Good gracious! ADOLPHUS! Help! They're choking him! Police! Help! Police! (Receives the contents of a bagful of the same, dry, on the top of her bonnet.) Oh! Thieves! Help! I can't see! Help!

[Relapses into hysterics.]

Orderly Crowd (good-humouredly). Take away the old 'oman's brandy-bottle! Look 'er up! Yah!

Angelina (hustled ten feet off). It's disgraceful! The cowards! Oh, if I were only a man!

Orderly Crowd (gallantly). Brayvo! Wouldn't you give it somebody 'ot? Tip the young lady a gobful? [She is blinded with mud.]

Favourably-impressed Foreigner (regaining his feet by a gigantic effort, and struggling towards her). Brutaes! Lâches! Courage, Mademoiselle! I sall to protect you! But these men, are they den beasts? It cannot be dat dey are Anglische!

Orderly Crowd. Ain't we, though? We'll soon show yer!

[They squirt a pint of dirty water into his eyes, and playfully smash his hat flat on his head as Scene closes.]

NO TYRANNY!

THE members and adherents of the United Kingdom Alliance at Peterborough and thereabouts, impelled by a happy thought, invited the Dean of PETERBOROUGH to take part in a meeting held in that town on Wednesday last week, in favour of "local option." According to request, the Dean appeared on the Temperance Platform, and thence delivered an address on the side of genuine sobriety.

"He did not wish to appear there under false colours. He agreed with the previous speakers as to the awful consequences of drunkenness, and he believed that total abstinence was the only cure for the habitual drunkard. There he must stop; he could not go one atom further. He was not a total abstainer himself. He had tried it three times, and he believed if he had not taken stimulants, as his medical attendant told him, he should not have been there speaking to them then. He did not admit the necessity for every one to be a total abstainer, and could not admit what he believed to be an absolutely false principle, that the abuse of drink was an argument against its use. They might just as well say that the polygamy of the Turk was an argument against marriage as that the abuse of drink was an argument against its use. . . . He did not like to be tyrannised over by a majority, and he would resist it to the death. . . . The Dean was frequently cheered."

Perhaps the parties who cheered the Very Reverend and Very Reasonable speaker were disciples of Sir WILFRID LAWSON converted by the Dean of PETERBOROUGH's just remarks from compulsory teetotalism. The rest would do well duly to reflect on the Dean's declaration that "he did not like to be tyrannised over by a majority, and he would resist it to the death." A tyrannical majority is to the victims of its tyranny a collective tyrant just as detestable as an individual despot; and who that, scorning to be a slave, would resist the one to death, would not, to the best of his ability, with all his might and main, resist the other?

NEW RAILWAY OPERA, LIKELY TO HAVE A LONG RUN.—*Pullman Car-men.*



A HINT.

"OH, MAMMA, DID YOU SEE THOSE PRETTY FLOWERS IN THAT CONSERVATORY? I WISH YOU'D BUY ME ONE!"

"IT WOULD FADE BEFORE YOU GOT HOME, DARLING."

"WOULD IT? NOW, BUNS DON'T FADE, MAMMA!"

LAMP-LIGHT ON STREET-NAMES AND HOUSE-NUMBERS.

THE *Graphic* echoes *Punch* on the nuisance of unlighted street-names and house-numbers; and *Punch* is glad, in his turn, to echo the *Graphic*.

A recent writer in that journal graphically describes a wretched being driving to dinner, after dark, in an ill-lighted suburb, cursing and catching a catarrh from craning out of his cab-window to roar at the driver; or on foot, on a rainy, gusty night, getting his umbrella blown inside out, himself blown up by indignant parlour-maids and flunkeys for knocking at wrong doors in his blind wanderings in search of the right house, and finally reaching his destination, drenched, dirtied, and in a mood the reverse of festive. Who has not stood as the model for this painful picture?

Why has the patient Londoner still to wait, after *Punch* has called again and again on Vestries and District Boards to paint the names of streets and numbers of houses on the street-lamps, that those who ramble in this ever-growing chaos of London may read their whereabouts by night as well as by day? The nuisance is serious, its removal is cheap and easy. There is no vested interest, even, in the way. Why is the thing still to do when London wants at and *Punch* has said "Do it" several times?

CONTRASTS.

(Picked up in the City during the Lord Mayor's Show.)

A MONDAY Popular.—MR. ARTHUR CHAPPELL.

A Monday Un-popular.—SIR CHARLES WHETHAM.

THE HANDWRITING ON THE WALL.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN, addressing the Leicester Liberals the other day, informed them that—

"He rejoiced to think the end of the bad dream was approaching. The handwriting was upon the wall."

The end of the bad dream may be approaching, and at Leicester, possibly, the handwriting is indeed upon the wall. But in and about London, at any rate, there is no handwriting on the wall, nor is it possible that there can be any. There is, in fact, room for none. Every space upon which handwriting might once have been chalked, is occupied by enormous posters and monstrous, horrible, and hideous illustrated advertisements headed by all manner of staring caricatures in glaring colours. The bill-sticking on the wall has effectually ousted the handwriting.

A Sign of the Times.

WE read how, in hard times, men may be found in China to sell themselves for execution. But what must times be in Manchester when people are asked to sell their own bodies for sausage-meat. Yet this is what we find in the *Guardian* of a few days ago:

TO SAUSAGE-MAKERS.—WANTED, a respectable MAN to make own meat into first-class sausages, at once.—Apply, &c.

And yet a heartless Premier can talk about the revival of trade!

VESTIGIA RETRORSUM FOR ONCE (for the Russians in Central Asia)
—A Steppe backwards, from Geok Tépé to Tchikislar.

STARTLING REVIVALS OF THE FITTEST.

(With Mr. Punch's Compliments to Lord Beaconsfield.)



THE following letters have been received at 85, Fleet Street, during the last week:—

Nov. 11, 1879.

RESPECTED SIR,
We have been very much struck by the announcement of the Right Hon. Earl BEACONSFIELD at the Guildhall Dinner that trade is reviving. From our own personal observation during the last five years, we can verify the assertion of his Lordship.

Before 1870 the use of artificial hair by Ladies, except in the shape of fronts for elderly parties, was almost unknown, and now we sell fringes, curls, &c. by tons. We may add that the commerce in *blanc de perle*, hair-restorers, rouge, &c., &c., has also shown a very promising increase during the past three seasons. We inclose our price list, and remain

Your grateful and obliged Servants,

FUZZLE AND FRIZZELL,
Perfumers, &c., &c.

The Youthrestorium, Piccadilly, W.

HONOURED SIR,

In the hurry of the moment Lord BEACONSFIELD at the City Banquet evidently forgot to allude to one branch of industry which of late has been progressing by leaps and bounds. We allude to the sale of tooth-picks.

Your obedient Servants,

The Lounge, CRUTCH, STICK, & Co.
(Next door to the Frivolity Theatre, S.W.)

13th Nov. 1879.

MR. PUNCH, SIR,

I ADMIRE Lord BEACONSFIELD; I do, upon my word. He is one of us, and we are proud of him! Oh! he is a beautiful man, Mr. Punch, he is indeed! There! I never saw such a man! So clever! so sharp! so cute! don't you know. Oh! he is a beautiful man, Mr. Punch, he is indeed!

And he is so truthful! I would as soon believe him as my own brother, Mr. Punch! Sooner, for AARON is not *always* to be trusted, Mr. Punch. I do believe AARON would sell his own mother, Mr. Punch, I do indeed! He has no feelings, no sentiments! But he is a beautiful man for all that! Well, as I have already said, I would as soon trust Lord BEACONSFIELD as my own brother. There! Look at that, Mr. Punch! Oh, I have great confidence in Lord BEACONSFIELD, I have indeed!

But I don't think Lord BEACONSFIELD has been quite accurate about the revival of trade. He mentioned chemicals, but he ignored one industry which has been increasing beautifully. I mean the discounting of Promissory Notes. In all my experience (and I have been in the trade, man and boy, for over fifty years), I have never known "paper" so plentiful as it is just now. The money flowing into the Exchequer from Bill Stamps alone must be something enormous! Enormous! It must indeed! But perhaps if Lord BEACONSFIELD had mentioned this industry, it might have brought down the rate of interest, and so might have done harm to the people! Oh yes, Lord BEACONSFIELD is a beautiful man, and never forgets his brethren! We are proud of him, Mr. Punch! Look at that, we are proud of him!

Your real genuine friend,

MOSES SOLOMON SHYLOCK.

The Hermitage, near the Piccadilly Flats,
St. James's.

P.S.—Should you want to introduce a young acquaintance (we always pay very handsome commissions), you had better address the firm by its trading name, GREATHEART, CHRISTIAN & Co., Professional Philanthropists.

SIR,

November 14th, 1879.

FOR obvious reasons, as a servant of the Government I am obliged to request you to keep my name a secret. Lord BEACONSFIELD at the Guildhall took a very roseate view of the state of trade. He seemed satisfied that the tide had turned, and—thanks to a Conservative Government!—that prosperity was, at last, in store for us.

His Lordship carefully noted the increase in the various branches of industry, but, strange to say, quite overlooked two trades which were never more prosperous than at the present moment. As the supervisor of a great number of hands, I can honestly declare that the greatest possible activity reigns in mat-making and oakum-picking.

Yours very truly,

A GOVERNOR.

County Gaol, Leamshire.

SIR,

November 15th, 1879.

LORD BEACONSFIELD's remarks at the Guildhall Banquet have filled us with delight. Until we had his Lordship's word for the contrary, we were under the impression that the revival in chemicals was rather due to the war between Chili and Peru and her allies, than the growing prosperity of Great Britain. It is a matter of sincere congratulation that the point is settled once and for ever.

We cannot conclude our letter without expressing a hope that the present Ministry may long remain in power. Should Lord BEACONSFIELD resign, the business in our trade would of a necessity languish considerably from the loss of his custom and patronage.

Your obedient Servants,

The Powder Magazine,
Ratcliffe Highway.SMOTHER AND SPARKS,
Firework-Manufacturers.

BETWEEN THE LINES.

Over a Government Leader on Lord B.'s Speech at the Mansion House.

It disappoints Liberals greatly (*that's balm!*),
But we bear it with cool philosophical calm.
(*Rad Journalists dished to a man—that's a lark!*
But need DIZZY have kept us so much in the dark?)
The ways of our Premier none can forecast.
(*Humph! that cuts both ways though*). Rememb'ring the past,
Quidnuncs always look out for surprise when he rises,
This time the surprise is—he springs no surprises.
On the voice of our Oracle seldom of late
Have we seen all the world with such eagerness wait.
Expecting—well anything save what they got—
(*My forecast I know was a beastly bad shot*),—
Not a whisper anent the political crisis,
(*BEN always will pose as the high-priest of Isis*).
Dissolution? not he! He avoids the polemical,
His speech is cool, chatty, consoling, and chemical.
(*What the deuce, by the way, does he mean by the latter?*
Is't like his "three profits," mere ear-tickling chatter?)
On the Liberal ardours and hopes what a damper!
(*The worst of it is that our pens it must hamper.*)
Not a tip about Turkey. (*He can't have lost sight of it,*
If he doesn't throw light on the theme, he makes light of it.)
Some kudos to LYTTON & Co. We may hint
We had hopes.—(*Stay! I'd better not put it in print:*
But what are his intentions? He's preciously vague,
And too much of the Sphinx, after all, is a plague.)
He's sanguine about our supremacy, very,
And so makes the Rads mad and Conservatives merry.
'Twere unpatriotic to question him—(*though*
By Jingo! dear BENGY, we SHOULD like to know.)
That Trade is improving 'tis pleasant to hear,
(*How lucky his speech comes so late in the year!*)
His hits at Ould Oireland may raise up some clatter,
(*But, Pat's always howling, so that's a small matter.*)
Though the speech is a fine one—who ventures to doubt it?—
There is more of the guest than the statesman about it;
A lively ingenious post-prandial display—
But important? Well, no! (*'Tis dear BEN's little way.*
But I must—sotto voce—say one could have wished,
Peroration or none—) Well, the Rads he has dished,
And if NORTHCOTE's financial rose-pink will but stick
(*And didn't the Chancellor lay it on thick?*)
All yet may be well. Though we may not quite tumble
To all DIZZY's dodges, we won't (*loudly*) grumble,
But raise (*spite of hard times, or dark doubts, or signs sinister*)
Three times three, and one more for our plucky Prime Minister!
[*Goes resolutely to press—on rose-tinted paper.*]

To BELLY-GERENTS.—Even to steady troops rash 'uns are indispensable.

PUNCH TO HIS PRINCESS.

Alexandrine Ode for Dec. 1st, 1879.

EIGHT hundred years have passed away
 Since Dane and Saxon joined in fray,
 And HENGST's White Horse to stem the sway
 Of the Black Raven strove.
 'Tis sixteen years since, in fair hour,
 Our Princess left her northern bower,
 To conquer England by the power
 None may dispute, of Love!
Punch, now as then, her willing slave,
 Welcomes the day's return, that gave
 His Princess birth by Denmark's wave,
 And prays, in verse too mean
 For its sweet subject, God to save
 His Princess, All Hearts' Queen!

What! Sixteen years! It seems but now
 That Fleet Street saw him to her bow—
 Ah me!—he well remembers how
 His heart gave one great thump,
 When o'er that sweet face flashed a smile
 Sweeter than graced the mile on mile
 Of welcome and good will, the while
 Those bright eyes scanned his hump!
 Yes, sixteen years! With you 'twere base
 To hint at years, but that I trace
 Each year new sweetness in your face,
 As if your kind years run
 Each with the gift of some new grace,
 Outdoing what they've done.

'Tis not that *Punch*—as leal as wise—
 Loves less his QUEEN by closer ties,
 Though she but rarely glads his eyes,
 From Deeside and from Wight.
 "The absent still are in the wrong!"
 So runs a French saw current long;
 But *Punch*'s loyalty is strong,
 Be who will wrong or right.
 So, Sagest Sage to Fairest Fair,
 He cries, "Long live his Princess rare,
 May she be happy—such his prayer—
 And bright years, as you move,
 Bring her no care but how to bear
 The burden of our love!"

THEN AND NOW.

OLD STYLE.

SCENE.—*Study of a Statesman of the Eighteenth Century.* Statesman of the Period discovered finishing his fourth bottle of Port. Enter his Private Secretary, much disturbed.

Secretary. My Lord! in what words shall I couch my tidings?
Statesman of the Period. Tidings! What tidings? Nay, I must know. (*Hic!*) What the plague are you fumbling at? Speak out, Sir,—and be d—d to you!

Secretary. My Lord, the Leader of the Opposition has dared to hint a doubt—
He pauses.

Statesman of the Period. Confound it, you puppy! (*Hic!*) Why do you—(*hic!*)—hesitate?

Secretary. Because I dread the consequences of my communication, my Lord. The fact is, the noble Leader of the Opposition has dared to express a doubt of your Lordship's veracity!

Statesman of the Period. What, Sirrah—(*hic!*)—a doubt of my—(*hic!*)—veracity! Odd's pistols and triggers! (*Staggeres to his feet, and without a moment's hesitation.*) Give me my sword and cloak! Tell him I shall be—(*hic!*)—glad to have the honour to meet him on the usual ground—behind the ring in Hyde Park!

[Exit to fight a duel.]

NEW STYLE.

SCENE.—*Study of Statesman of the Nineteenth Century.* Statesman of the Period discovered deep in his third cup of Tea. Enter his Private Secretary.

Secretary. My Lord. I regret to say the Duke has done it again! He is always at it.

Statesman of the Period. If the matter is of consequence, I shall be glad to hear the particulars.

Secretary. He has once more accused your Lordship of uttering a deliberate falsehood.

Statesman of the Period. Has he, indeed! So like him? (*After two hours' careful deliberation.*) I really think I ought to write to the Times.

[Exit leisurely for the purpose.]

BRIEF HINTS.

PUNCH has seen the announcement of a handy volume, "by a Barrister in Actual Practice," entitled, *Hints on Advocacy, Useful for Practice in any of the Courts, with Suggestions as to Opening a Case, Examination-in-Chief, Cross-Examination, Re-Examination, Reply, Conduct of a Defence in a Criminal Trial, &c., &c., &c.* He offers his own compendium of such a manual, which, if not suited to superior temples of Themis, will, at least, be good for the County or Police Court.

1. Find out the depth of your client's pocket, and draw your fees accordingly—in advance.

2. Let your Junior Clerk take instructions. (This saves trouble.)

3. Apply for an adjournment, as soon as the case is called. (By this means you will obtain a second fee.)

4. Let the Judge or Magistrate do all the work (they like it); and whenever His Honour (or "Worship," as the case may be) says anything funny, be convulsed with silent laughter.

5. Say as little as you can yourself, and do not try to be the least clever or witty.

6. Should your client gain his cause, rise and denounce his opponent, and ask for costs.

7. Should he lose it, shrug your shoulders, and tell him he would have been worse off but for you.

8. In any event, send in a bill for further costs, after the case is concluded.

N.B.—By following these instructions you are sure to gain the respect and esteem of your clients and all who may come in contact with you.

Reflection by Sir Wilfrid.

SHAKESPEARE says:—

"Our pleasant vices
 Are made the whip to scourge us."

This must be especially the case when our pleasant vices take the form of (what an Irishman would call) "lashins of liquor."

MOTIONS IN ARREST (OF JUDGMENT?)

CLAP hands upon three bellows-blowers
 Of Irish organs,—good!
 But stop the wind that feeds their roars—
 Ah, if we only could!

A CASUS BELLI; OR, STOPPING THE KABOBS AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

(From a strictly unauthentic Source.)



For several days the *cavasses* of the British Embassy had been busy among the Purveyors of the Palace. At last their work was done. "The supplies to the *Yildi Kiosk* were cut off. The PADI-SHAH's *kabobs* were stopped—at the fountain-head!

The British Ambassador had been closeted with the SULTAN for a long and apparently tempestuous interview. The assiduous, quick-eared watchers outside the royal sanctum, had more than once caught the manly voice of Sir HENRY high in storm, and the higher treble of the SULTAN running through the whole gamut of remonstrance, from angry protest to helpless wail.

"I must now say farewell, your Excellency," said the SULTAN, in a voice faint from exhaustion. "The reforms you demand are out of the question. They require money, and England will not find me any. Without it, I can do no more than I have done—nothing. By the beard of the Prophet, I can do no more!"

"Your Majesty has heard my summary of the situation," returned the Ambassador.

"A great many times," interrupted the SULTAN, with a sigh.

"The future—nay, the very existence—of Turkey depends upon your decision. My offers are like the Sibylline books—I shall ask more every time you grant me an audience. Pray reflect! Grant me another audience in half-an-hour."

"As you will," replied the SULTAN, feebly, adding, with a melancholy attempt at a smile, "I suppose your Excellency has not such a thing as a bun in your pocket?"

"A bun!" exclaimed the British Ambassador, in surprise.

"No—no—of course you have not!" murmured the SULTAN. "It was but a jest. The Sultanas are fond of buns, and—methought I could have relished one. But, farewell! I will detain you no longer."

As the Ambassador made his bow, he noticed that the SULTAN was stealthily tightening his sword-belt.



"IN EXTREMIS."

Pat. "DO YE BUY RAGS AND BONES HERE?" Merchant. "WE DO, SURE." Pat. "THIN, BE JABBERS! PUT ME ON THE SCHKALES!"

"Eureka!" cried Sir HENRY, in triumph, as he sprang down the steps of the Yildi Kiosk. "At last I hold the key to the situation! I have the means of bending the stubborn Turk's cast-iron will to any pattern that suits Her Britannic Majesty's Government!"

An hour later the Ambassador was again closeted with the SULTAN. As he entered the Presence, he bowed, and placed something hidden by a cloth on a golden side-table. The Father of the Faithful turned first red, then pale, as he drew a deep inspiration. Then, mastering his emotion under an appearance of indifference, he observed, ravenously, "A savoury odour! 'Tis long since such a smell has greeted our royal nostrils!"

"I am afraid," returned the Ambassador with a smile, "that not only your Majesty, but all in the palace, have of late been on rather short commons!"

"You dare to mock me!" shouted the SULTAN, off his guard. "Dog of a Christian! I believe it was you who stopped my credit at the butcher's!"

"Nay, Commander of the Faithful!" remonstrated the imperturbable Sir HENRY.

"Yes, you!" roared the SULTAN, in a fury. "'Twas only yesterday that the Palace tradesmen *en masse* refused further supplies! Oh! but for one little hour of the bow-string! If I did not fear to raise a European war, by my beard! I would hang every dog of the pack over his own counter!"

Impassive, as with difficulty he mastered a triumphant smile, the Ambassador continued—

"There should be no secrets between us. Your Highness is hungry?"

"Hungry is no word for it," murmured the wretched Monarch; "I am absolutely starving!"

"And yet there is food within your Highness's reach." And the Ambassador artfully raised a corner of the cloth which veiled the mysterious object on the golden side table.

"A most appetising odour!" sighed the SULTAN, after a second deep inspiration, as the moisture exuded from the corners of his mouth. "By the beard of the Prophet! it is more than I can bear! What do you want of me?"

The Ambassador briefly repeated his demands.

Ten minutes later BAKER PASHA had received his appointment as Superintendent of Reforms throughout Asia Minor, Sir HENRY LAYARD was telegraphing to England an account of his diplomatic triumph, and the SULTAN, his sleeves tucked up, and a gold embroidered napkin under his imperial beard, was pitching fiercely into an enormous dish of the most appetising Irish stew.

Prince Alamagu.

Son of Theodore, King of Abyssinia; taken at Magdala, April 13, 1868.

Died at Leeds (Ward of the Queen, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and the people of England), Nov. 14, 1879.

Buried, by the Queen's desire, at Windsor, Nov. 21.

POOR RASSELAS! Short thy life, but not unloved,
And so not sad, let England hope and trust;
A kind Queen's mother's heart for thee was moved,
And near her kin finds room for thy dark dust.

From THEODORUS—God of battle's gift,
To faithful hands thy childhood's care we gave;
Love by thy death-bed heard thy simple shrift:
And thou cam'st nearest kingship in thy grave.

A Correction.

THE DUKE of ARGYLL has dared to say in his Leeds Speech that there was not a grain of truth in a recent utterance of the Marquis of SALISBURY at Manchester, about SHERE ALI. The Duke is wrong. Mr. ARTHUR HOBHOUSE, late Legislative Member of Council, has shown that there *was* a grain of truth in the Marquis's statement . . . just a grain.

APROPOS OF THE IRISH ARRESTS.—If it were as easy to muzzle martyrs as to make 'em!

"IMPERIUM ET LIBERTAS."

"Nor deal in watchwords overmuch."—TENNYSON.



ANOTHER phrase! Not of new mintage—true,
But borrowed coinage now for BULL will do.
Poor JOHN! phrase-fogged and bogey-scared so long,
He needs tongue-trick to teach him he is strong,
And, changing confidence for bouncing boasts,
Ruffles all roasts, and thinks he rules all roasts.
Imperium et libertas! How large,
And how sublime the phrase! From marge to marge
Of folly's duck-pond how it seems to rise,
An empyrean—to short-sighted eyes!
Ample and antithetical the terms—
Leave scrutiny of sense to drones and worms,
Parochial pettifoggers, whose poor thought
By dreams of Empire is not thrilled, nor caught
Even by sounding Latin scraps and screeds,
Yet those who test smart *mots* by acts and deeds
May ask, "What Empire?" Roman stretch and sway?
Or "the French Cæsar's?" Where are both to-day?
"Queen Bess's?" Let our later CECIL claim
With his loose schemes to link her mighty name;
The Tudor Lioness would grimly smile
At blind ambition and at blundering guile,
Fussy diplomacy which wastes its force
On Empire's outworks, but neglects its source,
And small *finesse* still peddling in intrigue,
Entrapped by rival craft, and counter-league.
"Ends without means," would be a fitter cry
For shouting dupes of our new Policy.
"Empire"—with small battalions, something strained
By a slow conquest o'er barbarians gained.
"Empire"—with timorous finance that fears
By "cash-down" claims to check the Jingo's cheers.
"Liberty!"—and they point the oppressor's goad,
Whilst freedom's sapped at home and snubbed abroad.
"Empire and Liberty?" For all their pother,
They fear to pay for one or trust the other.
Not strength in self-control for self-defence,
But a self-seeking swaggerer's impotence
Is the true meaning of this catchword cry,
Hostile to Empire as to Liberty.

"Vox et Præterea Nihil."

"Mr. HENRY RICHARD, M.P., has been addressing a conference at Swansea, advocating his motion for a mutual and simultaneous reduction of European armaments."

NAPOLEON described History as an old almanack. Modern History is clearly not a *Poor Richard's Almanack*—with Mars and his malign influences omitted.

HAPPY-THOUGHT GUIDE TO LONDON.

(Being a *Dickens* of a *Dickensianary* for the use of Visitors to the Metropolis.)

THE SEVEN DIALS.—The one central spot in London where the time of day is kept. The Seven Dials is one of the finest sights—just as the National Gallery was one of the finest sites—in Europe. The Seven Dials are the work of seven renowned mechanicians, known as the Seven Wise Men, who travelled from the East in the very early part of the thirteenth century. Neither the atmosphere, nor the population, of London, was quite so dense as at present, and therefore the Wise Men who professed to "catch the sun's rays on their dials," were considered as benefactors by quite the densest portion of the population, who expected to see the rays caught, bottled, and ultimately used for germinating cucumbers. Seven elegant works of art were then commenced under dedication to St. Giles. But on its being discovered that the sun's rays were not caught, and that the Wise Men required to be remunerated for their labour, the infuriated populace set upon them, and would have burnt them at the stake, where the flames would have been kindled by several volumes of their erudite memoranda called *Dial Logs*, which being uncommonly dry, would have flared up at once. The Wise Men having been sufficiently wise to quit these hospitable shores, never returned, and the materials of the Dials were used for the construction of the same number of superior clocks which now form the ornament of this quarter, preserving the tradition and the name of the Seven Dials. The Dials are wound up twice a-year, i.e., on the thirty-second of February, and the first of April, when crowds assemble to witness this ceremony—one of the most imposing in London. The first idea of Dials came undoubtedly from Egypt; that is, from the Croco-dials. These animals lie basking in the sun, and by their varying attitudes the natives are distinctly able to tell the time of day. Of course even in Egypt, the invention of the modern watch accounts, in some measure, for the disappearance of the Croco-dials, just as the institution of the modern police, instead of the old watch, accounts for the partial disappearance of the thieves who were attracted about this quarter by the Seven Dials, which they one day hoped to succeed in quietly removing. Should this happen even before this paper makes its appearance, the reader will in vain pay a visit to the Seven Dials in the hope of beholding what were and what might be now, and what certainly ought to be, the Seven Wonders of the Metropolis.

SIGHT-SEEING.—*Vide* any Spectacle-Maker. The Managers of our large theatres about Christmas-time are generally the best Spectacle-Makers. All sights can be accommodated at the Crystal Palace. The "nearest sight" depends on where the visitor happens to be residing, or dining. If he has any particular fancy for the shape of his glasses, he can call in at a buffet and take his choice; and if he cannot stand oblong glasses, he can stand "glasses round" to the assembled company.

SKATING CLUB.—Ices of some sort all the year round, lemon water, or cream. No member ever allowed to *walk*, when once inside the Club. On entering, he at once puts on his skates. The porter skates up to him with his letters, the waiter skates up to him with the bill of fare, and the butler skates about, superintending the comforts of the members, handing the pickles, which are "the frozen Chilly,"—signing bills and giving change. The Club is dedicated to St. Katherine. Over the portico are the words, "S. Kate." The Steward who arranges the dinners is here called the Club's *Skaterer*. The invariable fish for the commencement of dinner is Skate, as a matter of course—of second course—and it is washed down with a glass of old *Must-skate-well*, pronounced, shortly, "*Mus'kat'ell*." The members always sit on the outside edge of their chairs. Serjeant SLEIGH is naturally a member, and if there is any carpenter's work required in the Club, it is done with a sledge-hammer. A beautiful freeze adorns the walls of the Hall, representing the history of a young man, showing how he went out and tried to reap with an *ice sickle*; how it melted in his hand; how he melted into tears; and how, finding himself deserted by an ice maiden, he *ice-olated* himself from the rest of the world. In the winter, entertainments are given to the members, chiefly consisting of magic-lantern slides.

SKINNERS' HALL.—A marvellous work of architecture, both for design and execution. It consists entirely of old flints, which have been splendidly skinned by the Skinners' Company, the flint-skins themselves serving for the rugs, carpets, and other coverings required for the hall staircase and reception-rooms. Brotherly love is the bond of union among the Skinners, so that even a Skinner's *kin* is not so near to him as is his brother Skinner. They are very rich, or they wouldn't be the Skinners. If you want to know more about this Company, get hold of a *Skinner* and ask in a friendly way. A necessary qualification for a Skinner is Beauty, in order to keep up the tradition of "Beauty being only skin-deep."

SMITHFIELD CLUB.—Chiefly intended for the show of cattle, but not strictly limited to beasts. Swells, of a certain weight, are admitted

as representing fat old bucks, and one Bishop is, *ex officio*, a member, i.e., "Oxon." The visitor should ask to see the celebrated Sheep-shanks' Collection. When sitting in the window, the members look a little sheepish, on being caught casting sheep's eyes at the pretty girls as they pass. On the bookshelves are BULWER's novel, *Eugene Aram*, *A Black Sheep*, *Lamb's Tales*, bound in calf, and several volumes of the *Use of the Ram in Naval Warfare*, and the *History of Coves in the Isle of Wight*. Its members are only allowed to write with sheep pens. The usual beverage in the smoking-room is oxy-gin. Irish members are eligible if they can show a fair sample of bulls.

SOANE MUSEUM.—Like any other museum, it's built though called *sown*. It grew with such rapidity that it seemed to have sprung up in a morning, having been *sown* on the previous night. Hence the name, The Sown Museum. At least this is one derivation. Another is, that the eminent architect claimed it as his property, and it being asked in court whose the Museum was, his counsel replied "His own Museum." There are some beautiful specimens of the *Omnium Gatherum* to be seen here.

SOHO BAZAAR.—A Bazaar where they *sow* *hoses*—but to what particular branch of industry this belongs has not been made sufficiently clear. It may have some connection with the Soane Museum. We await further information. Inside is a very *Soho Bizarre* collection.

SOMERSET HOUSE.—A topsy-turvy sort of place, as the name implies.

SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.—Here is the largest loan collection in London. Any one in want of a loan need only apply here, and he will be accommodated on easy terms. No questions asked, except "How will you take it?" And if you can get a fourpenny-bit the better of them, you have only to make a joke about the "*coign* of 'vantage,'" and they will increase it to eightpence on the spot. The Museum is better known as the Cole Mine of Kensington, and there has never been any doubt as to the value of the Cole-lection. There is an Art Training School, where the pupils are brought up on the artfullest principles. In the painting-room, the Art Students are easily admitted, and copy all the forms they see before them (when the forms in question will evidently not be in the use of the Copyist), except the form of admission, to copy which would be forgery—it being necessary to draw the line somewhere. No Student can take an old picture away with him on the plea that he intends to restore it. He will have to restore it there and then.

STANDARD THEATRE.—As there must always be a standard of acting by which to judge, here it is. The Standard, however, is not the Criterion.

STATIONERY OFFICE.—Never moves; always there from 10 to 4. Well worth seeing.

STATUES.—The best time to see the entire collection is during the Statue Fair, held every year on Old Lady Day—old Lady Day, when alive, having been a great patroness of Statues, and very kind to them. For the convenience of visitors to town, the custodians of the York and Nelson statues will, on receiving two hours' notice, and a sufficient, though not exorbitant, gratuity, bring these statues down for inspection.

The Duke of Wellington can also come off his horse when wanted to stretch his legs.

There is a statue to the memory of a distinguished foreigner, Achilles, in Hyde Park, erected by his widow. He was a Greek, and well known on 'Change.

Queen Anne has a statue in Queen's Square. It is dated *Anno* something—but the rest is illegible.

The Duke of Bedford in Russell Square has been lately touched up. He was quite black; now he is not nearly so black,—as, he is painted.

Lord George Bentinck in Cavendish Square. Black with Cavendish smoke.

Eleanor Cross. Might be balanced by a statue of Eleanor Goodtempered.

Fox. Bloomsbury Square. Fox wants the brush.

Jenner in Kensington Gardens. De-jenner-ate Art.

Peabody. Royal Exchange. Might as well be Nobody.

Pitt (William). Hanover Square. Turn the Pitt into a Private Box, and get rid of it.

York (Duke of). This might be sent to the land of Ham.

But if any more statues are required, why not apply to Dr. CARVER? He could "have a shot at it" at all events.

THE MODEL SCHOOL-BOARD ELECTOR.



ES, of course, he has corresponded at some length with each of the candidates—probably sought a personal interview with them—and ascertained their views on all the vexed and vexing educational questions of the day. He has elicited from them the fullest particulars as to their birth, parentage, education, moral and mental training, and especial fitness for the position to which they aspire.

If there are Lady Candidates, he has in addition requested them to oblige him with their photographs, he having a great reliance on physiognomy as an index to character, ability, and attainments.

He spent his holidays in visiting schools and other educational institutions in France, Germany, Switzerland, Holland, Sweden, &c., to enable him to compare foreign systems with those pursued in England.

At home he has been a constant visitor at all the schools in his neighbourhood, whether Board or Voluntary, Denominational or Undenominational, Sectarian or Unsectarian, in order to obtain a thorough insight into the various methods adopted and their results; and to satisfy himself how best economy can be combined with efficiency, and discipline maintained without any compromise of personal independence or sacrifice of liberty of action.

He has been a regular attendant during the last three years at all School Board meetings to which he could obtain access, and has taken down in shorthand full reports of the proceedings, and entered them, on his return home, in a volume set apart (with an index) for this particular purpose.

He has made a point of reading all the published accounts of School Board meetings, educational controversies, Codes, and revised Codes, and amended Codes, and, especially, from end to end, the Annual Reports of the Education Department. With all the books, pamphlets, circulars, and articles on education which have come within his reach, besides listening to countless addresses, lectures, speeches, and orations on the subject.

He has seized every opportunity of discussing all the perplexing educational questions on which there exists a divergence of opinion, in the family circle, at the social board, in public conveyances, and in the haunts of business and recreation.

On the day of election the Model Elector rises early, dresses himself with scrupulous care, takes a turn round the garden before breakfast with a volume of educational statistics as his companion; and then partakes of a moderate meal, at which he impresses upon his family the great importance of the duty he is about to discharge, and leads the conversation to such improving topics as compulsory attendance, cubic space, the diminution of juvenile crime, the utilisation of rich educational endowments, and the systems of PESTALOZZI and FRÖBEL.

If he walks to the polling place, he chooses the most quiet and unfrequented streets he can find, that he may meditate on the necessity of technical education without interruption or disturbance. If possible, he drops in at a favourite Board School on his way, that he may avail himself of the very latest opportunity of studying practical details, and spends a quiet half hour over suffixes or the greatest common measure.

If he takes a cab, he selects a vehicle whose driver he finds, after careful examination, holds the same views as himself on the great question of the day.

Having arrived at the Polling Booth, he records his vote for the Candidates who in his judgment are most likely to advocate economy combined with efficiency, and to consult the welfare of the masses without overtaxing the pockets of the ratepayers; taking especial care to support the Lady Candidate if her views are (as they are pretty sure to be) moderate, rational, and enlightened, and, therefore, exactly corresponding with his own.

If the Candidates he supports are elected, he testifies his delight by such little attentions as sending them a copy of his pamphlet on "National Kindergartens," leaving a card on the Returning Officer, presenting a splendid bouquet to the Lady whom his active exertions have helped to a seat at the new School-Board, and, weather permitting, serenading her at night-fall.

MOTTO—ANCIENT AND MODERN.

"IMPERIUM et Libertas"—that's the motto for you, Brothers, Libertas for yourselves, boys, and Imperium over others!

In Anticipation of February 14.

THERE'S a Pasha in your service,
A Colonel once in mine;
Own that *his* the nous and nerve is
That fits *your* Valentine!



A DRAMA OF THE DRAWING-ROOM.

BY MEANS OF HIS FACE AND ATTITUDE, JONES FLATTERS HIMSELF HE CAN EXPRESS THE DEEPEST INTEREST IN THE CONVERSATION OF A *BORE*, WHILE IN REALITY HIS ATTENTION IS FIXED ON WHAT IS GOING ON IN SOME OTHER PART OF THE ROOM.

JUST AT PRESENT, OLD MRS. MARRABLE IS RELATING TO JONES THE HARROWING DETAILS OF HER LATE LAMENTED'S LAST ILLNESS—WHILE CAPTAIN SPINKS IS POPPING THE QUESTION TO CLARA WILLOUGHBY BEHIND ONE OF CHOPIN'S MAZURKAS—AND JONES HAS NO DOUBT BUT THAT HIS FACE AND ATTITUDE ARE ALL MRS. M. COULD WISH.

"PULL, DEVIL! PULL, BAKER!"

Ah! It really looks a pretty little game,
As it stands.

Let us hope our pet the SULTAN thinks the same.

At BULL's hands,

As his patron, friend, defender,

If he looked for treatment tender,

With what ecstasies of gratitude his heart—no doubt—expands!

Pull, Devil!—that's the Naughty Northern Bear,

Ogre grim,

Who long has longed the PADISHAH to tear

Limb from limb!

To save the Turk from ruin,

And so thwart that bogey, Bruin,

BULL's deputy must pull his very hardest against him!

Pull, BAKER!—that's BULL's deputy, of course.

Happy choice!

To haul in the SULTAN's slack with all his force

He'll rejoice,

For what sympathy hath he

With the immoralitee

Of the East 'gainst which the West uplifts its pure and potent voice?

Pull away, and pull together, pleasant pair,

Never shirk!

Though of solving Eastern Questions men depair,

From your work

Some solution we may see,

Viz., of continuity,

In the person and possessions of your Mutual Friend the Turk!

THE WAY ST. MARK'S IS GOING.—From the Dog(e)s to the Dogs!

A CAUTION TO GEESE.

ACCORDING to a police report, on a summons obtained by the Metropolitan District Railway Company, a Mr. GEORGE GOOSEY, attending the other day at the Mansion House and pleading "Guilty" to a charge of alighting from a carriage whilst a train was in motion, got himself fined ten shillings. Instead of losing a small sum of money, Mr. Goosey might have lost limb, or life, by his goosehardy act. It is too probable that the monition to "wait until the train stops" will continue to be disregarded by many a goosey goosey gander. There are geese whom neither mulct nor maim incurred by birds of their feather will deter from stepping out on to the platform whilst the train yet moves, and thus executing a movement which, without offence to the gallant recruits of the British Army, or to the Drill-Sergeant, may well be styled the "Goose Step." For the hero of our text, we may improve on the nursery rhyme, and sing—

GOOSEY GOOSEY gander,
Where would you wander?
Into trains, and out of trains,
And in my Lord Mayor's chamber!

"On a Lee Shore."

"We hear that her Her Majesty's Ship *Egeria* has received rather serious damage by going ashore in the neighbourhood of Pakhoi, to which place she had been despatched to protect British interests."—*Standard*, Nov. 20, 1879.

Let us hope the good ship *Britannia* will not come to grief in like manner, while at sea for a similar object.

THE MACCALLUM MORE'S PRESCRIPTION.—How to take Ministerial utterances—"Cum grano SALIS(BURY)."



“PULL, DEVIL! PULL, BAKER!”

“BAKER PASHA has been appointed to superintend the introduction of reforms throughout the whole of Asia Minor.” — “The most cordial relations prevail between the Russian Ambassador and the Scuras.” — *Telegrams from Constantinople.*

WAR CORRESPONDENCE IN FUTURO.

No. I.



MANATION in advance
from Our Own Stub-
born Special.

You ought to be very thankful for this letter. The difficulties attaching to its despatch have been very great, but at last they are happily overcome. And now to my plain unvarnished tale.

In the hurry of my departure I could find no time to read up the "Rules for the guidance of Editors of Newspapers and of Correspondents with an Army in the field," which you thrust into my hands when you furnished me with my "licence." My object was to get to the front, and to tackle my arduous duty as quickly as possible. I wished by my own personal exertions to increase the debt

of gratitude which a grateful country owes to its Special Correspondents. The names of RUSSELL, FORBES, and a score of others, command the respect and admiration of England. My name, I was determined, should deserve a place by theirs, if by devotion to my duty I could command it. Thus, burning with zeal and good resolutions, I joined the army in the field.

On reporting myself at head-quarters, "Halloa, who are you?" was my greeting from a beardless subaltern, who paused for a second in the absorption of an S.-and-B. to address me thus curtly. I pointed with some pride to the "distinctive badge" I wore in my character of Special. He looked at it and observed, "Oh, that's your little game, is it? Badge, eh? See Rule 5. Here, orderly, take this fellow round to the Military Censor."

Rather surprised at the youngster's tone, I followed the Corporal to whose care he had consigned me.

"You keep close to me, Sir," said the worthy Non-Com. "By Rule 6 you ain't to roam about the theatre of war at pleasure, so keep close to me."

Before I could express my astonishment at such a regulation, I found myself in the tent of a Staff-Officer. He looked at me sternly and shook his fist in my face.

"Now, look here, my lad, I don't stand any nonsense. The General holds me responsible for everything you write, so I don't stand any nonsense. Do you know the Rules?"

"The Rules! What Rules?" I exclaimed.

"Come to attention, Sir, when you address your superior officer! shouted the Major. "And don't forget to salute when you pass me, or any officer, in camp, or out of it."

Thinking it better to temporise, I adopted a conciliatory tone. "My dear Sir, I really don't know what you mean."

"Who the devil are you calling 'dear Sir'?" screamed the Staff-Officer. "But you're evidently new to your work," he continued, in a milder tone. "Let me give you a line. See you keep it, or it may be worse for you. You may take it for granted, as a Special Correspondent, that everything you do is wrong, and so you musn't do it."

"But you said something about the Rules?"

"Yes. You'd better get them into your head before you put pen to paper. It may save us both trouble. I will read you a few. 'You are not to go to the outposts on any consideration whatever.'"

"Where are the outposts?"

"Wherever they are, you are not to go to them. You are not to go anywhere unless I give you a pass."

"Then, with a pass, may I assume that I shall be all right?"

"Not a bit of it. My pass will be exactly worth the paper it is written on, and may be torn up at any moment, anywhere, by any one. When it is torn up, you come back as fast as your legs can carry you. For further particulars, see Rule 6."

"Anything more?"

"Heaps; You are not to write in cypher, but only to use English. So none of your Greek, or Latin, or foreign lingo. I have to supervise your intelligence. See Rule 8."

"Anything more?"

"Lots! Rule 10: 'The Military Censor has the power of obliging all communications sent by Correspondents to their newspapers to go to their destination through him. Should he deem the intelligence to be dangerous to the good of the country, he may stop it, or alter it. In the case of telegrams, the Military Censor will generally exercise this power.' So be careful what you say, my man, or it will be the worse for you."

"I see. I am to trust my letters to you, and if you can't, or won't, send them, I am to see what I can do for myself," I exclaimed.

"Yes. But, mind, your 'new arrangements are to be entirely under my control and surveillance.' See Rule 18. And you are to write nothing, or go anywhere, without my sanction; and I am 'to give you as much information as I may consider advisable and consistent with my duty.' And you mind you come for it. See Rule 11."

"I do see." (For I had glanced over the Rules while he was speaking.) "And you are to have a copy of my paper regularly (Rule 15), and I am to be liable to dismissal at a moment's notice (Rules 16, 17, 18), and— This is simply shameful! Look here!" And I placed my hand on his arm in my agitation.

"Mutiny, by Jove! Striking a superior officer!" shouted the Staff-Officer. "Take him away! He is under the Mutiny Act, see Rule 4."

In a moment I was surrounded, and, under a Corporal's guard, was led back to my tent, whence I despatch this letter. Whether the Censor will let it pass, I have no means of ascertaining.

[Of course I will show these newspaper fellows at once what they must expect.—Note by M. C.]

No. II.

(From Our Own Submissive Special.)

NEVER mind where I am, but here I am at last, fairly within the radius of military jurisdiction, the Government licence duly granted, and everything perfectly *en règle* down to my distinctive badge. I am distinctively, if not becomingly, dressed in a suit of a broad yellow-and-black zigzag pattern, while my hair has been officially cut close to my head, that there may be no mistake about my identity. The sentinels have instructions to challenge me as I pass, and I have several times been shot at and arrested as a Persian spy. But the production of my licence has as yet generally resulted in my release, after a few days' detention in handcuffs, on a diet of bread-and-water. Matters are now progressing pleasantly enough. And when I tell you that I have been introduced to the Military Censor, who has only cut out three-fourths of my letter, as undesirable for publication, you will understand that I am beginning to feel quite at home at my work.

But to plunge in *medias res* at once, and give you the progress of the campaign up to the moment of my dispatching this letter.

Personally, I cannot vouch for anything, having only once succeeded in getting within seventeen miles of the scene of operations, on which occasion I was brought blindfold back in irons and severely reprimanded by the General in command. I think, however, you may safely assume that the campaign *has* begun. But to proceed with my letter.

This is a fertile country, as far as I can see it from my cell-windows. Of its chief products I know nothing. The dogs, cattle, and the smaller and more strictly domestic insects, seem, on distant and nearer view, such as might be met with in an English Midland county. This morning, in my walk under the sentry's eye, I have come across some specimens of the *Polyanthus vulgaris* that remind me strongly of those in the flower-walk in Kensington Gardens. I wish I could add any details of a military character, but a fresh order of the authorities just issued having made any attempt to gather any information whatever an infringement of the Mutiny Act, I am afraid I must reserve myself for another letter. You will be glad to hear that I am quite well, and getting accustomed to my distinctive badge.

P.S.—I open this to say that the Military Censor is an excellent officer, and will thoroughly deserve his K.C.B., and any other decoration or promotion that may be awarded him at the conclusion of the war. I shall have a great deal to say about him in my next, in which, in addition to some interesting information on the principal parasites of the country, I hope I may be able to announce that I have at last heard the sound of cannon. If I do enjoy this privilege, it will be due entirely to the kindness, courtesy, and consideration of the Military Censor. Here is the Corporal's guard come to take my candle away, and look me up for the night, so I must bring this letter to a close.

* Address suppressed by order of Military Censor.

BY LAST INTELLIGENCES.—"The cry of WOLFF"—Anything but promising for next election at Bournemouth.

A WORD FOR THE WOMEN.



MR. PUNCH.—Having become the fortunate possessor of half-a-dozen Bank Shares by the will of a well-disposed relative, I have no right to grumble that in my old age I am forced to travel third-class by rail, and to ride in tram-cars. I make no complaint of this. The differences between classes—on and off the rail—are only skin-deep. Still, there are some of them that want lessening—and I think you and your artists could lessen them—however you like to spell the word.

It is little matter if I, with my shaky legs and uninteresting white hair, have

to stand in an over-crowded railway-carriage, while well-dressed young members of the "ARRY-stocracy" are comfortably seated. Male Man, old or young, must take his chance, and has no right to plead manners on his own behalf.

Nor is it everyone who is of CHARLES LAMB's opinion about "the sacredness of female old." But most of our sex, it is thought, are ready to recognise the claims of young womanhood, particularly with good looks to back them. Let me correct this impression, by exactly describing what I saw on the North London Line the other day. The seats were all filled in our carriage, when a modestly-mannered and modestly-dressed girl got in, exactly like the pretty young creatures JOHN LEECH used to draw for us in the olden—I mean my younger—time. Three young fellows occupied the seats on either side the door against which she stood. One was puffing a cheap cigar, another reading a red-and-yellow railway novel, the third pretending to sleep, with his hands resting on the head of his flashy cane. Not one stirred all through the ride!

Again and again I have seen pretty and delicate-looking girls, though of no higher rank, I am bound to add, than shop-attendants, or milliners' workwomen in all probability, on their way to their daily work, treated in the same un-cavalier fashion by well-dressed men. In fact, "every man for himself" seems to be the rule on the East End lines. The offer of a seat to a crowded-out woman, young or old, is the exception.

It is said that Mrs. TROLLOPE's telling pen-and-ink caricatures cured the Americans of throwing their legs on tables and over chair-backs. I can't help thinking a few of Mr. Punch's pen-and-pencil pictures might work an improvement, if not a cure, of the unmanly state of things I have described. I believe half of it arises from shyness; but it seems fast hardening into custom, and the sooner the indurating process can be stopped the better—or so it seems to

Your constant reader and subscriber,
JONATHAN OLDBUCK.

Give and Take.

(To my Lord B., on his "*Imperium et Libertas*.")

FEAR for Liberties we have
If your *Imperium* waken,
All question we may waive
Of the Liberties you've taken!

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

(An Ecstatic *Æsthetic à la Mode*.)

"I sits with my feet in a brook,
And if any one axes me why,
I gives 'em a tap with my crook—
'Tis sentiment makes me," says I."

HER softly sculptured lips, sharply indrawn,
As with some subtle shiver half supprest,
Blanch to the snowiness of bleached lawn.
The trim and taper finger-tips that rest,
Soft as new-fallen snow-flakes, on her crook,
Are tinted with a tender turquoise blue;
Her feet flush red, as, plunged in a chill brook,
Fair feet are apt to do.

The morbidezza of her marble cheek,
Speaks it of dying lip or living death?
One seems to see—so doth the canvas speak—
The swift soft sibilation of her breath.
So sits she, shadowing mysteries manifold,
In incomplete expectancy of—what?
Perhaps 'tis of an influenza cold,
Perhaps, again, 'tis not!

What precious pregnancy of pulsing life!
What vast potentialities of passion!
What strange reluctance with desire at strife!
The robe's white tissue, cut in clinging fashion,
Against her coy carnations, warmly wan,
Shines like to tarnished silver's chastened sheen,
Her flesh-tints pure are joy to gaze upon,
Purple, and grey, and green!

Languor supprest, quivering intensity,
And unripe insufficiency of self,
Speak in each eyelid broad, and caverned eye,
And ridged clavicle's projecting shelf.
Deep sympathies of crescent womanhood,
Keen urgency of unperfected love,
Dull aching thrills, as of half-frozen blood,
That may not freely move,

Such aches as chaste desires—and chilblains—give.
Oh! quite *too* perfect quiteness of sick sweetness,
What subtly sensuous symphonisms live
In thy soft sumptuousness of calm completeness!
In which—ah! curse of Momus and his mockings!—
Nought sees the ribald, rash, Philistine fool,
Save a sham-shepherdess *sans* shoes and stockings,
Foot-paddling in a pool!

As Good as a Pantomime.

WE learn from the Roman Correspondent of the *Daily News* that:—

"Signor CAIROLI and Signor DEPRETIS have been busied in the formation of a Cabinet, to take up the work of the Government pretty much where it was broken off in July."

When to this is added that—

"—the President of the Budget Commission may be brought in to answer the expected criticism of Signor GRIMALDI,"

—no wonder if we anticipate that the criticism of Signor GRIMALDI will be "Here we are again!"

THE "DISTINCTIVE BADGE" (to be worn by Newspaper Correspondents accompanying Armies in the Field).—A gag.



DOUBLE IRRITATION.

Brown (by no means an Adonis). "THE LETTER'S FOR YOU, SIR! CON-FOUND IT ALL, WE'RE ALWAYS BEING TAKEN FOR EACH OTHER!!!"

Smith (no Adonis either). "I KNOW WE ARE! AND, IF IT COMES TO THAT, 'CON-FOUND IT ALL' YOURSELF, SIR!!!"

A VOICE EX CATHEDRÂ.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,
I AM an Arm-chair Politician. I am not at this moment sitting in my arm-chair, but if any Statesman wishes to address me, I can go back to it at the shortest notice. I have been told that I can turn the scale at the next election. It is very pleasant to feel one's own importance, and to know that it rests on so solid a basis as this very comfortable piece of furniture. My upholsterer informs me that there never was such a demand for well-stuffed and well-planned easy-chairs within his memory, and I know that his memory is good, for he has just sent me in a bill which I thought was paid two years ago.

Of course I have not yet made up my mind how to vote. In all probability I shall support that Party which soothes my fears and flatters my vanity with the greatest degree of success. I consider that English Politics are in a very unsatisfactory condition. Merit is not sufficiently rewarded. I myself have applied for appointments to five successive Governments, and have received merely evasive replies. I have no opinions, but I rather fancy that what the country really needs is a Ministry composed of men of the same opinion as myself. An Arm-chair Cabinet would, I think, meet the wants of the situation. My upholsterer thinks so, too.

As to the Eastern Question. The Government seem to me to have done their best, but not to have done it at all well. They seem to be a very honest set of straight-forward men, yet, at the same time, I am afraid they are rather deficient in integrity. I do not agree with those who accuse them of having carried on two unjust wars, yet I am not satisfied of the justice of the campaigns in which they have engaged. Their conduct of the finances may, perhaps, be open to criticism, though, as far as I can see, our finances are in a better condition than those of Turkey. I do not approve of the attacks that have been made on the policy of the Ministry, though, of course, the duty of an Opposition is to oppose what they think wrong.

MIND WHERE YOU PUT YOUR FEET.

HERR VISCHER, an eminent German authority on Art and Æsthetics, has lately been emptying the vials of his wrath in a Stuttgart journal over rude people who lay their dirty foot-coverings on railway cushions in front of them. This is a nasty, dirty habit; but still, if people were never guilty of setting their feet on anything more sacred than Railway cushions! When one thinks of all that Prince BISMARCK, for instance, has set his feet on! And such big boots as he wears too—and so far from clean as they are sometimes! Suppose HERR VISCHER looked a little beyond the railway carriage! But *Punch*, in his insolent and insular freedom forgets there is the Correctional Police-Rod-in-pickle for the backs of all who dare impiously to poke fun at the awful Chancellor of the Empire, whose will is law,—justice to the contrary notwithstanding,—and whose warning to his critics in the press, short, sharp, and decisive, is "Shut up, or be shut up."

A Really Hard Case?

"The Irish labourer, JOHN WHELAN, who was sentenced to death at the last Manchester Assizes for the murder of his wife, by kicking her, but who was strongly recommended to mercy on account of his wife's irregular habits and the provocation he received, has been respited."—*Last Friday's Times*.

OF course he has, poor fellow! Sentenced to death for kicking his wife to death—and an aggravating wife too! Hard lines, indeed!

They manage these things better at Liverpool. There, the sentence in such a case is six months' imprisonment.

As to home questions, I do not see what reforms are needed, nor do I think anybody else does; and I am equally divided between a dread of going too fast and of standing still. I hope I have made my views perfectly plain.

My wife says something which I cannot quite hear about "a something between two bundles of hay;" but the female mind is always a foe to impartiality. Unless my upholsterer lowers his prices, I am opposed to Female Suffrage, as I foresee that my wife, had she a vote, would infallibly demand another Arm-chair. I think one Arm-chair Politician in a house is enough. Yours,

EITHERSIDE EASTMAN.

A Check Marked "No Effects."

WHATEVER the "Elswick Gas Check" may have done at Shewburyness (see the *Times*' report on its efficiency), it seems clear that, up to the present, the "Edison Gas Check"—as we may call the Electric Light—has not proved practically effectual.

LOGIC AND LIGHT.

It used to be commonly said to be impossible to prove a negative. But now Photographers say that they can.

ARREST OF IRISH ANTI-RENT AGITATORS.—Daly Killen Davitt? If it was only Biggar Killen Parnell!

IRISH READING.—"Riotousness exalteth a nation."

THE ONE HOME-RULER FOR IRELAND.—The Law!

A CHURCHWARDEN'S QUESTION.



AGACIOUS MR. PUNCH,

AMONG divers letters on the contemplated patching, cobbling, or tinkering, as it were, of St. Mark's, Venice, which have appeared in the *Times*, you perhaps noticed a somewhat remarkable one, to which the letter "G." is appended. "G." desires to ask a question, and asks accordingly:—

"What are the Venetians proposing to do more than every mediæval builder was ready to do at a moment's notice to the works of his predecessors? Mediæval builders never hesitated to pull down and re-build or to alter in the most ruthless fashion. Hence, surely, the great historical interest of mediæval buildings. Why should not the Venetians be allowed to do what we are so glad the builders of Peterborough or Canterbury did?"

Why, "G."? Do you wish to know? Because the Venetians are artists of a very different grade

from the architects who built Canterbury and Peterborough. If these latter altered the works of their predecessors, it was as though a MICHELANGELO, say, improved, or tried to improve, upon the composition of a FRANCIA. The same improvement might be attempted by a modern house-painter and decorator, and this is what the Venetians threaten St. Mark's with. But "G." proceeds to argue:—

"History does not end with any particular century; and if any society had

been strong enough to prevent the Decorated architects from meddling with the Early English churches, should we not have lost by the prevention?"

Perhaps; though it is not, *Mr. Punch*, a very disputable matter of opinion whether the Decorated Architects would not have done better than they did if they had restricted themselves to working in their own style, and had left Early English work alone? However, friend "G." is quite right in urging that "History does not end with one particular century." Of course not; but Architecture can degenerate—can't it? History did not end with the seventeenth century, or when the House of Hanover came to the Crown. Then commenced the Georgian era of History, and with it the Georgian style of Architecture, and the Georgisation or Churchwardenisation of not a few mediæval churches. This appears to be pretty nearly the sort of process which the Venetian "restorers" propose applying to St. Mark's Cathedral, and therefore, perhaps, it is that their apologist "G." adopts that signature, meaning thereby "Georgian." If so, he signs himself "G." appropriately enough; but might he not as aptly write himself down "A."? You need not, of course, answer this question in condensation to the capacity of any one of all your innumerable readers. Imagine me, Sir, yours truly, an Architectural Connoisseur descended—collaterally of course—from

WILLIAM OF WYKEHAM.

Empty Benches out of Place.

MIGHT *Punch* take the liberty of asking the Governors of that wealthy institution, the Foundling Hospital, how it is that, with a handsome Chapel, a competent Clergyman, an efficient Choir, and a willing Organist, the congregation at the afternoon services, exclusive of the children of the Hospital, varies from three to ten, including Verger's children? Can this miserable meagreness of outside attendance have any connection with the printed board outside, requesting people (not Governors) to pay on admission; and, if so, might it not be an advantage to the crowded neighbourhood of Gray's Inn if one Board of Governors—abolished the other board—of "pay at the doors," so that the beautiful service might be offered up before a congregation, instead of empty benches?

EGG AND COCKATRICE.—Confiscation Cromwellian: Agitation Parnellian.

A VOICE FROM THE WEST.

MEÄSTER PUNCH,

I' TH close sheltered combe, by th' pond, where th' riv'let retarded its flow, With th' dusty barn-doors open'd wide, an' th' cow-stalls all 'rang'd in a row, There was old Uncle Joe's Venny-Court, as it stood in our forefathers' time, Wi' its gables, an' chimneys, an' porch, an' th' dairy-house whiten'd wi' lime. Where th' swallows i' morn began twitterin', Aunt ANN began bustlin' about, An' at slug-a-bed maids while she'll rate, Uncle JOE yellin' loud w'd turn out, An' a-field sharp th' teams vor th' hay, or, in barton, help milky th' cows; No peace vor the lazy was there, when the Farmer an' s Dame 'gan t' rouse! There was plenty vor all hands to do, as in, quick, pass'd th' pails foam'n' full, Th' scaldin', th' mixin', th' skimmin'; th' light laughter o' maids never dull; There was DOLLY, an' KITTY, an' PRUE, wi' their coats all tuck'd up to their knees, While, a-turnin' the churn, i' th' corner, raw-bon'd ROGER groan'd, never at ease!

But away, i' th' dairy so cool, 'mong th' milk leads, th' curds, an' th' cream, Cousin MARY w'd stand, wi' bare arms, so sweet, as a shape in a dream! To see her a-mouldin' th' butter, while a-warblin' some wold ballad tune,—Th' pink tips o' her white nimble fingers, like th' blooth o' th' dog-rose i' June! Alas! all th' property's gone!—how it vell away needs not t' tell: All th' wold volk be pass'd to their rest; an' poor MARY is now never well! But how they do manage up there—at Venny Court—now, t'is a plan Vor a-workin' a Dairy Farm well, as do stagger a wold farmin' man! Uncle JOE own'd th' land, ye must know, work'd hard, an' wi' no rent t' pay, They all liv'd a free, happy life, an' contented, while all pull'd oone way. But when t'w was a-sold—Venny-Court, t'w was a-bought by a mighty rich lord, Who a tenant must have t' pay rent; let us hope he t' pay 't can afford! But d'theus is th' curious thing; d'theus new tenant pays rent an' finds stock, But e' lets all th' dairyrin' off, at a price, to a man in a smock! An' th' wold double cottage, below, wi' its small di'mond casements so quaint, Is all done up, an' righted complete, wi' new peäper, new glass, an' new paint; Vor th' Dairy-man must hev a house, vor hisself, an' his children, an' wife; But why they be wanted at all, why I can't understand vor me life!

"Ye can't get two bites of a cherry," was a sayin' when I was a boy, But i' d'theus case they try t' get three!—a meal which I hope they'll enjoy. What's d'theus pother about a piano?—t' isn't music as does any harm! When I was a boy, there was piano, an' sweet, too! at Venny Court Farm: When MARY w'd zing of an eve'inen, or young JOE breathe his soul thro' th' flute, There was rapture in many a heart, an' all our young voices were mute; When th' tasks o' th' day were all done, an' th' bat roun' th' rick-yard w'd flit, What mwore blessed thing o'd there be, than thus out in orchet t' zit!

But, I fear, d'theus new tenant's young wife has never a task vor t' do, No more an' she mid hev if she were th' wife ov a Gent., or a Jew, Why a plain dairy-farm sh'd be let, an' thus sub-let's a question o' taste, But on th' basis o' cash, an' p'raps brains, I think it's a question o' waste; There's a factor too much i' th' sum, east it up, or turn 't round, as ye may, An' a profit t' find we must take th' sub-tenant or the tenant away. Gi'e th' former mwore coin in his pouch, or th' latter mwore fitness vor's place, BUT TOGETHER THEY RIDE OVERWEIGHTED—AN' TH' YANKEE MUST WIN SUCH A RACE.

JERE SMALLBONE.

"Ex Nilo—."

At the late meeting of the Anglo-Egyptian Banking Company, the Chairman, while announcing a dividend, gave his opinion "that a steady stream of prosperity had set in on Egypt, consequent on the overflow of the Nile," and he hoped that there would now be a satisfactory arrangement between the bank and the Egyptian Government.

The misfortune for the shareholders is that the tide of prosperity—i.e., the Nile—never can set in on Egypt without over-running its banks, or overdrawing them. Let us hope the new Controller may do something to keep—if not the river—the KHEDIVE, at least—within banks and bounds.

In more Places than One.

"Every prospect of bad weather. Ships ordered to sea."

A little later—

"Weather now fine. Ships returning."

SURELY the above telegrams, sent in the course of last week, by LLOYD'S agent, from Madras, might have come from Admiral HORNBY, at Malta.

BONDS AND BENEFICES.



OUR venerable friend, dear old Archdeacon DENISON, the other day, addressing a meeting of the English Church Union at Manchester, said some good things as usual. Having premised that Lord PENZANCE had been "shoved into a position he was unfit for," and predicted that "on Saturday he would either complete his character for folly by sending Mr. MACKONOGHIE to prison, or fold his hands and go to bed," the resolute and determined Archdeacon declared that:—

"Members of the Church Union would not deviate a hair's breadth from their position. They could not suffer death like martyrs of old, but they could suffer bonds or imprisonment—"

That is, for persisting in Romanesque and illegal practices. They certainly

can possibly suffer imprisonment; but, if they court it, let us hope they won't get it, so as not to be enabled to pose as Martyrs and Confessors. But the truest thing our Archdeacon said was, that the parties he referred to "could suffer bonds." They not only can, but do. They are in bondage to Articles which they ignore, and obligations which they violate; and they could free themselves at will from these bonds by disendowing and disestablishing themselves, but prefer to remain in them because their bonds hamper them so little as to allow them morally, or rather immorally, to dance hornpipes in fetters.

IN MEMORIAM.

John Chaddens Delane.

FOR THIRTY-SIX YEARS EDITOR OF THE "TIMES."

Born at Bracknell, Berks, 1817. Died at Ascot Heath, Nov. 22, 1879.

THROUGH the dark hours one sleepless workshop strains,
With strength of busy brain and lightning hand,
Engines of iron hands and all but brains,
To fix in words the whirl of sea and land.

The daily paper—brain-core of our times,
To which Earth's nerves with lightning pulses thrill,
Whence promptings to all classes, creeds, and climes
Speed to take shape in action good or ill.

Work still finds man or makes him; need provides
The central pivots of this central toil,
Brains of this brain-stuff, guiders of these guides,
Fresh under their night's load, calm through its coil.

If all these centres, brains, guides had been asked
To name one centre, brain, guide of them all,
For many a year the answer had not tasked
Long time or thought; one name had had the call—

His name, who, from his schoolboy days, was marked
By wise eyes for the work he was to do;
Who—youth still—mate first, master soon, embarked
On the great ship, that, with him, greater grew.

The old salts saw, and bent a scornful brow;
At "WALTER'S 'three-year-olds'" the laugh went round.
Youth at the helm—Not Pleasure at the prow—
The good ship *Times* sailed, on bold venture bound.

And from that time *The Times* was JOHN DELANE,
Till e'en that iron frame was warped and worn,
And those tense brain-springs slackened 'neath the strain
Of such toil as man's strength has rarely borne.

For thirty years and six, think of his life!
To keep a wary eye and ready tongue,
With blithe cheer for all sides, let party-strife
Rage ne'er so bitter, 'mid the missiles flung

From hand to hand, hatred to hatred, still
To feel no hate, and own no captain's beck:
To wield power with soft word but iron will,
Correct class-claims, and pen-presumptions check.

Wooded, welcomed, worshipped, to be stone to smile;
To list the pretty prayer, and yet not yield;
To be all things to all with honest guile,
Frank behind mask, and open under shield.

Awake while we slept, his day was the night.
Beside the shaded lamp his tireless eye
Through the dark hours was watchful still and bright,
To focus the world's face as it swept by.

E'en Science taxed him, brought him larger load,
Harder to trim, and heavier to bear:
When through the unsleeping wires unresting flowed
The tide of news to winnow, sift, and share.

Still he found strength and spirits, Nature's balm,
Year after year, till those who watched him knew
Blanks in his blitheness, rufflings of his calm,
And slower speech for thought that flagged, not flew.

And the strong hand, for the hard helm too weak,
Was fain to rest, first for brief spell, and then
Still longer rest and longer had to seek,
Till we knew this born Captain among men

Had handed over charts and signal-book,
And sailing-orders and all captain's gear,
For leisure and repose hard by the nook
Where he drew breath, to watch green leaves and sere,

And tend his garden and his stock, and live
Among the country squires a country squire.
Alas! he had but little time to give
To that late idyl—not e'en time to tire.

Death finding him, unwontedly, at rest,
Smote him who, till now, seemed too swift and strong
For dart or scythe, too prompt and labour-stressed
To hear the summons all must hear ere long.

Rest in thy grave, that knew no resting here,
Editor without equal, strenuous soul,
Staunch friend, despising favour, scorning fear,
Far-seeing, forward-cleaving to thy goal.

He left a different scene from that he found,
And had a large part in all change he saw.
Nor slave, nor leader, of his time, but bound
Abreast of it to keep its glass from flaw.

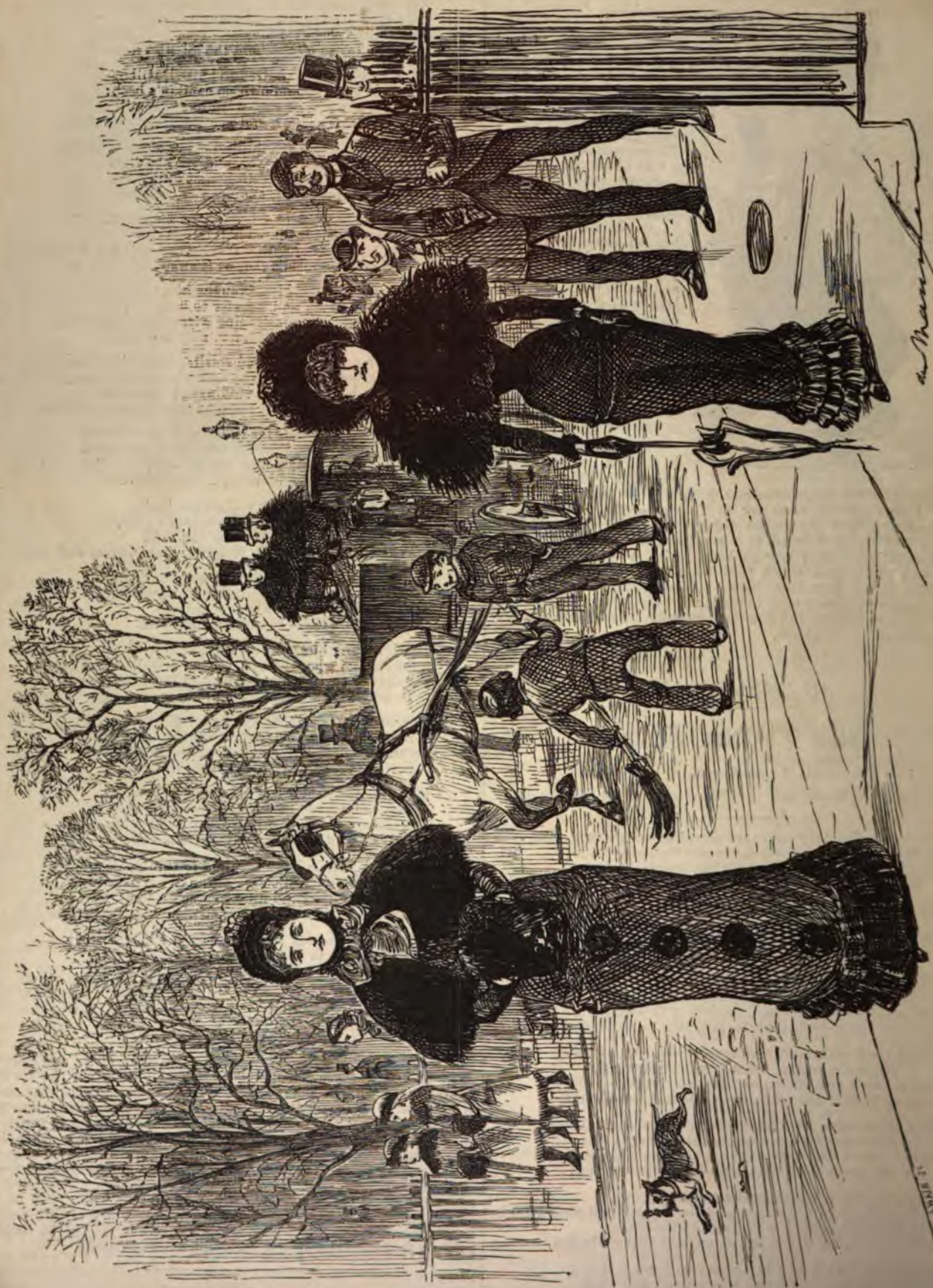
And not a hostile hand is raised to throw
A black stone at his name, who in his place
Had need to fight and fling so many a foe,
But ne'er fought false, nor struck but at the face.

'Tis one who served him twenty years who writes
This tribute to his memory. Those that read
May well be proud of him, and pray our fights
In Freedom's cause breed men like him at need.

The Pacific Main.

It appears that the Pacific Republics, two to one, Peru and Bolivia against Chili, now for some time at war, originally fell out for the possession of nitrate and guano beds; so that, in fact, they have been fighting over fertilising material. In this particular the belligerents may be thought to exhibit some resemblance to poultry-yard combatants; though it may be doubted whether on either side they have signalised themselves by any display of valour analogous to that of the gamecock as compared with the less noble barn-door fowl. However, at Iquique there has recently been some warm work, wherein Chili, nevertheless, got the advantage. This, it is to be hoped, may lead to a termination of a struggle which certainly does not "beat cock-fighting," however analogous it may be to battles between feathered champions, each on his own dunghill.

DOOMED TO BE BLOWN-UP (by *Anti-rent Agitators or Cabul incendiaries*.)—A Balla-Hissar.



"WANDERING WILLIE."

A Fragment from a Modern Border Ballad.

Now word is gane to the Bauld BUCCLEUCH,
In Dalkeith Palace, where that he lay.
That Midlothian has summoned word-rife WILLIE,
His ain son's hame-seat to win away.

He has taen the table wi' his hand,
He has gar'd the GLADSTONE spring on hie—
"Now confound these Midlothian bodies!" he said,
"But o' Provost and Baillies avenged I'll be!"

"Oh, is my rent-roll a borough rate-book,
Or my dukedom a trumpery penny-fee,
Or my son DALKEITH daft as weel as dumb,
That Midlothian's Rads should lichtly me?"

"And hae they brocht him—word-rife WILLIE,—
Sae hard on the turn o' the Jingo-tide,
And forgotten that the Bauld BUCCLEUCH
Is master here on the Scottish side!"

"Hae they gien him ovations and airches o' green,
And rugs and mauds, and claites and gear,
And forgotten that to the Bauld BUCCLEUCH
They're the main o' them tenants by lease or year?"

"Oh, were DALKEITH a lad o' brains!—
As weel I wot that he is nane,—
He wad gie this WILLIE a reddin' down,
Though he'd talk a dog's leg frae the bane!"

"And 'gin his words and wits ran low,—
As there's little doot recht soon they would,—
I'd tak' ither means to mak' these pairts
Too het for this firebrand where he stood.

"But since my son's no a lad o' his haun's,
And than talk against WILLIE wad sooner dee,
I'll no trust a bawbee to DALKEITH's brains,
And yet word-rife WILLIE bowled out shall be."

He has called him some five-score henchmen bauld,
I trow there was nae lack for the game,

For their bits o' hau'dins the prices they paid
He were a seely man could name.

He has called him some five-score henchmen bauld
A' qualified under the bauld BUCCLEUCH,
Wi' receipts in pouch and faggots on spauld,
And colours on back o' the Tory blue.

There were five and five, before them all—
Wi' qualification-papers right;
And five and five, wi' hands no sae clear,
But o' titles gude for a little fight.

And five and five, that wi' brass recht strang,
Might pass the revisin' barrister's ee';
And five and five, that had broken down,
But for their swearin' unco' free.

And as, wi' our faggots on our back,
By the palace-gates our stand we held,
The first salutation that we met wi'
Was wi' WILLIE's hard words to be sairly shelled.

"What recht hae ye, ye puppets mean?"
Quo' word-rife WILLIE, "come tell to me."

"We've our qualification gude at law,
And mair than law-fast what man can be?"

"What recht hae ye, ye out-county men?
And what betoken your colours blue?"
"That to stand fast to the gude auld flag
We ha' qualified under the bauld BUCCLEUCH."

"And where be ye gaun', ye bits o' lads,
With your Jingo jargon sae loud and hie?"

"We gang to gie DALKEITH, at the poll,
Not wit nor words, but majoritie."

"Where be ye gaun', as rational men?"—
Quo' WILLIE, "Stop! and haud talk wi' me."

Now a tough auld Tory led that band,
And never a word o' lear had he.

"Why trespass ye on Midlothian's vote,
Ye faggot-voters?—Be aff!" quo' he.
Then never a word spak' the tough auld Tory,
But his thumb to his nose crouse cockit he!

Then WILLIE he stood in Dalkeith Corn-Market,
And nae time in tunin' his pipes he lost,
His wind it was lang, and his voice it was strang,
And nae trouble in choosin' his words they cost.

And ere he reached the end o' his screed—
If to an end it was aye to come—
Had DALKEITH's ainsell been there to hear,
He'd hae prayed to be deaf as weel as dumb.

For when Lord DALKEITH he gars to talk,
'Tis like an organ wi' nane to blaw;
But it's a' the neet and the morn to beet,
Ane WILLIE begins, ere ye'll win awa!

And so sweet's his tongue, that ye haud your breath,
And ye mind na the flight o' time ava';
And I doot na the bauld BUCCLEUCH himself
Wad ha' cried "Hear, hear!" before us a'!

(Here the fragment breaks off.)

A DISAGREEABLE INN-OVATION.

A REMARKABLE demonstration of Welsh warmth of temper was recently experienced, on somewhat slight provocation by Mr. ARCHIBALD FORBES, who is now engaged in delivering a series of lectures in South Wales. Mr. FORBES, we read—

"Refused last night to deliver his address at Newport (Monmouth) in consequence of the local caterer refusing him permission to curtail his remarks, in order to enable him to catch a train. Mr. FORBES was followed to the station by an excited crowd, who hooted him, and pelted him with eggs."

Elsewhere Mr. FORBES, on his lecturing expedition, has been received with well-deserved plaudits; but it seems that at Newport an immoderately indignant populace bade him farewell with a regular, but totally unmerited, ovation!

THE COLOSSUS OF WORDS.—GLADSTONE in Midlothian.

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

Stage Door—Christmas Annuals—Children's Books and Christmas Cards—At Cambridge—The Hunchback.



ERE we are again! The season of Christmas Annuals has begun, in fact, to judge by these hardy annuals, Christmas may be said to have begun about a month ago. Mr. ROUTLEDGE (publisher), and Mr. CLEMENT SCOTT (editor), have hit upon a capital notion in *The Stage Door*, which has already "assembled in its thousands." The contributors are all of them well known to the theatre-going public, which, acquainted with the occasional lucubrations of Messrs. IRVING, NEVILLE, and TOOLE, has naturally exhibited considerable curi-

osity for the first appearance, as authors, of Mr. and Mrs. BANCROFT, Miss HODSON, Mrs. JOHN WOOD, Mr. WALTER LACY, Mr. HARE, and Miss KATE MUNROE. They are for the most part amusing; Mr. REECE's playbill, however, being first among the funniest. But there ought to have been no authors admitted; it should have been written entirely by actors, actresses, the ladies of the ballet, the supers, and, most important of all, a genuine stage-door keeper.

The "wrapper" of *The Stage Door* is quite "up to the knocker." The Lady represented outside as issuing from the stage-door with a roll of music under her arm is evidently either a burlesque actress, an operatic *prima donna*, or one of the chorus, which is deceptive, as none of these are represented *inside*. On second thoughts, this may be intended to represent the burlesque actress, or *prima donna*, or chorus-singer, or whatever she is, leaving the theatre, carrying under her arm her *rejected* contribution. The glance which the stage-door keeper, supposed to be the editor, I presume, is casting over the top of his *Era* at the unhappy young Lady, is very suggestive of the poor man's nervousness, lest, at the last moment, she, the rejected one, should turn round on him, and have a row.

As the contributions are only "by those who enter" the stage-door, of course, the accepted story-tellers have all gone inside, and are stopping there. Not the least among its interesting and amusing features, are the portraits of the writers prefixed to each story. They are all beaming and beautiful. The likenesses are marvellous—most marvellous. Mr. WALTER LACY looks as if he had stepped out of a sporting tailor's advertisement; Mr. STERRY (why is he behind a stage-door? the sly boots!) apparently represents the Hatting interest; Mr. JOHN HARE shows what an admirable effect may be produced by wearing the St. James's open collar; Mr. FRANK MARSHALL is something between *Nicholas Nickleby* and the late Count de MONTALEMBERT; Miss KATE MUNROE's portrait is a study for an *Ophelia* at Colney-Hatch; Mr. TOOLE is as he appeared when suffering from the mumps; Mr. LIONEL BROUGH's portrait conveys the idea of his having been interrupted suddenly while washing his face; Mr. REECE is like somebody else, probably a Russian Prince; Mr. HOLLINGSHEAD seems to have partially recovered from a severe rash; while Mr. PALGRAVE SIMPSON's head of hair is apparently intended to exhibit the perfection of the perruquier's art when the

rules of self-measurement have been carefully observed. Altogether, including the illustrated advertisements (see the portrait of "The Blood Purifier" and others—real gems!), the *Stage Door* is a first-rate Shilling's-worth.

In *Little Wideawake*, from the same publishers, Mr. ERNST GRISET is at his best in his illustrations to "The Black Rolf of Rookstone," and Miss GREENAWAY'S "Miss Patty" is a charming frontispiece. Mrs. SALE BARKER'S stories are excellent for young folks; and if the latter are pleased with their Mrs. BARKER, the publishers ought to be delighted with their "SALE."

Mr. CALDECOTT'S *Babes in the Wood* is almost perfect from cover to cover, including the wrapper, or, one might say, considering the subject, perfect from *covert* to *covert*, including the wood-engravings. The picture of the wicked Uncle making much of the children, of his interview with the villains, and of the finish of the fight, are deliciously humorous, while the wandering of the babes is touching.

The same artist has also illustrated GOLDSMITH'S poem of "The Mad Dog," in which, for the comfort of all burlesque rhymesters, the poet has made "foes" rhyme with "clothes." The picture representing the dog's jealousy of the cat as the foundation of the idea that

"The dog, to gain some private ends,
Went mad and bit the man,"

is intensely funny, and old and young will heartily welcome this new contribution to Father Christmas's library.

From the lugubrious locality of St. Paul's Churchyard, those old juvenile entertainers, GRIFFITH AND FARRAN, successors to NEWBERRY AND HARRIS, time out of mind the children's book-makers, pour on us a shower of boys' and girls' books, about all sorts of sport and earnest, from all quarters of the globe and all races, Kaffir and Red-Indian included, among which the young folks who can't find favourites, must be hard to please indeed. Of Christmas Cards, what is to be said? Ask Messrs. DE LA RUE and MARCUS WARD, those veterans of the game, and those who have "followed suit"—HILDESHEIMER, and ROTHE, and BUTLER, and who knows how many besides?—whose "packs" now fill the stationers' windows. If they find that *Le jeu vaut la chandelle*—that they are winners by their Christmas Card playing—so be it. *Punch* hopes they may.

A fortnight ago I paid a visit to Alma Mater, and witnessed a very good performance of *The Game of Speculation* and *The First Night* by the A. D. C. of Cambridge. The house was crammed every night. One *matinée* was given for the benefit of the funds of the Adenbrook Hospital, when, as the prices were doubled, a considerable sum must have been realised.

Why does that absurd theatrical stucco-Shakspeare play, *The Hunchback*, keep the Stage so pertinaciously? I believe that most people think it is by some "old dramatist," with whose name they ought to be familiar, but aren't. They are not absolutely certain it isn't one of SHAKSPEARE'S, or, at least, written by a cousin of SHAKSPEARE'S; and I have actually heard it ascribed to SHERIDAN—without the KNOWLES. The true answer probably is, that, despite its tawdriness and its tinsel, and its absurd Elizabethan affectations, there are in it some touches of nature, which are genuine inspirations. These—and only these—prevent this silly, uninteresting and wearisome Five-Act Play from sinking into oblivion. When it was revived at the Adelphi, with Mr. HENRY NEVILLE, Mr. HERMANN VEZIN, and Miss NELSON, it was a big success, and drew crowded houses for a long time.

At Sadler's Wells it has been reproduced for the sake of Miss ISABEL BATEMAN'S *Julia*, a performance of considerable merit. Mr. KELLY'S *Master Walter* is disappointing. Mr. WALTER BENTLEY was better as *Rob Roy* than as *Sir Thomas Clifford*—it is puzzling to have *Mister Walter* and *Master Walter* in the same piece, and both disguised as somebody else—while Mr. F. W. WYNDHAM is quiet in *Modus*, which is a fault on the right side. *Leah* is already underlined for reproduction, with Mrs. CROWE in her original part. So that when Miss ISABEL has finished playing her *Julia*, her elder sister will come out in her *Jew Leah*.

Mr. WILSON BARRETT has got a good crew together to man his *Court Ship*. Mr. BYRON'S Comedy crackles with witty things, which go off like Prince Rupert's drops, but Mr. ANSON makes his part, which is a sort of first cousin to *Perkyn Middlewick*, rather too burlesque. The Story seems to come to a natural finish at the end of the Second Act, and there is a mysterious Uncle played by Mr. PRICE,—disguised apparently as Sir GEORGE BOWYER, M.P.,—who has evidently founded himself on a mixture of *Sir Oliver* in the *School for Scandal*, and *Burchell* in the *Vicar of Wakefield*. A good Paper might be written on stage Uncles,—and, by the way, on stage relations generally, a subject I will reserve, *in petto*, for a future treatise from the pen of

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

P.S.—*Ours* has been revived at the Prince of Wales's, but I have not yet seen it. I cannot add *Ours* to my present minutes.—Y. R.

GLADSTONE'S GIFTS (*To and Fro*).—Dresses and Addresses.

"HIGH POWERS IN CONJUNCTION—(OR COLLISION)."

"Professor KLINKERFÜS, of Göttingen, ridicules the notion, to which he assigns an English origin, of the danger to the Earth of the present position of Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, and Neptune."—*Times Foreign Correspondence.*



BUT what says Prof. KLINKERFÜS to the *Pall Mall*'s daily apprehensions of the danger to the Earth from the present position,

not of the four remotest planets, but of the four nearest potentates?

If we have nothing to fear from conjunction or collision of Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, and Neptune, dare we feel as safe *à propos* of their earthly parallels? These, we should say, are—for Jupiter, Germany, with BISMARCK, forger and flasher of bolts, most dangerous when out of clearest sky; for Saturn, Russia, devourer of her own children in Nihilist executions, and Turkish and Central-Asian slaughters; for Uranus (Greek, for "Heaven"), Austria, on the principle of association by contraries; and for the Sea-God Neptune, BRITANNIA of course, with Lord BEACONSFIELD ready and willing to sweep anybody into nothingness with his "*Quos ego!*"

En attendant—till better advised—if Professor KLINKERFÜS says "Pooh!" to the planets, Mr. *Punch*, no doubt like the idiot and buffoon, the irreverent ribald and ruffianly street-rough he is, is just as ready as Mr. GLADSTONE to say "Pooh!" to the *Pall Mall!*

A Double Canvass.

"Mr. MILLAIS' admirable portrait of Mr. GLADSTONE is now on view in Princes Street, Edinburgh."—*Scotsman.*

IF GLADSTONE'S canvass prove as good
As MILLAIS' canvass of the man,
Mid-Lothian stands not where she stood—
The pocket-borough of a Clan:
And, faggots of the bold BUCCLEUCH,
The world has seen the last of you!

NOT THE RIGHT MAN IN THE RIGHT PLACE.

It is announced in the Irish papers that a Mr. BOLSTER is to be the new Member for Limerick. Surely Home-Rule wants Pillars to prop it more than Pillows to go to sleep on!

WHO WOULD HAVE THOUGHT IT?

THE latest bulletins of BISMARCK'S health describe him as "suffering from fatty degeneration of the heart." Strange that the man of blood and iron should turn out soft-hearted, after all.

IMITATION MOSAICS.—DISRAELI'S designs v. CHATHAM'S.



AGRICULTURAL IMPROVEMENTS.

Land-Steward (to Tenant-Farmer). "WELL, GILES, WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO SOW IN HERE?"

Farmer. "AIN'T 'ZACTLY MADE UP MY MIND, SIR; BUT IF WE COULD PUT IN A FEW STEWARDS AND LAND-AGENTS—THEY SEEMS TO THRIVE BEST ON THE LAND NOWADAYS!"

BEARDING THE BUCCLEUCH.

(After Scott's "Lady of the Lake.")

DUMFOUNDERED at the Southron's jaw,
Quoth the Unknown, "What right of law
Hast thou Midlothian's vote to sue,
Without a pass from bold BUCCLEUCH?"

"What right?" My pass, in tongue-fence tried,
Hangs in my mouth, not easy tied.
And sooth to tell," the Southron said,
"This time I much shall need its aid.
Although for but a week I'm out,
Six columns daily I've to spout.
Though while there's pen and postcard known,
My taste for peace and rest I own."
"Then why this wordy venture try?"
"Partisan thou, and ask me *why*?
Enough I seek to drive from place
Lord B.'s black band, our land's disgrace.
Slight reason may suffice to guide
An errant Statesman's wanderings wide;
A gauntlet thrown, a speech gainsaid,
Proffer of rugs or breeks or plaid;
Or, if the path be dangerous known,
The danger's self is lure alone."

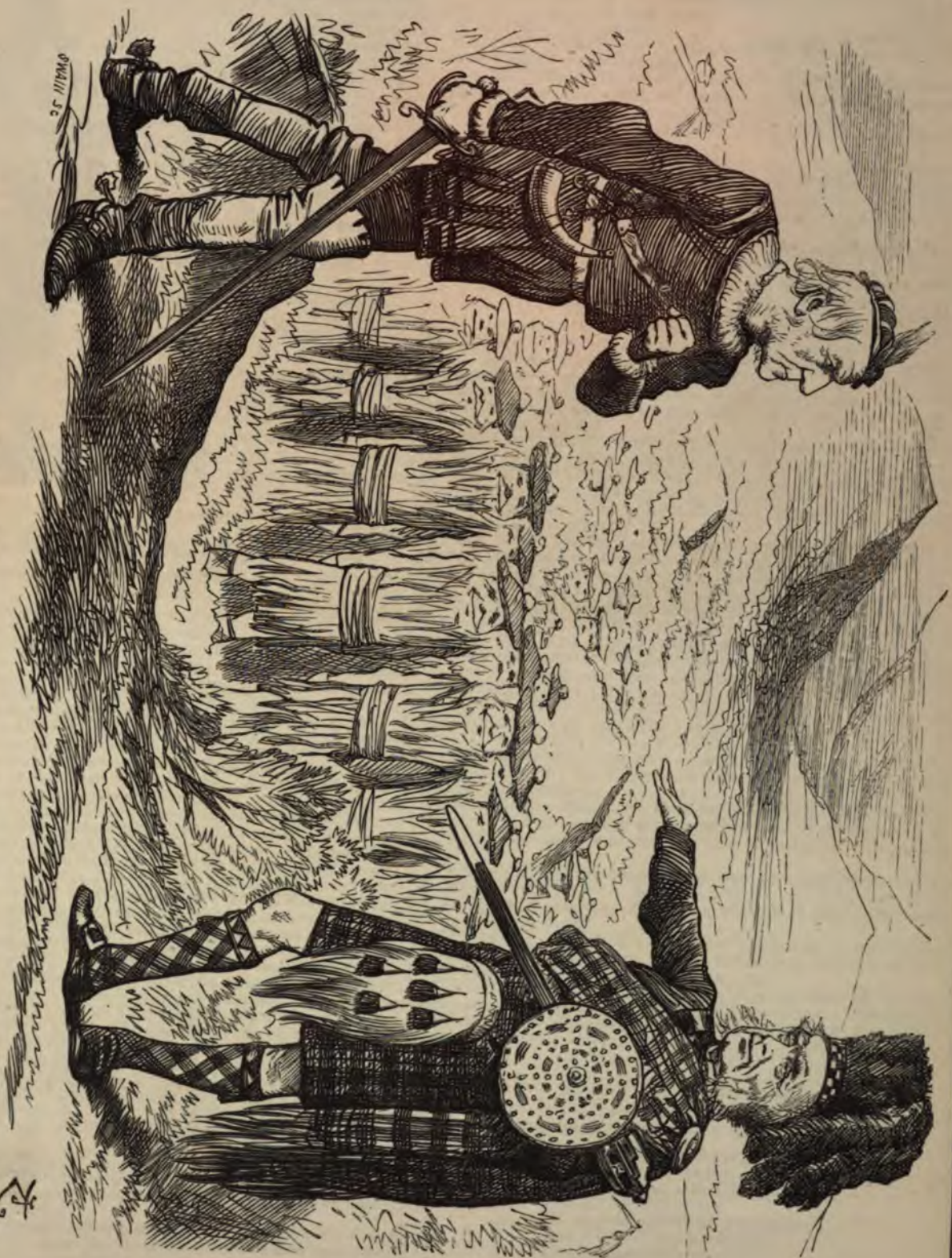
"But Stranger, speech-primed though you came,
To spoil Imperialism's game,
How in Midlothian dare to show
BUCCLEUCH's avowed and mortal foe?"

Answered Stout WILL,—"BUCCLEUCH, no doubt,
Is honourable as he's stout;
In fact, a right good sort, and I
Feel for the Chief no enmity."

But by proud promise I am tied
To match me with a man of pride.
To talk I seek Midlothian now,
But when I come again, I trow,
I come with banner, band, and bow,
As strong man seeks strong man for foe.
No placeman spying chance of pow'r
E'er hungered for the approaching hour,
As I to see before me stand
This Tory Chieftain and his band."

"Have then thy wish!" He whistled shrill,
And he was answered with a will.
Sudden from their concealment rose,
Fellest if funniest of foes,
The Faggot-Voters one and all,
In answer to their Chieftain's call.
Fresh levied troops, but game to fight
Till all was blue. From left to right,
Before, behind, above, below,
Sprang up at once the lurking foe.
That whistle thronged Midlothian's glen
With Faggot-laden franchised men.
That host ticked duly off, and tied,
The Unknown's eye surveyed with pride,
Then fix'd calm eye and kindling brow,
Full on Stout WILL—"How say'st thou now?
These are Midlothian's Voters new,
And, Southron, I'm the bold BUCCLEUCH!"

WILL was true grit:—Deep in his heart
These Faggot Votes provoked a smart.
He manned himself with dauntless air,
Gave back BUCCLEUCH his haughty stare,
His back 'gainst principles he bore,
Planted his foot firm on the floor,
"Come one, come all! the Truth shall fly
From its broad base as soon as I!"



BEARDING THE BUCCLEUCH.

"THESE ARE MIDLOTHIAN'S VOTERS NEW,
AND, SOUTHERN, I'M THE BOLD BUCCLEUCH!!"

"He denounced the system of forged-votes, by which a practical fraud is played upon the Constitution, and counties are wrested from their natural electors, the constituents."—*Spectator's* "Notes of the Week."

IRISH PROVENDER.



REFERRING to the well-known anecdote, respecting the man who said he had tried everything to quicken his horse's pace, and was asked if he had tried oats, the *Times*, in a leader on Irish affairs, observes:—"We have now tried oats with Ireland, and yet she is not satisfied." The question remains to be asked—"Have you tried thistles?" Certainly, we have not yet tried Home Rule.

WELL BESTOWED.

A GOLD Medal has been presented by the Society of Arts to Messrs. J. AND A. W. BIRT for "the collection of buoyant articles sent in by them." We shall be glad to hear from these gentlemen.

HAPPY-THOUGHT GUIDE TO LONDON.

(Being a Dickens of a Dickensianary for the use of Visitors to the Metropolis.)

STOCK EXCHANGE.—Built for exchanging Stocks of all sorts. Formerly there used to be a larger variety of Stocks than now. There were *satin* Stocks that went round the neck, and wooden Stocks that were *sat in* as a punishment, and Stocks which were worth so much *per scentum* to their growers, and were the pride of the Haughty Cultivists. Then there are the other Stocks which are considered as having something to do with Ritualism on account of their being *in-vestments*. On the Exchange there are all sorts of dealers,—fair dealers, dark dealers, plain dealers, and handsome dealers. Besides dealers, there are also shufflers. The dealers in Stocks are called Stock Brokers and Stock Jobbers. No one can become a Broker unless there is good security for his not breaking. As far as a client from the outside public is concerned, the distinction, between a jobber and a broker, is about the same as between an attorney and a solicitor. There is a third class, which is an amalgamation of the two, and may be either a broker or a jobber, or something of both, and is called a Joker. The Jokers at one time formed a very large and powerful party, and the Exchange itself, like old Exeter Change, was very nearly being turned into a Bear Garden—a bare garden and nothing more. But Bulls on the establishment were not to be cowed; and having pronounced the Bears unbearable, they prevented them from having it entirely to themselves. "Bear and Forbear" was thenceforward the motto. But to a certain extent the danger still exists, and no stranger is allowed to venture unprotected among these ferocious animals. No one with a red handkerchief is ever admitted under any pretext whatever. The operation of Stock-breaking may be witnessed every morning early, and is most interesting. While the Jobbers, in their picturesque dresses, are driving in the Bulls and Bears for the day, the Brokers go on breaking the Stocks until they become merely Reduced Consols, when being in a portable form, they are taken to the Bank. On holidays the Bulls go to the theatres, and are great patrons of the style of entertainment called *Opera Bouf*.

STOKE NEWINGTON.—A suburb, so called from the large colony of Stokers residing in the neighbourhood. They are early victims of the *tender* passion; and on Sunday, being fond of finery, go about like wild *Injines*.

STRAND.—Is the link between the City and the West, but it was more than a mere link when Mr. HOLLINGSHEAD's electric light shone in every direction from the Gaiety Theatre.

STRAND THEATRE.—Formerly noted for burlesque, and now for *opéras bouffes*. It was at one time probably nearer the river than it is at present, and was known as the "Home of the Swans," or the Swan-borough. "Mons" MARIUS, the celebrated Roman noble who, having become tired of crying over a ruin, is now singing for a

fortune, has for a long time been one of the notabilities of this theatre. Miss ST. JOHN, or, as it is pronounced, "SINJUN," is another; and they both join in a duet—harmoniously *sinjun* together. It is still the Swan-borough, or Town of the Swans, where a *Hen durstn't* show up, though a *Hen-derson* does.

STREETS. (See STREETER.)

SURREY THEATRE.—Across the water. (See HOLLAND.) "A Surrey Sight!"—SHAKESPEARE.

SWIMMING.—Baths for this purpose on the Thames, established by a public benefactor, who had water on the brain and swimming in the head. They are getting on swimmingly.

T.—"He always came home to T,"—and here we are at last in this Dickensianary.

TELEGRAPH.—The *Daily Telegraph*, or *D. T.* The proprietors of this journal are the only instance on record of persons happy in a chronic state of "D. T." So far from its affecting their general health, they are announced as having the largest circulation in the world.

TELEGRAPH OFFICES.—Words, twenty a shilling, use of pencil and paper, or pen and ink, included. Many of the officials are young Ladies who are instructed to wire written messages, being of a very *ink-wiring* turn of mind. None but lissom and wirey young people are chosen. They soon overcome their natural repugnance to anything as startling as an electric battery, and work the wires regularly without even being shocked. The first qualification for a telegraph girl is that she must be an adept at the needle. (The eccentric person once notorious as *Sal Volatile* or "Wirey Sal" was a dancer, not a telegraphiste.) The second qualification is that they should be able to make an electric-battery pudding. The examination stops at this point.

THAMES CONSERVANCY.—A Company Limited, having shares in the two Thames Banks which keep the river between them.

TOWER HAMLETS LIBERAL CLUB.—A Shakspearian Society for providing *Hamlets* on liberal terms to any of the theatres. Unfortunately, there is no *Ophelia* Club, and therefore the *Hamlets* have little opportunity.

TOWER OF LONDON.—Formerly the property of Mr. HARRISON AINSWORTH, but now thrown open to the public. Ask to see the "Regalia"—which is the finest specimen of a cigar introduced into England by Sir WALTER RALEIGH. The wood block will interest Artists.

TRAFALGAR SQUARE.—Where the celebrated battle of Trafalgar was fought, the site of which is marked by the Nelson Column and the four Lions of LANDSEER, which commemorate the fact, that, in consequence of this great naval victory, the Great NAPOLEON did not invade our lands here. Sir EDWIN is the only sculptor who has carved the British Lion for the public.

TRAVELLERS' CLUB.—The great advantage of belonging to this Club is, that, on Sunday if you are out for a long walk and in need of refreshment, you can always show your certificate of membership, and be served with refreshments as a *bond fide* Traveller. In this Club there is a fine Commercial Room, much frequented by the best kind of Travellers.

TREASURY.—Open every Saturday to every one from 12 till 2. Present your bills and they will be paid in full. This institution as a relief for oppressed individuals is very little known. No change given.

TURF CLUB.—Principal members Bishops, qualified on account of their Lawn. *Motto*—"All Flesh is Grass: and Everybody more or less Green." Masters of Hounds, wishing to play cards, must bring their own packs!

TUSSAUD'S EXHIBITION.—This Exhibition is perpetually making "hits" with its wax. In the Chamber of Horrors, for sixpence extra, you can hear lectures on *orriery*.

TYBURNIA.—A portion of London so called from old Tyburn, where the celebrated Tyburn Tree, *i.e.*, Gallows, was. The place to a certain extent still preserves its ancient reputation, as numbers of people "hang out" here.

Paris to her Parliament.

(A Round. Offered to the Senate and Assembly reassembled at Paris, in the Luxembourg and Palais Bourbon, November 27, 1879.)

WELCOME, little Stranger!
So long from us a ranger.
From Versailles and all its glories,
And all the silly stories
Of our rowdyisms and shindyisms,
And Victor-Hugo windyisms,
Our Amnesterians plenary,
And our Revolution scenery—
Welcome, little Stranger,
So long from us a ranger!

A REAL AUGURY.—Who but a goose would ever have had any faith in the Treaty of "Gander-muck?" Signed on Michaelmas Day, too!



THE LINE OF BEAUTY.

Athletic. "DON'T YOU BICYCLE?"

Æsthetic. "ER—NO. IT DEVELOPES THE CALVES OF THE LEGS SO! MAKES 'EM STICK OUT, YOU KNOW! SO COARSE! POSITIVE DEFORMITY!!"

A GOOD LEAD.

GENEVA used to be a model to England in Puritan times. Once more she becomes a leader of new lights at this day.

Punch is glad to translate from a Continental contemporary, the *Journal de Genève*—

"Yesterday evening, passengers by the Rues de Mont Blanc, du Rhône, and de la Corraterie might have read, for the first time, the names of the streets enamelled in colour on the street-lamps."

The Editor congratulates the Administrative Council on this step, which he calls "a real progress, of which our town is the first, if we mistake not, to set the example."

Not quite the first.

One London district has had the start of Geneva. As of old, the Wise Men come from the East. The Works' Committee of St. Matthew's, Bethnal Green, have some time ago had the names of the streets painted on many of the street-lamps. One of them writes to *Punch* to say, that "It seems a great improvement, and must be a great boon to strangers in the

neighbourhood." Not a doubt of it, says *Punch*; and begs to congratulate his correspondent and his Board on not having laid their heads together obstructively in this case.

THE MAGPIE.

(A Modern Study, after Couper and Vincent Browne.)

THERE is a Bird, who, by his note,
And by the motley of his coat,
Is known to all the town;
A constant hunter of back-stairs,
Eaves-dropping nooks, and area lairs,
And keyholes up or down.

He has a look, though sly, elate,
Whose twinkle seems to indicate
Chronic internal chuckle;
A port to all occasions squared,
And, as events may turn, prepared
To menace, trim, or truckle.

Fond of the Spy's ignoble part,
He haunts the Court, the Camp, the Mart,
And there securely pries
Into Church, State, and Fashion's show,
And all that occupies below
The great, the good, the wise.

Think you that as he spies he muses
On morals sage or honest uses
Of all that doth befall?
Not so, too high the bird you rate,
No such thought in his hollow pate
Finds room or place at all.

He sees in that huge roundabout,
The World, with all its motley rout,
Its jostlings, and its jars,
Its loves, its needs, its wars, its creeds,
Its public or its private deeds,
Materials for "pars."

With pander smile or cynic sneer,
Sycophant smirk or satyr leer,
According as the matter
Is smartly false or simply true,
Of Court rose-pink or cad's broad blue,
He does—what does he?—chatter!

With vulture-beak he loves to tear
The veil from privacy, and bare
All to the prurient rabble.
If hearts be wrung or cheeks be flushed,
Modesty outraged, proud hopes crushed,
N'importe!—the bird must babble!

With eye of Peeping Tom, and tongue
That to the wind all rule hath flung
Of honour, taste, or reason,
He vents—and vends—his balderdash,
Of which one-half is veriest trash,
The other vilest treason.

Out, bird obscene! *Punch* long hath seen
Thy *mouchard* ways, malignant, mean,
And, sick of having seen them,
Would have all honest men combine
To clip those noisome wings of thine,
Or wring the neck between them!

As Good as a Play.

WE have never heard of a legal adviser so completely identifying himself with his client as Mr. JOHN REA, in the Sligo proceedings against the Anti-rent Agitators. He not only defends KILLEN, but actually *is* KILLEN—he is so wonderfully funny in broad burlesque.

LE CŒUR SUR LES LÈVRES.—How to read *The Heart of Midlothian*:—Look in Mr. GLADSTONE'S mouth.



"CUTTING!"

Customer. "I—AW—WANT MY—AW—MUSTACHES DYED."

Artist. "YESSIR—CERTAINLY, SIR—'BROUGHT 'EM WITH YOU, SIR?!"

OVER THE BORDER.

MR. GLADSTONE is making a good thing out of his visit to Midlothian. Besides the mauds, plaids, rugs, tweed suits, table-covers, albums, and caskets which have been duly recorded in the daily papers, numberless other articles, chiefly of a domestic and useful character, have been presented to him, but, most unaccountably, without finding a chronicler.

The following may be relied on as a tolerably accurate list of the many additional gifts from his friends and supporters, with which Mr. GLADSTONE will return across the border richly laden.

Several gallons of the very best Usquebaugh.

A hamper full of Dundee Marmalade, each pot authenticated with the signature of "E. JENKINS, M.P."

Finnan Haddies enough to supply the family breakfast-table until the meeting of Parliament.

Bannocks, oatcakes, scones, shortbread, and other trophies of the Land o' Cakes in reckless profusion.

Potted grouse, muir-fowl, ptarmigan, and capercaillie.

Brose, cockaleekie, haggis, and collops, in tins.

A dozen sacks of best rough-ground Scotch oatmeal (for porridge).

"A peck o' mant" for WILLIE to brew.

Boxes of kippered salmon.

A set of bagpipes beautifully mounted in electro-plate.

A Scotch cap.

A complete Highlander's suit.

Cairngorm brooches, buttons, sleeve-links, and studs to ditto.

Several Scotch terriers, Skye terriers, and Dandie Dinmonts.

A Shetland pony.

A team of Clydesdales.

Photographs of BURNS's birthplace, farm, monument, pipe, and punch-bowl; a lock of ADAM SMITH's wig; DUGALD STEWART's umbrella; the Ettrick Shepherd's crook; and the original covers of the first number of the *Edinburgh Review*.

Various editions of *The Heart of Midlothian*, appropriately bound in boards enamelled with all the Scotch tartans—and,

Last, but not least, a tireless set of Scotch ears, and a countless number of Scotch hearts.

HOT AND COLD.—Peruvian Securities, in a Chili pickle.

THE WAY WE DIE NOW.

(A Tragedy of Civilisation.)

SCENE—A Street in the heart of a great City on a bleak November night. Bundle of Rags discovered huddled together on a doorstep. Enter a Guardian of the Peace.

Guardian of the Peace. Come, now, yer mustn't do that 'ere. Git up, and go 'ome.

Bundle of Rags. I have no home. I'm very ill.

Guardian of the Peace. Well, yer can't be ill 'ere, you know. Come, git up! (Bundle of Rags staggers to its feet.) Oh, yer've been a-drinkin', 'ave yer? I shall have to run yer in. Now, then!

Bundle of Rags. I haven't tasted food for three days. I'm starving. Oh, let me be! Let me die here!

Guardian of the Peace (softened). Oh, it ain't drink, ain't it? Well, if yer've got nowheres to go to—'ere, I'll help yer. Come along!

[They "come along" till they reach the door of a Charitable Institution.]

Guardian of the Peace. 'Ere, 'ere's some one for yer. This 'ere young 'oman's very bad. I've 'ad a reglar job to git her along. We've come from the other side of the Cut.

Official No. 1 (surveying Bundle of Rags philosophically). Have you! Well, you've had your job for nothing, then. It ain't our business. It's the district 'ouse as is the place for her. [Shuts wicket.]

Bundle of Rags (tottering). But I shall never get there. Let me lie down, and die!

Guardian of the Peace. No, I can't let yer do that. You'll git along nicely enough presently. It's only a trifle over two mile. Come along!

[They again "come along," and arrive at the door of another Institution for the alleviation of human suffering.]

Guardian of the Peace. 'Ere now, help her in, will yer'; and look sharp. She's very bad. We've come all the way from the Charity Shop, down Whitechapel way.

Official No. 2 (encouragingly). Well, and you've had your walk for nothing. You must take her to the Asylum,—that's what you must do.

Guardian of the Peace. Why couldn't he ha' told us that down at the Shop? Why, the girl's well nigh beat.

Official No. 2. Well, that's no business of mine. The Asylum—that's where you must take her. [Retires for the night.]

Bundle of Rags. Oh, but I can't go further. I'm dying! Oh, let me lie down;—do, do let me lie down!

Guardian of the Peace. No, now you cheer up; it ain't much further, and you'll be all right and comfortable when you gits there. Come along!

[They "come along" once more, and reach the gate of an Asylum for the Sick.]

Guardian of the Peace. Now, look sharp there! This young 'oman's very bad. She's almost a-dying. Come now, lend us a 'and, and let's git her in.

Official No. 3. Get her in without an order? What are you talkin' of?

Guardian of the Peace. Horder? They said nothink down yonder about a horder. Besides—look at her. She's as bad as she can be. Why, the girl's a-dying!

Official No. 3. I knows nothing of that. She can't come in without an order. [The Bundle of Rags dies.]

Guardian of the Peace. Well, she won't want one now, poor girl! [And the Bundle of Rags is taken in, without an order, as the Curtain falls.]

A Parnellian Protest.

MR. PARNELL, reading this week's *Spectator*, came on this sentence:—

"DALY and KILLEN and DAVITT may be Fenian Head-Centres for all we know."

"Head-Centres those fellows!" he muttered, contemptuously. "Tail-Centres' at most!"

MARRIAGE AND MELANCHOLY.

MR. PUNCH,



HE other morning, at breakfast, I read in my newspaper a suggestion from the Rev. W. BICKERSTETH, Vicar of Christ Church, Hampstead, against which I wish to protest. For the convenience of parties desirous to attend weddings, Mr. BICKERSTETH proposes, as an amendment of the existing marriage laws, "the extension of the four legal hours for marriage, which are from eight to twelve in the forenoon, to the ten hours from eight A.M. to six P.M." Sir, I consider this a most injudicious proposal. The persons who desire to attend weddings, and can't, are much better occupied in

attending to their business. Those who don't desire to attend weddings, like myself, and yet occasionally get invited to them, can, as the law stands, plead business for absents themselves. If it is to be possible for marriages to be celebrated at any time from early in the morning till late in the afternoon, those persons will be in a great measure deprived of that excuse, and be obliged either to attend weddings against their will, or offend people whom they cannot afford to say "No" to.

For my own part, Sir, nobody can dislike more than I do attending a funeral; but I dislike attending a wedding rather more than a funeral. After "Marriages" in the papers, come "Deaths." Every wedding means at least two funerals in prospect, and commonly many more, which can be a pleasant thought for nobody but a cynical undertaker. At a funeral you can hold your tongue, and the more dismal you look the better; whereas at a wedding you are expected to laugh and smile, and make attempts at pleasantry and facetiousness whilst, if a rational man, you are inwardly reflecting on the vanity of human wishes in general, and expectation of domestic bliss in particular. These considerations naturally tend rather to depress than elevate the spirits of even a philosopher, not inaccessible to human sympathies in their proper place, like yours truly,

DIOGENES SMELFUNGUS.

P.S.—In the report of "Marriages in High Life," I observe it is generally recorded that the ceremony concluded with MENDELSSOHN'S "Wedding March." If I were the organist on such an occasion, I should be disposed to strike up, as more appropriate from a thoughtful point of view, the "Dead March in Saul."

"SAUCE FOR GOOSE NOT SAUCE FOR GANDER."

MR. PUNCH was dozing before the fire in his sanctum a few evenings ago, when his well-earned rest was disturbed by the sudden appearance of a number of foreigners. As they had not been announced, the Sage was naturally angry at their intrusion.

"Who are you, Gentlemen?" he cried. "And by what right do you force yourselves into my private apartment?"

"We are Italians," returned the spokesman of the party, "and we come here because we presume that you are the representative of that dreadful ignoramus, Signor JOHN BULL."

"Mr. JOHN BULL is my very good friend and *alter ego*," replied Mr. Punch, hotly; "but I am surprised at your daring to call him an ignoramus."

"Keep your temper, my good friend," said the Italian, motioning to his colleagues to seat themselves in the easiest chairs the sanctum afforded; "and remember that we are only here for your good. Signor JOHN BULL requires protection, and we are here to protect him."

"Signor JOHN BULL," as you call him, is well able to look after himself," growled Mr. Punch.

"Indeed, you are quite wrong. Signor JOHN BULL has no taste. For generations he has been destroying his most interesting, historical, and artistic monuments, in the name—once of Improvement, lately of Restoration. In your very Temple of Themis, which we passed on our way here from Cannon Street, we found destruction in full swing. Rude hands had been—even now being laid on the fountain sacred to the genius of DICKENS, and on several of the Courts, if dingy, of high historic associations."

"They were the property of the learned Society, I suppose?"

"Not at all—they belonged to the civilised world. Then look at your Castle and Cathedral 'restorations'—Durham and Windsor, Salisbury Chapter-House, St. Alban's, Ripon, Hexham!—to name a few only. Nay, what have you done with that most historical of relics—your one surviving City gate—Temple Bar?"

"Pulled it down at last—thank the Corporation!—and a good thing, too."

"You have no right to plead convenience as an excuse for irreverent Vandalism. It was not at all unlike our own Bridge of Sighs in Italian eyes. We still saw it crowned with heroes' heads, and haunted by the ghosts of JOHNSON, GOLDSMITH, and BOSWELL. It was a centre of romantic association, if not a thing of beauty. You had no right to destroy it."

"But it was coming down."

"Well, if you had gained our consent, you might have restored it—in a reverential spirit. Lastly, what do you mean by putting CLEOPATRA'S Needle on the Thames Embankment?"

"That's our affair, and not yours."

"A barbarous and insolent plea! Believe me, you are wrong. Even the Americans show a greater respect for antiquity—more reverence for the fitness of places and things, than you do. They have found a Governor and a large body of the most cultivated natives of Rhode Island to protest against the transfer of the companion obelisk from Alexandria to New York. You have no right to outrage civilised opinion."

"Come, I like this!"

"But we don't," returned the Italian, courteously but firmly. "Ancient monuments belong to the world, and not only to the people who possess them. That reminds us. We have heard that you have lately been laying rude hands on the architecture of your venerable Universities, defiling the reverend age of Oxford with fine new red brick."

At this point the patience of Mr. Punch gave way, and he also gave way to such a passionate exclamation of anger that—he awoke! The Italians had disappeared, and in their place he found the faithful Toby presenting him with a petition for signature. The Sage glanced through the document.

"Hum!" said Mr. Punch, "a request to the Italian Government to leave San Marco alone. Very proper indeed! San Marco must be saved at any cost. At the same time I am glad to see that letter from the Italian Minister of Works, giving the assurance that the eyes of the Italian Government are open to the damage that has been already done to San Marco in the name of improvement, and on the watch to prevent its being carried further. Still, it is our duty to look after them!" Then he smiled as he remembered his dream. "What an absurd notion! Fancy a pack of Italians daring to interfere with our artistic improvements! The idea is too ridiculous! And now for this very proper petition."

And being a thorough Englishman, Mr. Punch signed it.

STEP FORWARD AT SOUTHAMPTON.

PERSONS somewhat the juniors of the oldest inhabitant may recollect that some years ago the principal Newspaper pronounced Southampton "the most go-ahead town in the South of England." Since then, owing to adverse circumstances, Southampton has advanced in the path of material prosperity with somewhat shorter and fewer leaps and bounds than formerly; but still, in the moral and intellectual way, continues to make both positive and comparative progress. As witness the following scrap of local news:—

"It has been decided, by a majority of nine to four of the Council, to open the Hartley Institution at Southampton on Sundays."

Southampton was the birthplace of Dr. WATTS, who is commemorated by a statue—what matter if rather a comic work of art?—in one of its principal open spaces. Dr. WATTS was not only a Poet, but also a Logician and a Divine. As to both divinity and logic the majority of the Southampton Town Council, by throwing the Hartley Institution open on Sundays, may claim to have approved themselves worthy townsmen of Dr. WATTS. It may be hopefully anticipated that a considerable decrease in the average number of cases of drunkenness coming before the Southampton Bench on Monday morning will ensue upon the Sunday opening of the Hartley Institution.

Bits and Bridles;

OR, OFFERTORY REMONSTRANTS AND ST. ALBAN'S RECALCITRANTS.

WHEN a facer MACKONCHIE hits
At the Law from the contest that sidles,
Why complain of Church threepenny-bits,
With Church twopenny-halfpenny bridles?

BENJAMIN'S MESS.—The pudding which the Opposition asks the Constituencies to prepare for the Government—Sa-go.



FLUNKEIANA.

"HULLO, NUPKINS! SURELY, YOU CAN SWEEP AWAY THE SNOW FROM THE DOOR-STEP WITHOUT HIRING THOSE THREE BOYS!"

"I TAKE THE REMUNERATION ON MYSELF, SIR. I SHOULD LOSE MY CHANCE OF ANOTHER PLACE IF I WAS SEEN DOING 'PAROCHIAL' WORK!"

THE MODERN "NINE."

In ancient Greece the old poets and historians tell us there were Nine Muses, all single Ladies, who presided over Music and Singing and Dancing, and other accomplishments, under the conduct and patronage of the heathen divinity, Apollo.

In modern England the newspapers have within the last few days informed their readers that Nine Ladies, four married and five single, have been elected members of the London School Board, to watch over reading, writing, and arithmetic, geography, history, cookery, needlework, and other useful branches of learning, under the experienced presidency and guidance of Sir CHARLES REED.

As this is the first time the lady members of the London School Board have reached the classic number of Nine, it may be interesting both to the present generation and to posterity, and may also serve as a wholesome stimulus to those fair and youthful students who are now busy with their books at Girton and other Women's Colleges, to know what was the exact ceremonial observed at the first meeting of the new Board at their Offices on the Thames Embankment.

An extra staff of charwomen, selected by competitive examination, were employed for several previous days in cleaning and scouring the whole house from the basement to the garrets.

The Board-Room carpet was carefully examined by the official upholsterer, and in several places some needful repairs were effected under his personal supervision.

The whole of the furniture was well rubbed over and polished. Lace curtains were hung across the windows; exotics, palms, and evergreens tastefully arranged in pots and vases; and the busts of the Nine Muses wreathed with laurel. A grand piano, specially hired for the ceremony, was placed in position, and then tuned by the tuner to the Board.

Five minutes before the appointed hour of meeting, the male members entered the Board-room, dressed in complete evening costume, and wearing white, cream, or lavender gloves, and flowers in the button-hole. They took their seats, with countenances that betrayed expectancy, and some traces of agitation.

Precisely as the official clock tolled the hour, the doors were thrown open, the gentlemen rose and bowed, and the Nine Lady members, preceded by the Board Beadles, and escorted by the

A DANGEROUS JUDGE.

MR. JUSTICE HAWKINS is, we fear, a very dangerous and revolutionary person. We read of his having recently at the Central Criminal Court sentenced a man to seven years' penal servitude merely for endangering his wife's life by a savage assault—and when he was drunk, too, and therefore, of course, irresponsible.

But even worse than this monstrous disproportion between the crime—if crime it can be called—and the punishment, is the reason given for it—"that this kind of assault must be stopped!"

As though it were not of infinitely more importance to society—in these levelling days—that the due supremacy of the male and the proper authority of the husband should be supported, than that the lives and limbs of wives should be protected.

De minimis—says a well-known legal maxim—*non curat lex*. As little should it care *de minoribus*; and women—wives in particular—are the *minores* in the social hierarchy.

Imperial Pop!

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

WHAT glorious sport the dear old Emperor of GERMANY, "at the head of a brilliant party," had on a recent Sunday at Wusterhausen, bagging 287 head of game, including 186 deer of sorts, 99 wild boars, and 12 badgers!

I wonder which brilliant Sportsman, out of the thirty-two guns present, bagged the badgers. Let us hope it was not His Imperial Majesty. The less badgering he has at his time of life, the longer we are likely to have the pleasure of seeing his genial old face among us.

I am, dear Mr. Punch,
Yours, devotedly,
GERMANICUS.

MOTTO FOR MR. LABOUCHERE (appearing for himself in various Courts of Law).—"LAB-itur et Lab-etur in omne volubilis ævum."

returning officers of the several divisions by which they had been wisely elected, headed by the Recorder, entered and advanced down the centre of the room, to the seats assigned to them, on the right and left of the Chair.

As soon as the Ladies were seated, bouquets were presented to them by the nine junior male members, assisted by the Clerk. The married Ladies wore velvet robes, the unmarried ones silk dresses, with lace pelerines, or *fichus*. They were all perfectly composed.

The National Anthem was sung by the entire Board, to the accompaniment of the piano. Coffee and tea, with cake, biscuits, and white and brown bread and butter, were then served by the Board servants, in state liveries.

(N. B. To prevent misconception, we are anxious to state that the whole of the extra expenses—charwomen, grand piano, decorations, refreshments and liveries—were defrayed by the male members, not paid out of the rates.)

The Chairman and Vice-Chairman were then elected.

The Chairman delivered his opening address, which was interspersed with graceful references to his Lady colleagues, and to SAPPHO, CORNELIA (not *Cornelia Blimber*, but "the mother of the GRACCHII"), BOADICEA, HANNAH MORE, MRS. BARBAULD, MRS. ELIZABETH CARTER, and the Nine Muses.

The ordinary business was then proceeded with. All the Lady members took a distinguished part in it, and the newly-elected single ones delivered their maiden speeches.

At the close of the meeting, the whole Board again grouped themselves round the piano (in which position they were photographed), and sang a madrigal.

The Lady members then curtsied to the Chair, and quitted the room. After they had resumed their fur-lined cloaks and shawls, the Head Beadle entered, and made a communication to the Chairman, who, with the Vice-Chairman, the nine junior members, and the Clerk, immediately quitted the Board-room, and escorted the Ladies to their carriages.

"Rule Britannia" was then sung by the rest of the Board, and the meeting broke up.

"LORD SEND US A GUDE CONCEIT O' OORSELS!"

"WHAT Scotland thinks to-day England will think to-morrow."
—From a Scotch Correspondent.



ITALIAN HOT WATER FROM OVER THE PORTICO OF SAN MARCO.



AT THE COVER-SIDE.

Noble M.F.H. (to his Wife). "HUSH, JENNY! THERE HE GOES—STRAIGHT FOR MORTON BROOK!"

Her Ladyship. "I WISH I WAS ON OLD BEGUM. I'VE NEVER TRIED THIS HORSE AT WATER."

Noble M.F.H. "SANDERS SAYS HE'LL JUMP ANYTHING. SO, THROW YOUR HEART OVER, AND SEND HIM AT IT."

Her Ladyship. "WELL, YOU GO FIRST, AND TAKE IT WITH YOU. I'LL FOLLOW."

THE ART OF ARGUING.

(Useful Hints for Polemical Politicians and Others.)

In the first place, it should be distinctly understood that the Art of Arguing has nothing whatever to do with what is known to logicians as the Art of Reasoning. There is, indeed, diametrical opposition between the two Arts; and the rules of one would require complete inversion to adapt them to the other.

The sole aim of Arguing is to find your opponent (apparently) in the wrong, to which end it is by no means necessary that you yourself should be (really) in the right.

The expression of human opinion has perforce to take place through the medium of words—many of them—and sentences, often prodigiously long ones. Words are open to various constructions, and sentences may be taken in many senses, and in almost any sequence. The sense in which the original speaker uses his words, or the sequence in which he chooses to arrange his sentences, are matters wholly immaterial—save to himself. In these convenient circumstances lies the Arguer's opportunity.

The most important principle, or rule, of the Art of Arguing may, perhaps, be satisfactorily summarised in the words, "Pick and Pooh-pooh!" Without "picking," the finest fruits of argument could never be secured. You pick out a word or a sentence from your opponent's statement; place upon it "the only reasonable construction" (the one which suits you, of course) show—to your own satisfaction—its utter absurdity, and then triumphantly pooh-pooh the preposterous folly of your adversary's entire argument, of which you have given so fair a specimen. If he protest against your construction of his words or your redistribution of his sentences, you are not compelled to notice his protest; and your hearers—if of your own way of thinking—will certainly not do so. You are therefore quite safe, and secure an easy triumph. *Q. E. F.*

Should, however, the protest be so vigorously and persistently raised as to secure public attention, you have only to retort that

"All reasonable people (invaluable formula this) must have taken the words in the sense in which *you* have taken them," that however he may now strive to "explain them away" (another invaluable formula suggesting disingenuousness and moral obliquity on the part of your opponent), the impression they conveyed, and you doubt not were then *meant* to convey, is such as you yourself received.

This adroit rejoinder, of course, entitles you to go on giving your own original interpretation of his statement, which you do persistently; and as he cannot devote his whole life to the repetition of protest and refutation, you must ultimately succeed in fastening your own construction upon his expressions, which of course is the aim and end of all arguing.

It will be seen at once what splendid facilities the Art of Argument affords for discrediting an opponent's judgment, and—what is perhaps more important still—damaging his character. A Sophist and a Q.C. rolled into one could do no more in such matters than a skilled Arguer, though the latter may be as ignorant of dialectics as Buridan's ass.

A lengthy speech, for example, can hardly be carefully weighed or fully criticised in the compass of a short leader without the possession by the writer of the latter of such unusual and little-called-for commodities as candour, impartiality, and judicial balance. But by the use of the invaluable "pick and pooh-pooh" formula, you can—well, there is hardly anything that you can *not* do, except justice to your opponent's argument, which, of course, is the very last thing that an Arguer is likely to attempt.

Gladstone—the Man and the Bag.

THE Man and the Bag to hold a chap's swag
Must be built on a different plan;
There's no end of what goes *into* the Bag,
And no end of what comes *out* of the Man!

SKULLS FOR CIGAR-HOLDERS.

THERE have lately been displayed in Piccadilly, in the shop-window of Mr. WARD, the famous Taxidermist and Naturalist, numerous specimens of human skulls, neatly mounted and fitted up as cigar-cases and tobacco-holders. In the former character, the cranium is pierced with holes, through which the cigars stand out, "like quills upon the fretful porcupine." We know nothing of the *locus a quo* of these ghastly relics of mortality. Probably they may be Zulu crania—war-trophies brought back by some of our young bloods, fresh from South-African warfare, and with some taint of its practices. We know that savage warriors—Maori, Dyak, and Fan—are fond of turning the heads of their slaughtered enemies to account as ornaments and symbols of prowess, if not as cigar-boxes. But this appropriation of foemen's skulls to purposes at once of use and ornament among ourselves, marks a distinct move in civilisation, and establishes another tie of fellow-feeling and common usage between us and our savage dependencies.

Considering the space filled by "the weed" in what some persons are in the habit of calling their "minds," it may be thought that to employ brain-pans as cigar-cases and tobacco-holders, is the most natural use for them, and that in fact it is rather an honour than an act of disrespect to a black-fellow's cranium to make it the receptacle for a rare brand of "Intimidades" or a choice lot of fragrant "El Gebelli." Still, most people have a sort of stupid prejudice against treating the relics of mortality—even black—with a familiarity bordering on contempt.

Others, it is true, "make no bones of it," and to this class, no doubt, the proprietors of these ghastly tobacco-holders belong. We all know the old saw, "*De mortuis nil nisi bonum*"; but to bone 'em first, and then trepan their skulls to stick cigars into, is a step further than most would like to carry either old saw or new. If we were Mr. WARD, we should be on our guard against the very public display at present made in his window of these *post mortem* "porte-cigares."

SOME HINTS FOR A REAL DRAMATIC COLLEGE.

CHAPTER I.

Prefatory Remarks—Existing Instructors—Probabilities—Inquiries—To be continued in our next.

IN a recent most friendly notice of the *Personal Reminiscences of the A. D. C., Cambridge*, the Saturday Reviewer makes a suggestion as to a *modus operandi* for a University Dramatic Lecturer, which has seemed to be eminently worthy of amplification. To this logical and fair development, I now address myself in the few papers I shall have the honour to lay before the public, which is already interesting itself in the encouragement of a School of Dramatic Art, to be on the same platform, at least, with the Schools of Painting and Music.

Where there's a will there's a way, and where there's a want there's a safe to be a supply.

There is a growing demand for a School of Dramatic Art, or rather for a College within a University, to be called "The Macready," "The Kemble," "The Kean," or "The Phelps," as the most modern of the Colleges in Oxford is called "The Keble"—to which, by the way, one Irish gentleman, hearing another call it "The Kable College," sent his son, in order to prepare him for a post, a telegraph post in the United Atlantic Cable Co.

If a College could not at first be obtained, a Professorship of the Dramatic Art might be instituted at Cambridge, where the stage of the A. D. C. (or Amateur Dramatic Club) already offers admirable facilities.

Let a few energetic patrons of the Drama subscribe to endow a Professorship and a Scholarship.

Who would be the first Professor?

On looking over the *Era*, I find three advertisements about instruction, or, as it is termed, "Preparation for the 'Dramatic Profession.'" The first is put forward by Mr. COE, who "Continues to PREPARE LADIES AND GENTLEMEN for the DRAMATIC PROFESSION, and AMATEURS for PRIVATE PERFORMANCES."

The second is the announcement that "MR. HORACE WIGAN PREPARES PUPILS for the STAGE. All Lessons in strict confidence."

I should like to witness a "strictly confidential" Lesson. Fancy the secrecy!—the mystery!—the instructions never delivered in anything above the lowest stage-whisper, a great deal of the action being taught by the most intense pantomime, and the Pupil being bound over, by the most solemn oaths, "never to repeat a single word of what he or she had been taught in the 'strictly confidential' Lesson!" Bravo, HORACE! True to your old sentiment—"Odi profanum vulgus."

It would be better for these two "Stage-Coaches" to unite and

work the road together as "WIGAN & Co." One more suggestion—why not change the name, by just one vowel, to "WIG-ON"? It would be much more theatrical.



HORACE WIGON.



HORACE WIGOFF.

"HORACE WIGOFF" sounds like the name of some distinguished Russian. (These are merely by-the-way suggestions.)

"Proceed!" said the young man. "Your story interests me much."

The third Advertisement in the *Era* is of

"THE NEVILLE DRAMATIC SCHOOL.—Patrons—H. IRVING, Esq., J. R. PLANCHÉ, Esq., J. HOLLINGSHEAD, Esq., C. WYNDHAM, Esq., H. NEVILLE, Esq., and E. A. SOTHERN, Esq. Private Lessons. Public Performances. Pupils attaining efficiency assisted in obtaining Engagements."

To what extent does the patronage of the Patrons go? Do they lecture for nothing? or do they simply come and patronise?

Does Mr. H. IRVING, enter one of the Class-Rooms of the N. D. School, and singling out one little Pupil from all the rest, say,



F.C.B.

"COME HITHER, BOY!"

and then give him a serious lecture on *Hamlet's* ghost?

Does Mr. J. R. PLANCHÉ give them a lecture on extravaganza, dressed in the costume of a Herald Angel, and changing with a false head and tail to a Rouge Dragon? Does Mr. J. HOLLINGSHEAD inculcate upon them the absolute necessity of "No Fees"? Does Mr. C. WYNDHAM explain to them what is the true criterion of good acting? Does Mr. NEVILLE give them a Ticket-of-Leave for the holidays? Does Mr. SOTHERN send a Brother Sam's message to them, by telegraph, from America? Or do the Patrons simply go in there for a sort of "Speech-Day," hear the declamations, nod benignly, encourage the performance with a few words of praise, and then disappear till the next Speech-Day?

Do the Patrons give the "Private Lessons?" "Private Lessons" is introduced so abruptly into the Advertisement, that at first sight it appears like the name of a professional soldier engaged to drill the dramatic pupils. Is this what it means? Is "Private Lessons" a celebrated military drill-master, whom not to know argues the present writer unknown? If so, I beg Private Lessons' pardon? Is he any relation to Corporal Punishment?



PRIVATE LESSONS,
The celebrated Driller.



CORPORAL PUNISHMENT.
(Abolished.)

"Public Performances"—these are the outcome, I suppose, of the teaching of Private Lessons. Where, and when? The last line as to Efficient Pupils, is the most suggestive as to the probable duties of the Patrons. Wouldn't Mr. IRVING be glad to hear of something new, if only giving promise of a future ELLEN TERRY? And wouldn't Mr. HOLLINGSHEAD rejoice in a coming NELLIE FARREN? Long life to the two NELLIES of the Lyceum and the Gaiety!

THE PULPIT IN PERIL.

PAROCHIAL MR. PUNCH,

No doubt Mr. WALTER, M.P., is a very clever man, and, at St. Paul's Chapter-House the other day, he read, I dare say, a very admirable lecture upon "Reading and Preaching," with a good many Latin quotations in it, which of course gave it all the more weight, especially with them that, like myself, are no scholars; but, for all that, on one point I take leave to differ from him. Recommending our respected Clergy to speak instead of only reading their sermons, in order, as I understood him, for them to suit action to words, he found fault with the established accommodation as unfavourable to that purpose; and then went on to say:—

"I fear, however, that our pulpits themselves have something to answer for in this matter, and that no great improvement in pulpit oratory is likely to occur till they are altered. I once heard an American preacher say that pulpits were the invention of the devil; but the fact thus roughly expressed is, that to be 'cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd' in a wooden or stone box a few feet above the ground, with a brass bookstand in front, and a pair of candlesticks on each side, is not the most favourable position for giving that full expression to the impulses of the soul which the attitude of a preacher towards his congregation requires."

With all due deference to Mr. WALTER, I hope neither I, nor posterity to come after me, may ever witness any such an unorthodox innovation as any new-fangled improvement, so called, of our venerable, time-honoured old English pulpits. Preaching away from his pulpit, a clergyman might as well preach out of his gown. He wouldn't seem to be a clergyman, he would look like a lecturer, or a political character speechifying, or a Member holding forth in "Parliament out of Session." To a right-minded congregation the pulpit seems as natural and necessary for the preacher as a shell for a kernel.

Sir, I recollect, some time ago, being in one of the London Picture Galleries, and there I saw what they called a "Cartoon" done by somebody said to be an "Ancient Master," by the name of RALPHO, I think, of St. Paul preaching at Athens. The figure meant for

St. Paul was full-length, standing in an erect posture, with his arms lifted in a way I am sure no Englishman ever saw in church. I couldn't fancy this represented the Saint preaching, from the absence of a pulpit, in which the preacher can be seen no further than down to the waist. Besides, in that Cartoon St. Paul was represented wearing neither a black gown nor a surplice, but a sort of robes which he could never have worn, for I am sure the Court of Arches would pronounce them illegal, as I trust it will also condemn and prohibit any ill-advised, however well-meaning, attempt to tamper with the regular, and right, and proper, and primitive structure of the pulpit and sounding-board, which, not to speak too sentimental, is deeply and fondly cherished, and bound up with the inmost feelings of decency and decorum in the bosom of every genuine British

CHURCHWARDEN.

Stoke Bovis.

HOW OUR COUNTRY COUSIN WILL SPEND THE WEEK IN LONDON.

1. He will come up to London to see the Cattle Show.
2. He will walk about the streets smoking a cigar, wearing a pot-hat, and dressed in a suit of tweed dittos.
3. He will lunch at the grill-rooms in Piccadilly and the Strand.
4. He will be seen in great force at all the Refreshment-Bars.
5. He will be found (if very new to Town) in the "Chamber of Horrors" at Madame Tussaud's, and near the wonderful diver who breathes under water at the Polytechnic.
6. He will liberally patronise Hansom-cabs and omnibus knife-boards.
7. If the frost continues, he will be seen in skates on the ice in St. James's Park and Kensington Gardens.
8. He will visit the Crystal Palace and the Westminster Aquarium, and find greater amusement in the feats of the acrobats than in the wonders of Nature or Art.
9. He will dine at a *table d'hôte* where he can get four courses, a dessert, and a string band, all for the small sum of three-and-sixpence.
10. He will visit several theatres, and improve his mind with the wit of burlesque and the delicate fancy of *opéra-bouffe*.
11. He will assist at various music-halls, giving his support to the Chairman by drinking bad brandy and smoking strong London-made cigars in large quantities.
12. and last. He will at some time or other spend about a few hours at the Cattle Show (the object of his visit to Town) and will then return to the bosom of his family, with a muddled head and an empty pocket.

MORE RITUALISM?

DEAR PUNCH,

WHAT are we coming to next? or rather, what are these Ritualists coming to?

I thought the Vestments question had been settled long ago, but surely it cannot be, as in last week's *Spectator* I see advertised, in large type, and evidently approved of by a high authority, the following:—

"Bishop KEN's approach to the Holy Altar in limp cloth, in superfine cloth with red edges, in French morocco and in Russian limp cloth."

Isn't it dreadful to think of! If these indecent apes of Rome are allowed to go on in this way, there is no saying in what fantastic garb they will approach the altar soon.

They do not choose very nice materials. Limp cloth is not so bad, but I'm sure it must be very uncomfortable to conduct service in French morocco. No doubt there is more in it than meets the eye; and I am sure if you would draw attention to it, we would soon have some more culprits brought before dear old Lord PENZANCE, who would be sure to punish them severely for such Papal practices.

I remain, dear Mr. Punch,

AN AGGRIEVED PARISHIONER, AND
MEMBER OF THE C.A.

Martin House,
St. Alban's Lane, N.W.

Gladstone's Progress.

(How it looks from different sides.)

"A deputation of the weaving population then presented Mr. GLADSTONE with enough stuff for a complete suit—tweed coat and waistcoat, and shepherd's plaid trousers."—*Scotch Papers, passim.*

From the Liberal point of View.—"Favourite pattern for Galashiels tweeds—The Gladstone Conservative Check!"

From the Government Stand-Point.—"A great cry and a little wool!"



A PROTECTOR.

Tommy (on a Visit to his Grandmamma in the country). "NO FEAR OF THIEVES OR BURGLARS NOW, AUNT MARY, WITH A MAN'S HAT AND COAT HANGING UP IN THE HALL!"

THE COLOSSUS OF WORDS.

DIMINISHED heads let lesser tonguesters hide;
He stands, the Word-Colossus, with a stride

Of such portentous stretch,
As e'en the wearer of the seven-league boots
Might envy. Who supremacy disputes
With one who can a nimble compass fetch,
Puck-like, in forty columns, from the Turk
To hypothee, from BEACONSFIELD'S black work
In three distracted continents, unto
The small Midlothian mischiefs of BUCCLEUCH?

The swift tumultuous torrent,
To Tories and tired editors abhorrent,
Flows on like Phlegethon, a fiery flood
Of vocal lava, scathing, as it flows,

All foes,

Yet lucent as the wells of King BLADUD.

How should one hope,
By use of simile or sounding trope,
With such a stream descriptively to cope?
Lodore's loud water-floods, the brook of TENNYSON,
Niagara, an angry woman's tongue,
An Irish mendicant's ironic benison,
And all similitudes e'er said or sung
Suggestive of tumultuous, never stopping,

Onpouring or down-flopping,
Fail wholly, as his wordy war he carries on.
None but himself can furnish fit comparison.

For fire DEMOSTHENES, perchance, may serve,

And BURKE for force and *verve*,
For grace his friends may count him Ciceronian,
But stintless fluency henceforth's Gladstonian.
Surely, since first the roving Statesman stumped,
The public ear was never so bethumped

With words—words—words
Spontaneous as the jargoning of birds—

And quite as purposeless, protest his foes.
For eloquence too easily that flows
Wakes in the solid Saxon vague mistrust.
Dullards who pin their faith to *Dryasdust*,
Cold hearts that shiver at zeal's fervent rush,
Cynics who brand all earnestness as gush,
Who look on principles as pilots risky,
Think right and justice things that, like neat whiskey,

'Tis needful to dilute,

Before the common taste and needs they'll suit,—
Declare, with air contemptuous or solemn,
Sound wisdom spouts not column upon column,
Like ever-squirting Tritons in a fountain,
But talks *précis* or epigram—like us.

'Tis a *ridiculus mus*

That after all is born of this big mountain
Of vapid though exuberant verbosity,
Inspired by sophistry and animosity!
But ear-witched millions at the grumblers laugh,
Satire itself must marvel though it chaff,
And sober judgment, while it well might wish

The oratoric dish

Were quintessentialised to smaller compass,
Yet, midst all party and polemic rumpus,
Sees in the old man eloquent who bears
Blithely the burden of his seventy years
A true Colossus, firmly poised and bold,
The light of principles to hoist and hold
Amidst time-serving veerings and vagaries,
And, like the Sun-God of the Rhodian Chares,
While a world's wonder to the common view,
A useful beacon too.

A SAFE AUGURY.

THE member of the European Happy Family whose life is most threatened just now—Turkey.



THE COLOSSUS OF WORDS.

"PICTURE LESSONS IN NATURAL HISTORY."



ADOPTED BY THE LONDON SCHOOL-BOARD!!

HERE is a frank acknowledgment by our friends of the School Board, transferred *verbatim* from the advertisement column of their own Educational organ.

May they not only take their "Little Adopted" to the water, but succeed in making him drink.

HAPPY-THOUGHT GUIDE TO LONDON.

(Being a Dickens of a Dickensionary for the use of Visitors to the Metropolis.)

UNITED CLUB.—A sort of Happy Family. No broils permitted. No parties allowed.

UNITED SERVICE CLUB.—A Sunday Association for the union of morning, afternoon, and evening services all in one, and getting them over. A Chaplain always in attendance. First and Second Lessons given *gratis* every Sunday.

UNITED SERVICE MUSEUM.—For the exhibition of a collection of dinner, tea, and breakfast—Postal and Civil—services. Any donor giving a service to the Museum simply writes to the Society, and says, "My service to you," and all further formality is unnecessary.

UNITED UNIVERSITY CLUB.—Supposed to have Russian proclivities on account of its connection with the Cassock and the Don. This error has arisen from some mistake in spelling "Cassock." Had this bias been patent to all, the Club motto would have been "Russ in urbe"—but it is not so.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE (GOWER STREET).—Divided in faculties—which is a pity, as it ought to be united. It is governed by various authorities, including those who, in virtue (of their office), are called Deans, and Vice-Deans. Fortunately, the virtuous Deans are superior to the Vices, or the University would be in a bad way. In consequence of there being so many Scholar-ships, the College has a naval turn about it, as there are "boarders," and a "Steward." If a boarder is ill, he immediately calls for the Steward, who has to provide refreshment at a fixed price. The Female Students wear caps and gowns.

The following is a list of the Prizes:—

Andrews Prizes—divided into two classes. Sad Andrews, for serious subjects; and Merry Andrews, for jocose examinations.

Prizes for Students of One Year's Standing.

(a) If a Student stands for one year, he gets a prize. The prize is a free "sitting" in Church for the next two years; and he certainly deserves it.

(b) If he "stands" drinks to the Students and Professors all round for one year, he is entitled to a prize, generally a cup, of some sort, not to hold less than a quart.

(c) If he stands on his dignity, and refuses to go in for either of the above, he is presented with a printed form, on which he can sit for the remainder of his natural life, if he likes.

The Fielden Scholarships.—For Cricketers, who have had a good innings.

The John Stuart Mill Scholarship.—For those who have been through the mill.

Joseph Hume Scholarships.—For Hume-orous writings.

The Faculty of Medicine.—Any Student, who can back himself successively, and take so many private boxes of pills within a given time, is considered to have the Faculty of Medicine, and is presented with a testimonial, representing the incident in MACAULAY's poem of *Horatius Cockles*.

The West Scholarship.—To be gained by the Scholars who wear no coat, only a West, and recite a poem in their shirt-sleeves.

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.—A development of the above Educational Institute, but possessing the power of granting degrees. The degree of "Bachelor" is given to anyone who is not *seeded* to a subject.

VAUDEVILLE THEATRE.—In the Strand. Celebrated for its JAMES's powder, its THORNE, and its *Two Roses*. For nearly five years it floated on *Our Buoy*s, a sea-piece supplied by Mr. BYRON. During that time, whenever you visited the theatre, there were the *Buoys* and there was the *Flote*. Mr. JAMES—familiarily known as "JIMMY"—and Mr. THORNE, represented the "Jimmini" in the Theatrical Zodiac—or the Brandy and Zodi-ac. The name of the theatre is a trouble to Cabmen, who call it the "Wodevil," the "Wodyweal," or the "Vordyveal"—with generally an extra charge. "Fees" are not forbidden at this theatre, but the visitor can give what he likes, or doesn't like, and so the instance is only "*fee-nominal*."

VAUXHALL BRIDGE.—Which everyone "walks" over. Hence the name—*Walks-all Bridge*.

VERULAM CLUB.—"Qualification elastic." Therefore, only a little India Rubber is allowed in the card-room.

VETERINARY COLLEGE.—Qualification—to be able to pronounce and write the name correctly—after dinner. Open Vet or fine.

VICTORIA CLUB.—Open to anyone possessing a Victoria. Every member in this Club considers himself quite *chez lui*, or rather one-horse-shay-lui.

VICTORIA PARK.—Some relation to MUNGO PARK, the celebrated traveller. Beautiful—well worth seeing.

WAR OFFICE.—Where Wars are made. Anyone wanting a war—a war of words, or any other sort of war, must apply here. The entrance is near War-terloo Place. Information as to all Wars going on is given here to all applicants between ten and four every day by the officials in attendance. Field-Marshal and field-glasses to be hired by the hour on the most reasonable terms.

LORD AND PROFESSOR.

"Soon after the vacancy in the Chair of Experimental Physics, caused by the death of Professor CLERK-MAXWELL, a requisition, influentially signed by a large number of members of the electoral roll who appoint the Professor, was presented to Lord RAYLEIGH, to the effect that, in their opinion, it would tend greatly to the advance of physical science, and to the advantage of the University, if his Lordship would occupy the Chair. We are authorised to state that Lord RAYLEIGH has consented to become a candidate; and inasmuch as the memorial was signed by a very large number of the electors, there is little probability of a contest, so strong a feeling being expressed in favour of Lord RAYLEIGH's claims."—*University Intelligence, Cambridge*.

"Don," they say, comes from "Dominus;" and Dominus is Latin for "Lord." But when before was Lord seen in gown of Don, or Don in robe of Lord? The House of Cavendish has supplied Devonshire with Dukes, and science with discoveries; and BOYLE was the scion of a noble House, as well as a world-renowned Chemist; but neither CAVENDISH nor BOYLE ever wrote himself down Professor.

Lord in the Professor's Chair—if it be only Lord by courtesy—Cambridge till now has never seen, nor Oxford neither; and that Lord a Senior-Wrangler, and First SMITH's Prizeman to boot!

No wonder if all competition is cowed, and an unopposed way opened by awe-stricken candidates for Lord RAYLEIGH to take the Chair! The name is of happy augury. Such blended rays of rank and science blend in this Lord-high Professor's aureole, that he would be more than mortal, did not his very gait proclaim his race,—"Verus et incessu patuit Strutt!"

Street Lamps and Street Names.

AN inhabitant of Cottonopolis writes to *Punch* to say that at Manchester the lamps at the corners of all the leading thoroughfares within the City boundary have for a long time had the names of the streets legibly painted on them.

Another example to the London District Boards—and nearer home than Geneva.

Two other London Vestries, Lambeth and Southwark, have, *Punch* is glad to hear, adopted this much-needed improvement. But as people don't drive out much to late dinners in these regions, the benefit of street names on street lamps does not reach this class of sufferers across the water.

How long will *Punch* have to keep "pegging away" before all London is blessed with this simple means of enlightenment?

Query.

HERE is an oddly-worded advertisement from *The Guardian*:—

A PRIEST is desirous to obtain a situation as NURSERY GOVERNESS or Companion for a Young Lady.

Is this merely bad grammar, or worse Ritualism?



"HONESTY THE BEST POLICY."

Country Practitioner (surprised at the visit of a notorious Quack and Pill-vendor). "WELL! WHAT BRINGS YOU HERE!?"
Quack (evidently suffering from disturbed peristaltic action). "WELL, SIR, THE FACT IS, I FEEL RATHER QUEER, AND—"
Country Practitioner. "THEN WHY DON'T YOU TAKE ONE OF YOUR 'PEARLS OF HEALTH'?"
Quack. "THAT'S JUST IT, SIR! I THINK I'VE SWALLOWED ONE—BY MISTAKE!"

CATTLE SHOW PRIZES, 1879.

CATTLE.

For the bull that has behaved with the greatest discretion in a china shop.

For the bull that has allowed itself to be taken by the horns with the least resistance.

For the cow that has accomplished the highest approximate jump to the moon. (N.B.—Jumping every day at two.)

For the finest pair of calves. (N.B.—Footmen are not eligible for this Prize.)

SHEEP.

For the pen of sheep that have suffered themselves to be most easily fleeced.

For the best battering ram.

For the most sheepish sheep.

For the sweetest sheep's eyes.

For the flower of the flock.

PIGS.

For the sow with ears best adapted for the manufacture of silk purses.

For the litter most contented either to go to market or to stay at home, to eat roast beef or to have none.

For the least pig-headed pig.

For "the fattest hog in ERICURUS' sty."

For the biggest bore in the place.

IMPLEMENTS.

For the "Elevator" best calculated to raise the spirits without causing inebriation.

FACTS NOT GENERALLY KNOWN.

(Being London Jottings from an Italian Traveller's Note Book.)

THAT CROMWELL lived at South Kensington, in a flat in his own road.

That it was from the top of the Monument that CÆSAR uttered his memorable, "*Veni, vidi, vici!*"

That the Mansion of "the last of the Barons" is still to be seen at Kensington daily, by order, from ten to five.

That the English taste for Music dates from the importation of Italian Organ-grinders.

That the Underground Railway runs for fourteen miles through the ancient Catacombs of the Metropolis.

That the Egyptian Hall was built for his own entertainments, by RAMESES THE SECOND.

And, lastly, that the "Vandalic demolition of Temple Bar destroyed the sole vestige of the ancient Wall of London."

Sentries in the Shivers.

LORD ELCHO has repeated his last year's appeal to "the highest military authorities," on behalf of the Guards on sentry at St. James's Palace, clothed during the bitterest weather, as they are in July. Is this because Privates of the "Coldstream" are supposed to be peculiarly capable of standing a low temperature? In the meanwhile our Guards remain exposed, at nearly zero, without great coats; so that instead of the "Coldstream," those gallant fellows might well be called the *Sans Casques*.

HIS NATIVE ELEMENT.

THE King of ABYSSINIA, or the "Negus," as his title in vernacular, wants to get access to the sea. Very natural ever heard of Negus without Port?

"BOARD" WAGES.—Sandwich Pay—a shilling a day!



TAKING MEASURE.

Tailor (to stout Customer). "HAVE THE KINDNESS TO PUT YOUR FINGER ON THIS BIT OF TAPE, SIR,—JUST HERE! I'LL BE ROUND IN A MINUTE!"

MAGNETS AND MAGNATES.

"The Berlin Post states that while at Vienna recently, Prince BISMARCK, in private conversation, explained the object of his visit to be to discover, with the assistance of his friend, Count ANDRASSY, a political magnet strong enough to attract and hold fast all the elements of peace to be found in Europe: in other words, to devise means for enlisting all that is in favour of peace in Europe in the common service of peace, and for laying the foundation of a union strong enough and comprehensive enough to insure the maintenance of peace."

PRINCE BISMARCK in search of a magnet of peace!
Horse-shoe magnet? Oh, no—not a bit!
'Tis a rather different kind of hoof—
The cloven—his magnet must fit.

But with BISMARCK there, and BEACONSFIELD here,
For Peace laying heads together,
If Brass and Iron can fence her from fear,
All war-storms she's safe to weather!

SOMETHING LIKE SPORT FOR A QUEEN.

THE bright young Bride of the kindly and intelligent young King of SPAIN has been welcomed to Madrid with the usual tribute of tormented Toros and trailing tripas. No wonder the first Bull-fight, in honour of the Royal marriage, has been a success, in spite of a piercingly cold wind. What wind could chill Spanish loyalty to its national sports, in the face of eight bulls slaughtered, several picadors, chulos, and spectators knocked down and seriously hurt, a gendarme tossed, and a score of horses disembowelled—not to mention minor diverting incidents of the day's amusement.

The Teutons have their princely battues and drives—of "fur and feather" at Wusterhausen, with hecatombs of great stags and mighty boars; or at Sandringham and Windsor, and the Scotch or Yorkshire moors, of pheasants and partridges, grouse and blackcock.

WANTED, A LAMBETH LEO.

Is *Leo Romanus* about to claim kin, and roar in concert with *Leo Britannicus* by suddenly declaring himself on the side of Law against Gospel as it has hitherto run in the Vatican Vulgate? Here's his Infallible Holiness writing to discourage Irish agitation, to repress Belgian defiance of secular authority and disobedience of the law of the land, and ordering all Roman teachers in Secondary Schools to conform to the laws of the State, instead of kicking against and over them. The next thing we may expect to see will be the Papal Lion lying down with the Varzin Lamb, the two together nibbling at the Falk laws, and squeezing their claws, pared closely down, into the same pair of shoes, one labelled "*Church-rule*," the other "*Cultur-Kampf*."

If only LEO exercised rule over the fence-flying sheep of our Protestant pale, how heavily we should have him coming down with his pastoral crook over the shins of our MACKONCHIES, TOOTHES, PURCHASES, and their fellows, when caught overleaping the metes and bounds of Law, and butting episcopal authority boldly in the face!

Putting it Short.

ELECTORS of Midlothian,
'Tis yours to speak your will,
By choice 'twixt a great WILLIAM,
Or a still greater BILL.

Blood Relations and Brothers.

THE leaders of the Irish Land Agitation may be congratulated on having developed Nihilism amongst a section of their compatriots. Nihilism in Ireland is essentially just the same as Russian Nihilism, and, indeed, Nihilism as practised by Nihilists all the world over, on the principle of assassinating, so as to annihilate, everyone they object to.

But at least Teutonic princes do the killing—they are not satisfied to look on at it.

JOHN BULL even has bulls of his own to fight—Papal, Irish, Jingo, and others. But for Bull-fighting *pur et simple*, Spain, and only Spain, "goes the entire animal."

Talk of Progress Royal or National! May Royal and National Progress in Spain never get beyond the Bull-ring! *Viva el Campeador! Viva l'España!*

"WARSPITE AND OUR SAILOR BOYS."

SUCH is the heading of an appeal on behalf of the Marine Society, which, from the day it placed its first training-ship on the Thames, has rescued fifty thousand lads from the streets, and homes only more hospitable than the streets. Think of the thousands of youngsters thus "set afloat" in every sense—lives which, but for this chance, had been hopelessly condemned to the wreck of the slum, the gin-shop, and the gaol, and own that peace's sweetness has brought forth few fruits so good as *War's spite* turned to such purpose!

The Marine Society with its floating homes and schools, and the Sailor's Hospital at Greenwich, are two of the charities most deserving in the eyes of BRITANNIA and the "sweet little cherub who sits up aloft to keep watch for the life and soul of poor JACK," among the many good works for which all our hands may, with much comfort, be put in our pockets, in these hard times and at this Christmas season.

A "Pall Mall" Protest.

"Two Russian cruiser corvettes, the *Rasdoynik* and the *Nayesdnik*, which recently anchored in the neighbourhood, have seized the opportunity of trying their machinery on the measured mile in Stokes Bay."—*Naval Intelligence*.

RUSSIAN cruisers off the Motherbank! In-Solent!



AT THE CATTLE SHOW.

Young Farmer. "ARE YOU FOND OF BEASTS, MISS GUSHERTON?"

Miss Gusherton. "OH, REALLY, MR. PAWKER, IF YOU MEAN THAT AS A DECLARATION, YOU MUST SPEAK TO MAMMA!"

THE END OF THE TUG AT STAMBOUL.

(See *Punch's* recent Cartoon.)

"PULL, Devil! Pull, Baker!" The end of the tug's come!
Of the Devil, in bear-skin, horned, tailed, and so black,
The poor silly SULTAN once more to the hug's come,
While BAKER PASHA's on the broad of his back.

To Asia Minor he's sent on a mission,
To observe—if he can—and report on Reforms;
But to make them—that lies beyond ABDUL's prevision,
With Pashas in protest, and Palace in storms.

On the quicksands a little more dragging of anchors,
A little more folding the fat hands to sleep,
A little more squaring of Galata bankers,
A little more shearing of over-shorn sheep—

And when LAYARD of saving the Padishah's rasher,
By coaxing or scolding, no prospect can see—
Your Bull in a China-shop's far the worst smasher
When a Nineveh winged Bull it happens to be—

Bag and baggage, at last, at the end of their tether,
With his Pashas poor Padishah mizzles away,
Leaving BEACONSFIELD, BULL, and F. O. to ask whether
They have not mixed All Fools' up with Valentine's Day?

A Christmas Box—on the Ear.

We read in the *Globe*—

"The Directors of the North British Railway Company have given notice that they intend to reduce the salaries of all *Clerks* in their employ by 20 per cent."

Canny Scots!

RULES FOR RELIEVING DISTRESS WITH DISCRIMINATION.

(By a Discreet Alms-giver.)

1. NEVER give away a penny indiscriminately. If a beggar tells you he is starving, order him to come to you the next day. If he makes his appearance, it is a proof of the falsehood of his statement. If it had been true, he would have died during the night.

2. If a beggar asks you for money to pay for a lodging, give him or her into custody. The Police-cells are always available for such cases.

3. If you are implored to give a letter of introduction to a Hospital, refuse the request, unless the applicant can produce two medical certificates.

4. If a woman, with a child or children, asks you for bread, give her in charge. You may be sure that the children are hired, and that the woman has a hot dinner waiting for her at home.

5. If a flower-girl asks you to buy her violets at a penny a bunch, have nothing to say to her. Her stock, in all probability, has been dishonestly come by.

6. If a workman, whom you have known in better times, hints that a few shillings would save his family and himself from the workhouse, decline, of course; but do not miss the opportunity of pointing out the connection of his present poverty with past excesses in eating and drinking.

7. If any one asks you for anything, under any circumstances, before you entertain the application, require—

1. Certificate of Birth.

2. Certificate of Vaccination, and parents' marriage.

3. Certificates of attendance at Board or Denominational School, and of grade passed in.

8. If all these documents are not quite satisfactory, refer the applicant to the Charity Organisation Society.

9. And, lastly, never forget two golden rules. The first—"That Heaven helps them that help themselves"—not that help others. The second—"That charity begins at home, and ought, as a rule, to end there."

If there is an exception to this rule, it is ten thousand to one that it is *not* the case in which appeal has been made to you.

THE MODERN MERCHANT OF VENICE.—The Restorer who sells the Visitors.

PUNCH'S WORLD-FAMED POCKET-BOOK, THE GREAT RESTORER, FOR 1880,

CANNOT be too HIGHLY RECOMMENDED.

THOUSANDS of TESTIMONIALS from ALL PARTS of the WORLD.

DR. PUNCH'S FOOD for YOUNG and OLD. Agreeable! Digestible!! Exhilarating!!!

There's not a prettier site on earth
Than Fleet Street, 85,

Where *Mister Punch* provides the mirth,
And wit and wisdom thrive.

Here on the window cast your eye,
Then in your purse you'll look,
And, after that, walk in and buy
Your *Punch's Pocket-Book*.

LAWN-TENNIS. For the Classic Origin of this Game, see *Punch's Pocket-Book* for 1880.

HAMLET THE DANE.—For a learned and thoughtful essay on this creation of SHAKESPEARE's genius, see *Punch's Pocket-Book* for 1880.

ALADDIN THE YOUNGER: NEW LIGHTS FOR OLD ONES. See *Punch's Pocket Book* for 1880.

INCREASED DIARY SPACE in *Punch's Pocket-Book* for 1880.

WILLIAM'S FAVOURITE SWEETIE (JUST NOW).—Butter-Scotch.



INOOPPORTUNE.

Newsboy (to irritable old Gent who has just lost his Train). "BUY A COMIC PAPER, SIR!!"

[Luckily, the old Gentleman was out of breath from his hurry.]

CHRISTMAS PROBLEMS.

MR. PUNCH is not about to follow the lead of some of his Contemporaries, by offering a prize of two pounds for the best answer to an enigma devised by his own special puzzler. If, however, the ingenuity which deals with such difficulties can be measured and rewarded, he is prepared to consider the form and amount of reward fairly claimable by the *Edipuses* who may succeed in giving the best solution of the following Christmas problems:—

1. Many people at this festive season who would willingly see their family circle in its largest sense drawn around them at dinner are debarred by considerations of expense. Mr. P. therefore offers a reward for the best Christmas menu (wine inclusive), for five-and-twenty at an outlay of eight-and-sixpence.

2. People who are in the habit of going to theatres, sometimes, in repayment of a past, or in anticipation of a future favour, volunteer to take a friend in with a Press order. Under these circumstances, they occasionally arrive after seven, when the order is not admitted. Mr. P. offers a prize for the best suggestion how to pass the evening pleasantly in such a case, it being understood that the Acting Manager is inexorable, and that the entertainer declines to pay even half-price to the pit.

3. Here is a social problem which in these days of musical development should come home to all. Mr. P. offers a prize for the best noise-producing machine with which to silence a next-door neighbour learning the ophicleide, who has disregarded a threatening letter from your solicitors, and gone on with his scales in spite of your having responded with a fog-horn and two kettle-drums from one to three A.M. for a fortnight?

4. Boys home for the holidays when on a visit often bring about regrettable family complications. Mr. P. offers a prize for the best set of birthday-card verses for use of a parent, whose most promising boy has, at the house of a fidgity godfather from whom he has expectations, dropped the drawing-room clock into the water-butt, smashed the glass of the conservatory, and wound out the bell-wires on a walking-stick.

BEGGARY AND THRIFT.

A WAG has suggested that the word "Mendicant" might be held to convey the secondary sense, "Mend I can't." An exception to this view of mendicancy appears to have had currency in a case reported from Torquay, and entitled "A Beggar with a Banking Account." A Mr. HENRY COATES, "who said he came from London," was summoned before the local police-court, charged with begging:—

"Constable PHILLIPS saw the defendant going from house to house begging, and secreted himself in a house the prisoner would call at in the course of his round. When the prisoner knocked at the door, the constable answered, and prisoner asked for assistance, saying he was a distressed tradesman. The policeman took him into custody, and on searching him found some money and an acknowledgment of a deposit in the Post Office Savings Bank. Prisoner was sentenced to seven days' hard labour."

Is it not more than questionable if Mr. COATES, though a beggar on system, a deliberate beggar, a beggar distinctly and pre-eminently professional, and therefore obligatorily dealt with for mendicancy according to law, can be regarded as one of those mendicants who cannot mend? The main objection to mendicancy is that it implies improvidence; but this is a crime that can hardly be charged on a beggar who puts by money, and owns a deposit in a Post Office Savings Bank. Arrest and imprisonment have closed for the present Mr. COATES's career; but had he gone on begging and saving, who knows but that in time he might have succeeded in amassing a decent independence, or a sum sufficient to enable him to start in business. There is little chance that the House of Correction will do much towards correcting this mendicant. He will probably continue begging and saving, and risk occasional imprisonment in order to keep himself permanently out of the workhouse.

Latest from Rome.

"The *Europe* publishes a telegram from Rome stating that the Duc de VERDURA has purchased from the POPE the *faisance* collection at the Vatican, but the Italian Government . . . has declared the objects of Art in the episcopal palaces to be inalienable."—*Times*.

How green of the Duc de VERDURA to buy before he knew that he would be allowed to carry home!

5. It not unfrequently happens that if you assume a well-known character for a costume-ball, you may find yourself anticipated. Mr. Punch offers a prize for the best escape from the following difficulty: Having selected a *Hamlet* costume, on arriving, you find three more *Hamlets* in the tea-room before you. If you cannot get the start of them on the stairs, give suggestions what may be done with an anti-macassar to enable you to follow them with effect as a CHARLES THE FIRST.

6. The recent cold weather suggesting an old-fashioned Christmas, a prize for the best way of meeting it in a genial spirit would seem not at all inappropriate. Mr. Punch, therefore, offers a reward for the ejaculation most becoming the Paterfamilias who, just at the moment he learns that the upstairs water-pipes have burst, and are flooding his choicest high-art wall-papers, is met on the stairs by his mother-in-law with the announcement that she has come to stay a month!

POCKET-BOOK OF BEAUTY.

POCKET-BOOK OF BEAUTY.

THOSEWHO DON'T for the TEETH

OBJECT to BUY

A FIRST-RATE ARTICLE

Will go in for

PUNCH'S POCKET-BOOK

For 1880.

PERSONAL COMELINESS—

(vide Pictures of)—in

PUNCH'S POCKET-BOOK

For 1880.



PUNCH'S DREAM—AFTER STUDY OF THE WEATHER-CHART.

Rather too Hard on Him.

ADDRESSING a Liberation Society Conference, held, in prospect of a General Election, at the "Memorial Hall," Farringdon Street—

"The Rev. J. G. ROGERS, B.A., said the first thing to be done was to get rid of Lord BEACONSFIELD and all his works."

Is not this suggestion a little too sweeping? Say that it is expedient, if practicable, to get rid of Cyprus, and of a "Scientific frontier," acquisitions that may be enumerated among the works—even the works of fiction, according to Mr. GLADSTONE—of Lord BEACONSFIELD, still does the Rev. Mr. ROGERS consider it either possible or necessary to get rid likewise of *Vivian Grey*, *Sibyl*, *Henrietta Temple*, *Coningsby*, and the other literary works of the same author?

HAPPY-THOUGHT GUIDE TO LONDON.

(Being a Dickens of a Dickensionary for the use of Visitors to the Metropolis.)

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.—"The place to spend an Abbey day." On entering, take off your hat, salute the Verger, and say, politely, "Dean STANLEY, I presume." Walk round until you get an Abbey-tite. Give the Verger "something for himself"—not enough to hurt him—thus preserving the tradition of the Abbey, which you will see inscribed on the walls in letters of gold—

Don't be shabby
On leaving the Abbey.

Then you can go across to the Aquarium and see the Great Seal, which for state occasions is always kept here in a tank.

WESTMINSTER BRIDGE.—Go over it. Good-bye. (See Royal Humane Society's Regulations.)

WESTMINSTER CLUB.—Splendid situation on the Embankment, overlooking the Thames, which it is impossible to overlook as it is right in front of you. Though the exterior is illuminated by the Embankment electric lights, yet the attention of the Club has been admirably directed towards Gas-tronomy. The Chef is probably from Paris, though each of his works is what Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM would have called a "Chef Dover." Certainly, whether from Dover or Calais, though French, he is never callous to the interests of the Club. He is most serious in trifles, and, from his ornamental-glazing use of the white of eggs, he shows how to make a brilliant *entrée*, and (dramatically speaking) "eggs-it right."

A very good chef
Is worthy the nef
Of Westminster Abbey.
That's written en bref.
Or leave out the "f."
And end 'em with "ay,"
As *clef's* written *clé*.
That's all I've to say.
So, Chefs all, good day!

WESTMINSTER SCHOOL.—"A Foundation of Queen ELIZABETH." Dear me! There were Giantesses in those days! Its speciality is for Queen's Scholars. Of course there is a Laundry attached to the school, where the Queen's Collars are washed. The "Carey Benefaction" is a great boon to the students; those who neglect its advantages are called the "Don't Careys." Dr. TRIPLETT left an exhibition open to Westminster Boys on certain days. This exhibition was one of Dr. TRIPLETT's crotchets. For further information see advertisements of exhibitions, amusements, &c. But the exhibitions, at Westminster School, are no rivals to the Aquarium or Madame TUSSAUD'S.

WHIST CLUB.—Naturally situated at Whist-minster. (Only it isn't—or it *whistn't*—some time ago.) Admittance for strangers only by sending in a card. Tables all made of deal. Every member must be good-tempered, thick-skinned, or *Packy*-dermatous. The Club opens at three, to a flourish of trumps. But before that hour all the morning the servants go in for their own quiet rub. The servants are dressed in flush liveries. In the big card-room is a picture of *The Warning to Whist-players*; or, *The Revoke-ation of Nantes*; also a Portrait of Admiral VON TROMP. Musicians are qualified for membership if able to score a treble.

WHITE'S CLUB.—The system of Black-balling entirely excluded. As the Orleans Club has a town and country house, so



SO MUCH TO HIS CREDIT.

Uncle (bringing his Nephew home for the holidays). "GLAD TO SEE YOU HOME AGAIN, DICK. HOPE YOU HAVE SPENT LESS THIS HALF."

Dick. "OH, YES, UNCLE. I'VE GONE 'TICK' FOR EVERYTHING!"

White's Club, or the Club of White, has, besides the town-house, an entire island to itself, known as the Isle of White. This is a great convenience to members. The preference is given to everything white. The members are bound to eat whiting for dinner, to breakfast on the whites of eggs, and to turn up the whites of their eyes when they say grace. When on a visit to Brighton they must patronise the Albion. Any one having had misfortunes in business, must be white-washed before he can be eligible for election.

WORSHIP (PLACES OF).—See BOW STREET and POLICE COURTS, where everyone can go to his Worship any day of the week, Sundays excepted, when he can go to some other Worship.

[* In answer to numerous Correspondents, who have sent us heaps of letters, we regret our inability to add any one of them to the Alphabet. Only three letters remain—X, Y, Z, which will conclude the labours of this Exhausted Receiver.]

STARTLING SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

We read, in some of the Parisian papers, of wolves seen in the Bois de Boulogne. But what is a wolf in the Bois to a whole flock of canards on the Boulevards—one in the shape of a wolf, and several very like whales!

CHRISTMAS TRIADS.

(By Smelfungus, Senior.)



AS our Welsh ancestors disposed all things in "Triads"—or sets of three—so SMELFUNGUS, Senior, would dispose certain Christmas phenomena.

The Three Outdoor Curses of Christmas.—A long frost, A sudden thaw, An east wind.

The Three Indoor Curses of Christmas.—Water-pipes that burst, Boilers that blow up, Houses that can't be warmed.

The Three Dinner Penances of Christmas.—Turkey, Plum-pudding, Mince-pie.

The Three Evening Penances of Christmas.—Parties, Pantomimes, Private theatricals.

The Three Day Penances of Christmas.—Holiday boys, High Church bells, Hospitable humbug.

The Three Trials of Christmas Pockets.—Christmas Bills, Christmas Boxes, Christmas Benevolent Appeals.

The Three Trials of Christmas Tempers.—Christmas Numbers, Christmas Cards, Christmas Waits.

The Three Outcomes of Christmas Eating.—Dyspepsia for the Elders, Stomach-ache for the Juveniles, Doctors' bills for all.

The Three Growths of Christmas Drinking.—Gout for the rich, Distress for the poor, Headaches for both.

Last and best, to these triads of SMELFUNGUS Senior let Punch add a triad of his own, with thanks to Messrs. KELLY, WHITAKER, and LETT:—

The Three Indispensables of Christmas.—Kelly's Post Office Directory, Whitaker's Almanack, and Lett's Diaries.

HIGHER EDUCATIONAL PANTOMIME.

THE age is nothing if not educational. The results of the elections for the London School Board have proved that the British Public are bent on strengthening the hands of the educators. Under these circumstances, Mr. Punch, always anxious to assist in the carrying out of every good work, begs to make a suggestion to the theatres. The pantomimes in a fortnight will be attracting thousands and thousands of juveniles. Why should not the "comic scenes" be turned to account in combining amusement with instruction?

Surely, something like the following would be far better than the ordinary trivial succession of painful practical jokes with hot pokers, disgusting liberties with babies and nursemaids, demoralising robberies from shops and the person, and mischievous defiance of authority in the shape of a policeman whose corruptness is only equalled by his incompetency.

When the Transformation Scene (the Home of the Fairy Scholastica in the realms of Useful Knowledge) has reached its highest development in the Sixth Grade, in a constellation of Mathematical Diagrams, illuminated with coloured fires, the Fairy Scholastica addresses the principal characters:—

Go,—in another sphere more honours win,—
Figures and Facts transform as Harlequin!
This will be no mean agent in thy hand—(Gives cane)—
"Knowledge is power"—'twill come at its command.
And now, sweet maid, a pleasing task is thine,
Sit on the School Board, as fair Columbine!
You to your lessons,—second childhood's boon!
'Tis not too late to learn as Pantaloon!
You help him get instruction's physis down,
As agricultural half-timer, Clown!

The transformations take place, and the Scene changes to View of the Planetary System.—The Planets, with their Moons, are seen revolving round the Sun. Trip for Harlequin and Columbine, in which, by means of scarfs gracefully disposed, they introduce a succession of Astronomical statistics. Harlequin and Columbine dance off. Enter Clown, clinging to the tail of a Comet, and Pantaloon in a balloon. As Clown describes a parabolic curve round the Sun, Comet's tail drops off, and he disappears in a shower of Asteroids. Pantaloon looks through telescope at Neptune, which suddenly becomes transparent, displaying information—"Discovered by GALLE (proceeding on the calculations of LE VERRIER and ADAMS) in September, 1846." Pantaloon greedily swallows Information; and Information, in its turn, swallows Pantaloon. Clown suddenly reappears on a planetoid, and knocks Pantaloon out of the balloon into an immense milk-pail, which shows label, "Via Lactea—DEMOCRITUS pinxit, A.C. 428." Harlequin touches label with his wand; and name changes to "Milky Way." Clown attempts to catch Harlequin, who jumps through Saturn. Clown tries to follow, but is caught by Saturn's belt. Clown and Pantaloon frightened by Dog Star. Harlequin gives Columbine his wand. She touches the Planets, and they change to their mythological representations, Venus, Mars, Jupiter, &c. Clown flirts with Venus. Harlequin protects her. Clown sets Dog Star at him. Harlequin jumps through the Sun, which shows label, "Total eclipse." Clown tries to follow, but sticks half way, when label changes to "Partial eclipse." Rally of Planets, with Spill and Pelt of Asteroids. Harlequin, who has recovered his bat, strikes Sun, and the Scene changes to

The Temple of Justice in the realms of Roman Law. Ballet of Greek School-Youths and Maidens, illustrative of the Moods and Tenses of the verb *turno*. Enter Clown and Pantaloon. They knock at the door of the Temple. Clown lies in front of the door. Enter JUSTINIAN, who falls over him. Clown apologises, throwing blame on Pantaloon, and expresses his wish for instruction. JUSTINIAN shakes his fist at Pantaloon, and returns to the Temple. Clown and Pantaloon begin to study the Roman Law in the summary on the tympanum of the Temple. Re-enter JUSTINIAN, with a large Volume labelled "Institutes," with which he hits at Clown, who dodges, and Pantaloon is knocked down. Clown bonnets JUSTINIAN, and tries to run off with "Institutes." Enter Harlequin, who bats "Institutes." The Volume opens, and a series of living pictures are displayed, with explanations by JUSTINIAN, showing—1. "The Ceremony of Manumission by Vindicta;" 2. "The making of a Will under the Jus tripartitum;" and 3. "A Thief guilty of Bona vi rapta." Harlequin bats the Volume. It disappears. Enter Roman Paterfamilias, with his daughters. Clown steals one. Paterfamilias insists on his Patria Potestas, and calls for the Jurisprudentes. They enter from the Temple, headed by PAPINIAN. Clown and Pantaloon attack them. Enter Licitors, with fasces, who scourge Clown and Pantaloon. PAPINIAN throws off his toga, and appears as Harlequin. He bats Temple. The Scene changes to

THE LAST SCENE—Cosmopolitan Abode of Geography, showing birds'-eye dissolving views of all the principal towns, rivers and mountains of the earth. Medley Ballet of European kingdoms, with Grand Allegorical Tableau of their principal Exports and Imports. Great Britain, surrounded by her Colonies, rises from the sea to the tune of "Rule Britannia." Chorus of Figures dressed as Facts, and Facts in the guise of Figures. Grand Topical and Educational Song by Facts and Figures, Kingdoms, Exports and Imports, Great Britain and Colonies, in praise of the School Board. Coloured fire and

Curtain.

Making it Hot for Him.

WE are delighted to read the following:—

BILIN WATER.—We have the honour of making publicly known that Prince BISMARCK has used the Bilin Water at the advice of his physicians for the last severe attack of neuralgia.

So many of our best possible instructors evidently consider that cold-water treatment is the best for Prince BISMARCK. We had ourselves thought that he was more likely to keep Europe in Bilin Water, than to have recourse to it himself.

THE NEW REMEDY

For Everything.

ASK FOR

PLEASANT COMPANY'S EXTRACTS of MERRIMENT.—A slight addition of the Extracts gives great strength and flavour to dinner parties.

SOMETHING LIKE A CATTLE-SHOW.

The Farm, Mudborough, Leamshire.

MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,
 YOU must forgive me for not having looked you up last week during my visit to town, but the fact was I hadn't time. Besides, I am told that you are not half fun—that you hate music-halls, and can see no particular merit in *opéra bouffe*. So if I had called upon you, it was just as likely as not you would have refused to dine at my own particular crib and finish the evening at the Aquarium. You old London slow-coaches! you are not in it with a young English farmer, all of the modern time! Not you! But don't be offended, it's all right up to now!

I see from your last week's Number you have an idea that I did not do the Show thoroughly. That's all you know about it! I don't mind admitting that I was at first inclined to cut it, but TOMMY

TURNIPTOPS (a chap who lives down our way) told me it was prime; so I got into my toggery, chartered a Hansom, and made tracks for Islington.

Well, and what was it like? Why, not half bad, I do assure you. There were plenty of bars, where you could get as much liquor as you pleased; and the visitors of the fair sex were as cheery as possible.

And what did I see? Why, heaps of things. I had no idea that England boasted so many agricultural manufactures. When I got in, I found several lecturers hard at work explaining the merits of a thing they called "the Miniature Marvel," or some such title. It was a knife-sharpener and a glass-cutter and all sorts of things—all for the small sum of one shilling! Then in another part of the room was a lady illustrating the virtues of a little instrument for threading needles. Not very far off was a music-stall, full of the copies of comic songs. Then a counter given up to cigars and turtle-soup. And I hadn't gone a step further when I came to a place filled with copying-machines. I took a walk round, and found a stall devoted to patent bolts. Of course there were places where you could buy tea. Would the Exhibition have been a Cattle Show if there hadn't? Then I was much attracted by a counter covered with toys. All sorts of nice things in dolls and puzzles and what not. There was a place for buying cement, too, for mending broken glass and crockery. I need scarcely say that the Patent Medicines were well represented, and that you could purchase cures for all sorts of diseases. Then there were stamps for marking linen, and a lot of funny-looking stoves.

From this you will observe that there was plenty to see at the Cattle Show. I am sure I don't know how agriculture would survive the loss of such a valuable and appropriate Exhibition!

But I have written enough. So believe me,

Your affectionate Country Cousin,

15th Dec., 1879.

GILES JOSLIN.

P.S.—The Gov'nor has just told me that he has heard that there were some Oxen, a handful of Sheep, and a few Pigs in another part of the building. But this is a detail.

TERRIBLE FOR THE "OLD LADY."

ONE of this year's Christmas Stories is called *The Ghost in the Bank of England*. Such a visitor must have seriously disturbed the Bank's "rest."

DRINKS, and HOW TO MAKE THEM. TRY OUR BEST
PUNCH.

All Sweets no

BITTERS

In his

POCKET-BOOK, POKET-BOOK, POKET-BOOK
 For 1880.

A NEW PARADISE REGAINED.

WHILE we sit by our open fireplaces with coals at 25s. a ton, one side frozen, the other side scorched, in the face of frost and its miseries, looking for thaw and its worse miseries still, it is enough to make one's mouth water—if the frost would permit such water to flow—to read of a villa, lately erected at Brighton by Mr. MORRIS, which really deserves to be called a New Edition of MORRIS's *Earthly Paradise*. We don't know if the poet of that delightful poem is the planner of this delightful dwelling. He is not above the devising of wall-papers, so why should he be above the planning of walls? But in that case it would seem as if the Poet had wished to realise his own dream in bricks and mortar. One has heard ere this poems and plays likened to "bricks and mortar," in a sense anything but complimentary; but in the case of this last and best thing in villas at Brighton, which Mr. MORRIS, its designer, lately exhibited and explained to a party of experts, architects, surveyors, municipal authorities, &c., even the poem of the *Earthly Paradise* might be flattered by comparison with so ideally perfect a mansion.

The arrangements for the circulation of air provide for its admission pure, its warming by a central stove, its distribution to all the staircases, passages, and rooms, its removal when breathed, and its final ejection from the house, *via* the kitchen chimney.

Of the structural contrivances by which this is managed this is not the place to give description in detail. Suffice it to say that the cost of warming and ventilation is reduced to a minimum, by rational arrangements made in the first planning of the building.

The worst of it is that my house, and yours, my friends, were built when no such arrangements were dreamed of; when we had nothing better than the old more or less smokeless open fire-place, and the old more or less wasteful and dangerous chimney flue. If we want to warm and ventilate our homes scientifically and economically, and on Mr. MORRIS's *Earthly Paradise* principles, we must pull our houses to pieces from top to bottom, put ourselves blindfold into the hands of the architect, the builder, the bricklayer, and worse than all, the plumber, and even then, perhaps, unless we can call in MORRIS himself as *deus ex machina*, find that our plans do not answer, and that everything has to be done all over again.

So we shrug our shoulders, harden our hearts, and say to ourselves, "Better bear the ills we have, than fly to others that we know not of." Better calmly await the rending of water-pipes and the bursting of kitchen-boilers, and the other woes that flesh in frost is heir to, than set out for MORRIS's *Earthly Paradise*, with the chance of missing our way.

But, hopeless as our own case may be, not the less happy the tenants who are destined to occupy the five hundred new villas about to be built on the Morrisian model. Brighton is already "a little Heaven below" in the estimation of those who share the late Mr. SMEE's respect for the late GEORGE THE FOURTH, and regard the Pavilion as the highest ideal of architectural fancy. But with five hundred perfectly warmed, perfectly aerated, perfectly ventilated Morrisian mansions, there is nothing to stand in the way of its being universally acknowledged the *Earthly Paradise*—henceforth doubly consecrated to the name of MORRIS!

SEASONABLE.

QUOTH Paterfamilias, black as the frost,

While, half-perished, half-roasted, he waited for thaw,
 "'Tween Charybdis and Scylla the gulf must be crossed:

Of cold water too much we shall have to our cost,

When the change of the weather reveals each pipe's flaw!

Of hot water too little, when sky-high we're tost,

By the boiler a-bursting 'cause liquid's all lost

Through a leak in the feed-pipe which no one e'er saw!

While the Cook kept on coaling, intent on her roast,

And stoking and poking, as deaf as a post

To my lectures on heat and hydraulical law!—

So, 'twixt Hot and Cold Water, the Thaw and the Frost,

'Tis as nice a look-out as man could have to draw!

Follow My Leader.

A HORRIBLE idea, no doubt—the blowing up the Emperor of RUSSIA—worthy of the most hardened Nihilist—even of Little John Nobody himself. But after all, the Nihilists have only "bettered the instruction" of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. What has that eminent Jingo organ been about but blowing up the Emperor of RUSSIA, if not daily, weekly, at least, for the last three years?

STUDY ECONOMY by buying

PUNCH'S POKET-BOOK and ALMANACK for 1880.



NINCOMPOOPIANA.

(Surfeited with excess of "cultchah," Prigsby and his Friends are now going in for extreme simplicity.)

Prigsby. "I CONSIDAH THE WORDS OF 'LITTLE BOPEEP' FRESHAH, LOVELIAH, AND MORE SUBTILE THAN ANYTHING SHELLEY EVAH WROTE!" [Recites them.]

Muffington. "QUITE SO. AND SCHUBERT NEVAH COMPOSED ANYTHING QUITE SO PRECIOUS AS THE TUNE!" [Tries to hum it.]

Chorus. "HOW SUPREME!"

PERFORMER AND CRITIC.

(From the Bank.)

PRODIGIOUS! Will he never stop?
Or, tripping, fall, or fainting, drop?
Whew! What a twirl, a sweep how furious!
The sight is really vastly curious.
Such power and pace in one so old
Are wondrous. Pheugh! it's precious cold!
Standing I shiver, but, dear W.,
No shift of season seems to trouble you.
Weather by fogeyish fifty dreaded
You quietly confront—bareheaded.
The north wind cuts one like a razor,
But fervent zeal is like a geyser,
That keeps a-boil midst Arctic snows,
And WILLIAM's zeal no ebbing knows.
How TALLEYRAND would—ah! a slip.
No, right again,—what go, what grip!
How does he do it at his age?
If pluck and pace, now, made the sage,
If slashing vigour proved sagacity,
And policy meant mere pugnacity,
Then WILLIAM were indeed a statesman;
Instead of—whiz! you'll melt your skates, man,
With furious friction. How they shout,
Those Scotsmen gathered round about,
To see amidst their native glens
"FISH" SMART, the Champion of the Fens,
Outdone by one of their own race,
In play, and stay, in go, and grace.
Mercury, were the flying steel
Fixed to his godship's winged heel,

Could hardly show more speed or bellows
Great Maia's son, though, was not "zealous,"
More of my mettle, keen and cold,
Patiently prompt and calmly bold.
All energy is not red-hot.
I've worshipped youth, but it was not
Its verdant visionary zeal
That I desired, and you yet feel
In all its force, my green-gray rival;
Such youth as yours seems a survival
From peg-top time. Spread-eagling there
Midst thunderous cheers! Do have a care,
Thin ice is dangerous, after all,
And at our age, you know, a fall
Is sometimes fatal. Ah! that's grand!
But *terra firma* is my stand.
Perfervid Scots blood in each vein
You boast? Well, I'm of older strain.
Scot against Semite. An old fight
Not ended yet. A wondrous sight
Your exhibition; startling vigour
Enables you to cut a figure,
And to achieve the grand success
Of marvellous long-windedness.
But you're on slippery ground, sweet WILL,
And have one fault,—you can't keep still.
For me, though you may think it tame,
I much prefer the waiting game;
'Tis not *your* line, with show less rife,
But fitter for our time of life.
Your figure-cutting's *magnifique*,
Mais ce n'est pas la Politique!

MOTTO FOR CONVERSATIONALISTS.—"There's nothing like Weather."



PERFORMER AND CRITIC.

LORD B. (*loq.*). "WONDERFUL!—BOTH WIND AND LIMB!!—AT OUR TIME OF LIFE, TOO, WHEN A FALL WOULD BE SO SERIOUS!!!"

SENTRY GO!

The Guardsman's Song.

N Summer togs, through
frosts and fogs,
On guard where none
tries entry,
Snow nip, sun burn, I
takes my turn,
For my two hours
on sentry.
To and fro! To and
fro!
Day on, day off, on
Sentry go!
Or sick or well, I does
my spell,
Through night air,
frost-fog sooty,
Till Sergeant Death he
stops my breath,
And orders me off
duty—
To where all show, both
high and low,
And where there's no
more Sentry go!

LEARNING AND LETTERS.

THE "Three R's" in
Elementary Education
inevitably necessitate a
fourth R—Rates, the
higher the more objec-
tionable to the parochial
mind. It is therefore

extremely desirable that they should in every case be adequately
attested by a fifth R—Results.

A COURT COLUMN.

EDITORIAL.—*The Slum Circular and Back Alley Gazette* has been
established to supply a long felt want. Why should the Swells have
all the "real jam" in the way of racy tittle-tattle and spicy per-
sonalities? The Slums have their "Society" as well as the Squares,
and the prattle of the pubs. is as interesting to the *cream deller*
cream of Court and Alley as the gossip of the Clubs to the *eleet* of
St. James's and Mayfair. But it wants collecting and dishing up
tasty. In scanmag, as in salads, it's the dressing as does it. High
or low, that should be the gossip's motter. It is oun. We perpose
to purvide our own pertickler public with the latest *ong dees*, 'ot and
'ot, as the saying is. CATNACH and the *Litery Dustman* mean to
enter into competition with huppercrust bards and babblers in their
own line. This is a journal written by Costers for Costers, conducted
in a style based on the best Swell models, and perdooced at a price
which will bring it within the reach of all who are possessed of the
perwailing taste of the time—and a penny. *Werbum sap.* We say
no more, but proceed to our task.

I AM able to state that a splice has ject been squared between
SUKEY, youngest daughter of GINGER JOE of the "Green Dragon,"
and BEN SWIVEL, eldest 'ope of old SOL SWIVEL, the Marine-Store
Dealer. The only drorback to the 'appy 'ewent is that the perlice
are said to be arter BEN, along of a little misunderstanding in old
metal.

THE following epigram has been made on the okashun by a litery
gent engaged on the *Morning Mud-Rake*.

"Young BEN her 'art did steel, she'll soon be lead
To the high menial altar, should nought stop her.
Her tin and SWIVEL's brass are going to wed,
If only SWIVEL can avoid the Copper!"

I HEAR that long TOM FLUKE has sworn that if I so much as
mention his girl's name in these here columns, he'll spyficate me.
Werry sorry, Tom, as I was about to inform the public that—ahem!
—the Lady in question has left you in the lurch, and gone off
mysterious with a militia man. But I won't, Tom, oh no, I won't
indeed! Anythink to oblige sech a gent as you, Tom.

No, Mrs. G., it was *not*, as I 'appen to know, your Cousin who was

standing treat to you at the tater-can, corner of F— Street, the
other night. Still, if Mr. G. is good-natured enough to believe it,
why what's the odds so long as he's 'appy?

THE latest *ong dee* at the "Blus Posts" is, that the money young
BILKER was said to have landed at Croydon was not won on a race,
but *after* one, the other runners being a policeman and the owner of
the purse. Perhaps Mr. BILKER will hexplain.

Mrs. GREEN, acknowledged to be the reigning Beauty of Our
Court, presided the other night, with all 'er accustomed grace and
good-nature, at the raffle on behalf of NED SMART's Widder. 'Ow
haffable married Loveliness can be, to be sure, and, likewise, 'Ow
easily married Loveliness can dispose of—never mind 'ow many—
glasses of "'ot with!" By the way, Mr. G. is commonly eluded to
as "Invisible GREEN!" We wonder why.

Bugle-trimmed bonnets are now all the rage among the *eleet* of
the Up a Court Suckler—quite *the long*, in fact.

Aprypo, there was a little tiff between Young BUFFINS and
Trimmer JUGGINS along of a *bong mo* that BUFFINS made on the
subject. "What do you think of my bugles, SAM?" asked the
Lady. "Oh, blow the bugles!" retorted SAM, who 'ad lost on the
Ledger and was out of sorts. Trimmer didn't see the joke; but on
the following Sunday morning she was seen at 'Ampton Court with
more bugles than ever—and BEN SLANT the Plumber.

No, no, my dear 'ENERY, a "Billingsgate pheasant" is *not* a bird;
and a "two-eyed steak" has no connection with beef. They both
mean the same thing, viz., a bloater! I'm getting quite tired of
putting you right, 'ENERY; and the Editor of a Slum Journal—
however slow—should, at least, be fly to the latest slang. *Do* be
more careful.

POOR Old SMUDGE! He really didn't do the mackerel and 'am on
the pavement 'arf bad—at least, in his best days. But too many
goes of rum 'ot *will* tell; and SMUDGE, who so long lived by his
chalks, has now walked 'em.

I have received the following correspondence for publication:—

MR. B. BLODE, SIR,

My missus informs me you said as that last door I grained
was a rediklus dorb. You're another! You ain't got no eye for
colour, but you'll soon 'ave some colour about your eye, if you don't
watch it. Call yourself a Cricket? Crickets is wermin, and must
be squelched accordin'. So take the straight tip from
Yours truly, O. FUDGE.

MR. O. FUDGE, SIR,

OH yas, you try it on! If it ain't a dorb I'm a Dutchman,—
so there! A Cricket as *does* know wornit from maple is better than
a paint-spiller as *don't*. As to my eyes, mind your own. Go and put
your head in a paint-pot. Yah! Your anceterer, B. BLODE.

We propose shortly to commence a series of unusually spiey papers
to be called "Peephole Portraits, or, Quality on the Q. T." They
will be illustrated by screaming sketches, drawn by JIGGER, the
celebrated Comic Valentine Caricaturist, who 'as been speshully re-
tained by us for this purpose at a enormous cost. The first one will
be entitled, "Mrs. G. at the Photographers, or, a Beauty's Portrait,
and 'ow it was took." It will be accompanied by a living likeness
of that lady, in a heavy hindoor costume, intended "for privit suc-
culation honly," but obtained by us—again at a tremendous expense
—by the speshul means at our hexclusive disposal. These papers
and pictures will constitute quite "a new departure" in the art of
personal portraiture, and will certainly create a sensation, perhaps
not altogether a pleasant one for certain parties. Order early as
the demand will be immense!

Silver for Sale.

ACCORDING to a Berlin telegram:—

"Government is about to take another step indicative of its intention to
deal with the currency question, and will immediately resume the sales of
superfluous silver."

Can Prince BISMARCK and his coadjutors really expect that
German silver will be taken at any price by dealers in bullion?

A BROAD HINT TO BEAUTY.

How to Prevent the Sale of your Photograph.—When you are
asked to sit, let the Artist understand that you don't want his nega-
tive, but give him *yours*.



"IT'S AN ILL WIND BLOWS NOBODY GOOD."

English Buyer. "BUT YOU ASK TOO MUCH FOR HER, PAT."

Irish Farmer. "SHURE I COULDN'T LET HER GO FOR SUCH A THRIFLE, BARRIN' I WASN'T PATIN' RINT THIS YEAR!"

A SURVIVAL AT SEA.

SUCH bitterly severe weather as we have recently endured constitutes, even the most far-gone teetotallers can hardly deny, an exceptional case for an extraordinary nightcap—that is, a good stiff glass of grog on going to bed. Such must have been the drink which, if whiskey was yet, *Macbeth* used to sleep upon in winter. He probably meant that when he desired an attendant to bid his mistress strike upon the bell when it was ready. Grog hot and strong, with two or three lumps of sugar in it, and a squeeze of lemon.

In the Dog-days, a new and eligible beverage would be iced lemonade—pure and simple. That is to say, on land. But—on board ship, and that ship H.M.S.—what then? By custom, as in December so in the Dog-days. Hear "AN OLD FIRST LIEUTENANT," in a published letter accounting for the circumstance that nearly if not quite "all serious acts of insubordination on board ship occur in the afternoon, and are committed by the younger hands"—especially on tropical stations:—

"At half-past noon every day, in no matter what climate, each man receives a strong glass of spirits and water, and is allowed to smoke the strongest tobacco in the world. It is not to be wondered at if some young lad who, for months together, perhaps, never tastes alcoholic drink except at this time, gets unduly excited, and proves refractory to some perhaps only less excited petty superior. It would be cruel to deprive the men of their grog altogether, but surely they might have it later in the day, when physiologists are agreed it is more beneficial."

As it is, the summer drink for the British Navy, all the world over, differs from the winter nightcap of civil life only in not being hot and sweet, and in being a noonday instead of a nocturnal potation. "AN OLD FIRST LIEUTENANT" suggests:—

"The Admiralty might allow 'local option' to captains, and permit them to defer the issue of the strong spirit to a later hour, at least when climate or temperature renders it desirable."

To "local option," as expounded by "AN OLD FIRST LIEUTENANT," who can object but either a fanatical Total Abstinence or a confirmed *Dipsomania*? Such option, however, might still leave JACK his

allowance of grog in the form of a nightcap. Whether that would be good wear for the tropics, an experienced naval officer ought to know. In the meanwhile, the existing arrangements in the Royal Navy as to grog may be regarded as a survival of the good old times when grog was, as JACK used to be made to say, his sheet-anchor, when,—

"Sick or well, late or early,
Wind foully or fairly,
Helm a-lee or a-weather,
For hours together
I've constantly swigg'd it,
And, bless me, there's nothing like grog!"

Nothing, doubtless, like strong grog in the tropics at half-past twelve in the day to inebriate a young sailor, and render him saucy and insubordinate. What wonder if JACK was, by this means, apt to be rendered very much too tight a lad.

AN EMBARRASSING SITUATION.

MR PUNCH, DEAR SIR,

MIGHT I ask your advice in the following extraordinary, and I trust unprecedented, predicament.

I am a daily traveller to and from the City. Latterly a Lady with a baby has invariably got into the carriage. She will talk and always asks me to hold the baby for a few minutes before the train stops at her destination. Of course I am liable to be seen by my acquaintances handing the baby out to her, and as a respectable, single, middle-aged bachelor, I confess I don't like it. I cannot change my seat for fear of bronchitis, and if I leave the City later it interferes with my dining arrangements.

This has gone on now for three weeks! What am I to do?

Kindly inform Yours undecidedly,

THOMAS TREMLET.

(Mr. Punch would recommend Mr. TREMLET to be guided by the Clown of his Local Christmas Pantomime.)

SYMPTOMS OF CHRISTMAS.

A Seasonable Alphabet.

ATTENTION to Aunts and Uncles.
 Bon-bons for very good children.
 Concerts, instrumental, open air, by the Waits.
 Doctors replenish their stocks.
 Extraordinary civility from waiters, servants, messengers, porters, postmen, tradesmen's boys, and turn-cocks.
 Fir trees, frozen pipes.
 Ghost stories.
 Hampers of spirits.
 Invitations! Illustrations!
 Joints and Christmas pieces.
 "Kisses."
 Lamplighters look beaming.
 Mincemeat and Mistletoe.
 "Natives" and strangers.
 Oysters move uneasily in their beds.
Punch's Pocket-Book and Almanack.
 Quarrels made up.
 Race-course, tablecroquet, pheasants, hares, and every other description of game, both indoor and outdoor.
 School reports, and reports of wonderful new crackers.
 Turkey's breast agitated with the thought of speedy dismemberment.
 Ushers welcome the holidays.
 Vacation, with all the boys at home.
 Weather.
 'Xtra numbers in London during Cattle Show week.
 'Xtra numbers of illustrated papers and periodicals.
 Young folks, old jokes, and elder wine.
 Zero?

Dialogue for the Day.

Pessimist. Very hard times these.
Optimist. But now they're mending.
Pessimist. Not at all. Getting worse.
Optimist. *Spero meliora.*
Pessimist. *Timeo pejora.*

Bores to the Bear.

ARE the Russian Nihilists fanatics whom nothing can satisfy? Or is it their determination not to be satisfied even with nothing?

Ex nihilo nihil fit. Adopting North Country pronunciation, "knout" may have been a root of Nihilism.

AN OLD-FASHIONED CHRISTMAS.

(How to recognise it.)

WHEN, the moment you leave the house, you find yourself seated diagonally on three door-steps at once.

When you are summoned by the parish authorities because passing strangers perform similar feats on the pavement in front of your house.

When coals burn twice as fast as usual, and cost twice as much.

When, nevertheless, you sit in the study of your "eligible modern mansion," wrapped in a railway-rug, wondering whether the north-east wind can be as bitter at the Pole.

When all your nine children want guinea skates at once.

When "Mamma" insists that everything they wear out of doors ought "certainly to be lined with fur."

When all the pipes burst together, and the water comes in as usual—down the staircase.

When you are asked if you "call yourself a gentleman?" when you have given a Hansom cabman half-a-crown for taking you two miles.

When, with the thermometer at 15 degrees below freezing-point, you have to slide home from a theatre with your family, because cab-horses haven't yet learnt to skate.

When there's no hunting and no vegetables, and no getting warm water, much less hot, and when, with the doctor in the house, spirits falling and prices rising, you begin to ask yourself, savagely, what on earth people mean by congratulating themselves and you on an old-fashioned Christmas!

TO LANDLORDS OF LONDON ROOKERIES.

"A ROSE by any other name will smell as sweet." Yes; but not some Paradise Rows in the back slums.



VICARIOUS GENEROSITY.

The New Governess. "IF YOU SAW A POOR MAN STARVING IN THE STREET, WOULDN'T YOU GIVE HIM SOME OF YOUR PUDDING, TOMMY?"

Tommy. "I'D GIVE HIM SOME OF YOURS, MISS SMITH!"

A FLOATING TOM-TIDDLER'S GROUND.

THE *Eldorado* P. and O. steamer narrowly escaped foundering the other day in the Bay of Biscay. She was saved in great measure by the coolness of her Captain and the pluck of her passengers, who turned to, and baled for a day and a night. The first reports of the accident were too hard on the poor Lascars, who are not, as a rule, good for much in cold weather and a gale of wind, but who, on this occasion, according to the Captain's report, did their duty, most of them, like men, at least between decks, in battenning down hatches and stopping the wash of the water into the engine-room.

Honour to all to whom honour is due, black or white!

The *Eldorado* has earned her name, and proved that she had a treasure aboard, in her stout captain, efficient officers, willing crew, and plucky passengers—including our two gallant American lady cousins, who constituted themselves stewardesses for the nonce, to wait on the poor terrified women battenning down under hatches, in dark, damp, and discomfort—babies and all.

Punch is proud to declare the *Eldorado*, as of right, full of nuggets—a real Golden Galleon!—which he rejoices to know is untaken by Davy Jones.

"Who'd Have Thought of Seeing You."

THE other night, at a festive "small and early dance" at our friends the PONSONBY DE TOMPKYNS's, in one of the pie-crustiest—we mean the most promising—terraces of South Kensington (*née* Old Brompton), an uninvited guest dropped in to supper—the dining-room ceiling! In these days of tight dressing and loose building, before people give "small and early dances" with sit-down suppers, they ought to be sure that the Ladies *can* sit down, and the ceilings can stand up.

THE RULING PASSION.



THE *Globe* (Dec. 9), chronicling the homeward progress of Mr. GLADSTONE, thus describes the scene at Carlisle, where the inexhaustible orator had addressed an adoring crowd from the railway carriage:—

"The train whisked out of the station before its illustrious occupant had said all he had intended to say."

As usual we have the play of *Hamlet* with the part of *Hamlet* omitted. Our chronicler leaves out the touching scene which followed on this abrupt intimation that trains, like "time and tide," wait for no man.—Mr. G., with half his body out of window, pouring forth his final promise to enthusiastic listeners on the platform—"to send his peroration on a post-card."

A REAL GOOD CHANCE.

The following advertisement lately appeared in the *Times*:—

A YOUNG WIDOW, having arranged to receive three Gentlemen of good position, as BOARDERS, in her well-appointed house, is anxious to meet with two or three agreeable LADIES, of undeniable position, to complete the circle, and form an agreeable home on co-operative principles. Preference given to those musical, travelled, and young.—Address, &c.

The Young Widow is very exact as to the number of Gentlemen, but allows a certain latitude to the supply of Ladies. The Gentlemen are already secured: they are, as it were, on the foundation. What is an "undeniable position"? And what are the "co-operative principles" which are to form the motive force of this magic circle? *A propos* of the magic circle, the Young Widow, in her anxiety to obtain an even number, and not to have an "odd lot," seems to remember *Zamiel's* warning in *Der Freischütz*, when *Caspar* wanted a certain party to complete his Charmed Circle—"Six shall achieve! Seven deceive!" *Absit omen!*—or *Absit O-Woman!*

A Word for a Battue.

THE newspapers chronicle right seasonable donations when they tell us—

"The Prince of WALES has sent a present of pheasants to St. Thomas's Hospital and a similar present to St. George's Hospital for the use of the patients."

To the game legs and arms already in St. Thomas's and St. George's Hospitals, the game birds presented by the Prince of WALES are, no doubt, a welcome addition; and of course the inmates in whose diet pheasant was admissible failed not to do justice to His Royal Highness's benevolence. Those pheasants were the feathered fruits of a battue. Even an old-fashioned sportsman may grant that for once the end justified the means.

Payne against Pleasure.

"It is reported that the Rev. Dr. PAYNE, Vicar of St. George's, Deal, has refused a donation of £5 from the late Mayor (JAMES R. LUSH, Esq.), on behalf of the Deal Dramatic Club, for distribution in coals, on the ground that he did not approve of the means by which it was obtained."—*Kentish Paper*.

"WHEN Churchmen triumph, Heaven is lost to sight."

So sang the bard in sharp satiric strain;

And here see Charity debarred of light,

Having to struggle through a darkened PAYNE.

PUNCH'S ALMANACK FOR 1880.

SPECIAL Meeting of the Meteorological Society called to discuss "Jupiter Pluvius."

Cabinet Council summoned to consider what is to be done with "CETEVAVO in London."

All ages, and especially the Middle Ages in fits over "The Knight and the Flea."

Mr. BRISKET and all the Butchers pronounce "Sweet Simplicity" a *prime cut*.

On the Stock Exchange nothing done but "quotations" from *Punch's Almanack*.

England and Italy hope to settle their international difficulty ("An Innocent Offender") without an appeal to arms.

Young Hunters named "Caldecott" and "Corbould."

THOMPSON'S *Seasons* nowhere: *Punch's* everywhere.

Question for Convocation:—Can the Son of a Bishop "adopt the Stage as a profession"?

The "Force" consider "Linked Sweetness long drawn out" as good as Sausages.

The Mint busy night and day coining Threepenny pieces to meet the enormous demand.

Punch's Almanack, 1880. Threepence.

BAD WEATHER FOR WORDS.

ON arriving at Chester in his way home, Mr. GLADSTONE, according to the newspapers, was received by a party of the leading citizens of Chester, including Sir THOMAS and Lady FROST. But there happened also to be in attendance another Frost, doing, however, his utmost to give the illustrious WILLIAM not a warm reception by any means, but just the reverse. This Frost, it needs hardly be said, was our old friend Jack Frost, who, ubiquitous as he has lately shown himself in this island, necessarily made his disagreeable presence felt on the Chester Station platform. Though of no political party, he has offered the ex-Premier every possible opposition during the whole of his progress; but in similar case his welcome to the PREMIER would have been equally freezing. Happily he failed to produce any affection of the vocal or respiratory organs which would have silenced the most wonderful and enduring of orators.

A Happy Home Cheap.

WE have never seen those desiderata, Home and Happiness in one, put up at anything like the low figure at which they are offered in the following advertisement from the *Daily Telegraph*:—

WANTED, LITTLE BOYS and GIRLS.—A Lady, 23 years established, offers a happy HOME, with careful training and education. Inclusive terms £1 12s. a month, or £5 5s. a quarter, with clothing.—Comfortable home for a genteel, useful young person, however backward in her education. Terms required, £3 the quarter.

Talk of Baby-Farming—here ought to be something like very superior "Boys' and Girls' Cultivation" on the *Squeers'* principle. Parents and Guardians, make a note of—and as you value poor children's happiness, don't take this "Lady's" offer.

Silver and Gold; or, Small Change for a Sovereign.

"If 'speech is silvern,' from crown piece to tizzy,"

Quoth GLADSTONE, "a run for change who can sustain so?"

"If 'silence is gold,' of my Sovereign," quoth DIZZY,

"I'm master, and, please my star,* mean to remain so."

* ["And Garter."—Ed.]

BILIN DIGESTIVE PASTILS are doubtless most valuable, but if you buy the "whole Bilin" they won't produce the same satisfactory and exhilarating effect as will PUNCH'S POCKET-BOOK for 1880, which will RELIEVE YOU INSTANTLY of Three-and-sixpence.



THE COMMISSARIAT.

Our Bandmaster (to Purveyor of Refreshments). "WE MUST HEV BEEF SANG-WITCHES, MARM! THEM HAM ONES MAKE THE MEN'S LIPS THAT GREASY, THEY CAN'T BLOW!"

A PSALM OF LIFE AT SIXTY.

What the Heart of the Old Man said to the Genial Gusher at Christmas Time.

TELL me not in Christmas Numbers
Life is but a gourmet's dream!
Sure your sense is dead or slumbers:
Peptics are not what they seem.

Life is serious! Life is solemn!
And good grub is not its goal;
Menu-making by the column
Helps not the dyspeptic soul.

Not delight from eates to borrow
Is the aim of prudent will,
But to eat so that to-morrow
Finds us not exceeding ill.

Feeds are long and health is fleeting;
And old stomachs, once so strong,
Find that indiscriminate eating
Very quickly puts them wrong.

In the banquet's dainty battle,
At the table's toothsome strife,
Feed not like dumb hungry cattle,
Wield a cautious fork and knife!

Trust no menu, howe'er pleasant;
Nightmare-Nemesis is dread;
Swig and swallow like a peasant,
You'll repent it when in bed!

Memories of big feeds remind us
Christmas pudding peace can slay;
Touch it, and next morn shall find us
Indigestion's helpless prey.

Pudding that perhaps another,
Light of heart and bright of brain,
Some strong-stomached younger brother,
Eating, sends his plate again.

Let us then beware high feeding,
Or the love of luscious eate,
Still abstaining, ne'er exceeding,
Learn to dodge dyspeptic fate!

A GOOD WORD FOR A GOOD WORK.

THERE was once a poor lad, who wrought in the brick-fields, carrying a crushing weight of wet clay on his small head all the day long, and at night, when his ragged little companions were sleeping or playing pitch-and-toss, teaching himself to read by the glare of the brick-kilns.

He learnt, and turned what he learnt to profit. He rose, and from lad to man filled every place in the brick-makers' craft with credit, rising from workman to foreman, and from foreman to manager.

And then he set himself to call attention to the cruel over-work and ill-treatment of the wretched children whose labour he had shared in carrying more than their own weight of clay on their heads from pit to table, and from table to row—untaught, uncared for, and too often under-fed and ill-clad. In due time he won attention to the wretched case of this class of workers, of whose labours and sufferings, at first, none knew but those who had lived the life and worked the work. In time he got the protection of law brought to bear on them, and in spite of neglect, opposition, and obloquy, procured the passing of an Act that brought these hapless little outcasts under the eye of Inspectors, limited their hours of toil, and secured them some scanty measure of teaching. But in doing this he gave grievous offence, and lost a well-paid situation.

Not daunted by this, the same man, whose business had made him conversant with the sufferings of another class of little ones not less neglected, the children of the barges, whose life is passed on our canals, and who, constantly moving, escape most of the influences and restraints of settled life, pent in overcrowded cabins, often beyond all control even of their own class—untaught, brutal, drunken, and violent—got attention fixed on this neglected population, and was the main agent in the passing of a law for the registration and inspection of canal-boats, with some imperfect provision for the care of the children on board them.

But in this work the man sacrificed not only his time but his

means, and found himself unprovided for, when he had accomplished these two labours of his life.

His name is GEORGE SMITH, and he lives at Coalville, Leicester.

A body of noblemen and gentlemen, who know the value of his labours, and the cost to himself at which they have been accomplished, headed by names as nobly unsectarian as the Right Hon. Lord ABERDARE (Chairman), the Most Hon. the Marquis of HARTINGTON, M.P., the Right Hon. the Earl of DERBY, the Right Hon. the Earl of SHAFTESBURY, K.G., the Right Hon. the Earl of ABERDEEN, the Right Hon. Lord JOHN MANNERS, M.P., the Right Hon. Lord EDMOND FITZMAURICE, M.P., the Right Hon. W. E. FORSTER, M.P., Sir CHARLES REEB, LL.D., Chairman of London School Board, and P. W. CLAYDEN, Esq., have started a subscription for Mr. SMITH and his family. It has not yet reached anything like the amount required.

This Christmas time seems a fitting one for *Punch* to plead the cause of this practical preacher of good-will to men, this friend of the friendless, this helper of those who, till he came, had none to help them. The Treasurer of the Fund is F. A. BEVAN, of BARCLAY, BEVAN & Co.; its Honorary Secretary, AUGUSTUS MIRAMS, Esq., of 1, Temple Gardens, London.

In the name of the children of brick-field and barge, let *Punch's* readers find, out of their benevolence, a mite for GEORGE SMITH of Coalville.

TITLE FOR A NEW ORGAN* OF THE "CHURCH AND STAGE GUILD."
—*The Christian Era*.

* Not a musical instrument, but a newspaper, my reverend and artistic friends.

A THREEPENNY PIECE.—The Westminster Play—*The Trinummus*.

A RITUALISTIC SONGSTER.—The Missal-Thrush.



LIPLEY
SANDWICHES. 1879. D. 11



MASTER AND MAN.

SCENE—Front of Country-house.

Visitor (starting for the Meet). "BY JOVE, THAT'S A GRAND GREY YOU HAVE THERE!"

Coachman. "YES, SIR. WANTS A GROOM TO SHOW HIM OFF PROPERLY!"

DAME EUROPA'S CHRISTMAS BOX.

PEACE and Goodwill? Ironie sound,
The watchword of the season,
Whilst trumpets sound and wars abound,
And riot palsies reason.
Poor Dame Europa! Creaking locks
And cracking hinges fright her;
The guarding of Pandora's box
Were cheerier task and lighter.

For all within seems wrathful din,
Safe progress at a sad lock;
In vain she thrusts her blade to aid
The power of Order's padlock.
Insurgent forces jar and clash
All armed suppression mocking,
Cold tyranny, rebellion rash,
In ceaseless conflict shocking.

"'Tis Sovereigns and Statesmen rule,"
Our Cynic Swaggerer vaunted;
In Europe's School this bitter Yule
That *bund* may well be daunted.
Watching the chaos dark and drear,
The jester murmurs sadly,
"If thus they rule the world, 'tis clear
They rule it very badly!"

With Russian knout and Teuton gag
Crown'd Power sets bad examples;
Assassin's steel against the heel
Whose iron mercy tramples.
'Tis vain! Be't CZAR, Drill-Sergeant POPE,
For all 'tis sheer insanity
By steel and rope, from light and hope,
To bar out poor humanity.

And England, where the bondsman's star
Once blazed, but now burns dimmer,
England that fanned, in peace or war,
Poor Freedom's feeblest glimmer,—

Is the fit on thee? Thou shake hands
With the crass combination
Of those who see in bonds and bands
Lost Order's sole salvation!

This war of selfish interests
And rights antagonistic
Threats thy new creed with sterner tests
Than shouts or pleas sophistic.
The flatterer hath thine ear to-day,
To sober Wisdom's sorrow;
But to the older, better way
Thou'lt turn—we trust—to-morrow.

Order is good; good is increase
Of righteous reigning power;
But sword-sway robs the world of peace,
And cancels Freedom's dower.
It can not hold! Best bide the rule
Of patient right and reason,
Trust that, and Europe's next fair Yule
Will be a gladder season.

Too Much of Turkey.

Nobody except an occasional and inveterate punster pretends to identify the Turkey traditionally sacred to Christmas with the Turkish Empire. Christmas, however, is distinctly characterised by a custom which exhibits one remarkable point of similarity between Britons and Turks. That is the general usage among all manner of cads, touts, underlings, attendants, and dependants, of demanding gratuities, which the British denominate Christmas Boxes, but which the Ottomans ask for under the name of *backsheesh* all the year round.

COIGN OF VANTAGE.—A Penny with two Heads.

Paris, and the Peace of the World.

"EVERY trouble of the world is a trouble of Paris," writes M. VICTOR HUGO, in the bundle of bombastic antitheses which he has contributed to the Album for the benefit of the sufferers by the Murcia inundations. If he had said that "Every trouble of Paris is very apt to be a trouble to the world," he would have been nearer the truth and quite as effective in his antithesis.

LATEST UNIVERSITY HONOURS.

SENIOR Wrangler—Duke of ARGYLL.
SMITH'S (W. H.) Prizeman—H.R.H. the Admiral Superintendent.

NEW LAMPS FOR OLD ONES.

PUNCH has long been pegging away at the Vestries and District Boards, to turn the street lamps to account for display of the street names after dark. His pegging has profited. He is glad to hear that the practice is spreading, and will soon, he hopes and trusts, be general. Wherever it is neglected, let rate-payers take up the cry, and bombard not their street lamps, but their District Boards. The manufacturer who has supplied labels with street names for the lamps in Camberwell, writes to *Punch* to say that he has furnished similar labels throughout the parishes of Kennington, St. George the Martyr Southwark, St. Mary's Newington, and Limehouse, as also to the boroughs of Leeds, Leicester, Birmingham, Bootle-cum-Linacre near Liverpool, and Newcastle-on-Tyne. He has also been supplying the Board of Works with lamp-tablets notifying the position of Fire-plugs and Hydrants, in the parishes of St. George the Martyr Rotherhithe, Deptford, Charlton, and Woolwich, and is now preparing to fix similar tablets in the parish of St. George the Martyr Hanover Square.

And now, besides this flood of new light, the fount of which having once been opened will go on flowing, *Punch* hopes, till all London is irradiated, and the night-wanderer will only have to cast his eyes up to the street lamp to read his whereabouts, we hear of new electric lights at the Victoria Station, and, better still, of a new railway carriage lamp, invented by Stagg, that later Lucifer, or Prometheus Lampadephoros of the nineteenth century. Already several trains of the Great Northern have been fitted with his new illuminating apparatus. The Great Northern but leads the way. Other lines must follow. Soon the present blinking, smoking, stinking railway-lamps, which only make darkness visible, and mock the efforts of the wretched traveller to decipher book or newspaper, will be of the past, to be looked back upon as the street-lanterns of old are now looked back upon in the light of gas, or as gas will one day be viewed in the brighter illumination of electricity.

"Light—more Light"—is *Punch's* cry, as it was fighting Ajax's, and dying GOETHE'S. All honour to Stagg for his railway-Argand-burner, and his new naphthalene with its forty-candle power—and when next he fits it to a train, may *Punch* be there to see, instead of to struggle with a tantalising twilight, as he does under the present mockery of railway-carriage illumination.

HINTS FOR A NEW AND ORIGINAL DRAMATIC COLLEGE.

CHAPTER II.

Endowment—How—Supposing—Pausing—Suggestion—Liberality—Encouragement—Chorus—Friezes—Originality—School—College—Bicycling—Sketch—Poker—Processional—Advantages—Arrangements—Novel Effects—Chest—Immense—Property—Wealth—Proctors—Costume—Attendants—Supers—More Notions—Notice—Curates—Curtains—Coryphæes—College—Dean—Chapter—In Our Next.

Of course in any scheme for such a genuine Dramatic College as I am designing, the question of endowment being satisfactorily assumed, the first consideration will be, how will it be laid out?

First, in the Building, or, if possible, buildings.

Suppose a College the size of King's in the centre of the University of Cambridge.

Here, for a moment—this being a very large subject, and requiring a considerable amount of space, as anyone acquainted with King's College, Cambridge, will admit—I pause in order to throw out a suggestion, as the more things, whether suggestions or hints,—that are thrown out, the clearer the space will become.

The suggestion is that everyone interested in this subject should kindly forward to this office, under cover to the present Responsible Writer, architectural plans and sketches for the proposed College.



The drawings shall be submitted to a Council for approval, and the designer, of the one that is decided upon as the best, shall be communicated with at once, and shall then

draw a prize for himself. The drawing of the prize shall be entirely at his own option, as, under the sanction of the Committee, he shall be empowered to draw whatever he likes, as much as he likes, and for as long as he likes.

Thus I start the scheme, in a liberal and generous spirit, which, I trust, will excite emulation.



Chorus of Students (without)—
Emulation! Emulation!
What I want is Emulation!

N.B.—Of course a resident Poet and Librettist will be required on the premises. Early applications necessary.



Chorus of Librettists (without) singing, if possible—
Application! Application!
Come and make an application!

The President of the Council (myself—as some one must be elected—reserves his own architectural designs for the College until he has seen the others, so that there may be no chance of anyone's copying his. Thus a fair opportunity will be afforded for originality.

The next object for the uses of the Endowment will be the establishment of—(1) a paid Official College Government; (2) Fellowships; (3) Faculties; (4) Schools; (5) Studentships; (6) Scholarships; (7) Sizar-ships; and (8) a Foundation School, in connection with the College, for the gratis Rudimentary Education

of the Young, which would be stocked with a constant supply of Fairies for Pantomimes, Imps, Goblins, Speaking Children for Melodramas, available for "turns" at any time of the year.

This is by no means an exhaustive Catalogue, but, like a bicycle, it is "something to go upon."

Supposing the College to form part of the University, the necessity of a Chancellor and a Vice need not be considered, as the Dramatic College authorities would of course be only too happy to accept present existing arrangements, and would specially undertake to find a responsible Pantomimist to carry the "poker" (red-hot first-rate property to be hired at so much an hour for the College) before the Vice-Chancellor on all State occasions. If this is at Cambridge, Mr. Merriman can have a string of traditional "Cambridge sausages" hanging out of his pocket. He will carry under his arm a book of the ancient *Joseph Miller's University Statutes*.



"POKER" PRECEDING THE VICE-CHANCELLOR TO THE SENATE-HOUSE (UNDER THE CONTEMPLATED PROCESSIONAL ARRANGEMENTS OF THE DRAMATIC COLLEGE).

Again, the University Senate-House would be at once placed in the hands of the Permanent-Scenic-Artist-Professor, and Senior Property-Master of the Dramatic College, who would see it properly furnished, taking a hint or two from the scene in *Othello*, and the other Senate-House in the *Merchant of Venice*. The Super-Master of the Dramatic College—a sort of musketry-drill instructor—would be charged with providing Senators at so much a dozen, to be paid out of the University Chest; and the University Chest might be the gift of Mr. HENRY IRVING, being the very identical Iron Chest used by him for so many nights at the Lyceum with a large property inside it. In this way, as in many others, the University itself would be immensely benefited by the accession of such an invaluable staff of Professors, as would be those of the New and Original Dramatic College, and none other genuine.

The Public Orator would be got up according to the generally-received type of what an orator, who has a public of his own, would be like.

The Proctors, or University Moral Police, would wear such a costume as would convey a distinct idea of their functions.

The Proctors' Assistants, or "Bull Dogs," would, for the first time in the history of the University, have a chance of appearing in character. They would be described in the programme—for no University function would be allowed to proceed without a programme, which could be supplied gratis ("No Fees"), or, with "a book of the words," could be sold for a shilling, and then



there would be more coin of 'vantage to the University chest—they

would, I say, be described, in the aforesaid programme, as belonging to the K 9 division, and they could wear puggarees.

The officials of the Genuine Dramatic College should be eligible for all the highest University posts—except, of course, the University lamp-posts, which at present are quite the highest in the place, and are the means of giving more light to the students than can very many of the elevated officials.

A Chancellor—so called from his election being quite a matter of chance, and not because the office was originally connected with a mediæval music-publisher, then termed "a Chaunt-seller,"—could be chosen from among the ranks. Mr. BEN WEBSTER wouldn't be a bad choice. The University could then take its "Ben," which would be its first professionally theatrical step for the good of the Academic coffers.

[N.B.—New Specific! No more Coughs or Colds at Cambridge!!! For Academic Coughers—try our "University Chest Lozenges." Look out for trade-mark, and light on one of our own boxes.]

Another eminent University dignitary is the High Steward. His office is, of course, to preside over all the kitchens of all the Colleges. He is generally chosen for his skill in smoothing down the Dons in a difficulty, and his office is called, from the peculiar style of his elocution, the "Buttery." It would be invidious to designate any one member of the Theatrical Profession for this important appointment, which would be admirably well filled by so many among them.

The duties of the High Steward are—

First,—Of course never to be a Low Steward.

Secondly,—Once a year, when game is in, to make a High Stew. Failing this last, he resigns his office; accomplishing this, he re-signs the contract for the next year.

Thirdly,—He has during the summer to personally examine the University Refrigerator. This duty arises from the view taken of him as the *H'ice Steward*.

Fourthly,—As the University Oculist, as the *H'Eye Steward*. But in this phase of his character he mustn't come out as a *Lothario*—or a *Highthario*—or the young uneducated girls of Girton College—I mean Girton College—would complain that he "eyes too 'ard." Of course this complaint about the eyes would come from the pupils themselves, and be remedied by the Oculist—sometimes by the Oculist.

By the way, Girton College would form an *anneze*,—an excellent *anneze*, under the female presidency of ANNE X.—name not known at present—to be called Curtain College, or Green Curtain College. The avenue leading up to it to be planted with green bays. Here New Curtain Lectures could be given. The sooner the Act is passed for this purpose the better; and once taken up, it is to be hoped that none will let the Act drop for the sake of the Curtain.

So much for Curtain College at present. The official Visitor of Curtain College might be the Revd. Mr. HEADLAM who has taken so deep an interest in the welfare of Curates and Coryphæes—the only fees permitted. Surely the *Head-lamb* could be trusted to look after the sheep, both black (the curates) and white (the ballet). But let us leave the Lambkins who would soon get accustomed, or *eyes'd* to their Head Lamb, and return *à nos moutons*, which provide the Chancellor with his woollack. Still, to a certain extent, Curtain College must be taken into the scheme, or where would be our *Portia*, our *Desdemona*, or any other moaner, our *Rosalind* or JENNY LIND—no, that's not Shakspearian, that's operatic. In a Chancelloress we should look for a *Lady Macbeth*, and as Lady Chancelloress she might become *Lady MacBETHEL*. But "Enough for this Chapter," as the Bishop said to the Dean when they'd got a quorum. *Au plaisir!*

A TECHNICAL DIFFICULTY.

(How to get Over it.)

MR. PUNCH, SIR,

I HEAR there's some talk of starting a "Technical University." What's the good of this, when Oxford and Cambridge alone can supply the whole machinery? Look here. Why not send Bootmakers to All Souls', Dock-labourers to Pembroke, the China Trade to Worcester, Poulterers and Butchers to Clare, and so on? Then you might have the Clothiers and Outfitters at the Taylors' Institute; while Conjuring could be taught daily at the "Pass School." In fact, there is no limit, if you only go at the thing practically. If you want to teach an ironmonger how to make a *tripos* mathematically, Cambridge is the place to send him to, isn't it? However, I leave further suggestions to you; and, being in the Lamp trade myself, throw this light upon the matter, as

Yours, technically,

A UNIVERSITY MODERATOR.

A CHRISTMAS GAME FOR TOMMY.—(Black) Draughts.



OF THE WORLD WORLDLY.

(SCENE—The Entrance Hall of Sir Gorgius Midas's London residence.)

Mamma. "ENFIN, MY LOVE! WE'RE WELL OUT OF THIS!! WHAT A GANG!!! WHERE SHALL WE GO NEXT?"

Daughter. "TO LADY OSCAR TALBOT'S, MAMMA!"

Mamma. "SHE SNUBS ONE SO! I REALLY CAN'T BEAR IT! LET US GO TO MRS. PONSONBY DE TOMKYN'S. IT'S JUST AS SELECT (EXCEPT FOR THE HOST AND HOSTESS), AND QUITE AS AMUSING."

Daughter. "BUT MRS. TOMKYN'S SNUBS ONE WORSE THAN LADY OSCAR, MAMMA!"

Mamma. "POOH, MY LOVE! WHO CARES FOR THE SNUBS OF A MRS. PONSONBY DE TOMKYN'S, I SHOULD LIKE TO KNOW, SO LONG AS SHE'S CLEVER ENOUGH TO GET THE RIGHT PEOPLE!"

STIRRING THE PUDDING.

A SONG FOR THE SEASON.

AIR—"The Roast Beef of Old England."

THE National Pudding all parties protest
By themselves is best planned, and compounded the best,
And each eager spoon-wielder will stoutly aver
All would turn out quite well had himself but a stir
At the glorious Plum-Pudding of England,
Old England's unequalled Plum-Pudding!

The Stirrers-in-Chief, who've their spoons in the pan,
Have been stirring away on their own special plan
For a tidy long time, and triumphantly say
That no Season has shown, for this many a day,
Such a splendid Plum-Pudding for England,
Such a genuine English Plum-Pudding!

Says the clever Chief-Cook, "Here are plums, if you please;
JOHN BULL, like Jack Horner, loves whoppers like these.
We will pour in the spirit, we won't spare the spice,
And we'll mix it, and stir it, and make it all nice,
This peerless Plum-Pudding for England,
This perfect Old English Plum-Pudding!"

And his mates back their Chef, and they stir and they shout,
"Leave the Pudding to us—we know what we're about;
Whilst those fellows—pooh! pooh! they would spare, they would
pinch,
And from spicing they'd shrink, and from stirring they'd flinch,
And so spoil the Plum-Pudding of England,
The old-fashioned English Plum-Pudding!"

But their rivals—oh, wildly each one waves his spoon,
And they cry, "You must call us to stir, and right soon.
For your Chef is a duffer, his cooking a dodge,
Mere messing and muddling to stickjaw and stodge
Of the fine old Plum-Pudding of England,
The famous old English Plum-Pudding!"

And there's one with a far bigger spoon than the rest,
Who, they say, both at mixing and stirring is best;
Prime stuff he turns out, made with taste and with care,
Pudding wholesome as toothsome, or so they declare,
Who'd have him stir the Pudding of England,
The wondrous old English Plum-Pudding!

Well, we know the old Saw about too many cooks;
But a Saw is not always so sage as it looks;
And a Pudding so big as JOHN BULL's may require
All the hands and the spoons that toil on and ne'er tire
Of stirring the Pudding of England,
The mighty old English Plum-Pudding!

The proof of the Pudding's in eating, they say;
And JOHN BULL, who must to eat it has likewise to pay;
And so, at this season, let's wish them success,
And hope that among them they won't make a mess
Of the rare old Plum-Pudding of England,
The old English Christmas Plum-Pudding!

MONSTER CHRISTMAS CRACKER.—Giving your Mother-in-law the good wishes of the season.



STIRRING THE PUDDING.

NEW WORK FOR WOMAN.



O a new sign
of the times
—a sign in-
scribed with
"Minor food
production"
—a Contem-
porary calls

attention. A Ladies' Society is being founded, which is to devote its energies to the development of "horticulture, poultry-raising, dairy-work, bee-keeping," and the like. It is suggested, though we are not aware that this will figure on the sign, that the Society may not even draw the line at pigs, and that we may see its Lady members deep in the mysteries of a different "wash" from that to which they have hitherto confined themselves, the upshot whereof will not be clean linen, but streaky bacon and delicately roseate pork.

Well—did we not read, only the other day, in the memoirs of the excellent wife and family of our exemplary primate, that Mrs. TAIT was wont to assign to each of her daughters a pig, as her special charge, to be sold, when fatted, and its price appropriated as the girl's special gift to her mother's Fulham Orphanage? What the Miss TAITs did for charity, the members of the new Society are to do for profit. But as charity begins at home, let it be understood that these Ladies are only beginning at the beginning, to go further and fare better, instead of worse.

Mrs. THORNE is announced as the foundress of this new "Ladies' Association for the promotion of horticulture and minor food production." It is a supplement, if we should not rather call it an introduction, to the Ladies' School of Cookery. It will help to supply the meat for which the other excellent Association should aid us to find cooks. *Prosit!*

There are diversities of gifts among women as among men. If some of our sisters follow their natural bent to Gorton and the Tongues and Sciences, others to the Female Medical School in Henrietta Street and the Healing-Art, why should not others, of a more material turn, find the best field for their energies in "minor food production"? There is room for them all. Let the minor-food-producers, with Mrs. THORNE at their head, hoist the petticoat—as MAHOMET is said to have hoisted his wife KADIJA'S—and write under it, "*In hoc signo vinces!*"

FROM MAY TO DECEMBER.

A TRAGEDY OF CONTRAST.

ACT I.

SCENE.—An Official Chamber. TIME.—Eight Months back. A Far-Seeing Premier discovered at open window, smiling radiantly at the little birds in the Spring sunshine. Enter a Sanguine Indian Secretary.

Sanguine Indian Secretary (holding out telegram). Ah, here you are! I've run all the way from the India Office without my hat, to bring you the joyful news.

Far-Seeing Premier (turning from little birds, still smiling). From LYTTON—ah! So the savage succumbs?

Sanguine Indian Secretary (with exultation). Yes, the submission is complete. He's to come to Gandamak to-morrow, to take any terms LYTTON offers.

Far-Seeing Premier. Excellent! A perfect Spring morning's surprise, and will quiet the Session like soothing-syrup. The whole scheme can now be realised imperially.

Sanguine Indian Secretary. Gradual incorporation—eh?

Far-Seeing Premier. Precisely. Before we finish this campaign, the standards of the EMPRESS shall be seen floating proudly in the blue haze that crowns— You haven't got a map of Afghanistan in your pocket, have you? What range runs north of Cabul?

Sanguine Indian Secretary (considering). I don't think it's a range. I fancy it's a river. Do you know, I don't think there's anything particular, but I'll look when I get back to the Office.

Far-Seeing Premier (encouragingly). Do. But don't bother yourself. A scientific frontier isn't always a physical phenomenon. Ha! ha! (Slaps him, good-naturedly, on the back.) We know that, don't we? So, wire to LYTTON "full powers." *Divide et impera.* Anything you like. "*Mysterium et potestas*"—that is, I mean, "*Imperium et libertas*." The good news, a glimpse of sunshine, and the little birds, have quite for once excited me. Come, confess it. This Afghanistan card has been the best I've played. Thank your stars that you serve under a far-seeing Chief!

(Takes up his hat. Sanguine Indian Secretary (taking his arm). I do. Ah, you are coming to the office. We'll look at the map, and wire together.

(Exeunt arm-in-arm, in the very best of spirits.)

ACT II.

SCENE.—Same as in Act I. TIME.—Yesterday.

Far-Seeing Premier discovered, brooding gloomily over a dying fire.

Enter a Sanguine Indian Secretary.

Sanguine Indian Secretary (holding up telegram). Ha! I'm glad I have found you in. Here, read this. Here's a mouthful!

Far-Seeing Premier (still staring at the fire). What, another of those beastly messages? Well—what is it now?

Sanguine Indian Secretary. Communication cut off. Tribes all risen like one man, and supports can't move up to reinforce.

Far-Seeing Premier. Hum! go on. What does LYTTON say?

Sanguine Indian Secretary. Oh, there's a whole lot of it. But it's all the same. Mulls in every direction. Commissariat broken down. GOUGH shut up at Gandamak. BRIGHT hedged in at Jellalabad. Here's a bit we can publish. "If the tribes do not disperse themselves on finding they make no impression on ROBERTS, a strong force will be pushed up, and re-open communications."

Far-Seeing Premier (grimly). Send that out to the papers with the "compliments of the India Office." I hope they'll like it.

Sanguine Indian Secretary. I hope they will. Talking of reinforcements, if this job proves tough—

Far-Seeing Premier (poking out the last embers of the fire with a dash). They must be poured in.

Sanguine Indian Secretary (dejectedly). Yes, but this mull may mean another Six Millions.

Far-Seeing Premier (starting up wildly, and waving the poker over his head). Six millions, or sixty! what do I care? We are in for it. Empires are not built up with halfpence. I'll still show the world that this Afghanistan card is the best I've played. If there is one thing on which I pride myself, it is prevision.

Sanguine Indian Secretary. Quite so. But if we mean a campaign or two, annexation, and the consequences in the shape of budget, where shall we be, do you think, this time twelvemonth?

Far-Seeing Premier. In Elysium! (Puts on his hat.) Come along. We must wire something like a programme to LYTTON. (Taking his arm.) Courage! and thank your stars you serve under a Far-Seeing Chief!

Sanguine Indian Secretary (with a sigh). I do! I do!

(Exeunt arm-in-arm, brushing away a tear as the Curtain falls.)

CHRISTMAS HINTS FOR CHRISTMAS-BOXES.

CHOOSE a good stock of registered envelopes at the Post-Office, and enclose in them Bank of England notes to your needy friends and relations. You can enjoy philanthropy and exercise in combination by yourself dropping some of these Christmas remembrances (in plain envelopes) into the letter-boxes of those for whom they are intended.

Send to the Bank of England or the Royal Mint for a supply of new half-sovereigns, and treat yourself to the novel sensation of watching the astonishment and delight on the faces of your accustomed callers on Boxing-Day, when you present them with these coins in lieu of the long-established sixpence or shilling.

In this distribution do not forget the Waits, the German and other bands, and the solitary itinerant performers, who have done so much to spread the knowledge of instrumental music in the street or square in which you live.

Another unexceptionable variety of the Christmas-Box is to engage several of the best boxes at the theatres when the pantomimes are at full speed, and distribute the tickets among those of your acquaintances whose families are largely in excess of their incomes. You yourself must not fail to secure a stall from which you can observe the gleeful countenances of your young friends above you.



A VERY DIFFERENT MATTER.

Southern Lord (staying at Highland Castle). "THANK YOU SO MUCH. I—AH—WEALLY ENJOY YOUR MUSIC. I THINK OF HAVING A PIPER AT MY OWN PLACE."

Sandy the Piper. "AN' FAT KIN' O' A PIPER WOULD YOUR LORDSHIP BE NEEDIN'!"

Southern Lord. "OH, CERTAINLY A GOOD PIPER LIKE YOURSELF, SANDY."

Sandy (sniffing). "OOH! INTEET!—YE MIGHT EASILY FIN' A LORD LIKE YOUR LORDSHIP, BUT IT'S NAE SAE EASY TO FIN' A PIPER LIKE ME WHATEVER!"

Assemble all your relations whose circumstances are not so affluent as your own round your dining-table, and insert in each one's napkin a bank-note or cheque. This new design in napkins will be much admired. Pay the travelling and hotel expenses of all those who have come from a distance, and give them hampers well stocked with Christmas cheer, toys, and illustrated publications, as a surprise for those who are left at home.

On Christmas Day take a long walk with a bag of sixpences in your hand, and without a thought, save one of good-natured pity, of Archbishop WHATELY and the Charity Organisation Society, distribute these coins to all you meet to whom you intuitively feel you can offer them without wounding their feelings. Repeat this experiment on New Year's Day, but on a different line of road.

KETCHING IT IN MORE WAYS THAN ONE.

ANOTHER man of mark has joined the majority. Mr. CALCRAFT, born with the century, and from 1828 to 1874 Finisher of the Law, expired on Saturday last week at Hoxton, full of years if not of honours. He might at least on his retirement have been decorated with a *cordon bleu*.

By almost a curious coincidence, on the subsequent Tuesday, Mr. CALCRAFT's successor, Mr. MARWOOD, adventured to come out at Sheffield as a lecturer.

"All kinds of curious people are turning up at Sheffield just now, the latest being Mr. WILLIAM MARWOOD, the executioner. Last night he announced to give his 'great lecture' on 'The Times,' and about six hundred people assembled to listen to him. The great lecture proved to be a very small one. After some rambling talk on the Bible, the Irish Question, the QUEEN, and the election, in the course of which he repeated himself again and again, MARWOOD abruptly sat down, being, as the Chairman said, a very nervous man."

The *Echo* adds that "ultimately the audience became clamorous, as Mr. MARWOOD, after a second attempt to go on, sat down in despair. . . . Apparently most of them had come expecting to hear something of MARWOOD's professional experiences, which the Chairman said it was impossible for him to give." Instead of that—

"Commencing with a religious exhortation, he reminded his hearers that the wheel of Time was constantly casting people off into eternity, whereupon a wag shouted, 'And so is thy rope.' As to the election, he was content to express a hope that the best man would win. He rejoiced that England is at present on friendly terms with all the Powers, and her mission was to take Christianity to all the nations of the earth."

Is Jack Ketch also among the Preachers? Mr. MARWOOD, "if a very nervous man," seems also to be a decidedly cheeky one. His transition from the scaffold to the platform having proved a failure, he will now, perhaps, return from the platform to the scaffold. Mr. MARWOOD is reputed to be "the inventor of the long drop." He naturally, therefore, gave himself plenty of rope; with the proverbial consequence. May his melancholy fate prove a warning to other pretenders not to attempt performances beyond their line. In the public executioner attempting to deliver a lecture, what a regular "hempen homespun" have we had swaggering at Sheffield!

POLITICS FOR THE PRESENT.

CONSIDER the conformation of a slice of plum-pudding, boys, and be careful how you introduce the thin end of the wedge.

HOW TO BRING A QUESTION WITHIN THE RANGE OF PRACTICAL POLITICS (in the *Days of William the Conqueror*).—Murder a few Policemen. Blow up a few Prisons.



BROTHERS AND SISTERS.

Grown-up Sister. "OH, CHARLEY, IF YOU MUST GO AWAY, CAN'T YOU INTRODUCE ME TO ONE OF YOUR SCHOOLFELLOWS, TO LOOK AFTER ME TILL YOU COME BACK?"

Charley. "OH NO! IT WOULDN'T DO! IT WOULD BE SO ROUGH ON A FELLOW TO FAG HIM OUT LIKE THAT!"

THE SISTER AT OUR GATE.

THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH, Vice-Queen of Ireland, has turned that somewhat empty dignity to useful account, by her plea addressed to the millions in England who have to spare for the tens

of thousands in the West of Ireland, whom this cruel winter has found insufficiently provided with such poor food and fuel as they are but too thankful to have in average years in sufficient quantity to keep life together.

Surely her prayer will be answered. If England could find her

hundreds of thousands for starving ryots in India, and her tens of thousands for victims of famine and inundation in France and Hungary, and her alms for all sufferers, all the world over wherever a great need calls, she will surely find of her abundance to stay the hunger and warm the nakedness of the poor Sister at her gate!

The means of organisation at the command of the Vice-Queen of Ireland should insure the right application of whatever help England may give; and there is no fear, in spite of all that Irish agitators may do to harden English hearts against their dupes, or tools, but that the blessing of warm Irish hearts will go up over the gift of kindly English hands.

A PLEA FOR CHRISTMAS DINNERS.



THIS is Christmas time—and a hard, cold, nipping, seasonable Christmas time if ever there was one—the time to show that our hearts appreciate the season—the season of hospitality and charity, and—best and cheeriest of all—of that hospitality which is charity at the same time.

There are all sorts of clamouring mouths held up, and craving hands held out—all alike deserving, it may well be, as far as need goes—but so numerous that a whole Christmas Number would not suffice to contain their mere names. There is the organisation for Destitute Children's Dinners; the Cottage Mission,* with

its prayer for the wherewithal to find a better Irish stew than PARNELL'S for some hundreds of starving little ones, to whom the mere smell of Irish stew must be as a whiff from the Garden of Eden—its taste, Eden itself.

There is the prayer for "Robin Dinners," the quaint idea of some kindly soul, fired by a Christmas Robin Redbreast's song in *Heart and Hand*, who invokes the name of the bird on behalf of the little "ragged Robins," the weeds of our gutters and slums.† No matter to which hospitable charity they give, let all our readers give to one or other, and justify their own abundant Christmas dinners by the thought that they have found a dinner for some of those who, without them, would have gone dinnerless on the day of good-will.

* Mr. A. AUSTIN, 14, Finsbury Circus.

† See the plea prettily pleaded in a pretty little volume, *Robin's Carol, and What Came of It*, emanating from the abode of the anonymous organiser, 7, Paragon, Blackheath.

HAPPY-THOUGHT GUIDE TO LONDON.

(Being a Dickens of a Dickensionary for the use of Visitors to the Metropolis.)

X.—This letter has cost me a lot of trouble. I have besought anyone and everyone to tell me what he knew about any place in London beginning with "X."

The answers could be divided into four classes:—(a) the positively negative, (b) the irritatingly humorous, (c) the stupidly ambiguous, and (d) the undeniably rude.

Class (a).—These had never heard of any place beginning with X, never wished to, didn't want to be bothered, and said good-day as soon as possible, and walked off.

Class (b).—The irritatingly humorous. These wags knew of a score of such places.

"Any number of 'em," said one.

I prepared pencil and paper.

"Any number!" I exclaimed, delighted. "Any number of places beginning with X! Go on—name them."

Then came the irritating reply,

"X represents an unknown quantity."

I left in disgust.

Fifty, at least, replied at once, as if struck by quite an original

idea, "Oh, X-eter Hall, of course." Others suggested, "The X-change." One held out some hope.

"You might fairly write the crosses as 'X.' As, for x-sample, 'King's X,' 'Charing X,' and so forth."

I thanked him and made my x-it.

Several humorous persons suggested that under "X," "Double X," and "Treble X," I should include all the Breweries.

I gave up the humorous people. They were unfeeling and unsympathetic.

In the next Class (c) were the stupidly ambiguous, who winked slyly, and asked why I wanted to know. One of them suggested that I might include one particular part of London under "X," i.e. St. Mary Axe, if "Axe" were only pronounced "Exe," in a sort of Mincey Lane fashion. This wouldn't do.

The last class indulged in repartees which with a less busy man would have led to breaches of the peace, courts of law, mandamuses (or "mandami," as a lawyer's clerk, who had learnt his Latin grammar to some purpose, said it ought to be—for if *hippopotamus* in the plural is *hippopotami*, oughtn't two *mandamus*es to be expressed by *mandami*?)—appeals, certioraris, Houses of Lords, Queens in Councils, and Empresses in India, but, fortunately, I have neither time nor money for these costly luxuries. So I merely took somebody else's umbrella out of the Club-stand, and left as the shades of evening were falling fast.

No, after fair Xamination I conclude that there is no X in London at the present moment, unless there be a church dedicated to Saint Francis Xavier. When we want to add to London, evidently we must have *An-x*.

YACHTING CLUBS.—For special information apply to any of the Jolly Young Watermen at the various London cab-stands. The members of Yachting Clubs must always be in Yachting costume—i.e., *costume de rigueur*. The general rule—or the admiral rule—is, that everyone must "know the ropes."

YOUNG MEN'S ASSOCIATION.—Entirely intended for the Young Ladies.

YORICK CLUB.—For Theatrical Amateurs. Originally started by "some village Hamlet."

YORK PLACE.—As an article of consumption not so celebrated as York Hams, York Place is caught in the Archbishop's See of York.

ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.—The most delightful lounge in the Metropolis, though a beastly place. The animals are fed at regular hours, but visitors can feed themselves at any time. The Bears at any hour are ready for buns, which are thrown to them by privileged subscribers, each of whom, though no rabbit, is what the French term a *bunny*.

This letter finishes the Alphabet, but, in reply to numerous inquiries at our Letter-Box Office, the present Compiler begs to make the following address:—

To Correspondents.

DEAR LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

You have asked me not to stop at "Z," but to add several other letters—in fact, to "keep it going." Immediately on receiving your request, I applied to the Post-Office, but the authorities there informed me that it was utterly impossible for them to give me any more letters. I add to my alphabet, on my own account, this one letter, which is more of a postscript than a letter, and remain

Your humble Alphabetical Guide, Philosopher, and Friend,
H. T. G.

IN THEIR STOCKINGS.

Christmas Eve Surprises—Selected.

The Emperor of Russia's.—A "Constitution" in good working order.

Mr. Gladstone's.—A majority from Midlothian.

The Sultan's.—A Christmas-box—in ready money.

Mr. Labouchere's.—All the back numbers of the *Daily Telegraph*, gilt-edged, bound in vellum, and labelled "*Magna est veritas et prevalebit*."

M. Grévy's.—A French moderator—properly trimmed.

Lord Lytton's.—An Earl's coronet, and a free passage to Southampton.

Lord Salisbury's.—A bundle of Christmas Cards from the Duke of ARGYLL.

The Duke of Argyll's.—A box of Christmas Bon-bons from Lord SALISBURY.

Lord Beaconsfield's.—A recipe for a few hours' real peace, with or without honour, at Hughenden.

And Ceteaway's.—A roast ox, half-a-dozen of rum, and *Punch's Pocket Book* for 1880.

ERRATUM.—We have to correct a mistake in "A Floating Tom Tiddler's Ground" in our last number. The *Eldorado* is not a P. and O. steamer.

NEW YEAR WISHES.

From the Sage to All and Sundry.

SOUND out,
merry bells,
the last
"twelve"
of the
year!
Clash loud
through
the night
from the
clock-tower
near.

While the
Sage in his
sanctum is sitting alone,
His task, like the bells', for
old Seventy-Nine done;
And, again like the bells',
though a trifle more
weighty,
To be taken up soon for
young incoming Eighty.
Good wishes all round's the
first work of the year,
And to friends and to foes,
to the far and the near,
The Sage sends them forth
on the wings of his Wit.
"What d'ye lack?" The
old cry of the huckstering
cit
Is his cue. May the
New Year bestow as it
flies
Better sense on the fool,
greater strength on the
wise,

On the eloquent tact, on the satirist heart,
On the clever more conscience, more taste on the smart.
Your health, my deft DIZZY, here's wishing you luck,
Higher goals for your power, and patience, and pluck;
Better judgment in choosing new watchwords for BULL;
And, to warn that cold gumption of which you are full,
Just a spark of that much-contemned zeal for the right
Which steadies the aim while it sharpens the sight,
And, like a straight jock's patient pounding, comes fast,
When the dodgers are done with, and wins at the last.
More power to your elbow, Friend GLADSTONE, grey youth,
And, a trifle more tact in your zeal for the truth.
May your seventy-first year bring you triumphs, dear G.,
Plus a wee bit of skill in the Art of *précis*.
Stout Brummagem JACK, here's your health in a bumper!
May fairness more temper your force as a thumper;
Be a little less eager to butter the Yankee
And bully the Briton, and *Punch* will say, "Thank ye."
To SALISBURY let us wish less of asperity,
And, let's say, a clear-up in his views about verity,
To NORTHCOTE more backbone, to LYTON more light,
To PARNELL less sense of wrong, more sense of right,
To BULL fewer bogies, more trade, finer weather,
And parties who pull rather better together.
Good wishes! Their objects may turn up their noses,
Content with their state, as the dying year closes.
No matter! Here's health to the grumblers all round,
And ere the next New Year's bells cheerily sound,
May they learn *Punch's* greetings, though pungent, are still
Inspired by an honest and hearty good-will,
Still informed by good sense which ne'er gushes or cants—
Those best New Year's wishes that go to worst wants.

Shutting the Stable-door, &c.

THE Indian Government is concentrating an Engineering Staff on the Railway from Peshawur to Jellalabad. Colonel BONUS, R.E., is the Engineer-in-Chief. Let's hope he'll be a good one. But hitherto the Bonuses of the great Indian Engineering Firm of BEACONSFIELD, LYTON, & Co., have not been brilliant.

"IT'S AN ILL WIND," ETC.

MR. PARNELL has started gaily for America, and carries with him the best wishes of the Irish Landlords. Having kindly secured for them a very light November gale, they now fervently wish him a very heavy December one.

PRECIOUS RAILWAY PASSENGERS.

AFTER a gallant resistance on the part of the South-Western Railway Company to the claim of £16,000 awarded by a jury to Dr. PHILLIPS, a London physician, as compensation for injuries caused by negligence of their servants, the Court of Appeal has confirmed that verdict, and the Company will have to pay the money. Down on the nail, too; for their counsel, Serjeant BALLANTINE, in vain besought the Court for a stay of execution. The Court said they had no power to stay execution; and might have added, that if they had any they would certainly not exert it. The plaintiff had lost a practice of £7,000 a year by the defendants' default, and the Lords Justices perhaps considered that, willing as they might feel to be as merciful as possible to the poor Company, they were bound rather to compassionate the poor physician, and not to stay, but, had they been able, on the contrary, to hasten execution as fast as possible.

So now what will the South-Western Railway Company do? Will its Directors take counsel together, and enact a new bye-law declining conveyance of passengers earning incomes over a stated amount, except at augmented fares? Will they require such passengers to declare themselves, their callings, profits, or earnings, and to submit themselves to be labelled "Doctor," "Lawyer," "Author," "Artist," "So much a year. With extra care"? Or will they, more prudently, consult with a view to the completest possible correction of any discoverable defect in their existing arrangements likely to result in the bodily harm of somebody, and to be detrimental to any passenger's income large or small? Perhaps by this time they have fully corrected some, at least, of the defects of that description which they have had repeatedly pointed out to them. Peradventure, there now no longer remains at any of their stations a single platform to whose level the descent has to be made either by a step so narrow as to be unmanageable without risk of slipping, or by the expedient of jumping down—great-toe and other lower extremities of elderly gentlemen affected with gout, notwithstanding.

In the meanwhile, Railway Companies should be careful how they carry physicians, or other professional gentlemen in large practice. They are in like position with the boatman who carried CÆSAR and his fortunes, with the difference that if they fail to take due care of CÆSAR, they may find themselves obliged to make the wreck of CÆSAR's fortunes good.

A NEW POSTAGE-STAMP.

WE are promised a new postage-stamp, of a paler red—which looks as if Ministers wished to disclaim a warlike policy,—and with better gum,—a symbol, it may be said, of their adhesiveness or determination to stick to their places. The Queen's Head, we are glad to hear, will remain intact. In these days of Nihilist and Socialist attempts on Royal lives, this may be meant to reassure timid people. It is true that in England the danger to the Queen's Head is Nihilist in another than the Russian sense—in that it amounts to nothing, and arises from nobody.

But, after all we have heard of Lord BEACONSFIELD's views, it is a comfort to know that the Queen's Head remains where it was—at least on her subjects' letters. In the impression on her subjects' hearts there never was any question of change.

AUGURY AT FAULT.

A SEVERE winter is commonly said to be betokened by flocks of fieldfares and redwings. Ornithological observers report that they have not seen any. Perhaps the severe summer killed them all.

TO BE READ WITH A SCIENTIFIC EYE.

"CABUL" when we would sit on,
"Cab-l-under" we have lit on!

THINK OF THE POOR LETTER-CARRIERS!—The best Postman's Christmas-Box—A Letter-Box in the front-door.



LEAP-YEAR, 1880.

An Old Nursery-Rhyme.

(New-set for Sheffield.)

WADDY and WORTLEY were two ready men,
 They talked like steam-engines again and again.
 The odds upon WORTLEY they ran very high,
 With Bungs, Blues, and Tearemites all in full cry.
 But the Blues they might bounce, and the Bungs they might brag,
 The PATS who backed WADDY gave WORTLEY the bag!

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

SAID PASHA, it is stated in a Constantinople telegram, has issued an order prohibiting the Slave Trade in the SULTAN's dominions, under a penalty of a year's imprisonment and the manumission of the slave. This is all very well, *Said*; but when will it be *Done*?

A "LEAP"—IN THE DARK!—1880!



THE CIMABUE BROWNS. ("TRAIN UP A CHILD," &c.)

Antiquated Grandpapa (fresh from Ceylon). "Now, my DARLINGS, WE'RE GOING TO MAKE A REGULAR DAY OF IT. FIRST WE'LL GO TO THE ZOO. THEN WE'LL HAVE A JOLLY GOOD BLOW-OUT AT THE LANGHAM HOTEL. AND THEN WE'LL GO AND SEE THE PANTOMIME AT DRURY LANE!"

Master Cimabue. "THANKS AWFULLY, GRANDPAPA! BUT WE PREFER THE NATIONAL GALLERY TO THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS!"

Miss Monna Givronda. "YES, GRANDPAPA!—AND WE WOULD SOONAH HEAR HANDEL'S *JUDAS MACCABEUS*, OR SEBASTIAN BACH'S GLORIOUS 'PASSIONS-MUSIK,' THAN ANY PANTOMIME, THANK YOU!"

SEASONABLE CELEBRATIONS.

At the urgent solicitation of his Welsh neighbours, who feel that as he lives in Wales it is only just that he should favour that country with a public exposition of his views and opinions, Mr. GLADSTONE has consented, with the beginning of the new year, to speak in public at Llanidloes, Machynlleth, Pwllheli, Swansea, the Cathedral Cities, and the principal railway stations, and from the Menai Bridge. A torchlight procession up Snowdon is in contemplation as a grand *finale* to the campaign, but it is feared that the season will interfere with Mr. GLADSTONE delivering an address on the financial position of the country from the summit. Great preparations are making for Mr. GLADSTONE'S reception throughout the Principality; and presents of Welsh ale, Welsh flannels, Welsh slates, Welsh ponies, and Welsh rabbits, will greet him at every stage of his progress.

We are glad to announce the revival of some fine old Christmas customs by the legal profession. On an early night in the holidays a Lord of Misrule, and a Master of the Revels, will be elected. The Judges, Queen's Counsel, Benchers, and Barristers, will assemble under their auspices, in the Great Hall of the Middle Temple, and take part in a game of Snapdragon. Afterwards the Sergeants-at-law will sing a selection of glees and carols; and a steaming wassail-bowl, borne on the shoulders of the two junior County Court Judges, will close the entertainment.

The LORD MAYOR and the LADY MAYORESS will be "at home" in Guildhall, on New Year's Eve. A gigantic Christmas-Tree will be the principal attraction, with Gog and Magog as supporters. The LADY MAYORESS, assisted by the Sheriffs and the Society of Arts, will also preside over a "bran-tub," in which the Aldermen, Common Councilmen, and Corporation Officers, the Masters and Wardens of the City Companies, the Cabinet Ministers, the Ambassadors, and

the Elder Brethren of the Trinity House will have the privilege of "dipping."

Dr. B. W. RICHARDSON has invited a party of the principal scientific chemists to dine with him on New Year's Day. After dinner, samples of the wines bequeathed to Dr. RICHARDSON by Sir W. C. TREVELYAN will be placed on the table, and subjected to qualitative and quantitative analysis.

The time-honoured custom of seeing the Old Year out and the New Year in will be kept up by the Horological Society, assisted by the Queen's Remembrancer, the Master of the Ceremonies, and the Staff of Greenwich Observatory. The Horologists perform on their new chronometers on this occasion; and the scene will be illuminated by the Electric Light.

On Twelfth-Night the Earl of BEACONSFIELD will entertain the Conservative Peers who are minors, and a large party, both juveniles and adults, in the apartments of the Stationery Office. A great variety of conjuring tricks and illusions, and some novel and startling experiments with chemicals, &c., will be prominent features in his Lordship's programme.

The annual dole of cigarettes and *Curaçoa*, accompanied with warm stockings, will be distributed on New Year's Day to decayed and deserving Members of the Honourable Corps of Gentlemen-at-Arms, in the Colour-yard of St. James's Palace, by the Prince and Princess of WALES.

Boar and Bore.

AN OVIDIAN (NOT DARWINIAN) METAMORPHOSIS.

(*A Flash from a Midlothian Faggot.*)

OBLIQVO laceravit aper Calydonius ictu:
Ore Caledonius lassat nunc rhetor aperto.

THE "FIRST FOOT" 1880.



which everybody can see the stage. That is the problem. Required a single London theatre in which it is solved at present.

CUSTOM of the North,
As the Old Year struggles forth,
And the Young Year, his inheritor, comes with the joy-bells in,
Is that who steps earliest o'er
The threshold of the door,
As the "first foot" doth the wassail-cup and cheer of welcome win.

So with the infant year,
Punch, the friend of all, is here,
With peace and good-will greeting to his readers high and low.
Better first foot than he I trow could never be
To come in with the joy-bells, 'neath the stars, across the snow.

A Desideratum.

LET us hope that when the BANCROFTS are about re-modelling the Haymarket, they will improve on Lord BEACONSFIELD, and give us not only a "scientific front-tier," but a scientific second and third tiers, too—in fact, a dress-circle from

PRESENTS FROM OUR CHRISTMAS-TREE.

Earl of Beaconsfield.—A pair of Garters for two legs—one embroidered "*Imperium*," and the other "*Libertas*."

Lord Cranbrook.—A rod in India pickle.
Sir Michael E. Hicks-Beach.—A barrel of the best Anglo-Dutch and another of Natives.

Mr. Montagu Corry.—An elegant and useful Secretary, with private drawers.

Mr. Bright.—A firkin of best American butter.

Lord Chelmsford and Sir Bartle Frere.—Collars of their Orders in Cape diamonds.

Earl of Derby.—A reversible Coat, warranted a perfect fit at last.

Mr. Gladstone.—The *Heart of Midlothian*, in cloth, (best tweed,) and a ton of Butter-Scotch.

Mr. Lowe.—A packet of Grantham Gingerbread.

Sir Wilfrid Lawson.—A Christmas hamper, containing two bottles of lemonade, two of Apollinaris and two of soda-water, a plum-cake, a pound of tea, and a packet of loaf-sugar.

Mr. Mackonochie.—An ecclesiastical Suit, Oxford mixture, warranted durable.

Marquis of Salisbury.—A Russian Note-Paper-Case, with cipher, and key to ditto.

Miss Terry.—A fourth Casket, with her portrait as *Portia* set in diamonds.

Mr. Waddy.—Fourteen thousand sharp Sheffield Blades.

SUGGESTION FOR MADAME TUSSAUD.

As a set-off to the Chamber of Horrors—a Chamber of Beauties, with a ring of British belles in full swing.

OLD GRUMPS'S CHRISTMAS DINNER ALPHABET.

A was A 1, that's *me*, asked for my money;
B was the Bosh, which some asses think funny;
C was the Children, big bores—great and small;
D was the Dinner, turkey, mince-pie, and all;
E was the Evening I thought ne'er would end;
F was the "Family"—not a good blend;
G was the Greengrocer, proud of his post;
H was the Husband, a much henpecked host;
I was the Idiot, old stories who told;
J was his Jokes, whose reception was cold;
K was the Kitchen, where things went to pot;
L was the Lady-help, helpless and hot;
M was the Music, through which people talked;
N was the Noodle, my good things who balked;
O was the Oranges, dreadfully acid;
P was the Poker of fun, pert and placid;
Q was the Quizzer, who wore out my patience;
R was the Row, among too near relations;
S was the Snub, which I gave when'er crossed;
T was my Temper, several times lost;
U 's the Umbrella, they said I'd mislaid;
V the Vexation I freely displayed;
W my Will—which those folks shan't be better for;
X the Expense, which, thank Heaven, I'm no fretter for;
Y stands for Yule with its prickles of holly;
Z for the Zanies who call Christmas jolly.

CLAIMS OF THE "CLAIMANT."

MR. PUNCH, SIR,

Talk of Liberals avin' sitch a preshus feller-feelin for the People, Hoo was it as passed two sentences of penial servitude to foller one arter tether upon the unfortunate Nobleman now a languagin at Porchmouth? Hoo, but Lord Chief justass COBURN? Yah! He's a Liberal, he is; and wot politics is the ATTORNEY-GENERAL that's been and granted a fie-at agin his judgment as will werry likely amount to a New Year's Gift of liberation to Sir RODGER TICHBORNE, leastways next Febuary. Wy, a Conserwa-

tive is Sir JOHN OKER, and as a member of Her Majesty's Guvment no doubt he've done wise in consultin the convictions and feelins of many a true Englishman that can't and won't be convinced or persuaded nohow, say what yer like, but wot im they calls the Claimant is the riteful Hare. The Lower Orders, the Cads, the Residyum as they're called by the erty Aristouquacks, they knows hoo to look to for their reel Friends, witch favours their wishes.

I'm bound to say there's meny and meny a burrow where the Ministerial Candidate at the next election will pole the vote of every man jack which puts faith in the Hurl of BEACONSFIELD, cause as how he likewise beleeves in that there other Nobleman aforesaid, and which is also the sentemence of your umbal servant,

WILLIAM PUTTY.

P.S.—A Conservative Working-Man.

MILITARY NINEPINS.

Despatch from General R. :—

My Army Corps temporarily shut up in a very strongly fortified position. Will make short work of the enemy when Gen. B. comes up. Meantime quite comfortable. *No danger!*

Despatch from General B. :—

My troops quite strong enough, but can't go far. Will smash the foe as soon as Gen. G. arrives. Quite happy. *No danger!*

Despatch from General G. :—

My soldiers in splendid fighting trim, and full of dash. When Col. M. joins with his contingent, will carry all before us. All serene. *No danger!*

Despatch from Viceroy :—

WHEN M. joins G., and G. unites with B., and B. reinforces R., we may expect a speedy termination of this brilliant campaign, so ably planned and so promptly carried out. Meanwhile, it is satisfactory to be assured on all hands that there is *no danger!*

MORE SHORT THAN SWEET.—We regret to see that the brief comment on "*Such a good man*" at the Olympic is "*SUCH a bad play.*"



A RECOLLECTION OF THOMAS FAED R-A & THE YEAR 1879.

CONVIVIAL CULTURE'S NEW YEAR'S EVE.

MR. PUNCH has been favoured with the following:—

"Avalon by Caelraon. Eve of a Dying Year."

"MY QUIANT AND CHARMING FRIEND,

"For so, my dear Mr. Punch, I think I may be allowed to address you—I want you, who so truly appreciate the fresh spirit that animates us, to let me offer your readers a few hints as to the only possible æsthetic fashion in which culture can stoop to the celebration of that revel of Philistinism, the modern holiday. I would teach you, and those who, like you, strain with aching eyes towards that subtler beauty, which neither you nor they can understand, how to greet the awaking of another—

'Long and languid year.'

"And first, understand that the spirit of the Old World Masque—."

Press of matter obliges Mr. Punch to condense the interesting communication of his cultured correspondent.

He has, however, run roughly through his ten pages of very cramped manuscript, and the following will be found a pretty complete *précis* of its contents:—

On the evening of the 31st December, ask all the people you know to look in at about eleven, in cotton-velvet doublets, tight silk hose, and frizzy hair.

When your guests are assembled in rooms without carpets, but hung with worm-eaten tapestry, very yellow Old Church lace, and Venetian mirrors, and set about with ancient settees, too rickety to recline upon, and angular chairs that go over if sat down on un-mediævally, go out into the street with your family (in silk tights), and accompany yourselves on various three-stringed instruments, a mediæval hand-organ, a ring of bells, a pipe and tabor, and timbrels, in a "*Nowell*," until stopped by sneezing or ordered off by the police.

Come in and pose a bit, and get warm, if you can, on a supper copied from a rare Florentine menu of FRANCESCO DELLA INDIGESTIBILE, the chief feature of which should be a cold pasty of Ligurian ortolans, served up with slices of raw cabbage.

Hang about listlessly, addressing young Ladies as "damosel," their Mammas as "Lady mine," and any fellow you do or don't know, as "Sir Knight." Keep this up till the ortolan pasty begins to tell on the company, and then get as many of the guests as you can to form a procession in the street outside, and with a Middle Age *motel* or carol, to wake the long and languid Year.

If this doesn't bring the neighbourhood down on you, and necessitate a visit in the early morning to the nearest police-court, go home and pledge "the fleeting tide of time" in the nearest approach to Ypocras or Malvoisie as drunk by the Troubadours, that you can get at your "Stores," and go to bed congratulating yourself that you have seen the New Year in in a spirit of true æsthetic culture.

N.B.—If your hair is much frizzled, take care you don't go too near the gas.

The above is pretty much what Mr. Punch makes of the æsthetic programme, which he recommends to those of his readers—if any—to whom the old-fashioned Philistine way of seeing the Old Year out and the New Year in, is a pain and a reproach.

"AT BAY!"

RINGED by the wild and wolfish pack,
In dense and denser bands—
Above him storm-clouds lowering black,
Around him snows and sands—
A moment, borne by numbers back,
At bay the Lion stands!

His back against the rifted rock,
Not firmer rooted there
Than he against the assailant's shock,
With savage fangs set bare,
Reckless how many thousands flock
Down from their mountain-lair.

Not his nor ours to ask the why
Or wherefore of the fray,
That thus before a wolfish cry
The Lion brings to bay—
Of strength for nobler empery,
And less ignoble prey.

Enough, the Lion's of our blood,
And to the work address,
For which stern duty, ne'er withstood,
Hath on him laid behest,
Bidding him make his Empire good
North and south, east and west!

So while our Lion stands at bay,
Our prayers must be for him,
That his strong arms may cleave their way,
His clear eyes wax not dim,
Till Lion-prowess shall o'er-
sway
Wolf-numbers, gaunt and grim!

ANGLO-IRISH IDEAS.

BESPEAKING the Huddersfield Liberal Club, and referring to Home-Rule, Mr. E. A. LEATHAM, M.P., said:—

"He should be very glad to see strictly Irish business transferred at once from London to Dublin. He would also like to see Ireland governed according to Irish ideas."

If Irish business could be transferred from London to Ireland, Imperial business would, no doubt, be less impeded. But, then, Mr. LEATHAM, if you ever live to see Ireland governed by Irish ideas, how much Irish business of any kind do you expect to see done in Dublin, or anywhere? Sure, your Honour, aren't Irish Ideas of business, as developed by Ireland's Representative Home-Rulers, simply Obstruction?



AN INFANTILE SELL.

Effie. "NOW I'M THE CLOCK. I'LL TICK, AND YOU TELL ME WHEN TO STRIKE, AUNT! TICK—TICK—TICK—TICK," &c., &c.

Aunt. "NOW STRIKE!"

[*Effie boxes her Aunt's ears.*]

MINISTERIAL NEW YEAR'S ENTERTAINMENT.

WITH a view to stem the tide of Liberal reaction, and at once to amuse themselves and the North Country public by a seasonable entertainment in these depressing times, the Members of the Ministry have agreed to give a *Soirée* in one of the Industrial Capitals of the North, which is not yet definitely settled. *Punch* has been favoured with an early copy of the Programme:—

Exhibition of Dissolving Views, by the Earl of BEACONSFIELD. Grand display of Magic-Lantern Slides, showing "Beauties of Cyprus;" "Views of Old and New Stamboul," in which will be shown the Shadow Entertainment popularly known as "*Les Ombres Turques*" or Karagoos, with the humours of the Old Turk improving himself off the face of Europe; "Herd of White Elephants at Play." A "Scientific Frontier" (with Phantasmagoric effects). Concluding with grand Allegorical Tableau representing "Peace with Honour."

An Interval for Refreshment.

Reading, by the Marquis of SALISBURY, from "*Les Rois en Exil*," illustrated by highly-coloured Pictures of CETEWAYO, SECOCENTI, YAKOOB KHAN, and ISMAIL PASHA.

Magnified Views in the Oxyhydrogen Microscope—of Ministerial Finance—Past and Present. By the Right Honourable Sir STAFFORD NORTH-COTE.

Grand Gymnastic Performance. Vaulting over Facts and Figures, by the whole Troupe. Concluding with Balancing Feats by the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER.

Nigger Melody—"On the Stump," with seasonable Topical Allusions to Yule-Logs and Faggots. By the Right Honourable E. STANHOPE.

Reading, in character, from the *Merchant of Venice*—Lancelot Gobbo's famous Soliloquy, "To Budge it, or not to Budge it." By the Right Honourable Sir STAFFORD NORTH-COTE.

Sheffield Song, with Clog Hornpipe Accompaniment.

AIR—"Gin a Body."

Gin a body—S. D. WADDY,—
Strength with WORTLEY try,
Gin a body beat a body,
Need a body cry?

By Viscount CRANBROOK (who has been prevailed upon to appear on his way to Scotland to answer Mr. GLADSTONE).

Glee—

AIR—"Oh! the oak, and the ash, and the bonny ivy tree."

Oh! the Zulu, and the Turk, and the bony Afreedee!
Lord B., Lord C., and the Marquis of S.

A Game at General Post. Led by Lord JOHN MANNERS, who will leave his old nobility at home for the occasion. Ending in general confusion and loss of seats.

Duet (from *Madame Favart*, by kind permission of Mrs. SWANBOROUGH).

"We are such artless things!"

The Earl of BEACONSFIELD and Marquis of SALISBURY.

Selections from H.M.S. Pinafore (with the kind permission of Mr. DOYLEY CARTE and Messrs. GILBERT AND SULLIVAN), by Right Hon. W.H. SMITH, and the Naval and Army Lords of the Admiralty.

Comic Reading—"Tall Talk"—By the LORD HIGH CHANCELLOR, on Stilts.

"Cross-Purposes"—Monopolylogue, with changes of costume, à la WOODIN. By the HOME SECRETARY.

Irish Jig and Break-Down. By the Right Hon. J. LOWTHER.

Part Song. By Heads of Departments.

"Good-bye! Sweethearts! Good-bye!"

With drum and trumpet accompaniment. By Viscount CRANBROOK and Lord STANLEY.

Finale and General Chorus, with Solo Parts for each Minister—

"It may be for years, and it may be for ever!"

A select body of County Members, in their true-blue uniforms, with Mr. CHAPLIN, will be in attendance for the purpose of Protection.

N.B.—No Money Returned.

Cattle Plague in Cyprus.

(A Really Superfluous Importation.)

WITH the plagues of man so shared us,—
Enough's as good as a feast;—
Europe might have surely spared us
Her peculiar plague of beast!

PUNCH'S ADVICE TO PARNELL.

SEND a liberal donation to the Duchess of MARLBOROUGH's Relief Fund.
Settle in the United States.
Become an American Citizen.
Stand for the Presidency.



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